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DOTTINGS

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FROM

THE WRITINGS

OF

Sarah

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

BY

EDWIN A. STUDWELL.



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THIS LITTLE VOLUME

OF

DOTTINGS

As lovingly Dedicated

BY THE AUTHOR

TO HIS

DEVOTED WIFE

AND

CHARMING LITTLE DAUGHTER.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE quotations in this volume were selected, not for the public, but to fulfill the requirements of an agreement made with an *old friend*, in September last, namely, to read *Margaret Fuller Ossoli's Writings*, and to *dot* passages containing ideas that we could indorse, and to exchange notes or opinions concerning them.

To read six volumes, containing over twenty-five hundred pages of closely-printed matter, to select quotations, to endeavor to arrange them in chapters or sentences, is the work of months instead of weeks, without a merchant's "busy season" or a political campaign to interfere. To comply with the proposition as made, the quotations have been hurriedly thrown together, only a portion of the selections used; and, if those that have been are wrongfully used, it was an error of the head, not of the heart; for the head often had many duties to perform during the time allotted for this work.

Had not *weak eyes* and *time* forbidden the rewriting of these dottings, this little volume would never have seen printer's ink. And it is only due to the writer that this apology should be made; for if a stray copy should meet the public gaze, it would be unintentional, therefore uncensurable.

EDWIN A. STUDWELL.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., December 1, 1869.

DOTTINGS.

MY FRIEND: It seems presumption on my part, after reading the prefaces of Arthur B. Fuller; the introductory remarks of Horace Greeley, the memoirs of Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, and William H. Channing, to attempt to glean from such a garden of thought any words or sentiments that can be used more advantageously, or that will help arrange more tastefully the now grand bouquet of literature, as presented in the *Life and Writings of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*. However, if a leaf of an arbor vitæ, or mayhap a rose-bud hidden under the leaves of some unblossoming bush, be found, and modestly placed in the vase of remembrance, my task, one of pleasure, will also prove one of profit.

While traveling in early morning, long before the sun had commenced to illumine the face of nature—at that hour when the stars hold converse through their silence with man, teaching him to be more wise and constant to his inner life—at that still hour, as the noble engine, bur-nished and in readiness for her journey, was leaving her house and station, she ejected from her pipe long, deep puffs of dense, black smoke, filled with cinders, making all gloomy by her puffing. But with steady and accelerated motion she continued her course. The cinders departed, the smoke became less dense, and gracefully wreathed its airy lightness far above—the stars gleaming and twinkling behind it. I have thought how all reforms resembled that

engine and her smoke.¹ All reformations, at their beginning, are surrounded by smoke and cinders, caused by their opponents endeavoring to smother the intellectual light which advocates of reform spread around them, and instead of hailing it as a blessing, they hoot at it as a pestilent innovation, and who go "grubbing like a mole beneath the surface of earth, rather than reading its living language above; not faith enough to believe in the flower, neither faith enough to mine for the gem."¹

Margaret Fuller was far in advance of her day. Few were her co-laborers; no stars twinkled through the smoke and cinders of her opponents; but the engine of thought which started from her deep-thinking brain is fast driving off the human owls which beset her, and the stars of hope are now visible. Yes, so plainly, that their magnitude is discernible. So may it be.

In considering the life of a woman, the first duty to that woman is to let her speak for her sex; and the verdict she may render will prove to be the talisman of her being.

"Woman is the flower; man, the bee. She sighs out melodious fragrance, and invites the winged laborer. He drains her cup, and carries off the honey. She dies on the stalk; he returns to the hive, well fed, and praised as an active member of the community."²

How faithfully the above portrays the position now occupied by woman! Can not the time be predicted when the existing laws will be repealed, or so modified as to place woman rightfully the equal of man, still leaving her a companion? If not, agitation, the public educator, must unlearn the early teachings of opponents, drawing from them their prejudices so quietly that they forget the operation.

"I wish woman to live, first, for God's sake. Then she will not make an imperfect man her god, and thus sink to

¹ See Appendix.

idolatry." "By being more a soul, she will not be less woman, for nature is perfected through spirit." "Woman, self-centred, would be absorbed by any relation; it would be only an experience to her as to man. It is a vulgar error that love, a love, to woman is her whole existence! She also is born for truth and love in their universal energy."³

"Sex, like rank, wealth, beauty, or talent, is but an accident of birth. As you would not educate a soul to be an aristocrat, so do not to be a woman." "Learn, women, what you should demand of men; thus only can they become themselves." "There is but one doctrine for ye both, and that is the doctrine of the *soul*."⁴ "Had Christendom but been true to its standard, while accommodating its modes of operation to the calls of successive times, woman would now have not only equal *power* with man—for of that omnipotent nature will never permit her to be defrauded—but a *chartered* power too fully recognized to be abused."⁵

"I have always felt great interest in those women who are trampled in the mud to gratify the brute appetites of men, and wished that I might be brought naturally into contact with them. Now I am."⁶

The glowing description given on page 146, Volume II., can but attest how deeply her heart yearned for their deliverance from the loathsome life they were leading. Thousands of witnesses would testify that the cause of this deep-seated cancer on society derives its initiatory step from mislaid confidence, unnatural marriages, marriages not of the soul. The consequence is that, after the first novelty has passed away, the chain begins to rub, and the collar to gall. Many women, after they have become permanently attached to a husband, endeavor to love the man they have accepted, but not chosen. They find it hard;

almost an impossible task. Coldness creeps its cautious length between them ; respect languishes ; causes for jealousy fearlessly walk in darkness ; impeachable companions are welcome ; and when once domiciled between man and wife, it is like a nail driven into a post, which, after the first or second blow, may be drawn without difficulty, but being once driven to the head, the pincers can not take hold to draw it out without destruction to the wood.

“ How terrible must be the tragedy of a woman who awakes to find that she has given herself wholly to a person for whom she is not eternally fitted ! I can not look on marriage as on the other experiments of life ; it is the one grand type that should be kept forever sacred.” ⁷

“ The woman who permits, in her life, the alloy of vanity : the woman who lives upon flattery, coarse or fine, shall never thus be addressed. . . . The hand which casts into the waters of life a stone of offense knows not how far the circle thus caused may spread their agitations.” ⁸

The passage contained on page 265, in *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, will conclude my quotations concerning Mrs. Fuller on Woman. “ *O woman ! see your danger.*”

The career of Mrs. Fuller was one that added lustre to American literature. Like our nation, the thoughts and work of ages were crowded into a short life. She grasped subjects of moment, whether they pertained to religion, duty, humanity, or love, and with a master hand they were handled ; and though short her life, it left an impress on the hearts of earnest thinkers, which can but bring forth good fruit to future generations. Her body, heir to weakness and ill-health, only strengthened her mind and soul. Hours of darkness we all experience, hours when we are inclined to abandon our brightest aspirations, when our

heart's dearest hopes appear delusive, when our strength feels unequal to the burden ; but her life can but teach us that trials are the common lot of humanity ; that they are the touchstone to try whether we are current coin or not. Her idea of duty, "Whatever is, is right, if only men are steadily bent to make it so, by comprehending and fulfilling its design. . . I had rather walk myself through all kinds of places, even at the risk of being robbed. . . I would beat with the living heart of the world, and understand all the moods. . . I dare to trust to the interpreting spirit to bring me out all right at last ; establish truth through error."

"For one like me it would be vain,
From glittering heights the eyes to strain."⁹

"Our only hope lies in rousing, in our own community, a soul of goodness, a wise aspiration, that shall give us strength to assimilate this unwholesome food to better substance, or cast off its contaminations. . . I have fulfilled all my engagements faithfully. . . have acted in life as I thought I would in my lonely meditations. . . My aims are the same as they were."¹⁰ "I have learned, too, at last, to rejoice in all past pain, and to see that my spirit has been judiciously tempered for its work. In future I may sorrow, but I can never despair."¹¹

How beautifully she expresses herself on opportunity ! "I held in my hand the cup. It was full of hot liquid. The air was cold ; I delayed to drink, and its vital heat—its soul—curled upward in delicatest wreaths. I looked delighted on their beauty ; but while I waited, the essence of the draught was wasted on the cold air ; it would not wait for me ; it longed too much to utter itself ; and when my lip was ready, only a flat, worthless sediment remained of what had been."¹² "If there be a tide in the affairs of

men, which must be taken at the right moment to lead on to fortune, it is the same with the inner life, etc.”¹³ “Notwithstanding the hours of gloom and bitter tears by which (such) some lives are defaced, they are happy to a degree which those who are born to minister to the moment can never comprehend. For theirs are hours of ‘deep and uncommunicable joys.’ ”¹⁴

THOUGHT.

As friendship precedes love, so thought precedes action ; and in grasping the realities of life, it is necessary for one to consider well their actions, as they prove more forcible than words. Our character is tested by them. In fact, they show the nature of man. In Mrs. Fuller’s life we find that thought, deep, earnest thought, prevailed in every passage, the touchstone of her being. And in selecting fragmentary extracts from her words, it would be well to read from her works the entire passages from which the selections are made, for they treat upon varied subjects.

“Wherever we perceive a profound thought, however imperfectly expressed, we offer a higher homage than we can to commonplace thoughts, however beautiful. . . . There is a suggestive and stimulating power in original thought, which can not be gauged by the first sensation or temporary effect it produces. The circles grow wider and wider as the impulse is propagated through the deep waters of eternity.”¹⁵ “There is little, if any, originality of thought, no profound meaning, no esoteric charm, which you can not make your own on a first reading . . . We enjoy what most minds enjoy most. Not new thoughts, new feelings, but recognition of

“What oft was thought but ne’er so well expressed.”¹⁶

“To-night I lay on the sofa, and saw how the flame shot up from beneath, through the mass of coal that had been piled above. It shot up in wild jets, and then unexpectedly sank again, and all was black, unsightly, and forlorn. And thus, I thought, is it with my life at present. Yet if the fire beneath persists and conquers, that black, dead mass will become all radiant, life-giving, fit for the altar or the domestic hearth. Yes ; and it shall be so.”¹⁷

“In daily life I could never hope to be an unfailing fountain of energy and bounteous love. My health is frail ; my earthly life is shrunk to a scanty rill. I am little better than an aspiration, which the ages will reward, by empowering me to incessant acts of vigorous beauty. . . . Long has been my consecration ; may I not meet those I hold dear at the altar ? How would I pile up the votive offerings, and crowd the fires with incense ! Life might be full and fair ; for, in my own way, I could live for my friends.”¹⁸

“My inward life has been more rich and deep, and of more calm and musical flow than ever before. It seems to me that heaven, whose course has ever been to cross-bias me, as Herbert said, is no niggard in its compensation. . . . But a new page is turned, and an era begun, from which I am not yet sufficiently remote to describe it as I would. . . . All minds, all scenes, have ministered to me. Nature has seemed an ever open secret ; the divine, a sheltering love ; truth, an always-springing fountain ; and my soul more alone, and less lonely, more hopeful, patient, and, above all, more gentle and humble in its living.”¹⁹

“I stand in the sunny noon of life. Objects no longer glitter in the dews of morning, neither are yet softened by the shadows of evening. Every spot is seen, every chasm revealed. Climbing the dusty hill, some fair effigies

that once stood for symbols of human destiny have been broken. Those I still have with me show defects in this broad light.”²⁰ “Yet enough is left, even by experience, to point distinctly to the glories of that destiny ; faint, but not to be mistaken, streaks of the future day. I can say with the bard—

“Though many have suffered shipwreck, still beat noble hearts.”

“Always the soul says to us all, Cherish your best hopes as faith, and abide by them in action. . . .”²¹

“The shuttle is at work, and the threads are gradually added that shall bring out the pattern, and prove that what seems at present confusion is really the way and means to order and beauty.”²²

“A character which does not lose its freedom of motion and impulse by contact with the world, grows with its years more richly creative, more freshly individual. It is a character governed by a principle of its own, and not by rules taken from other men’s experience ; and therefore it is that

“Age can not wither them, nor custom stale
Their infinite variety.”²³

“The world, the events of every day which no one can predict, are to be your teachers, and you must, in some degree, give yourself up, and submit to be led captive, if you would learn from them. Principle must be at the helm, but thought must shift its direction with the winds and waves.”²⁴

“Forms come and go, but principles are developed and displayed more and more. The caldron simmers, and so great is the fire that we expect it soon to boil over. . . .”²⁵

“A few men are wanted, able to think and act upon principles of an eternal value. . . . We want indivi-

duals to whom all eyes may turn as examples of the practicability of virtue. We want shining examples. We want deeply rooted characters who can not be moved by flattery, by fear—even by hope—for they work in faith.”²⁶ “Are there not those on the threshold of manhood who have not yet chosen the broad way into which the multitude rushes, led by the banner on which, strange to say, the royal eagle is emblazoned, together with the word Expediency? Let them decline that road, and take the narrow, thorny path where integrity leads, though with no prouder emblem than the dove.”²⁷ . . .

“The tree can not come to flower till its root be free from the cankering worm, and its whole growth open to air and light. While any one is base, none can be entirely free and noble.”²⁸ “Yet he who means nobleness, though he misses his chosen aim, can not fail to bring down a precious quarry from the clouds.”²⁹

“How valuable is it to have among us a man who, standing apart from the conflicts of the herd, watches the principles that are at work! . . . ready at the proper point to give his (casting vote) voice to the cause of right.”³⁰ “I wish this being might be launched into the world of realities, his heart glowing with the ardor of an immortal perfection. . . I wish he might collect into one burning point those withering, palsying convictions, which, in the ordinary routine of things, so gradually pervade the soul, . . . a centre, round which asking, aimless hearts might rally.”³¹ Never, without cause for deep regret, can a person forsake the path of duty so distinctly marked out.

“It is not half so dangerous to a man to be immured in a dungeon alone with God and his own clear conscience, as to walk the streets fearing the scrutiny of a thousand eyes, ready to vail, with anxious care, whatever may not suit the many-headed monster in its momentary mood.

Gentleness is dignified, but caution is debasing ; only a noble fearlessness can give wings to the mind, with which to soar beyond the common ken, and learn what may be of use to the crowd below." ³²

"No ! Man may escape from every foe and every difficulty— except what are within—himself." ³³ "These recognized, beneath the vail of words, the still small voice of conscience, the vestal fires of lone religious hours, and the mild teachings of the summer woods." ³⁴

"Meanwhile, let us trust ; and while it is the soul's duty ever to bear witness to the best it knows, let us not be hasty to conclude that what suits us not, there can be no good. Let us be sure there *must* be some good, could we but see far enough to discern it." ³⁵

"Some higher power leads me through strange, dark, thorny paths, broken at times by glades opening down into prospects of sunny beauty, into which I am not permitted to enter. If God disposes for us, it is not for nothing." ³⁶

"The candlestick set in a low place has given light as faithfully where it was needed, as that upon the hill. In close alleys, in dismal nooks, the Word has been read as distinctly as when shown by angels to holy men in the dark prison." ³⁷ . . . "My lamp says to me, 'Why do you disdain me, and use that candle which you have the trouble of snuffing every five minutes, and which ever again grows dim, ungrateful for your care?' . . . I reply, 'But your steady light is also dull—while his at best is both brilliant and mellow.' Besides, I love him for the trouble he gives ; he calls on my sympathy, and admonishes me constantly to use my life, which likewise flickers, as if near the socket." ³⁸ "A man who feels within his mind some spark of genius . . . should consider himself as endowed with a sacred commission. . . He must raise his mind as high as he can toward the heaven of truth, and try to draw up

with him those less gifted by nature with ethereal lightness. If he does not so, but rather employs his powers to flatter them in their poverty, and to hinder aspiration by useless words, . . . his sin is great : he is false to God and false to man.”³⁶ Therefore every individual is called upon to live not for himself, but to be valuable to others. We may weigh the dust of the greatest hero, a hundred years after death, and it is no more than the poorest beggar that did him homage ; and the name that remains is as light and useless as the dust. For the great arbiter, time, judges soundly, and “if we indulge ourselves chiefly with the appreciation of good qualities, time will take care of our faults ; for time holds a strainer like that used in the diamond mines : have but patience, and the water and gravel will all pass through, and only the precious stones be left.”⁴⁰ “The sands drop with inevitable speed, yet each waits long enough to receive, if it be ready, the intellectual touch that should turn it to a sand of gold.”

“Time, says the Grecian fable, is the parent of power : power is the father of genius and wisdom : time, then, is grandfather of the noblest of the human family, and we must respect the aged sire whom we see on the frontispiece of the almanacs, and believe his scythe was meant to mow down harvests ripened for an immortal use.”⁴¹ “Our deep ignorance is a chasm that we can only fill up by degrees, but the commonest rubbish will help us as well as shred silk. The god Brahma, while on earth, was set to fill up a valley ; but he had only a basket given him in which to fetch earth for this purpose ; so it is with us all. No leaps, no starts will avail us : by patient crystallization alone, the equal temper of wisdom is attainable. Sit at home, and the spirit-world will look in at your window with moonlit eyes ; run out to find it, and rainbow and golden cup will have vanished. . . The better part of

wisdom is a sublime prudence, a pure and patient truth, that will receive nothing it is not sure it can permanently lay to heart." ⁴²

"Meanwhile, let us proceed as we can, *picking our steps* along the slippery road. If we keep the right direction, what matters it that we must pass through so much mud?" ⁴³ "For me, it is my nature to wish to go straight to the Creative Spirit." ⁴⁴ "Only, so far as you earnestly wish to do right for the sake of right, can you gain a principle that will sustain you hereafter." ⁴⁵

"We are not merely like mirrors to reflect our own times to those most distant ; the mind has a light of its own, and by it illuminates what it re-creates." ⁴⁶ "Would you speak to a man ? First learn his language. Would you have the tree grow ? Learn the nature of the soil and climate in which you plant it. . . . In the healthy state of the mind, the state of elastic youth, which would be perpetual in the mind if it were nobly disciplined and animated by immortal hopes, it likes to learn just how the facts are, seeking truth for its own sake, not doubting that the design and cause will be made clear in time." ⁴⁷ "The mind of man acknowledges two classes of benefactors—those who suggest thoughts and plans, and those who develop and fit for use those already suggested." ⁴⁸

"The best attainments *are* made from inward impulse ; but it does not follow that outward discipline of any liberality will impair grace or strength ; and it is impossible for any mind fully and harmoniously to ascertain its own wants without being made to resound from some strong outward pressure. . . . Genius *will* live and thrive without training, but it does not the less reward the watering-pot and pruning-knife." ⁴⁹

"You ought not to think I show a want of generous confidence, if I sometimes try the ground on which I

tread, to see if perchance it may return the echoes of hollowness." ⁵⁰

"If you feel as much pain as I do when obliged to diminish my respect for any person, you will be glad of this assurance." ⁵¹

"In the chamber of death, I prayed in very early years, 'Give me truth; cheat me by no illusion.' Oh! the granting of this prayer is sometimes terrible to me. I walk over the burning plowshares, and they sear my feet. Yet nothing but truth will do! No love will serve that is not eternal and as large as the universe. . . . Truth, truth, thou art the great preservative! Let free air into the mind, and the pestilence can not lurk in any corner." ⁵² "One moment of deep truth in life, of choosing not merely honesty, but purity, may leaven the whole mass." ⁵³ "Truth is the nursing-mother of genius; no man can be absolutely true to himself . . . without being original; for there is in every creature a fountain of life which, if not choked back by stones and other dead rubbish, will create a fresh atmosphere and bring to life fresh beauty. . . . The best work we do for the future is by such truth. By use of that, in whatever way, we harrow the soil and lay it open to the sun and air . . . *Now* the humblest effort, made in a noble spirit and with religious hope, can not fail to be infinitely useful." ⁵⁴ "There is no pity, no flattery, no ill-advised application of the wise counsels of calm hours and untried spirits, but that noble and sincere faith, which might have been created beneath the ribs of death, what is expected to find there. The trust of one who had tried the kernel, and knew that the tree was oak: and, though shattered by lightning, could not lose its loyalty of nature." ⁵⁵

FRIENDS.

Her friends were from the society of culture, and were of a high order—coming nearer to the ideal of friendship than most persons—a friendship where soul answered to soul, one that arose from esteem, love, knowledge, and which was founded upon a rock. Generally in friendship we expect too much ; therefore, the numerous disappointments of life ; we want a knowledge of humanity, we must give and take, one blemish must not force us to discard, one quarrel must not break the tie ; true friendship and true love are both so rare that people are forced to draw from the ideal rather than the real. In both there must be truth ; but truth is rare, very rare ; hence these two qualities are rare also. Jeremy Taylor well says, “ He that does a base thing for a friend burns the golden thread which ties their hearts together.” “ We have seen the decay of friendships unable to endure the light of an ideal hope ; have seen, too, their resurrection in a faith and hope beyond the tomb, where the form lies we once so fondly cherished. It is not dead, but sleepeth ! And we watch, but must weep, too, sometimes ; for the night is cold and lonely in the place of tombs.” . . . “ Oh ! much, much have we seen, and a little learned. Such is the record of the private mind : and yet, as the bright snake-skin is cast, many sigh and cry.

‘ The wiser mind
Mourns less for what time takes away
Than what he leaves behind.’ ” ⁶⁶

“ We meet, at least those who are true to their instincts meet, a succession of persons through our lives, all of whom have some peculiar charm. There is an outer circle, whose existence we perceive, but with whom we stand in no relation. . . . Another circle within this are

dear and near to us. We know them, and of what kind they are. They are to us not mere facts, but intelligible thoughts of the divine mind. We like to see how they are unfolded ; we like to meet and part from them ; we like their action upon us and the pause that succeeds and enables us to appreciate its quality. Often we leave them on our path and return no more ; but we bear them in our memory, tales which have been told, and whose meaning has been felt. But yet a nearer group there are, beings born under the same star, and bound with us in a common destiny. These are not mere acquaintances, mere friends ; but when we meet, are sharers of our very existence ; the same thought is given at the same moment to both ; indeed, it is born of the meeting, and would not otherwise have been called into existence at all. These not only know themselves more, but *are* more for having met ; and regions of their being, which would else have lain sealed in cold obstruction, burst into leaf and bloom and song.”⁵⁷

“Great and even *fatal* errors (so far as this life is concerned) could not destroy my friendship for one in whom I am sure of the kernel of nobleness.”⁵⁸

“Your letter was of cordial sweetness to me, as is ever the thought of our friendship, that sober-suited friendship, of which the web was so deliberately and well woven, and which wears so well.”⁵⁹

“With regard to yourself, I was to you all that I wished to be. I know that I reigned in your thoughts in my own way. And I also lived with you more truly and freely than with any other person.”⁶⁰ “We were truly friends ; but it was not friends as men are friends to one another, or as brother and sister. . . . With your letter vanished a last regret. You did not act or think unworthily. It is enough. As to the cessation of our confidential intercourse, circumstances must have accomplished that long ago. My

only grief was, that you should do it with your own free will, and for reasons that I thought unworthy. I long to honor you, to be honored by you. Now we will have free and noble thoughts of one another ; and all that is best of our friendship shall remain.”⁶¹ “It is such a relief to me to be able to speak to you upon a subject which I thought would never be open between us. . . . How much higher, dear friend, is the mind, the music breathing from the *life*, than any thing we can say! . . . I hope and believe we may be yet very much to each other. Imperfect as I am, I feel myself not unworthy to be a true friend. Neither of us is unworthy.”⁶² . . . “I would have been a true friend to you, ever ready to solace your pains and partake your joy as far as possible. . . . But I have gone through a sad process of feeling since ; and those emotions, so necessarily repressed, have lost their simplicity, their ardent beauty.”⁶³ *Then* . . . I can not promise you any limitless confidence ; but I *can* promise that no timid caution, no haughty dread, shall prevent my telling “you the truth of my thoughts on any subject we may have in common. Will this satisfy you? Oh! let it. Suffer me to know you.”⁶⁴ There is nothing much more melancholy in this world than having to visit an old friend—one whose mind, ay, very soul, were your own ten years ago, and then to mark what a change—how different a creature he is! That is indeed a strong friendship which will last through removal, trouble, and for years. Our faces and our feelings are but reflections of the great picture of the world as we see it. How shall these former friends meet again as friends? Will “they want the simple force of nature and passion, and, while they charm the ear and interest the mind, fail to wake far-off echoes in the heart?”⁶⁵ Or will “the words uttered . . . (float) awhile above us, then (take) root in the memory like winged seed?”⁶⁶

“Some names there are at sight of which will rise
Visions of triumph to the dullest eyes.

Others there are at sight of which will rise
Visions of beauty to all loving eyes.

And there are names at sight of which will rise
Visions of goodness to the mourner’s eyes.

If I could hope that at my name would rise
Visions like these, before those gentle eyes,
How gladly would I place it in the shrine !

Best wishes and kind thoughts I give to thee ;
But mine, indeed, an *empty name* would be.”⁶⁷

“In other years,
When life has answered to your hopes and fears,
When the web is well woven, and you try
Your wings.

“Turn here thine eye
Open the casket of thy memory ;
Give to thy friend the gentlest, holiest sigh.”⁶⁸

As the autumn gale rudely tears the leaf from the tree, and bears it away to perish, unmissed by its associates, so it is with life’s experience. Friends are stricken down ; those most near may feel their loss for a short time ; but soon others fill their vacant positions. The stern gates of forgetfulness fold back, and time walks over the closed sepulchre without a single echo from his footsteps. However, it is useful and elevating to recall to mind the delight of some dear voice which once broke upon our early days ; for the heart vividly recalls its youthful promptings, and does not allow them to pass so long as its purity remains ; and “the seeming losses are in truth but as the pruning of the vine to make the grapes more richly.”⁶⁹

LOVE.

As the sun rises in the morning, chasing away the darkness of night, and tinting all the little clouds with a roseate hue, beautiful in its promise, noble in its strength, fit herald of a bright and pure day, even so should true friendship dispel the cold restraint of formality preparatory to the ushering in of the true morning of life's love. The moon, as she rides on through her infinity of space, has not a greater effect upon the ocean tide than has the passion of love upon the tide of human thoughts. The firmest, the most lasting *friendship* is *love*. The most trying and *tried love* is in marriage. Marriage is the happiest and saddest event in life. It is a promise of future bliss built on the death of all present enjoyment. It can not be intact without mutual esteem ; and this esteem must be based on respect ; for there can be no true person than can love and reverence another who is morally and intellectually beneath them ; and therefore the necessity of discretion in choosing a life-companion. It should be remembered that love, like prayer, must be sincere ; that hearts must be without holes, but with a channel ever running with kindness ; and that strong affection will run like deep rivers, smoothly. True love is often silent, and *sometimes* melancholy ; but generally the best love is active, and its best tales told by a look, and spirit answers spirit without a word. It is like a river which digs its own bed. We may occasionally moderate or quicken its course, but it is very difficult to alter it ; and it sacrifices and exacts more than friendship. "Should the first love be blighted, they say the mind loses its sense of eternity ; all forms of existence seem fragile ; the prison of time real, for a god is dead." ⁷⁰

Often one hears the remark, "I was never in love." Can

it be? What! never in love? If so, they have never had a spring-time or summer in their existence. Their heart is as a flowering plant which has never blown or developed itself—never put forth its beauty and its perfume—never given nor received pleasure. Deep love at first is like tapestry-workers, who only see unfinished outlines, defects, and crooked ends; yet the production, when finished, will be full of grace, beauty, harmony, and perfection.

Landor well says, "There is a gloom in deep love as in deep water. There is a silence in which it suspends the foot; and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects." "There is danger of prodigality—of lavishing the best treasures of the breast on objects that can not be the permanent ones. . . . I say this merely because I fear that the virginity of heart, which I believe essential to feeling a real love, in all its force and purity, may be endangered by too careless excursions into the realms of fancy." ⁷¹

"It is the story of the lamp of love lighted, even burning with full force, in a being that can not yet comprehend it." ⁷²

"Blessed are they who ever keep that portion of pure, generous love with which they began life! How blessed those who have deepened the fountains, and have enough to spare for the thirst of others! Some such there are." ⁷³

"There is a German in Boston who has a wound in his breast, received in battle long ago. It never troubles him except when he sings; and then, if he gives out his voice with much expression, it opens, and can not for a long time be stanchd again. So with me. When I rise into one of these rapturous moods of thought, such as I had a day or two since, my wound opens again; and all I can do is to be patient, and let it take its own time to skin over. I see it will never do more. Some time ago, I thought the barb

was fairly out. But, no ; the fragments rankle there still, and will while there is any earth attached to my spirit. . . . ”⁷⁴

“ I have thought it right to say all this to you, since I felt it. . . . No ; if your heart turns from me, I shall still love you, still think you noble. . . . It is strong enough for me to love you ever ; and I could no more have been happy in your friendship if I had not spoken out now.”⁷⁵

About thy life, my gentle friend, may light forever dwell ;
 No shadows dim the hopes of those who love and wish thee well ;
 Naught but the sunny path be thine, on which to brighten all ;
 A thousand blessings day by day from better worlds shall fall.

“ A sense of the depths of love and pity in ‘ our obscure and private breasts ’ bids us to demand to see their sources burst up somewhere through the lava of circumstances.”⁷⁶

“ I but see my possible life reflected on the clouds, as in a glass, darkly. . . . The bridal hour of many a spirit when first it was wed, I have shared ; but said adieu before the wine was poured out at the banquet. And there is one I always love in my poetic hours, as the lily looks up to the star from amid the waters ; and another whom I visit, as the bee visits the flowers, when I crave sympathy.”⁷⁷ . . .

“ It is not in the way of tenderness I love—— I prize her always ; and this is all the love some natures ever know. And I also feel that I may always expect she will be with me. . . . It is in the eye and smiles that hope shines through. I can see exactly how she will look. Not like this angel in the paper ; she will not bring flowers, but a living coal. . . . Her eyes will not burn as now with smothered fires ; they will be ever deeper, and glow more intensely. Her cheek will be smooth, but marble pale. Her gestures nobly free, but few.”⁷⁸

“Meanwhile, I have no fetters; and, when one perceives how others are bound in false relations, this surely should be regarded as a privilege.”⁷⁹ “At present, it skills not. I am able to take the superior view of life, and my place in it; but I know the deep yearnings of the heart and the bafflings of time will be felt again, and then I shall long for some dear hand to hold. But I shall never forget that my curse is nothing compared with that of those who have entered into those relations, but not made them real—who only *seem* husbands, wives, and friends.”⁸⁰ “It is so true that a woman may be in love with a woman and a man with a man. It is pleasant to be sure of it, because it is undoubtedly the same love that we shall feel when we are angels. . . . Thus the beautiful seek the strong; the mute seek the eloquent; the butterfly settles on the dark flower. . . . I loved for a time with as much passion as I was then strong enough to feel. Her face was always gleaming before me; her voice was echoing in my ear.⁸¹ . . . This love was for me a key which unlocked many a treasure which I still possess. . . . She loved me, too, though not so much. . . . But she loved me more tenderly—less passionately. She loved me; for I well remember her suffering when she first could feel my faults. . . . How she wished to stay apart, and to weep the whole day.”⁸²

“On some fond breast the parting soul
 Relies—earth has no more to give;
 Who wholly loves has known the whole;
 The wholly loved doth truly live.”⁸³ 1

“This world is, indeed, a sad place, despite its sunshine, birds, and crocuses. But I never felt as happy as now. . . . I feel the tie . . . so real and deep-rooted, that even death shall not part us. So sweet is this unim-

passioned love, it knows no dark reactions, it does not idealize, and it can not be daunted by the faults of its object. . . . I shall not be alone in the other world, whenever Eternity may call me.”⁸⁴ “The moment I lay open my heart, and tell the fresh feeling to any one who chooses to hear, I feel profaned. . . . I do not know whether this is peculiar to me, or not.”⁸⁵

“But in vain the tale is told.”

“My heart hath sealed its fountains to the things of time ; they shall be opened no more.”⁸⁶

RELIGION.

The religious sentiments of Mrs. Fuller permeated all her writings ; and to make a specialty of her religious ideas, quotations must be taken from every subject she treated upon.

Intolerance found no friend in her. She did not believe in being irreligious for the sake of religion, and hating our fellow-creatures out of a pretended love of the Creator. As Mr. Beecher well said, “Theology is but the skin of Truth stuffed and set up.” And, believing in that, she could not bow to the husks of thrown-off ages ; but, taking Truth and Love for a standard, her great mind disseminated broadcast the great truth that, when a man’s life gives the lie to his tongue, we should believe the former rather than the latter, and that he who teaches what he does not perform is like a thermometer on the front of a house, which instructs the passer-by, but not the occupant.

If by kneeling at the feet of Theodore Parker, she could learn a duty more clearly than at an old school, there she would be found. Readily picking the wheat

from the chaff, whether gathered from the teachings of Jews or Gentiles, Trinitarians or Unitarians, Orthodox or Heterodox.

She taught us to open the *windows*, not the window of heaven, and let the full rays of truth in. Can we wonder at her holy ardor? For to follow truth to its source, is to stand at the footstool of God. She taught us to lift our voices for God, at all times giving cheer to the care-worn, the down-trodden, the sick—to all, in fact; doing as nearly as possible the duties taught us by Christ when on this sphere. With a liberal spirit she said,

“I will not loathe sects, persuasions, systems, though I can not abide in one of them; for I see that by most men they are needed. To them their banners, their tents; let them be Fire-worshippers, Platonists, Christians; let them live on the shadow of past revelations.⁸⁷ On the subject of Christianity my mind is clear. If divine, it will stand the test of any comparison.”⁸⁸ . . .

“I have hesitated much whether to tell you what you ask about my religion. . . . I have not formed an opinion; I have determined not to form settled opinions at present. Loving or feeble natures need a positive religion, a visible refuge, a protection. . . . But mine is not such.”⁸⁹ Horace Greeley says, “Resistance to orthodoxy, he thought, was doing good. The school that stands up in opposition to the action of two thousand years is an argument of courage and determination, based on purpose and conviction.” And it might readily be shown that the churches have suffered more by their zeal for orthodoxy, and by the violent methods taken to promote it, than from the utmost efforts of their greatest enemies. “The Jesuits stand their ground; but there is a wave advancing which will not fail to wash away what ought to go; nor are its roarings, however much, in ad-

vance of the wave itself." . . . The world is raising its sleepy lids, and soon no organization can exist which, from its very nature, interferes in any way with the good of the whole."⁹⁰ A church not made with hands, catholic, universal, all whose stones should be living stones, its officials the cherubim of love and knowledge, its worship wiser and purer action than has been before to men."⁹¹ "And thus with faith in wisdom and goodness—that is to say, in God—the earthquake-defying, rock-foundation of our hopes is laid; the sun-greeting dome which crowns the most superb palace of our knowledge is builded."⁹²

"I believe in eternal progression. I believe in a God, a beauty and perfection, to which I am to strive all my life for assimilation. . . . But though I reverence all religions as necessary to the happiness of man, I am yet ignorant of the religion of revelation. . . . At present my soul is intent on this life, and I think of religion as its rule."⁹³ "Heaven's discipline has been invariable to me. The seemingly most pure and noble hopes have been blighted; the seemingly most promising connections broken. . . . Yet will I try to keep the heart with diligence, nor ever fear that the sun is gone out because I shiver in the cold and dark."⁹⁴ "Would I could express with some depth what I feel as to religion in my soul; it would be a clear note of calm assurance. But, for the present, this must suffice with regard to Christ. . . . Christ's life is only one modification of the universal harmony."⁹⁵ "I do not myself see how a reflecting soul can endure the passage through life, except by confidence in a power that must, at last, order all things right."⁹⁶ "Do you really believe there is any thing 'all-comprehending' but religion? Are not these distinctions imaginary? Must not the philosophy of every mind, or set of minds, be a

system suited to guide them, and give a home where they can bring materials, among which to accept, reject, and shape at pleasure? Novalis calls those who harbor these ideas 'unbelievers;' but hard names make no difference. He says, with disdain, 'To *such*, philosophy is only a system which will spare them the trouble of reflecting.'

"Now, this is just my case. I *do* want a system which shall suffice my character, and in whose application I shall have faith. . . . I wish to arrive at that point where I can trust myself, and leave off saying, 'It seems to me,' and boldly say, '*It is so to me.*'"⁹⁷

"Such is, in our belief, the true theologian, the learner of God, who does not presumptuously expect at this period of growth to bind down all that is to be known of divine things in a system, a set of words; but considers that he is only spelling the first lines of a work whose perusal shall last him through eternity."⁹⁸ "The soul can not prove to herself the existence of a God; she can not prove her own immortality; she can not prove the beauty of virtue or the deformity of vice; her own consciousness, the first ground of this belief, can not be compassed by the reason, that inferior faculty which the Deity gave for practical, temporal purposes only. This consciousness is divine; it is part of the Deity. . . . Were reason commensurate with this part of our intellectual life, what should we do with the things of time? . . . God willed it otherwise. *Why*, who can guess? Why this planet, with its tormenting limitations of space and time, was ever created—why the soul was cased in this clogging, stifling integument. . . . I pretend not to say; let others toil to stifle sad distrust a thousand ways. Let them satisfy themselves by reasonings on the nature of free agency. . . . Why an *omnipotent* Deity should permit evil, either as necessary to produce good, or inci-

dent to laws framed for its production, must remain a mystery to me.”⁹⁹ “Some collect facts from which they hope to build up a theory; others propose theories by whose light they hope to detect valuable facts; a large number are engaged in circulating reports of these labors; a larger in attempting to prove them invalid and absurd. These last are of some use by shaking the canker-worms from the trees; all are of use in elucidating truth.”¹⁰⁰ God rarely fails to fit the back to the burden where we have much to carry; where we have nothing to bear, we find it hard to bear ourselves.

In many religious circles, it is not genteel to have an opinion and to think for yourself; but to follow the dictates of church creeds, even if these should contain ideas noxious to the soul. A desire to *seem* conscientious to men rather than to be strong-minded enough to debit themselves with all their faults and failures. Do they forget that “The end of the drama is not in this world, and the fiction which rounds off the whole to harmony and felicity before the curtain falls, sins against truth, and deludes the reader? . . . Who that thinks but must feel that the recompense is . . . in the severe assay by fire that leaves the gold pure to be used some time—somewhere?”¹⁰¹

“O painstaking friends! shut your books, clear your minds from artificial nonsense, and feel that only by spirit can spirit be discerned. . . . Soar, if thou canst; but if thou canst not, clear thine eye to see this great eagle (Dante) soar into the higher region where forms arrange themselves, . . . and thought, with costly accelerated motion, raises itself a spiral which can only end in the heart of the Supreme.”¹⁰²

It is a sad commentary on religion when we find large societies of stringent faith condemning other organizations

that breathe the true sentiments of Christ's teaching—namely, that God created seven days in which to speak his praise in the workshop, on the farm, or in the church. These persons that breathe freer after leaving the church, and feel that their week's duty to God has been accomplished, are like the miners, who never rise to the heaven above them except on Sunday, and only catch from time to time a glimpse of blue sky.

“We believe that all kinds of inspiration and forms of faith have been made by the power that rules the world to coöperate in the development of mental life with a view to the eventual elucidation of truth. . . .

“More incompressible than light, it flows anew, and, while the preacher was finishing the sermon in which he proclaimed that now the last and greatest dispensation had arrived, and that all the truth could henceforward be encased within the walls of a church, it has already sped its way to unnumbered zones, . . . and wakened in myriads more a pulse that can not be tamed down by dogma or doctrine, but must always throb at each new revelation of the glories of the infinite.”¹⁰³ “Were there, indeed, a Catholic church which could be based on a recognition of universal truths, simple as that proposed by Jesus: ‘Love God with all thy soul and strength, thy neighbor as thyself;’ *such* a church would include all sincere motions of the spirit, and sects and opinions would no more war with one another. . . . Then we should hear no more of *the* church, creed, or teacher, but of *a* church, creed, or teacher.”¹⁰⁴ “We see dawning here and there a light that predicts a better day—a day when sects and parties shall be regarded only as schools of thought and life.”¹⁰⁵ . . . “It will then be seen that God takes too good care of his children to suffer all truth to be confined to any one church establishment, age, or con-

stellation of minds ; . . . then may we hope for less narrowness and ignorance in the several sects ; and thus, passing from section to section 'of the truth,' the circle shall be filled at last, and it shall be seen that each had need of the other, and of all." ¹⁰⁶

"All this conflict and apparently bootless fretting and wailing mark a transition state—a state of gradual revolution, in which men try to hold fast, and feel that it is good.

"But there are some, the pilot-minds of the age, who can not submit to pass all their lives in experimentalizing. They can not consent to drift across the waves in the hope of finding *somewhere* a haven and home ; but, seeing the blue sky over them, and believing that God's love is everywhere, try to make the best of that spot on which they are placed." ¹⁰⁷ "They worship, not saints nor creeds, nor churches, nor relics, nor idols in any form. The mind is kept open to truth, and life only valued as a tendency toward it. . . . Such are the salt of the earth." ¹⁰⁸ "Their mind is no scanty, turbid rill, rejoicing to be daily fed from a thousand others, or from the clouds." ¹⁰⁹ "But the voice of the rill penetrates far enough for those who have ears to hear. And sometimes it is the case that 'those who came to scoff remain to pray.'" ¹¹⁰ "For the soul seeks not adorers, but peers ; not blind worship, but intelligent sympathy." ¹¹¹ "These are men who need no flourish of trumpets to announce their coming. . . . They are true kings, the theocratic kings, the judges in Israel. . . . The mind of the age is the historian of their passage ; and only men of destiny, like themselves, shall be permitted to write their eulogies, or fill their vacant seats." ¹¹²

"You have received a key to what was before unknown of your friend ; . . . now let it be buried with the

past, over whose passages profound and sad, yet touched with heaven-born beauty, 'let silence stand'sentinel.'" ¹¹³

"I feel perfectly willing to stay my three-score years and ten, if it be thought I need so much tuition from this planet. . . . God will transplant the root, if he wills, to rear it into fruit-bearing. . . . But it has long seemed that I should stand on a plateau in the ascent of life, where I should be allowed to pause for a while, and take more clear and commanding views than ever before. Yet my life proceeds as regularly as the fates of a Greek tragedy, and I can but accept the pages as they turn." ¹¹⁴

"I hope we shall be able to pass some time together yet in this world. But if God decrees otherwise—here and hereafter"—

"Oh ! pray for me, and I for thee will pray ;
 And more than loving words we used to say,
 Shall this avail ; but little more we meet
 In life—ah ! how the years begin to fleet !
 Ask—pray that I may seek beauty and truth ;
 In their high sphere we shall renew our youth,
 On wings of *steadfast faith* there mayst *thou* soar,
 And *my* soul fret at barriers no more !" ¹¹⁵

E. A. S.

APPENDIX.

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D O T T I N G S

FROM

THE WRITINGS

OF

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

BY

R. A. CANBY,

IOWA.



BROOKLYN:

PRINTED BY H. M. GARDNER, JR.,

Corner of Fulton and York Streets.

1869.

TO THE
HAPPY HOUSEHOLD
OF THE
AUTHOR,
IS THIS
LITTLE VOLUME
Dedicated.

PREFACE.

THE preceding pages having gone to press—*with their apology*—before the well-selected dottings and just criticisms of *my friend* reached me ; and considering it but *just to that friend*, I have placed the “dottings” side by side in this little volume. And in writing an introductory card for these additional “dottings,” *it is right* that the following extracts, taken from a letter which accompanied the manuscript, should be allowed to speak for their author. E. A. S.

“I have not wasted time in reading and ‘dotting’ Margaret Fuller. I assure you she has made a *very* deep impression, and improved me ; for I ‘feel my wings budding.’ Do you not think her *face serenely* (full) *powerful*? . . . My notes on Mrs. Fuller Ossoli are somewhat brief, considering the *six* volumes ; but I found some of my dottings lost their significance if separated from their surroundings, and of course I did not mention nearly *all*. I admired only those that had particular import or significance for me. Your friend,
“Copswood, Dec. 1, 1869. R. A. C.”

DOTTINGS.

MEMOIRS OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. VOL. I.

I AM about commencing that which I have long wished to peruse. Heretofore, I have had the opportunity of reading but one of her works, *Art and Literature*, which made me thirsty for a quaff at the fountain, when lo! the complete edition of her works, together with her *Memoirs*, lay at my feet. *I raised them to my heart*, and in a short time hope to make them a part of myself. Here is one of her beautiful thoughts: "No Madeira exists for me now—no fortunate purple isle—and all these hopes and fancies (of childhood) are lifted from the sea into the sky." She speaks of those "born under the same star, and bound with us in a common destiny. The same thought is given at the same moment to both. These not only know themselves more, *but are more* for having met; and regions of their being burst into leaf and bloom." What will you think if I acknowledge to these very impressions when I first met Margaret in the region of mind? Think you the *impressions* will brighten or fade, as the "statue emerges"?—for I look upon Margaret as a *great* work of art and nature. You and I will keep some of the *chippings* as a memorial. I fully sympathize with her in the love of the beautiful; but as yet, (page 93,) can not find a trace of the sentiment I so much prize—*intuitional delicacy*.

for E——. Isn't it odd there should be a resemblance so strong?

I can not express myself about her *grand* death; but I will tell you what she bequeathed me—that I shall not *follow* after *her*, but grasp *more* firmly the *duty* which lies *nearest* me.

WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

“THOSE who till a spot of ground scarce larger than for a grave, deserve the sun should shine upon it till violets answer.”

Margaret says she never saw the parting between Abradates and Panthea quoted, (page 86.) Rollin gives it thus: “Our obligations to that prince are infinitely great. I was his prisoner, and as such was destined for him; but when I came into his hands, I was neither used like a captive nor had any dishonorable conditions imposed on me for my freedom. He treated me as if I had been his own brother's wife, and in return, I assured him you would be capable of acknowledging such extraordinary goodness.” Abradates replies, “O Jupiter! grant that on this occasion I may approve myself a husband worthy of Panthea, and a friend worthy so generous a benefactor.” I like this rendering better than Margaret's, especially on account of the oath she allows to pollute Panthea's lips; if 'tis in the original thus, *I* would not translate it, hoping it were an embellishment (questionable) of the historian.

“The Irish Character,” considered on page 326, is most *worthy* and instructive. In closing this work, I feel and know (by the rule of progression) that the “great lawsuit, Man *vs.* Men, and Woman *vs.* Women,” plead before the bar of our country by Miss Margaret Fuller, will soon be decided in favor of woman's franchise.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

“GOLD is the hidden light of the world ; it crowns the mineral as wine crowns the vegetable order, being the last expression of vital energy.” “Water is the great artist, turning all objects that approach into picture.” “So soon as they have time, they (the Western people) will *cavil* and *criticise*.” These are arrows that carry their saviour within. Study their *results*, and tell me is it not so? Margaret afterward says, “I know of no inquiry which the impulse of man suggests, that is forbidden the resolution of man to pursue.”

“By *patient* crystallization alone the equal temper of wisdom is attained.”

“Sit at home, and the spirit-world *will look in at your window with moonlit eyes* ; run out to find it, golden cup and rainbow will have vanished, and left you the beggarly child you *were*.” “Every fact is a clod from which may grow an amaranth or a palm.”

Amusements—“the embroidery on the tattered coat of civilization,” (p. 211.) I can imagine “his fine countenance looking in love on those distorted and opaque vases of humanity, where he had succeeded in waking up a faint flame.” “St. Peter’s *must be* to each one a separate poem,” I echo. I too have seen subjects incased in the “British fluid.” On p. 251 the “Conceited American” is admirably drawn. Margaret says, “*Another century*, and I might ask to be made an ambassador.”

Her descriptions of places *seem to me* poor ; of persons, good ; of books, better ; but her *maxims* are best.

ART, LITERATURE, AND THE DRAMA.

THE pages devoted to Beethoven were delightful to me. I never met any thing relating to him before, except some of his music. His *name* always possessed a certain charm for me, and I *now* understand *why*. I am happy to get an *introduction*, if 'tis "only that and nothing (not much) more." That which touches me most is his "soul full of love," and no response ; and his not hearing the applause bestowed upon his genius at his festival, until Sontag made him understand. I had to weep, my sympathies were so affected. "Shall lesser beings repine, that they do not receive their dues?" I am not prepared to indorse her sentiments on Longfellow's verse, (p. 326,) and I should certainly take up the gauntlet if I had his poems by me. (I *hope* you will do so.) I had a *dim* remembrance of the cry of plagiarism when *Hiawatha* first appeared, but I believe 'twas settled in his *favor*. Why does not Margaret substantiate by quotations?—for she fails in the *one* little verse she *efforts* at—

" And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee."

I do not *admire* myself, although I do *not* think it a "false image."

I've just been reading a *fine* treatise on water-lilies, wherein occurs this simile, "As we glide gently among them, the air grows fragrant, and a stray breeze *flaps* the leaves as if in welcome;" and I must add, for its beauty, "Each floating flower becomes suddenly a ship at anchor, or rather seems beating up against the summer wind in a regatta of blossom."

† Again, modern Greece is compared to a human form, from which life has just departed,

“ Before decay’s *effacing fingers*
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers.”

I would call that a poetic license. A few evenings since, I had a company of young people here, and a young man, “one of the gayest of the gay,” whom I did not suppose possessed an idea beyond present enjoyment, asked if that were “Evangeline,” (it hung in shadow.) I asked, “Did he admire the face?” and he rhapsodized over her and the poem. Then I was interested in him. Had it not been for Longfellow’s *genius*, we had probably been *strangers* yet. By “*genius*,” I do not mean to be understood as thinking *we* must climb “Parnassus” to appreciate him ; but I claim him a “*poet* of the people”—at least I think so *now*.

I have gleaned a strong, invigorating impression of Beethoven, and am going to look well to Longfellow, if I have entered my protest.

LIFE WITHIN AND LIFE WITHOUT.

“*Few* men can sell themselves by inches, without losing a cubit from their stature.” The leaves devoted to “Hood” are very unsatisfactory *to me*—too meagre, too stinted, too much given to her own reflections. The only new idea I received was, that the *career* of a humorist was arduous. *That* I had never thought of before she placed it *clearly* before me.

“A large band of aggrieved parents must be on the watch for poems by Edgar A. Poe, ready to rend, cut, and slash *in turn*, and hoping to see his own *Raven* left alone to prey upon the slaughter of which it is the herald,” is cutely expressed. Poe is a favorite of mine.

Alfieri gives expression (p. 100) to my ideal of a union.

“Napoleon’s mind is still upon the earth, working through

the tributary minds it fed ;” *thus*, “ Their works do follow them.” She says, “ Napoleon *never* did any thing so *meanly wicked* as stirring up the Polish peasants to assassinate the nobles ” I would ask was it not *meaner* than *wicked*, and more *wicked* than *mean*, to *leave* his *sick* and *wounded* in the retreat from Moscow ; and yet the French army was encumbered with thousands of wagons laden with *plunder* from the city. I never hear the music of “ Bonaparte’s Retreat ” but I think of those whom he deserted. You remember Beethoven’s “ Heroic Symphony,” (p. 47,) do you not ? or did it make so little impression. you must turn to it ?

Again, she says, “ He never did any thing *so* atrocious as has been done by Nicholas of Russia, who administered the knout to a noble lady because she gave shelter to a patriot.” Surely the *murder* of the Duke d’Enghien was *as atrocious*. He (the duke) owed France no fealty ; therefore not amenable to her laws. This was aggravated by the “ mock trial ” held in the night, (*against the French laws*,) “ a civil offense before a military tribunal,” who sentenced and shot him, *without time* for an appeal. Fouché says, “ It was *worse* than a *crime*. It was a blunder.”

I admire “ Emerson ” much ; but, as Margaret says, “ in the lapse of time ” I remember his expressions only as brilliant “ mosaics.” Several expressions in these books sound “ Emersonian ” to me :

“ Few men can sell themselves by inches,” (p. 65.)

“ Those who till a spot of ground,” (p. 17, *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*.)

“ Copious draughts of soul,” (p. 73, *Life Without and Life Within*.)

Not *even dreaming* of accusing Margaret of plagiarism, *even remotely* ; but it suggests that Emerson has a pecu-

liar style, *best* expressed by "Emersonian." The treatise (not criticism) on "capital punishment" is fine. Where she says, "We ourselves are of the number stigmatized," (p. 205,) she hurls *one* of her thunderbolts "Mania, no less than the commonest forms of prejudice, bespeaks a mind which does not see far enough to correct *partial* impressions."

I can not but feel (her brother to the contrary) that "Mariana" reflects Margaret *all* through—her description of *one* of the *events* of her life, the one which is referred to on the ninth page of the second book. The flimsy veil of connubial sentiments does not hide it from me.

"If thou couldst the dark riddle read,
Which leaves this dart within my breast
Then were the whole to thee confest," (p. 274.)

To the consecration of "Grace Church" I hope you gave your attention, that I may see *your* opinion. I can not feel "'Twould be *Christian* to erect churches for the poor." Do you not think 'twould be much more *Christian* to give them the chief seats in our "temples"? And you know this is not to be thought of so long as there are *those* who give such good prices for them. For in this day *money* is "the way," and *many* there are who follow. But the time is coming when "the way" will be a free seat in a free church, to hear a *free Gospel*; *then* all will be *taught* to follow Christ without money and without price. "The present is one little link in the long chain of probation."

Finished this 23d of November, 1869.

And this brother—how are we to thank him? He must be noble, for there is no petty jealousy apparent that *would* inflame a narrow mind; he has written with so much *candor* and *delicacy*. Do *you* not think so? The mother's portrait in the appendix to Vol. I. is drawn with delightful felicity. They must be a remarkable family; but Margaret—*pearl* Margaret—is the *gem*, the *star*.

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