

was the first woman to be elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and in 1850 joined the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which she was made a fellow in 1874. She was prominent in the movement tending to elevate woman's work, and

was president of the American Association for the Advancement of Woman at the Syracuse meeting in 1875, and at the Philadelphia meeting in 1876. In late years her special studies were devoted to sun spots and the satellites of Jupiter.

MARGARET FULLER.

MR. HAWTHORNE called Margaret Fuller "a Humbug"—a most misapplied term in her case. A Humbug is one who *knowingly* cheats; who knows perfectly well that he has no right to the claims he makes; that in the background his pretense has nothing to justify itself. This was by no means the case with Margaret Fuller. She solemnly believed she was the greatest woman that ever was born; that, give her a fair chance, she could effect a total revolution in the human race. Sappho, Hypatia, Cleopatra, were mere babies compared with what she felt was latent in her own veins.

She was always boasting that she stood alone, and she was well aware of the volcano passions that burned within herself; so much deeper than those of other women she felt them to be, that she did not scruple to claim for them, as did George Eliot, exceptional criterions for judgment, and, if she mistook at last, and was consumed by her own fire, she would believe that she only anticipated the ethics of the future.

She had exhaustless faith in herself—the best thing possible for every woman to have. It is none the less true she has left nothing behind her commensurate with those pretensions, but she impressed others with a sense of her magnitude; therefore there was by this *consensus* the ground-base for all that she claimed.

I have no doubt the internal parliament of Margaret Fuller echoed and re-echoed with unspeakable eloquence, and with aspirations akin to those of a Hampden, a Milton, or a Cromwell.

What if these never found a voicing? Shall the scroll, shriveled, scorched, lost on the whirlwinds, be accounted as non-existent, because the sibyl found no comprehending brain to save the precious utterance from destruction? Margaret had no fair chance, no blessed opportunity to be what she might have been, such as the poorest masculine dullard finds ready at hand, and crowds of approving on-lookers waiting to give him a godspeed.

Balzac used to publish the titles of books formulated in his own imagination, which he never wrote, in spite of all his toil, and he used to plume himself upon these unwritten books, grow large, and proud, and happy, because of these tomes filling the vast unknown, where doubtless the best works are doomed to exist. Margaret had thus witness within to indorse all she claimed, and if any one doubted the Cassandra voice it was simply a mistake, the standpoint of view taken from too limited a base. The titles of books never automatically existing by Balzac are preserved religiously by the admirers of the French writer, as they should be preserved; possibilities are realities to the true mind, and the reputation of Margaret Fuller, largely made up of the estimation of lookers-on, is a far more desirable record than that of hundreds of others, cut and dried, finished up and complete as platitudes or commonplaces can be easily done.

Margaret was devoid of grace and attractiveness, so often the bane to women of intellect, who are apt to question how much of their acceptance is due to

beauty and how much to superior mental caliber. Had Margaret been a sham, she would have had a touch of that egregious vanity which is as often found in a plain as in a handsome woman. When Margaret appeared in Paris with Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Spring, the first movement was to go to a modiste and provide suitable toilettes. It was a hard test for Miss Fuller to walk up and down a long hall before the critical eye and shaking head of the artist, but she did it, and submitted to unflattering comments without a murmur. When all was complete, and she walked the hall in her handsome and becoming gear, it was quite touching as she turned to Mrs. S., saying, "I did not know I could ever look so well."

Of the last few, sad years of Margaret's life in Italy, and that seemingly ill-assorted and suspicious marriage with Ossoli, I do not wish to say anything or pass any judgment upon it, any more than I would condemn George Eliot for what she did, or blame Thomas Carlyle because he failed to appreciate his noble wife until the solemn curtain of death, as by a divine reflection, gave back the writing. When shall we ever learn to accept genius as it comes to us—infirm in part, it may be, but glorious as a new utterance from the eternities!

If there existed the shadow of a humbug to stain the memory of Margaret Fuller, it will exist in the folly, the weakness, the sham of calling such a woman Countess. She was proud of her name, Margaret, a pearl, and had a pretty superstition, also, about names, as most of us have, as indicating destiny; and when the drear, engulfing wave closed over the brave heart, let us believe the Pearl sought its native element.

True, Margaret never found expression commensurate with her self-consciousness—what then? The writer who says the utmost of his thought has found his limitation; while the one who feels the unspoken power, the melody like that of Keats's nightingale, smothered by its

excess, is the one we long to hear speak, and mourn at their lack of speech. There is a prophetic pathos in a character that intimates so much and achieves so comparatively little.

It may be Margaret Fuller was in my mind when I wrote the following:

UNATTAINED.

Alone we stand to solve the doubt—
Alone we work salvation out—
Casting our feeble hands about

For human help—for human cheer,
Or only for a human tear;
Forgetting God is always near.

The Poet, in his highest flight,
Sees ranged beyond him, height o'er
height,

Visions that mock his utmost might;

And music, borne by echo back,
Pines on a solitary track,
Till faint hearts sigh, alas! alack!

And Beauty, born of highest art,
Slips from the limner's hand apart,
And leaves him aching at the heart:

The sweetest face has never brought
Its fairest look; the deepest thought
Is never into language wrought.

The quaint, old litanies that fell
From ancient Seers, great hearts impel
To nobler deeds than poets tell.

We live, we breathe, all unexpressed,
Our holiest, noblest in the breast
Lie struggling in a wild unrest,

Awaking fibers that shall leap,
And an exultant harvest reap
At Death's emancipating sleep.

Our onward lights eternal shine—
Conquered by no unmanly pine
We royal amaranths may twine.

The great God knocks upon the door
Ready to run our chalice o'er,
If but the heart will ask for more;

If hungering with a latent sense
We know not, ask not, how or whence,
But take our consecration thence.

The wine-press must alone be trod—
The burning plow-share pressed unshod—
There is no rock of help but God.

Genius has three great works to do in the world before it can make itself effective: first, to make itself known, then felt, and lastly, needed, in the world. Who, save Milton and Shakespeare, has accomplished all this? Yet our race has produced innumerable lesser lights, all beautiful and needed, as the universe has its great suns, and is flecked with planets, and finally packed full of star dust.

Great as was the utterance of Daniel Webster, he was himself greater than any expression he has left, and will stand in ages like Zeus among the fraternity of Olympus. He is one of those immortal made because of the great design in him—the triumph of a race—the perfection of a force. It is excess of folly to talk of what is left undone, when the very raising of the question indicates our belief in the capacity for achievement.

I believe Margaret was embarrassed, mazed, as it were, with the weight of her irresistible inward power, as was Daniel Webster; a sad consciousness of an unattainable something hindered by adverse causes, and in Margaret's by that deadening poverty against which it is so hard to struggle, and of which Cowper has said:

"Where poverty is felt the thought is chained."

I do not see it as a blemish that she drank tea, any more than in the great Dr. Johnson. Dull minds, obtuse minds, need nothing to alleviate them. When I gave my lecture in Boston, and spoke of this, I was contradicted somewhat rudely by an auditor, but it was not the less true from many sources of authority, most especially from Mrs. Cleverly, with whom Margaret boarded in Boston. The contradiction and denial, at any rate, seemed rather childish. I met Margaret not unfrequently in New York and Brooklyn, and we more than once enacted charades and proverbs together, but she was not inventive, and was not in the least humorous. I did not the

less approve her for this negation, being myself more inclined to the grave than the funny.

Margaret's egotism made companionship with her nearly impossible. She must be deferred to, yielded to, or she turned away in scorn. She detested the butterflies of fashionable society, and had no eye for the pretty graces that make such attractive; while the coquetries of young girls, as natural to them as to birds and squirrels, she condemned with a grim severity. Time and study and enlightenment are fast wiping out this stain upon the sex.

Margaret was naturally contentious; why not when she differed? Is a woman to ignore opinions for the sake of complacency? The only thing that would justify her in doing so is when the point at issue is of no comparative import. I have a holy horror, too, of silence when a truth is involved, which once brought upon myself a strong, playful remonstrance from John Neal. "Do not trot out an elephant to crack a flea, my dear friend," he said.

On this side of Margaret's character her power of dissent, her scorn and contempt had a devilish sort of magnitude about them, quite appalling to a trembling young man who had presumed to lift up his small pipe in her presence, as I once had the opportunity to overhear at a reception at Dr. Dewey's. I could not sympathize with this annihilating use of terms to an opponent, and fear it looked not only cruel, but foolish. We were both of old Puritanic blood, and hence likely to see everything in a grave light. My own tendency to toleration and forbearance was a snare and trial to me. Margaret was troubled with no such scruples, but bore down like a Dutch galleon upon all weaker craft.

Margaret attracted and repelled me by what I considered her lack of justice and consideration for others. My husband went one evening to one of Margaret's conversations at the house of the Springs, and on his return home I nat-

urally asked him what he thought of her. "She is a mixture of pedantry and pretension," he replied, "with not a little, but a vast, opinion of herself." This was apparent to every one, and to me, seeing her possibilities, not so very objectionable. Women will not undervalue one of the sex who stands, as she averred of herself, alone; yes, alone in a sort of misty haze, a picture of some Mona Lisa, that suggests so much and tells so little.

As I before said, when I lectured upon Margaret Fuller in Boston my lecture was not well received, nor well attended. At the close many questions were asked me which seemed aggressive, but I found that Margaret's mother and brother were both present, with no unkindly sympathies, for they invited me to tea with them the next evening.

I found Mrs. Fuller a woman of the style of all the women of that generation—tall, large, statuesque (as was my mother, nearly a head taller than myself), with a judicial, self-poised bearing, sure to command respect. I said to myself, "This woman is greater than her daughter, as my mother was greater than I am." Both were without perspective, lacked shades, were not of the kind to make mistakes in life or shirk responsibilities. There was something fine in the broad, well-knit shoulders of Mrs. Fuller, in the firmly outlined waist never compressed by corset, and the bust of a Juno, without any sensual fullness below the girdle. I remember Mrs. Fuller bade one of her granddaughters take up her sewing, saying, "Remember your Aunt Margaret was never idle; she was careful of her time."

Margaret no more stood alone than other women, except as her disagreeable methods drove people away from her. At a brilliant Valentine party at Miss Lynch's, now Mrs. Botta, I remember Mrs. Osgood and I ran up to the dressing room with our hands full of tributes; Fannie had more than us all. As we neared the landing I heard a very heavy

sigh, almost a groan, and, looking up, saw Miss Fuller looking over the balustrade. Putting my hand on her arm, I said: "You do not care for trifles like these; your *one* was better than all others." "It leaves me alone as I always am," was the reply. I cannot recall the whole of her valentine, but it closed:

"And Venus, though divinely bright,
Is left without a Satellite."

In New York, Margaret, without beauty, always self-conscious, and without repartee, preferring a monologue, was apt to be given a wide berth. I remember one evening, while talking with a pleasant group, I observed Margaret seated on a lounge quite alone. Addressing Mr. C. F. Hoffman, as the most courteous as well as chivalrous member of my surroundings, I whispered: "Transcendental is quite alone." "To hear is to obey," was the response.

I naturally watched the result, and that was the only time I ever saw Margaret Fuller look absolutely handsome. She gave me a quick, woman's triumphant glance, and then was replying to his agreeable badinage, as he knocked her theories good-naturedly right and left. Of course she never knew the little ruse I had put in action.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE NIGHT COMETH.

Terrible night to those with task half ended,
Who revel careless through the rosy hours;
Leaving the corn, the goodly corn, untended,
To gather in the flowers;
Which close, or droop, or die when eve advances,
And lo, the sorry harvest withered lies;
And phantoms of lost hope, lost time, lost chances
Out of the gloom arise.
Not so comes night to all. Sweet sleep will strengthen
Toilers with burden of the day oppress;
To whom the evening shadows, while they lengthen,
Bring peace and hard-won rest.
Oh, welcome rest for weary hearts and aching,
And wounded feet all travel-stained and sore;
Welcome the rest,—thrice welcome the awaking,
Never to need it more.