

Canadian Bank
Commerce

and others every
transaction of their

be opened by mail
deposited or with-
drawn by equal

S will be cashed
on presentation.

throughout Canada, in-
cluding Hamilton, Mont-
real, New Glasgow,

11c. to 11c. for

port of Montreal for
amounted to 1,281,
at 1,300,000 a year.

for oats continued
No. 2 Canadian
at 39c. per bushel,
No. 3 being 38c., local
at about a cent
lower. No. 4 bar-
ley, 49c. per bushel.

nothing new in the
Ontario first patents
barrel, in bags; sec-
ond strong bakers' at
cents sold at \$5.50,
and straight rollers

et for millfeed was
ret sold at \$19 per
shorts at \$22, while
0 to \$21; middlings
grain mouille at \$31
\$25 to \$28. Cot-
tonnally, \$37 to \$38

steady, at \$10 to
buds, track, for No.
No. 2 extra; yet
and yet a dollar
clover being 50c.

was steady, save
where 5c. up, at
Dealers paid 8c. per
and No. 3 beef hides,
2, and 10c. for No.
2c. and 14c. Horse
ch for No. 2, and
Tallow was steady,
for rough, and 6c.

ago.

60 to \$8; Texas
65; Western steers,
checkers and feeders,
and heifers, \$2.20
to \$10.

to \$8.90; mixed,
y, \$8.30 to \$9.15;
good to choice,
15; pigs, \$8.20 to
\$8.90.

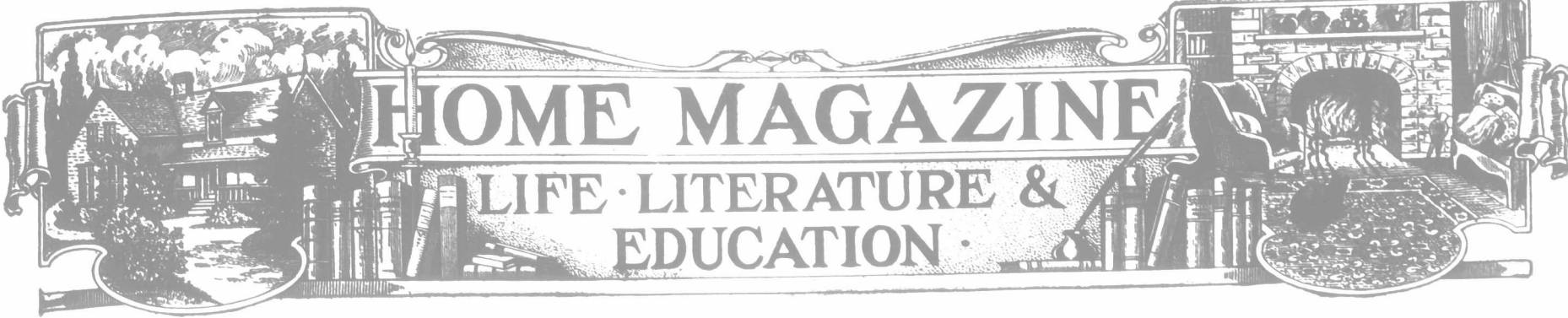
-Natives, \$2.50 to
to \$4.15; year-
Lambs-Native,
\$4.75 to \$6.90.

le Markets.

of cables quote Am-
12c. to 15c. per
refrigerator beef,
pound.

IP.

Lodge, Ont., who
northern cattle and
horses. The Leicester
I am offering
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by the imported
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yearlings are
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Little Trips Among the Eminent.

Margaret Fuller.

In the sketches which have recently appeared in these columns, dealing with the coterie of eminent men who lived in New England some fifty years ago, mention has repeatedly been made of Margaret Fuller.

It seems strange that anyone should be able to base a claim to the recognition of the centuries chiefly through having given brilliant promise, yet this is precisely the foundation upon which Margaret Fuller built, and that the superstructure which she fabricated has not been wholly ephemeral, may be judged from the fact that, in each of several books on famous women of the world, which have been consulted in preparing this sketch, she has been given a prominent place. Yet, Margaret Fuller has left no monument to her fame, except a few rather brilliant yet not extraordinarily profound sketches, which have been collected into a volume, "Women of the Nineteenth Century," a few translations from the German, and an account of a trip entitled, "A Summer on the Lakes." Although containing some fine writing, not one of these is a classic, and to-day readers of any of them are few. Nevertheless, their author was one of the most remarkable women of her day, and will continue to live in history when many of more positive value to the world may have been forgotten.

True, her connection with the company of brilliant men who lived in her day may have something to do with the perpetuation of her name. It is impossible to read any comprehensive biography of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Channing or Alcott without finding mention of her; she is inseparably connected with the history of Brook Farm, an experiment which, though chimerical enough, must continue to be recounted, not only because of the individuals connected therewith, but also because it stands as one of the most interesting experiments along socialistic lines on record. Yet, because she was a prominent woman, in a day when few women dared to be prominent; because of her own remarkable qualities, because of the tragedy which closed her feverish life, Margaret Fuller is invested with an interest all her own.

"Sarah Margaret," she was named when she was born, in 1810, the daughter of a lawyer living at Cambridgeport, a clever man, with a ripe classical learning, but with a judgment deficient enough to cause him to err sadly in regard to his little daughter, for no sooner did he discover that she was possessed of an alert mind and a most retentive memory than he proceeded to have her crammed with book-lore, as but few children, and yet fewer little girls, have ever been. At six years of age she was reading Latin, at seven, Greek; and no matter how late her erudite father might chance to come in at night, she was required to recite her lessons to him.

At nine, she began Shakespeare, and thenceforth but little urging was necessary to keep her at books. She became an almost insatiable reader, and the seeds of her peripatetic life in the literary world may be judged from the fact that at fifteen she was capable of comparing Ariosto, Helvetius, Seneca, Brown's Philosophy, Epicurus, Spinoza, Locke, Byron, Rousseau, and a host of other learned authors.

The result was as might have been expected. Her health was undermined; she suffered from terrible dreams and intense headaches; she was, moreover, fast developing into an egotist of extraordinary coolness, the "mountainous me," as Emerson said at a later day in speaking of her.

Indeed, Margaret Fuller's egotism at every stage of her life borders on the ridiculous. "He appreciates me," she was wont to say when enumerating the merits of an acquaintance. Again, "I am acquainted," she once remarked, "with all the people worth knowing in America, and I have found no intellect comparable to my own"; and such self-claims as this were by no means rare. She wrote much, as well as talked much, about herself, and so many of her egotistical laudations have come down to us.

This, however, shows but one side of her character. She had weaknesses, and was by no means wary about acknowledging them. She was very much woman, in spite of the fact that she described herself as possessing "the ambitions of a man," bemoaning that they were bound up with the "sphere of a woman." She was tender-hearted and benevolent, and she longed for sympathy and affection, so strongly, indeed, that her longings sometimes led her where angels might have feared to tread. That she tried to force herself on Emerson's friendship is well known, as is the fact that he was compelled to tell her gently but firmly that such sympathy and communion as she desired he could not give. She longed, too, for a home of her own, and was painfully conscious that her excessive plainness of appearance might stand between her and that woman's office. A beauty might have been readily pardoned Margaret's egotism, and perhaps her touch of masculinity—but she was no beauty. She had a tendency to robustness of figure which she despised, and which she "endeavored to compress by artificial methods which did additional injury to her already wretched health"; she was near-sighted, and had a most unpleasant habit of quickly opening and shutting her eyelids; she talked through her nose; her complexion had been good, but had become florid, having been lost during a long attack of illness, after which she made up her mind, as she said, to be "bright and ugly."

Nevertheless, Margaret Fuller was by no means unattractive. She was "The" talker of New England; Alcott, indeed, pronounced her "The most brilliant talker of her age," her talk at once "decidedly masculine, critical, common-sense, full of ideas, yet withal graceful and sparkling." Emerson, who was at first repelled by her, grew to like and admire her, and wrote an exceedingly laudatory biography of her. That Hawthorne was impressed by her, is evident enough from the fact that he eventually embodied her, as is believed, as "Zenobia" in his Blithedale Romance. "Zenobia, it is true, was a beauty, but it suits a novelist, as a rule, to endow his heroine with beauty." Not satisfied with this, moreover, Hawthorne explicitly referred to her in the same story, for what purpose, except either that he was obsessed by the thought of her, although there are evidences that he did not wholly like her—neither did he wholly like "Zenobia"—or else that by this device he hoped to turn the suspicion from her, is not

exactly clear. He does not again speak of Margaret Fuller in the book, and the incident has no especial bearing on the plot. The passage in question runs as follows:

Priscilla has given Miles Coverdale a night-cap of her own making, and the story is thus told:

"While holding up the night-cap, and admiring the fine needlework, I perceived that Priscilla had a sealed letter, which she was waiting for me to take. It had arrived from the village post office that morning. As I did not immediately offer to receive the letter, she drew it back and held it against her bosom, with both hands clasped over it, in a way that had probably grown habitual to her. Now, in turning my eyes from the night-cap to Priscilla, it forcibly struck me that her air, though not her figure, and the expression of her face, but not its features, had a resemblance to what I had often seen in a friend of mine, one of the most gifted women of the age. I cannot describe it. The points easiest to convey to the reader were a certain curve of the shoulders, and a partial closing of the eyes, which seemed to look more penetratingly into my own eyes, through the narrowed apertures, than if they had been open at full width. It was a singular anomaly of likeness co-existing with perfect dissimilitude.

"Will you give me the letter, Priscilla?" said I.

She started, put the letter into my hand, and quite lost the look that had drawn my notice.

"Priscilla," I inquired, "did you ever see Miss Margaret Fuller?"

"No," she answered.

"Because," said I, "you reminded me of her just now; and it happens, strangely enough, that this very letter is from her."

Priscilla, for whatever reason, looked very much discomposed.

"I wish people would not fancy such odd things in me!" she said, rather petulantly. "How could I possibly make myself resemble this lady, merely by holding her letter in my hand?"

"Certainly, Priscilla, it would puzzle me to explain it," I replied; "nor do I suppose that the letter had anything to do with it. It was just a coincidence, nothing more."

She hastened out of the room, and this was the last I saw of Priscilla until I had ceased to be an invalid.

Many other examples might be told in illustration of the fascination which Margaret Fuller exerted, to a certain boundary, over many people. She seemed to draw people out, to compel confidences. As Emerson has expressed it, "She extorted the secret of life from others." Yet, in New England, she appears to have had no lover. Indeed, she was not shy about giving acknowledgment to the fact, nor to admit her sense of having missed something of life through it. In May, of one year, for instance, she writes: "When all things are blossoming, it seems so strange not to blossom too—that the quick thought within cannot remold its tenement. Man is the slowest alder, and I am such a shabby plant of coarse texture. I hate not to be beautiful when all around is so." And again: "I know the deep yearnings of the heart and the baillings of time will be felt again, and then I shall long for some dear hand to hold. But I shall never forget that my curse is nothing compared to that of those who have entered into these relations, but not made them real."

who only seem husbands, and wives, and friends." So she comforts herself, yet she laments again of being "deeply homesick," but of having no home to go to.

Perhaps the burden of life had become a little too heavy. Her father had died in 1835, leaving but little property, and henceforth she had been obliged to teach in Boston—Latin, Italian and French—in order to support her seven young brothers and sisters. Incidentally she read and studied as much, almost, as ever, edited "The Dial" for two years (1840-42), and wrote a few miscellaneous articles. In 1844, the year in which "A Summer on the Lakes" was published, she went to New York as literary critic of the Tribune, and during her connection with that paper wrote the series of articles—now chiefly interesting because curious—which were republished as "Papers on Literature and Art." "She read and wrote in bed," Emerson has told us, "and believed she could understand anything better when she was ill. . . . When I found she lived at a rate so much faster than mine, I foreboded a rash and painful crisis, and had a feeling as if a voice had said, 'Stand from under!' As if a little farther on this destiny was threatened with jars and reverses which no friendship could avert or console."—a prophetic enough presentiment, which was not, however, fulfilled as Emerson might have dreamed.

So this loving, passionate, ambitious, strong, brilliant woman went on her way, teaching, talking (indeed, she held conversation classes for women), studying, writing, yet accomplishing little that could last, unless, indeed, her influence in starting the woman's-rights movement of New England be of importance. And all the time she was realizing her inability to accomplish, as Emerson, Hawthorne and the rest were accomplishing, and complained of it. "I feel within myself," she said, "an immense force, but I can't bring it out"; and, at another time, "I shall write better, but never, I think, so well as I talk, for then I feel inspired. The means are pleasant; my voice excites me, my pen never."

She was, however, one of the leading Transcendentalists, and when the Brook Farm experiment was started, gave it her heartiest encouragement, although she was never an actual resident at the Farm, contenting herself with being a frequent visitor. In "Zenobia," we may, perhaps, see an idealized representation of her deportment when present.

Upon this Brook Farm experiment, which has before been referred to upon various occasions in these columns, we may here pause for a moment. In 1841, Alcott, Parker and others conceived the idea of forming a community for high thinking and plain living, a community in which all would work at manual labor for part of the time, and spend the rest in thinking, reading and conversation. Economy was to be the watchword upon the one hand, the higher life upon the other. Accordingly, a farm was bought, its old farmhouse arranged to accommodate a considerable number of people, and some cottages built. Hawthorne, in "Blithedale Romance," has given us some idea of the life that was lived henceforth, and Margaret Fuller has herself written illuminatingly of it in her journal.

"All Saturday," she says, "I was off in the woods. In the evening we