

**LOVE-LETTERS OF MARGARET FULLER,  
1845-1846, WITH AN INTROD. BY JULIA  
WARD HOWE; TO WHICH  
ARE ADDED THE REMINISCENCES OF  
RALPH WALDO EMERSON, HORACE  
GREELEY AND CHARLES T. CONGDON**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649243617

Love-letters of Margaret Fuller, 1845-1846, with an introd. by Julia Ward Howe; to which are added the reminiscences of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley and Charles T. Congdon by Margaret Fuller & James Gotendorf

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**MARGARET FULLER & JAMES GOTENDORF**

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OF MARGARET FULLER



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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
JULIA WARD HOWE

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LONDON  
T. FISHER UNWIN  
11, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS  
1903

## INTRODUCTION

MARGARET FULLER'S name is now one to conjure with. Few remain at the present day of those who felt her personal attraction, or heard her eloquent discourse. The literary material which she left behind her appears small in dimension, when thought of in comparison with the scope of her intellect and the height of her aspiration. Yet her name, once the subject of sarcasm, is now spoken with reverence, and her figure, carved or cast in enduring marble or bronze, would appropriately guard the entrance of the enlarged domain of womanhood, of which she was the inspired Pythoness.

Among the titles bestowed on women of unusual gifts, that of Sibyl appears to me to suit best with what we know of her. Like her con-



INTRO-  
DUCTION

temporary, George Sand, she felt keenly the wide discrepancy between the moral and intellectual power of women, and the limits assigned them in the division of the world's work. But Margaret's Puritan inheritance had bred in her a religious faith in which she far excelled the great Frenchwoman, a faith in the fulfilment of all the glorious promises of humanity. As in a vision she walked, rapt, inspired, little sensitive to praise or blame, with a message to deliver, whose full import she could not know. The decades which have elapsed since her untimely death have made this import clearer to us. The new order has asserted and established itself, and, though time has swept away most of those who held converse with her while in the flesh, the number is greatly multiplied of those who claim fellowship with her in the spirit.

A leading trait in this leader of the woman's cause was courage. Margaret dared to recognise her own mental and moral power. There was nothing in her make-up to suggest the old-time phrase "only a woman." She certainly enjoyed exceptional advantages of early train-

ing and surrounding, neither of her parents having found their duty in the act of

“Preaching down a daughter’s heart.”

The way in which she embraced these opportunities of instruction made evident a spirit brave from the start. Foreign tongues might be difficult; they were not too difficult for her. The ancient classics, not then included in the curriculum of a girl’s education, were not beyond her reach. Coming to womanhood, she was generous in sharing with others the results of her thoughtful study. The atmosphere of this fine culture, of this large and liberal view of life, went with her everywhere.

Biography has done for her what it could. A very full account of her life was given many years since by Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, and William Henry Channing. To be so memorialized argued a subject nothing less than illustrious. At a later date, Colonel Higginson and the writer of these lines each gave to the world a more succinct appreciation of her life and work.

The present volume contributes an unex-

viii	<i>Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller</i>
INTRO- DUCTION	<p>pected addition to what is known of her. A series of letters inspired by a very fervent friendship, and written in a tone of unreserve unusual with her, reveals to us something of the ardour and depth of her nature. These letters are not for profane eyes. They show the immense craving for sympathy of one who was herself most sympathetic. She who had given so freely of her own inspiration, who had aided so many of her own generation to aspire nobly and to live truly, sought with passionate longing one who should be to her what she had been to others. For a time she evidently thought that she had found this spiritual counterpart in the person to whom these letters were addressed.</p> <p>They were written at an intensely subjective period of Margaret's life, before the wider horizon of experience had fully opened before her. The neighbourhood of New York, even when viewed from the Greeley residence, may have afforded some enlargement to one hitherto imprisoned in the narrowness of the old Boston and its surroundings. But Margaret was made for wider knowledge and more varied observa-</p>