

LOVE LETTERS OF MARGARET FULLER

Romance of a Famous Woman Sixty Years Ago.

Sixty odd years ago a young Hebrew named Nathan arrived in New York from northern Germany...

It was there on "The Farm," as it was called, that late in the autumn of 1844 Nathan met Miss Margaret Fuller...

In July, 1850, the merchant ship Elizabeth on which Margaret Fuller—then the Marchioness Ossoli—had her husband, with their young son, were coming to this country, struck on Fire Island beach...

During Nathan's lifetime no one ever saw Miss Fuller's letters to him, except W. H. Channing, her first biographer...

Not long ago they were again submitted to D. Appleton & Co., were accepted, and are to appear in book form, with the title "Love Letters of Margaret Fuller..."

The first letter she wrote was early in February, 1845, and in it she acknowledged that she had long had a presentiment that she would meet, and nearly one of his race and religion...

"We will worship by impromptu symbols, till the religion is framed for all humanity," she says. "My mind has been unfolded in your thought as a branch with a fame..."

"On March 14, in the evening, she writes: "It would be more generous to be more confident, but I cannot. You must see to it that I can be absolutely frank..."

"This on the following Sunday afternoon: "It is nothing to me whether in the parlor on the street, and we are not enough so among the green things..."

"But when forced back upon myself as now, though the first turnings of the key were painful, yet the inner door makes captivous music, too, upon its golden hinges..."

"When you hold me by the hand I sometimes think and can only say: Psyche was but a mortal woman, yet, as the bride of love, she became a daughter of the gods..."

"I have to hear you read off the secret, and yet you sometimes make me tremble. I confide in you as this bird, now warbling without, confides in me..."

"In another letter she uses this language: "Yesterday was a sadder day than any I had in all my life..."

"I know you could not help it, but why had fate drawn me so near you. As I walked the streets, piercing drops of grief would start into mine eyes as the hymn-book promises they shall not in heaven..."

still, just as on the day before. I cannot do other than love and most deeply trust you, and will drink the bitter part of the cup with patience...

"I am with you as never with any other; I like to be quite still and have you there, and I want to be quite alone with you for both; you will indulge me in this dear repose..."

"I have felt a strong attraction to you almost ever since that first meeting, the attraction of the wandering spirit toward a broad, broad and strong enough to feel, when I want to be alone with you..."

"When you approached me so near I was exceedingly agitated, because your personality has a powerful, magnetic effect on me, and I have been to you as to a sacred shrine..."

"My beloved friend, I will not say forget these days; we cannot and need not, but I think, receding in the distance, the rougher the more I love you..."

"I am now taken of the kernel of your life and planted in my own. We have now been embraced in the eternal truth, and a certainty of reality has succeeded hope, and I trust, fear..."

"In return let me say one thing. That address that lingers in memory of that period, when your spirit life took its painful birth, is almost gone. These are the days of the great drop which I cannot bear to write any more except, God bless you and protect me..."

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MR. FROUDE'S EXPLANATION.

WHY HE MADE KNOWN THE CARLYLE FAMILY TROUBLES.

A Posthumous Defense in "My Relations With Carlyle"—It Was Carlyle's Wish That the Story Should Become Public.

The storm that arose after Mr. Froude's revelations of the wretched domestic life of Thomas Carlyle and his wife, twenty years ago, has not been forgotten.

The whole controversy, however, has blazed up again since the recent publication of "My Relations With Carlyle" by Mrs. Carlyle.

The disagreeable quarrel in which he became involved with Carlyle's relatives at the time of his going to America, led Mr. Froude to write out the story of his connection with Carlyle and with the papers.

It is not an apology that Froude has written, but an explanation of how and why he came to publish the Carlyle biographies and letters.

It is important to note that the papers were put into Mr. Froude's hands some time after Mrs. Carlyle's death and that he had been at work on them for years before Carlyle himself died.

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OUR CHESS CORNER.

PROBLEM NO. 1207—BY M. RAVAL.

White to play and mate in three moves.

LIFE IN A FACTORY TOWN.

Observations of a City Man Who Passed a Week in One.

"You people who live in the city think you are strenuous, you think your business is exacting; you actually believe that when you die it will be from nervous prostration."

"But you go to your homes, or to your clubs, or to your links, or somewhere by the sea, and you rest up for the whirl of the next day."

"Did you ever go to a manufacturing town where everybody in the place is a factory man, woman, boy or girl? There is where you find the tired people."

"The homes, or rather the houses in which the people live, stand uncoccupied from morning until night. Every day the occupants walk out in droves and processions to the factory."

"For some reason which I cannot explain most of the men quit work in the afternoon before the women stop. I suppose one reason of this is that the men belong to unions which won't let them work after a certain hour."

"When you ever in one of these factories where the men quit work? The women, those who are wives, say to their husbands who are quitting."

"Then as the men start away they will hear a parting admonition: 'You might spread the table and have it ready when I come.'"

"The men go out as meek as lambs. They go home from the bench to the drudgery of the house—I don't know as they call it drudgery, but that is what it would be to you. The women follow. Perhaps they are happier than some women of the city who go home from shopping or from the market."

"The long line trudges homeward and takes up the work of the men. The frugal meal is prepared. It may taste sweeter to some people than coarse dishes to which some of us sit down. I hope it does."

"The sound of the summer wind in the gathering darkness of the night may be more musical than the orchestra to which you listen while you dine. I hope so. But the meal over the workers of the day go quietly to bed, for they must be up with the break of day."

"I have had occasion to spend a week in one of these factory towns, and the life, as I have described it, left me jaded as time day's work in the city ever did. I speak from observation only. I don't say that these people are unhappy, for I don't know. But I do know that after the week I spent in the factory town of which I speak I came back to the city a more contented man."

TAILORS NOT SO CAREFUL. Their Work as Well as Their Prices Affected by Competition.

The little tailor who does repairs may be of course, be of any size physically. He is also a little simple on account of the nature of his service, and the size of his shop. He has always been a useful and necessary person, but he seems to have fallen under a blight now.

"Since the companies that clean clothes were first formed," was the complaint of one man not old enough to remember the busy days of yore and to contrast everything with the contemporaneous unfavorably with them, "the tailors seem to me to be very much less careful in their work."

"They were compelled to reduce their prices else they would have gone bankrupt. And it seems to me that with that change they also gave up much of the carefulness and thoroughness that were always characteristic of the good ones."

"Now it's a slap and dash, and everything is done in a hurry. No long trousers and iron-like crease down the front, nothing else seems to count. Repairs used to be done in a quiet way, and here it was as if a spot had been worn. Now did buttons come off again in a short time—before the little tailors became cheaper."

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