

Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

One of the most earnest and high-minded American women known to fame was Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Her father, Timothy Fuller, was a direct descendant of the old Pilgrim Fathers, and inherited the stern morality and uncompromising sense of duty which distinguished the Puritans of England. His timid, shrinking wife left the management of the children very much to him; and thus it happened that little Margaret, who was born at Cambridge Port, Massachusetts, upon the 23d of May, 1810, was very early brought under his influence.

Mr. Fuller, admirable as he was, knew nothing whatever of the needs of a sensitive little child, and his one idea was to make her a prodigy of learning.

Margaret had excellent abilities, but she had also a very great deal of imagination, and all the nervous excitement which belongs to such a temperament. She was not strong, and before she was six years old the long lessons and heavy tasks set her by her father told terribly upon her health.

She was required by him to learn so much and commit so much to memory that it was often very late at night before she could go to rest, and then sleep was impossible. Mr. Fuller was only at home in the evenings, and was so stern if any mistake occurred in the recitations Margaret prepared for him that her education must have been a time of great torture.

When at last she went to bed, the poor little overtasked child could not rest; horrible dreams tormented her, and she awoke shrieking with terror. For this she was often severely punished, and told to "leave off talking rubbish" when she tried to explain her dreadful visions.

Before she was six she was learning Latin, and before she was eight her acquaintance with Shakespeare was thorough. She became so devoted to learning that when she was thirteen her one wish and aim in life was to cultivate her mind. To this she lent every faculty she possessed, and we find her at fifteen rising before five, and in the course of a day's work studying French, Italian, Greek, Latin, music, singing, metaphysics and philosophy! In addition to all this she kept a journal regularly.

But Margaret was not to be allowed to sacrifice everything to her love of learning. She was to be taught that life has higher lessons to teach than mere knowledge. When she was about twenty her acquaintance with German literature inspired her with a rapt desire to visit Europe, and acquaint herself thoroughly with the nations of which her varied reading gave her such exalted ideas.

To this end she determined to earn sufficient money to pay her expenses, for her father was not well enough off to afford her the luxury of travel.

She undertook the education of her younger sisters and brothers upon the understanding that the money thus saved should be hers. She looked upon this self-imposed task, which to many girls would have been delightful, as the most irksome thing in the world. But although the education of the children occupied her for eight hours a day, and she was housekeeper and attendant upon an invalid mother, at the same time she still carried on her own intellectual training. We find her passing her evenings in the study of European geography, and writing out analytical criticisms of the works of Schiller and Goethe, and it is not surprising that the immediate result of so much exertion was a long and serious illness.

In 1835 Mr. Fuller died, and Margaret's plans were completely overthrown. As the eldest of a large family, much devolved upon her. They were comparatively poor, and the question was no longer one of only saving money, but of the need of

making it.

The voyage to Europe was an impossibility, if justice was to be done to the other members of the family. Margaret realized this, and her sense of duty led her to relinquish her own ambition, not without a pang which she could not hide, but with cheerfulness, which, if at first assumed, became natural to her.

She had many friends, and among them some sufficiently influential to obtain an appointment for her as teacher in a large school at Providence. Sixty scholars were under her management, and after awhile her earnest nature met with a fitting reward in the enthusiastic affection felt for her by her pupils.

She has been called egotistical and conceited—perhaps she was—but her great powers of mind were joined to a very simple and sincere character, and she talked naturally of all that interested her. Her conversational powers were so esteemed that the recognition of them led to a curious scheme. A class was formed for conversation, and placed under her directions, and, rather strangely, the plan was very successful. The first meeting was in November, 1839, and the fame of these conversational gatherings became so great that gentlemen wished to join them. Accordingly the next year mixed classes were held, but were not quite so successful. In 1844 Margaret Fuller became engaged in literary work, and Mr. Greeley, a proprietor of the New York Tribune, proposed that she should live in his family, and write for his newspaper. This led to her going to reside near New York, and then she first interested herself in philanthropic work. In 1846 her longed-for voyage to Europe became possible, and the first country she visited after her arrival at Liverpool was Scotland.

Later in the year she went to London, and at once became a favorite of society. She is described as having been of medium height, with light hair and blue eyes, and a curious habit of closing her eyelids frequently whilst speaking.

After a stay of some months in London, Margaret went to Paris, and thence to Italy, where the romance of her life began. Her sympathies with the ardent people of this country were so great and so engrossing that she threw herself into all the political contests of the period. She became accidentally acquainted with a young nobleman, the Marchese Ossoli. He belonged to a poor, patrician family, and was greatly interested in the American lady. His acquaintance ripened into love, and although Margaret refused the offer of his hand and left Rome, it was only to return some few months later, when she rewarded his devoted attachment and became his wife in December, 1847.

For political reasons the marriage was concealed for more than a year. The marriage of the Marchese with a Protestant would have been fatal to him. The secrecy this entailed was very galling to Margaret. But three of her husband's brothers were in the service of the State, and Margaret had written and spoken so openly of the glory of Italian independence that she was necessarily unpopular with the reigning powers.

In 1843 she went to Rieti, and there, on the 5th of September, her baby boy was born. Her husband was engaged in Rome, and could only visit her occasionally; sometimes, after many hours' traveling, he could only pass a few hours with her. Margaret was a devoted mother, and her suffering was very great when she found that if she was to be a true wife to her husband and join him in Rome she must leave her boy to strangers.

"Ah," she writes to her husband, "how can I ever, ever leave him!"

Yet it had to be done, and little Angelo was left with a trustworthy nurse, as his mother hoped, and

when after a month's absence she returned to find him well and strong she became a little more reconciled to it. But political troubles thickened. In April, Rome was in a state of siege, and once with her husband, Margaret could not leave the city to visit her darling. Every day she walked a great distance to meet a physician who was allowed to pass out into the country, and upon the scanty tidings he brought, her heart tired.

She was too energetic to be still. She began to nurse at one of the hospitals for the wounded, spending her whole time amid scenes of suffering. She sent money as constantly as she could for her child, and only hoped that the nurse might prove faithful; but when at last she and her husband could leave Rome she found that her little one, her darling, had been all but starved to death.

How keen her anguish was we learn from her letter. "My baby," she writes, "I found too weak to smile, to lift his little, wasted hand," and it was four long weeks before he had strength to smile.

She determined that no circumstances should ever reconcile her to parting from him again, and a conviction grew upon her that life in beautiful Italy could not be hers. In 1850 it was decided that the whole family should go to America. Her marriage was now known, and she had been assured that her husband and little son would be welcome in her native land.

Passages were taken in the *Elizabeth*, a merchant vessel, leaving Leghorn upon the 17th of May.

The lovely breezes of early summer made the trip along the shores of the Mediterranean most delightful. Little Angelo was the idol of all the passengers and crew; and a special pet of the captain's.

A few days after leaving port, Captain Hayes sickened with the smallpox, and died upon the 2d of June. Angelo, who had been much with him, took the dreadful complaint. His mother's anguish was terrible, but she was not to lose him so. He recovered, and with a grateful heart, Margaret Fuller spent her time in trying to comfort the widow of the unfortunate captain.

The Atlantic was crossed, home seemed near, New York was to be reached next day, the pilot came on board, and in spite of a thick fog all appeared to be going well. But, about four in the morning of the 16th of July the ship received a fearful shock. She had struck!

All on board recognized the danger! The little one awakened from his sleep, terrified and shivering, cried piteously, but no other cries were heard. Margaret, taking her boy in her arms, sung him to sleep! They were so close to land that a few, brave, resolute men on shore might have saved all their lives; but no brave sailors were near them, only wretched outcasts, who streamed in sight hoping to profit by the wreck.

Margaret might have been saved would she have left husband or child, for the mate with incredible effort had managed a rope and plank, by means of which he took the captain's widow to shore. The ship broke up fast; still Margaret would not try to save her own life without her loved ones. The dashing waves carried fresh victims away; at four o'clock in the afternoon only three seamen remained, beside the family, when the mate declared he would save Angelo or die.

He had the child in his arms, prepared to put his resolve into execution when "a wave burst over the fore-castle, and the foremast fell, carrying the deck and all upon it." Margaret was last seen "clad in her white night-dress with her hair loose on her shoulders."

Parents and child died together! Little Angelo's remains were washed on shore and reverently buried. Afterward his grandmother, old Mrs. Ful-

ler, visited the spot, and his tiny body was removed to the church-yard where her husband lay buried.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and the husband she had devotedly loved, rest together at the bottom of the vast ocean. Her memory will live as long as earnestness of purpose and purity of life are valued in the world. —*Arthur's Magazine*.

Getting Married in Germany.

This time I was bound to make sure work, and so, with the best information I could procure, started off for the civil bureau (*Standes Amt*) to ascertain precisely what was required.

"Upon what business do you come?" demanded the pompous servant at the door.

"I am an American citizen, and want to know how to get married in Germany," I faltered.

He opened the door of the main office, and shouted: "Ein Herr Amerikaner wishes to marry himself!" and then showed me into a large and well filled waiting room to take my turn, every occupant of which gazed fixedly at me without winking for some minutes. One thin, dark, wiry man in soiled linen, and bright, yellow kid gloves, had dropped in to announce the death of his third wife. A trembling young mother was sharply reprimanded for letting the legal third day pass before announcing the death of her child. A somewhat speedy clerk had come, with a radiant face, to announce the birth of a boy fourteen hours old, and to be called Johannes Conrad Hermann Degenermeister. A servant girl and her lover were waiting in one corner, she red and giggling, he erect, dignified, and taciturn as a head waiter, to be made man and wife. I had plenty of time to observe, for nearly an hour passed before my turn came. At length I was shown into a large room, with half a dozen clerks at one end, who twisted their necks, adjusted their glasses, and gazed and listened with open-mouthed wonder.

"I wish to get married in the very simplest and quickest way," I said, presenting my passport. "Will you please tell me how to do it?"

"It is extremely simple," said the officer. "We must have a certificate of your birth [*Geburtschein*] signed by the burgomaster of the town in which you were born. Your certificate of baptism [*Taufschein*] should also be sent, to guard against all error, sealed and witnessed by the present pastor or the proper church officers. These must be presented here by each of the contracting parties, with their passports as the first step."

I carefully noted this, and he proceeded:

"The parents, if living, should certify to their knowledge and approval of the marriage. We must also be satisfied that there is no obstacle, legal, moral, or otherwise, to it, whether either of you have been married before, and if so whether there are children, and if so their names and ages. The parents' name should be in full; also their residence, occupation, age, and place of birth should of course be given for record here."

I begged for another scrap of paper and made further note.

"When we have these here in this desk," he continued, patting fondly that piece of furniture, "then either we can publish the bans [*Aufgebot*] by posting a notice of your intention in the *Rathhaus* for fourteen days; or else you can have it printed in the journal of the place where you reside in America, and bring us a copy here as evidence that it has actually appeared. After the expiration of this time you can be married in this office."

"Must it be here?" I queried. "Of course," he said. "This is the only place which the law recognizes. Poor people are content with civil marriage only, but all who move in

good society go from here to the church for a religious ceremony."

"Is it not possible to shorten the time?" I timidly ventured to inquire. "We have made all the arrangements for an earlier day, and are seriously inconvenienced by the delay. I did not know the requirements. It takes four weeks to hear from America, and then two more weeks here, and—You do not, perhaps, exactly understand, and yet I hardly know how to explain. But there is really haste. We are pressed for time."

"Haste? Pressed for time?" he repeated. Perhaps I do not understand. I am sorry, but it cannot possibly be sooner. You think we are slow in Germany. True, but we are sure. We require our people to take time to think over the matter beforehand, and divorce with us is far from being the easy matter I have heard it is in America." —*Atlantic*.

What Makes a House Beautiful.

It is an excellent thing to have a well kept house, and a beautifully appointed table, but after all the best cheer of every home must come from the heart and manner of the home mother. If that is cold, and this ungracious, all the wealth of India cannot make that home pleasant or inviting. Intelligence, too, must lend its charm if we would have home an Eden. The severe style of house order neatness seldom leave much margin for intellectual culture. Even general reading is considered as out of the question for a woman so hurried and worried with her scrubbing and polishing and making up garments. A simpler style of living and house furnishing would set many a bonded slave at liberty, and add vastly to the comfort of all the house.

Hospitality rarely prevails in these spotless, line-and-letter homes. Company disarrange the books, and disorder the house, which had work enough in it before. The mother can not throw off her carking cares and sit down for a real heart-to-heart converse with the old friend of her childhood. Still less can she enter into the joys and pleasures right and delightful to her own children, because of the extra work of clearing away it will be likely to make.

With all your toils to make a house beautiful, do not neglect the first element of all, to beautify yourself, body and soul. A sweet, loving word, and a warm clasp of the hand, are far more to a guest than the most elaborately embroidered lambrequins at your window, or the most exquisite damask on your table. There are bare cabin homes that have been remembered ever with pleasure, because of the beautiful, loving presence there; and stately palaces, which leave the impressions of an iceberg on the mind. —*Sel.*

"Why, John?"

The simple folk who have a tremendous idea of the abilities of "college-larnt" young men are not all dead. The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* thinks that it may be a little early in the year for a Fourth of July story, but the following about a Harvard student is too good to keep:

He had returned to his native village to "spend the Fourth," and among other little lionizing was invited to participate in the annual celebration. On the auspicious day, he encountered an old farmer acquaintance who had driven into the village, and greeted him with with,—

"Why, John, how do you dew? I've heern tell you're to college down in Boston."

John modestly admitted the fact, and his friend continued, "They say you're goin to read us suthin' to-day, John."

The collegian explained that he was to read the Declaration of Independence; and the old gentleman, standing back a little, and looking admiringly at him, exclaimed—

"Sho! ye don't say so, naow! suthin' ye writ yerself!"