

© AT HOME AND ABROAD,
OR
THINGS AND THOUGHTS
IN
America and Europe.

(Sarah)

BY
MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI,
AUTHOR OF "WOMAN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY," "PAPERS ON LITERATURE
AND ART," ETC.

EDITED BY HER BROTHER,
ARTHUR B. FULLER.

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PART IV.

HOMEWARD VOYAGE, AND MEMORIALS.

HOMeward VOYAGE.

It seems proper that some account of the sad close of Madame Ossoli's earthly journeyings should be embodied in this volume recording her travels. But a brother's hand trembles even now and *cannot* write it. Noble, heroic, unselfish, *Christian* was that death, even as had been her life; but its outward circumstances were too painful for my pen to describe. Nor needs it, — for a scene like that must have impressed itself indelibly on those who witnessed it, and accurate and vivid have been their narratives. The Memoirs of my sister contain a most faithful description; but as they are accessible to all, and I trust will be read by all who have read this volume, I have chosen rather to give the accounts somewhat condensed which appeared in the *New York Tribune* at the time of the calamity. The first is from the pen of Bayard Taylor, who visited the scene on the day succeeding the wreck, and describes the appearance of the shore and the remains of the vessel. This is followed by the narrative of Mrs. Hasty, wife of the captain, herself a participant in the scene, and so overwhelmed by grief at her husband's loss, and that of friends she had learned so much to value, that she has since faded from this life. A true and noble woman, her account deserves to be remembered. The third article is from the pen of Horace Greeley, my sister's ever-valued friend. Several poems, suggested by this scene, written by those in the Old World and New who loved and honored Madame Ossoli, are also inserted here. The respect they testify for the departed is soothing to the hearts of kindred, and to the many who love and cherish the memory of Margaret Fuller. — ED.

LETTER OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

Fire Island, Tuesday, July 23.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE TRIBUNE:—

I reached the house of Mr. Smith Oakes, about one mile from the spot where the Elizabeth was wrecked, at three o'clock this morning. The boat in which I set out last night from Babylon, to cross the bay, was seven hours making the passage. On landing among the sand-hills, Mr. Oakes admitted me into his house, and gave me a place of rest for the remaining two or three hours of the night.

This morning I visited the wreck, traversed the beach for some extent on both sides, and collected all the particulars that are now likely to be obtained, relative to the closing scenes of this terrible disaster. The sand is strewn for a distance of three or four miles with fragments of planks, spars, boxes, and the merchandise with which the vessel was laden. With the exception of a piece of her broadside, which floated to the shore intact, all the timbers have been so chopped and broken by the sea, that scarcely a stick of ten feet in length can be found. In front of the wreck these fragments are piled up along high-water mark to the height of several feet, while farther in among the sand-hills are scattered casks of almonds stove in, and their contents mixed with the sand, sacks of juniper-berries, oil-flasks, &c. About half the hull remains under water, not more than fifty yards from the shore. The spars and rigging belonging to the foremast, with part of the mast itself, are still attached to the ruins, surging over them at every swell. Mr. Jonathan Smith, the agent of the underwriters, intended to have the surf-boat launched this morning, for the purpose of cutting away the rigging and ascertaining how the wreck lies; but the sea is still too high.

From what I can learn, the loss of the Elizabeth is mainly to be attributed to the inexperience of the mate, Mr. H. P. Bangs, who acted as captain after leaving Gibraltar. By his own statement, he supposed he was somewhere between Cape May and

Barnegat, on Thursday evening. The vessel was consequently running northward, and struck head on. At the second thump, a hole was broken in her side, the seas poured through and over her, and she began going to pieces. This happened at ten minutes before four o'clock. The passengers were roused from their sleep by the shock, and hurried out of the cabin in their night-clothes, to take refuge on the forecastle, which was the least exposed part of the vessel. They succeeded with great difficulty; Mrs. Hasty, the widow of the late captain, fell into a hatchway, from which she was dragged by a sailor who seized her by the hair.

The swells increased continually, and the danger of the vessel giving way induced several of the sailors to commit themselves to the waves. Previous to this they divested themselves of their clothes, which they tied to pieces of plank and sent ashore. These were immediately seized upon by the beach pirates, and never afterward recovered. The carpenter cut loose some planks and spars, and upon one of these Madame Ossoli was advised to trust herself, the captain promising to go in advance, with her boy. She refused, saying that she had no wish to live without the child, and would not, at that hour, give the care of it to another. Mrs. Hasty then took hold of a plank, in company with the second mate, Mr. Davis, through whose assistance she landed safely, though terribly bruised by the floating timber. The captain clung to a hatch, and was washed ashore insensible, where he was resuscitated by the efforts of Mr. Oakes and several others, who were by this time collected on the beach. Most of the men were entirely destitute of clothing, and some, who were exhausted and ready to let go their hold, were saved by the islanders, who went into the surf with lines about their waists, and caught them.

The young Italian girl, Celesta Pardena, who was bound for New York, where she had already lived in the family of Henry Peters Gray, the artist, was at first greatly alarmed, and uttered the most piercing screams. By the exertions of the Ossolis she was quieted, and apparently resigned to her fate. The passengers reconciled themselves to the idea of death. At the proposal of the Marquis Ossoli some time was spent in prayer, after which

all sat down calmly to await the parting of the vessel. The Marchioness Ossoli was entreated by the sailors to leave the vessel, or at least to trust her child to them, but she steadily refused.

Early in the morning some men had been sent to the lighthouse for the life-boat which is kept there. Although this is but two miles distant, the boat did not arrive till about one o'clock, by which time the gale had so increased, and the swells were so high and terrific, that it was impossible to make any use of it. A mortar was also brought for the purpose of firing a line over the vessel, to stretch a hawser between it and the shore. The mortar was stationed on the lee of a hillock, about a hundred and fifty rods from the wreck, that the powder might be kept dry. It was fired five times, but failed to carry a line more than half the necessary distance. Just before the fore-castle sunk, the remaining sailors determined to leave.

The steward, with whom the child had always been a great favorite, took it, almost by main force, and plunged with it into the sea; neither reached the shore alive. The Marquis Ossoli was soon afterwards washed away, but his wife remained in ignorance of his fate. The cook, who was the last person that reached the shore alive, said that the last words he heard her speak were: "I see nothing but death before me,—I shall never reach the shore." It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, and after lingering for about ten hours, exposed to the mountainous surf that swept over the vessel, with the contemplation of death constantly forced upon her mind, she was finally overwhelmed as the foremast fell. It is supposed that her body and that of her husband are still buried under the ruins of the vessel. Mr. Horace Sumner, who jumped overboard early in the morning, was never seen afterwards.

The dead bodies that were washed on shore were terribly bruised and mangled. That of the young Italian girl was enclosed in a rough box, and buried in the sand, together with those of the sailors. Mrs. Hasty had by this time found a place of shelter at Mr. Oakes's house, and at her request the body of the boy, Angelo Eugene Ossoli, was carried thither, and kept for a

day previous to interment. The sailors, who had all formed a strong attachment to him during the voyage, wept like children when they saw him. There was some difficulty in finding a coffin when the time of burial came, whereupon they took one of their chests, knocked out the tills, laid the body carefully inside, locked and nailed down the lid. He was buried in a little nook between two of the sand-hills, some distance from the sea.

The same afternoon a trunk belonging to the Marchioness Ossoli came to shore, and was fortunately secured before the pirates had an opportunity of purloining it. Mrs. Hasty informs me that it contained several large packages of manuscripts, which she dried carefully by the fire. I have therefore a strong hope that the work on Italy will be entirely recovered. In a pile of soaked papers near the door, I found files of the *Democratia Pacifica* and *Il Nazionale* of Florence, as well as several of Mazzini's pamphlets, which I have preserved.

An attempt will probably be made to-morrow to reach the wreck with the surf-boat. Judging from its position and the known depth of the water, I should think the recovery, not only of the bodies, if they are still remaining there, but also of Powers's statue and the blocks of rough Carrara, quite practicable, if there should be a sufficiency of still weather. There are about a hundred and fifty tons of marble under the ruins. The paintings, belonging to Mr. Aspinwall, which were washed ashore in boxes, and might have been saved had any one been on the spot to care for them, are for the most part utterly destroyed. Those which were least injured by the sea-water were cut from the frames and carried off by the pirates; the frames were broken in pieces, and scattered along the beach. This morning I found several shreds of canvas, evidently more than a century old, half buried in the sand. All the silk, Leghorn braid, hats, wool, oil, almonds, and other articles contained in the vessel, were carried off as soon as they came to land. On Sunday there were nearly a thousand persons here, from all parts of the coast between Rockaway and Montauk, and more than half of them were engaged in secreting and carrying off everything that seemed to be of value.

The two bodies found yesterday were those of sailors. All have now come to land but those of the *Ossolis* and *Horace Sumner*. If not found in the wreck, they will be cast ashore to the westward of this, as the current has set in that direction since the gale.

Yours, &c.

THE WRECK OF THE ELIZABETH.

FROM a conversation with Mrs. Hasty, widow of the captain of the ill-fated *Elizabeth*, we gather the following particulars of her voyage and its melancholy termination.

We have already stated that Captain Hasty was prostrated, eight days after leaving Leghorn, by a disease which was regarded and treated as fever, but which ultimately exhibited itself as small-pox of the most malignant type. He died of it just as the vessel reached Gibraltar, and his remains were committed to the deep. After a short detention in quarantine, the *Elizabeth* resumed her voyage on the 8th ultimo, and was long baffled by adverse winds. Two days from Gibraltar, the terrible disease which had proved fatal to the captain attacked the child of the *Ossolis*, a beautiful boy of two years, and for many days his recovery was regarded as hopeless. His eyes were completely closed for five days, his head deprived of all shape, and his whole person covered with pustules; yet, through the devoted attention of his parents and their friends, he survived, and at length gradually recovered. Only a few scars and red spots remained on his face and body, and these were disappearing, to the great joy of his mother, who felt solicitous that his rare beauty should not be marred at his first meeting with those she loved, and especially her mother.

At length, after a month of slow progress, the wind shifted, and blew strongly from the southwest for several days, sweeping them rapidly on their course, until, on Thursday evening last, they

knew that they were near the end of their voyage. Their trunks were brought up and repacked, in anticipation of a speedy arrival in port. Meantime, the breeze gradually swelled to a gale, which became decided about nine o'clock on that evening. But their ship was new and strong, and all retired to rest as usual. They were running west, and supposed themselves about sixty miles farther south than they actually were. By their reckoning, they would be just off the harbor of New York next morning. About half past two o'clock, Mr. Bangs, the mate in command, took soundings, and reported twenty-one fathoms. He said that depth insured their safety till daylight, and turned in again. Of course, all was thick around the vessel, and the storm howling fiercely. One hour afterward, the ship struck with great violence, and in a moment was fast aground. She was a stout brig of 531 tons, five years old, heavily laden with marble, &c., and drawing seventeen feet water. Had she been light, she might have floated over the bar into twenty feet water, and all on board could have been saved. She struck rather sidewise than bows on, canted on her side and stuck fast, the mad waves making a clear sweep over her, pouring down into the cabin through the skylight, which was destroyed. One side of the cabin was immediately and permanently under water, the other frequently drenched. The passengers, who were all up in a moment, chose the most sheltered positions, and there remained, calm, earnest, and resigned to any fate, for a long three hours. No land was yet visible; they knew not where they were, but they knew that their chance of surviving was small indeed. When the coast was first visible through the driving storm in the gray light of morning, the sand-hills were mistaken for rocks, which made the prospect still more dismal. The young Ossoli cried a little with discomfort and fright, but was soon hushed to sleep. Our friend Margaret had two life-preservers, but one of them proved unfit for use. All the boats had been smashed in pieces or torn away soon after the vessel struck; and it would have been madness to launch them in the dark, if it had been possible to launch them at all, with the waves charging over the wreck every moment. A sailor, soon after

light, took Madame Ossoli's serviceable life-preserver and swam ashore with it, in quest of aid for those left on board, and arrived safe, but of course could not return his means of deliverance.

By 7 A. M. it became evident that the cabin must soon go to pieces, and indeed it was scarcely tenable then. The crew were collected in the fore-castle, which was stronger and less exposed, the vessel having settled by the stern, and the sailors had been repeatedly ordered to go aft and help the passengers forward, but the peril was so great that none obeyed. At length the second mate, Davis, went himself, and accompanied the Italian girl, Celesta Pardená, safely to the fore-castle, though with great difficulty. Madame Ossoli went next, and had a narrow escape from being washed away, but got over. Her child was placed in a bag tied around a sailor's neck, and thus carried safely. Marquis Ossoli and the rest followed, each convoyed by the mate or one of the sailors.

All being collected in the fore-castle, it was evident that their position was still most perilous, and that the ship could not much longer hold together. The women were urged to try first the experiment of taking each a plank and committing themselves to the waves. Madame Ossoli refused thus to be separated from her husband and child. She had from the first expressed a willingness to live or die with them, but not to live without them. Mrs. Hasty was the first to try the plank, and, though the struggle was for some time a doubtful one, did finally reach the shore, utterly exhausted. There was a strong current setting to the westward, so that, though the wreck lay but a quarter of a mile from the shore, she landed three fourths of a mile distant. No other woman, and no passenger, survives, though several of the crew came ashore after she did, in a similar manner. The last who came reports that the child had been washed away from the man who held it before the ship broke up, that Ossoli had in like manner been washed from the fore-mast, to which he was clinging; but, in the horror of the moment, Margaret never learned that those she so clung to had preceded her to the spirit land. Those who remained of the crew had just persuaded

her to trust herself to a plank, in the belief that Ossoli and their child had already started for the shore, when just as she was stepping down, a great wave broke over the vessel and swept her into the boiling deep. She never rose again. The ship broke up soon after (about 10 A. M. Mrs. Hasty says, instead of the later hour previously reported); but both mates and most of the crew got on one fragment or another. It was supposed that those of them who were drowned were struck by floating spars or planks, and thus stunned or disabled so as to preclude all chance of their rescue.

We do not know at the time of this writing whether the manuscript of our friend's work on Italy and her late struggles has been saved. We fear it has not been. One of her trunks is known to have been saved; but, though it contained a good many papers, Mrs. Hasty believes that this was not among them. The author had thrown her whole soul into this work, had enjoyed the fullest opportunities for observation, was herself a partaker in the gallant though unsuccessful struggle which has redeemed the name of Rome from the long rust of sloth, servility, and cowardice, was the intimate friend and compatriot of the Republican leaders, and better fitted than any one else to refute the calumnies and falsehoods with which their names have been blackened by the champions of aristocratic "order" throughout the civilized world. We cannot forego the hope that her work on Italy has been saved, or will yet be recovered.

THE following is a complete list of the persons lost by the wreck of the ship Elizabeth: —

- Giovanni, Marquis Ossoli.
- Margaret Fuller Ossoli.
- Their child, Eugene Angelo Ossoli.
- Celesta Pardena, of Rome.
- Horace Sumner, of Boston.
- George Sanford, seaman (Swede).
- Henry Westervelt, seaman (Swede).
- George Bates, steward.

DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER.

A GREAT soul has passed from this mortal stage of being by the death of MARGARET FULLER, by marriage Marchioness Ossoli, who, with her husband and child, Mr. Horace Sumner of Boston,* and others, was drowned in the wreck of the brig Elizabeth from Leghorn for this port, on the south shore of Long Island, near Fire Island, on Friday afternoon last. No passenger survives to tell the story of that night of horrors, whose fury appalled many of our snugly sheltered citizens reposing securely in their beds. We can adequately realize what it must have been to voyagers approaching our coast from the Old World, on vessels helplessly exposed to the rage of that wild southwestern gale, and seeing in the long and anxiously expected land of their youth and their love only an aggravation of their perils, a death-blow to their hopes, an assurance of their temporal doom!

Margaret Fuller was the daughter of Hon. Timothy Fuller, a lawyer of Boston, but nearly all his life a resident of Cambridge, and a Representative of the Middlesex District in Congress from 1817 to 1825. Mr. Fuller, upon his retirement from Congress, purchased a farm at some distance from Boston, and abandoned law for agriculture, soon after which he died. His widow and six children still survive.

* Horace Sumner, one of the victims of the lamentable wreck of the Elizabeth, was the youngest son of the late Hon. Charles P. Sumner, of Boston, for many years Sheriff of Suffolk County, and the brother of George Sumner, Esq., the distinguished American writer, now resident at Paris, and of Hon. Charles Sumner of Boston, who is well known for his legal and literary eminence throughout the country. He was about twenty-four years of age, and had been abroad for nearly a year, travelling in the South of Europe for the benefit of his health. The past winter was spent by him chiefly in Florence, where he was on terms of familiar intimacy with the Marquis and Marchioness Ossoli, and was induced to take passage in the same vessel with them for his return to his native land. He was a young man of singular modesty of deportment, of an original turn of mind, and greatly endeared to his friends by the sweetness of his disposition and the purity of his character.

Margaret, if we mistake not, was the first-born, and from a very early age evinced the possession of remarkable intellectual powers. Her father regarded her with a proud admiration, and was from childhood her chief instructor, guide, companion, and friend. He committed the too common error of stimulating her intellect to an assiduity and persistency of effort which severely taxed and ultimately injured her physical powers.* At eight years of age he was accustomed to require of her the composition of a number of Latin verses per day, while her studies in philosophy, history, general science, and current literature were in after years extensive and profound. After her father's death, she applied herself to teaching as a vocation, first in Boston, then in Providence, and afterward in Boston again, where her "Conversations" were for several seasons attended by classes of women, some of them married, and including many from the best families of the "American Athens."

In the autumn of 1844, she accepted an invitation to take part in the conduct of the *Tribune*, with especial reference to the department of Reviews and Criticism on current Literature, Art, Music, &c.; a position which she filled for nearly two years, — how eminently, our readers well know. Her reviews of Longfellow's Poems, Wesley's Memoirs, Poe's Poems, Bailey's "Festus," Douglas's Life, &c. must yet be remembered by many. She had previously found "fit audience, though few," for a series of remarkable papers on "The Great Musicians," "Lord Herbert of Cherbury," "Woman," &c., &c., in "The Dial," a quarterly of remarkable breadth and vigor, of which she was at first co-editor with Ralph Waldo Emerson, but which was afterward edited by him only, though she continued a contributor to its pages. In 1843, she accompanied some friends on a tour via Niagara, Detroit, and Mackinac to Chicago, and across the prairies of Illinois, and her

* I think this opinion somewhat erroneous, for reasons which I have already given in the edition recently published of *Woman* in the *Nineteenth Century*. The reader is referred to page 352 of that work, and also to page 38, where I believe my sister personified herself under the name of *Miranda*, and stated clearly and justly the relation which existed between her father and herself. — ED.

resulting volume, entitled "Summer on the Lakes," is one of the best works in this department ever issued from the American press. It was too good to be widely and instantly popular. Her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century"—an extension of her essay in the *Dial*—was published by us early in 1845, and a moderate edition sold. The next year, a selection from her "Papers on Literature and Art" was issued by Wiley and Putnam, in two fair volumes of their "Library of American Books." We believe the original edition was nearly or quite exhausted, but a second has not been called for, while books nowise comparable to it for strength or worth have run through half a dozen editions.* These "Papers" embody some of her best contributions to the *Dial*, the *Tribune*, and perhaps one or two which had not appeared in either.

In the summer of 1845, Miss Fuller accompanied the family of a devoted friend to Europe, visiting England, Scotland, France, and passing through Italy to Rome, where they spent the ensuing winter. She accompanied her friends next spring to the North of Italy, and there stopped, spending most of the summer at Florence, and returning at the approach of winter to Rome, where she was soon after married to Giovanni, Marquis Ossoli, who had made her acquaintance during her first winter in the Eternal City. They have since resided in the Roman States until the last summer, after the surrender of Rome to the French army of assassins of liberty, when they deemed it expedient to migrate to Florence, both having taken an active part in the Republican movement which resulted so disastrously, — nay, of which the ultimate result is yet to be witnessed. Thence in June they departed and set sail at Leghorn for this port, in the Philadelphia brig *Elizabeth*, which was doomed to encounter a succession of disasters. They had not been many days at sea when the captain was prostrated by a disease which ultimately exhibited itself as confluent small-pox of the most malignant type, and terminated his life soon after they touched at Gibraltar, after a sickness of intense

* A second edition has since been published. — Ed.

agony and loathsome horror. The vessel was detained some days in quarantine by reason of this affliction, but finally set sail again on the 8th ultimo, just in season to bring her on our coast on the fearful night between Thursday and Friday last, when darkness, rain, and a terrific gale from the southwest (the most dangerous quarter possible), conspired to hurl her into the very jaws of destruction. It is said, but we know not how truly, that the mate in command since the captain's death mistook the Fire Island light for that on the Highlands of Neversink, and so fatally miscalculated his course; but it is hardly probable that any other than a first-class, fully manned ship could have worked off that coast under such a gale, blowing him directly toward 'he roaring breakers. She struck during the night, and before the next evening the Elizabeth was a mass of drifting sticks and planks, while her passengers and part of her crew were buried in the boiling surges. Alas that our gifted friend, and those nearest to and most loved by her, should have been among them!

We trust a new, compact, and cheap edition or selection of Margaret Fuller's writings will soon be given to the public, prefaced by a Memoir. It were a shame to us if one so radiantly lofty in intellect, so devoted to human liberty and well-being, so ready to dare and to endure for the upraising of her sex and her race, should perish from among us, and leave no memento less imperfect and casual than those we now have. We trust the more immediate relatives of our departed friend will lose no time in selecting the fittest person to prepare a Memoir, with a selection from her writings, for the press.* America has produced no woman who in mental endowments and acquirements has surpassed Margaret Fuller, and it will be a public misfortune if her thoughts are not promptly and acceptably embodied.

* The reader is aware that such a Memoir has since been published, and that several of her works have been republished likewise. I trust soon to publish a volume of Madame Ossoli's Miscellaneous Writings. — ED.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

O STILL sweet summer days ! O moonlight nights !
 After so drear a storm how can ye shine ?
 O smiling world of many-hued delights,
 How canst thou 'round our sad hearts still entwine
 The accustomed wreaths of pleasure ? How, O Day,
 Wakest thou so full of beauty ? Twilight deep,
 How diest thou so tranquilly away ?
 And how, O Night, bring'st thou the sphere of sleep ?
 For she is gone from us, — gone, lost for ever, —
 In the wild billows swallowed up and lost, —
 Gone, full of love, life, hope, and high endeavor,
 Just when we would have welcomed her the most.

Was it for this, O woman, true and pure !
 That life through shade and light had formed thy mind
 To feel, imagine, reason, and endure, —
 To soar for truth, to labor for mankind ?
 'Was it for this sad end thou didst bear thy part
 In deeds and words for struggling Italy, —
 Devoting thy large mind and larger heart
 That Rome in later days might yet be free ?
 And, from that home driven out by tyranny,
 Didst turn to see thy fatherland once more,
 Bearing affection's dearest ties with thee ;
 And as the vessel bore thee to our shore,
 And hope rose to fulfilment, — on the deck,
 When friends seemed almost beckoning unto thee :
 O God ! the fearful storm, — the splitting wreck, —
 The drowning billows of the dreary sea !

O, many a heart was stricken dumb with grief!
We who had known thee here, — had met thee there
Where Rome threw golden light on every leaf
Life's volume turned in that enchanted air, —
O friend! how we recall the Italian days
Amid the Cæsar's ruined palace halls, —
The Coliseum, and the frescoed blaze
Of proud St. Peter's dome, — the Sistine walls, —
The lone Campagna and the village green, —
The Vatican, — the music and dim light
Of gorgeous temples, — statues, pictures, seen
With thee: those sunny days return so bright,
Now thou art gone! Thou hast a fairer world
Than that bright clime. The dreams that filled thee here
Now find divine completion, and, unfurled
Thy spirit-wings, find out their own high sphere.

Farewell! thought-gifted, noble-hearted one!
We, who have known thee, know thou art not lost;
The star that set in storms still shines upon
The o'ershadowing cloud, and, when we sorrow most,
In the blue spaces of God's firmament
Beams out with purer light than we have known,
Above the tempest and the wild lament
Of those who weep the radiance that is flown.

THE DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI

BY MARY C. AMES.

O ITALY! amid thy scenes of blood,
 She acted long a woman's noble part!
 Soothing the dying of thy sons, proud Rome!
 Till thou wert bowed, O city of her heart!
 When thou hadst fallen, joy no longer flowed
 In the rich sunlight of thy heaven;
 And from thy glorious domes and shrines of art,
 No quickening impulse to her life was given.

From the deep shadow of thy cypress hills,
 From the soft beauty of thy classic plains,
 The noble-hearted, with her treasures, turned
 To the far land where Freedom proudly reigns.
 After the rocking of long years of storms,
 Her weary spirit looked and longed for rest;
 Pictures of home, of loved and kindred forms,
 Rose warm and life-like in her aching breast.

But the wild ocean rolled before her home;
 And, listening long unto its fearful moan,
 She thought of myriads who had found their rest
 Down in its caverns, silent, deep, and lone.
 Then rose the prayer within her heart of hearts,
 With the dark phantoms of a coming grief,
 That "Nino, Ossoli, and I may go
 Together, — that the anguish may be brief."

The bark spread out her pennons proud and free,
 The sunbeams frolicked with the wanton waves;
 Smiled through the long, long days the summer sea,
 And sung sweet requiems o'er her sunken graves.

E'en then the shadow of the fearful King
Hung deep and darkening o'er the fated bark ;
Suffering and death and anguish reigned, ere came
Hope's weary dove back to the longing ark.

This was the morning to the night of woe ;
When the grim Ocean, in his fiercest wrath,
Held fearful contest with the god of storms,
Who lashed the waves with death upon his path.
O night of agony ! O awful morn,
That oped on such a scene thy sullen eyes !
The shattered ship, — those wrecked and broken hearts,
Who only prayed, "*Together let us die.*"

Was this thy greeting longed for, Margaret,
In the high noontide of thy lofty pride ?
The welcome sighed for, in thine hours of grief,
When pride had fled and hope in thee had died ?
Twelve hours' communion with the Terror-King !
No wandering hope to give the heart relief !
And yet thy prayer was heard, — the cold waves wrapt
Those forms "together," and the woe was "brief."

Thus closed thy day in darkness and in tears ;
Thus waned a life, alas ! too full of pain ;
But O thou noble woman ! thy brief life,
Though full of sorrows, was not lived in vain.
No more a pilgrim o'er a weary waste,
With light ineffable thy mind is crowned ;
Heaven's richest lore is thine own heritage ;
All height is gained, thy "kingdom" now is found.

TO THE MEMORY OF MARGARET FULLER.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

WE hailed thee, Margaret, from the sea,
 We hailed thee o'er the wave,
 And little thought, in greeting thee,
 Thy home would be a grave.

We blest thee in thy laurel crown,
 And in the myrtle's sheen, —
 Rejoiced thy noble worth to own,
 Still joy, our tears between.

We hoped that many a happy year
 Would bless thy coming feet ;
 And thy bright fame grow brighter here,
 By Fatherland made sweet.

Gone, gone ! with all thy glorious thought, —
 Gone with thy waking life, —
 With the green chaplet Fame had wrought, —
 The joy of Mother, Wife.

Oh ! who shall dare thy harp to take,
 And pour upon the air
 The clear, calm music, that should wake
 The heart to love and prayer !

The lip, all eloquent, is stilled
 And silent with its trust, —
 The heart, with Woman's greatness filled,
 Must crumble to the dust :

But from thy *great heart* we will take
 New courage for the strife ;

From petty ills our bondage break,
And labor with new life.

Wake up, in darkness though it be,
To better truth and light ;
Patient in toil, as we saw thee,
In searching for the light ;

And mindless of the scorn it brings,
For 't is in desert land
That angels come with sheltering wings
To lead us by the hand.

Courageous one ! thou art not lost,
Though sleeping in the wave ;
Upon its chainless billows tost,
For thee is fitting grave.

SLEEP SWEETLY, GENTLE CHILD.*

[The only child of the Marchioness Ossoli, well known as Margaret Fuller, is buried in the Valley Cemetery, at Manchester, N. H. There is always a vase of flowers placed near the grave, and a marble slab, with a cross and lily sculptured upon it, bears this inscription: "In Memory of Angelo Eugene Philip Ossoli, who was born at Rieti, in Italy, 5th September, 1848, and perished by shipwreck off Fire Island, with both his parents, Giovanni Angelo and Margaret Fuller Ossoli, on the 19th of July, 1850."]

SLEEP sweetly, gentle child ! though to this sleep
The cold winds rocked thee, on the ocean's breast,
And strange, wild murmurs o'er the dark, blue deep
Were the last sounds that lulled thee to thy rest,

* These lines are beautiful and full of sweet sympathy. The home of the mother and brother of Margaret Fuller being now removed from Manchester to Boston, the remains of the little child, too dear to remain distant from us, have been removed to Mount Auburn. The same marble slab is there with its inscription, and the lines deserve insertion here. — ED.

And while the moaning waves above thee rolled,
The hearts that loved thee best grew still and cold.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! though the loved tone
That twice twelve months had hushed thee to repose
Could give no answer to the tearful moan
That faintly from thy sea-moss pillow rose.
That night the arms that closely folded thee
Were the wet weeds that floated in the sea.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! the cold, blue wave
Hath pitied the sad sighs the wild winds bore,
And from the wreck it held *one* treasure gave
To the fond watchers weeping on the shore; —
Now the sweet vale shall guard its precious trust,
While mourning hearts weep o'er thy silent dust.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! love's tears are shed
Upon the garlands of fair Northern flowers
That fond hearts strew above thy lowly bed,
Through all our summer's glad and pleasant hours :
For thy sake, and for hers who sleeps beneath the wave,
Kind hands bring flowers to fade upon thy grave.

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! the warm wind sighs
Amid the dark pines through this quiet dell,
And waves the light flower-shade that lies
Upon the white-leaved lily's sculptured bell; —
The "Valley's" flowers are fair, the turf is green; —
Sleep sweetly here, wept-for Eugene!

Sleep sweetly, gentle child! this peaceful rest
Hath early given thee to a home above,
Safe from all sin and tears, for ever blest
To sing sweet praises of redeeming love, —
The love that took thee to that world of bliss
Ere thou hadst learned the sighs and griefs of this.

JULIET.

Laurel Brook, N. H., September, 1851.

ON THE DEATH OF MARGARET FULLER.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

HIGH hopes and bright thine early path bedecked,
And aspirations beautiful though wild, —
A heart too strong, a powerful will unchecked,
A dream that earth-things could be undefiled.

But soon, around thee, grew a golden chain,
That bound the woman to more human things,
And taught with joy — and, it may be, with pain —
That there are limits e'en to Spirit's wings.

Husband and child, — the loving and beloved, —
Won, from the vast of thought, a mortal part,
The impassioned wife and mother, yielding, proved
Mind has itself a master — in the heart.

In distant lands enhaloed by old fame
Thou found'st the only chain thy spirit knew,
But captive ledst thy captors, from the shame
Of ancient freedom, to the pride of new.

And loved hearts clung around thee on the deck,
Welling with sunny hopes 'neath sunny skies:
The wide horizon round thee had no speck, —
E'en Doubt herself could see no cloud arise.

Thy loved ones clung around thee, when the sail
O'er wide Atlantic billows onward bore
Thy freight of joys, and the expanding gale
Pressed the glad bark toward thy native shore.

The loved ones clung around thee still, when all
 Was darkness, tempest, terror, and dismay, —
 More closely clung around thee, when the pall
 Of Fate was falling o'er the mortal clay.

With them to live, — with them, with them to die, —
 Sublime of human love intense and fine! —
 Was thy last prayer unto the Deity;
 And it was granted thee by Love Divine.

In the same billow, — in the same dark grave, —
 Mother, and child, and husband, find their rest.
 The dream is ended; and the solemn wave
 Gives back the gifted to her country's breast.

ON THE DEATH OF M. OSSOLI AND HIS WIFE,
 MARGARET FULLER.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

OVER his millions Death has lawful power,
 But over thee, brave Ossoli! none, none!
 After a long struggle, in a fight
 Worthy of Italy to youth restored,
 Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath the surge
 Of the Atlantic; on its shore; in reach
 Of help; in trust of refuge; sunk with all
 Precious on earth to thee, — a child, a wife!
 Proud as thou wert of her, America
 Is prouder, showing to her sons how high
 Swells woman's courage in a virtuous breast.

She would not leave behind her those she loved :
 Such solitary safety might become
 Others, — not her ; not her who stood beside
 The pallet of the wounded, when the worst
 Of France and Perfidy assailed the walls
 Of unsuspecting Rome. Rest, glorious soul,
 Renowned for strength of genius, Margaret !
 Rest with the twain too dear ! My words are few,
 And shortly none will hear my failing voice,
 But the same language with more full appeal
 Shall hail thee. Many are the sons of song
 Whom thou hast heard upon thy native plains,
 Worthy to sing of thee ; the hour is come ;
 Take we our seats and let the dirge begin.

MONUMENT TO THE OSSOLI FAMILY.

[From the New York Tribune.]

THE family of Margaret Fuller Ossoli have just erected to her memory, and that of her husband and child, a marble monument in Mount Auburn cemetery, in Massachusetts. It is located on Pyrola Path, in a beautiful part of the grounds, and has near it some noble oaks, while the hand of affection has planted many a flower. The body of Margaret Fuller rests in the ocean, but her memory abides in many hearts. She needs no monumental stone, but human affection loves thus to do honor to the departed.

The following is the inscription on the monument : —

MEMORIALS.

Erected

In Memory of

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI,

Born in Cambridge, Mass., May 23, 1810.

By birth, a Citizen of New England; by adoption, a Citizen of Rome; by genius, belonging to the World. In youth, an insatiate Student, seeking the highest culture; in riper years, Teacher, Writer, Critic of Literature and Art; in maturer age, Companion and Helper of many earnest Reformers in America and Europe.

And

In Memory of her Husband,

GIOVANNI ANGELO, MARQUIS OSSOLI.

He gave up rank, station, and home for the Roman Republic, and for his Wife and Child.

And

In Memory of that Child,

ANGELO EUGENE PHILIP OSSOLI,

Born in Rieti, Italy, Sept. 5, 1848,

Whose dust reposes at the foot of this stone.

They passed from life together by shipwreck,

July 19, 1850.

United in life by mutual love, labors, and trials, the merciful Father
'took them together, and

In death they were not divided.

THE END.