

**VEILING AND UNVEILING
HAWTHORNE'S FULLER MYSTERY**

Volume II

A Dissertation

by

THOMAS R. MITCHELL

**Submitted to the Office of Graduate Studies of
Texas A&M University
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of**

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August 1994

Major Subject: English

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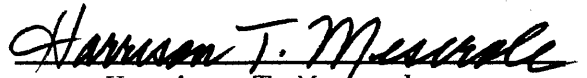
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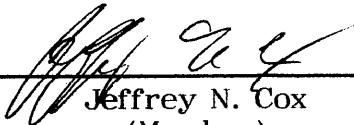
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CHAPTER VI

"SILKEN BANDS" AND "IRON FETTERS":

FULLER AT FIRE ISLAND, HAWTHORNE AT LENOX

"The bands, that were silken once, are apt to become iron fetters, when we desire to shake them off. Our souls, after all, are not our own. We convey a property in them to those with whom we associate, but to what extent can never be known, until we feel the tug, the agony, of our abortive effort to resume an exclusive sway over ourselves. Thus, in all the weeks of my absence, my thoughts continually reverted back, brooding over the by-gone months, and bringing up incidents that seemed hardly to have left a trace of themselves, in the passage. I spent painful hours in recalling these trifles, and rendering them more misty and unsubstantial than at first, by the quality of speculative musing, thus kneaded in with them. Hollingsworth, Zenobia, Priscilla! These three had absorbed my life into themselves."

--Coverdale (3:194)

Early in The Blithedale Romance, Zenobia confronts Coverdale, asking him to explain the source of his constant, intense gaze. "'I seem to interest you very much,'" she tells him, "'and yet--or else a woman's instinct is for once deceived--I cannot reckon you as an admirer. What are you seeking to discover in me?'" Because he is "surprised into the truth by the unexpectedness of her attack," Coverdale confesses, "The mystery of your life . . . And you will never tell me'" (3:47). Zenobia indeed does not tell him, but she does allow him, as Beatrice did Giovanni, to "look into her eyes, as if challenging" him "to drop a plummet-line down into the depths of her consciousness." As Giovanni with Beatrice, so Coverdale with Zenobia--he cannot meet her challenge. "'I see nothing now,'" he tells her, "'unless it be the face of a sprite, laughing at me from the bottom of a deep well'" (3:48).

The site of Coverdale's gaze remains fixed at the end where, we discover, it had been from the first. As he concludes his tale, he directs our attention to the place where he started, the place where we have been all along. The "deep well" of Zenobia's eyes is now veiled by her deeper grave, but Coverdale has stood by that grave from the beginning, haunted every bit as much as Hollingsworth by Zenobia's ghost, still trying to fathom her "mystery," still feeling the "tug, the agony" of his "abortive effort to resume an exclusive sway" over himself (3:194). But, as he has come to realize, "our souls, after all, are not our own" (3:194).

A part of him lies buried in that grave.

In the winter of 1851-1852, through his surrogate, "translator," Miles Coverdale, Hawthorne still pondered the "mystery" that Fuller, as Zenobia, remained for him, but the "plummet-line" that Hawthorne would have to drop in order to penetrate that mystery could no longer be in Fuller's "eyes" but in the "deep well" of her grave at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. Five months after the publication of The Scarlet Letter, Fuller, Ossoli, and their baby drowned within a hundred yards of the shores of America in the wreck of the Elizabeth. Fuller never had the chance to read Hawthorne's "scarlet letter" to her, but in one peculiar passage in The Blithedale Romance, Hawthorne covertly acknowledges Fuller's association with The Scarlet Letter while seeming only to pay an overt tribute to her memory as "one of the most gifted women of the age." When Priscilla brings Coverdale a night-cap that she has made him, she also brings him "a sealed letter." After she offers it to him and he does not take it, she draws it back and holds "it against her bosom, with both hands clasped over it." At precisely that moment, Coverdale is "forcibly struck" by her resemblance to Margaret Fuller--not to Fuller's "figure" nor her "features," he is careful to note, but to "her air." "Strangely enough," as Coverdale says, the letter is from Fuller, and when Coverdale tells Priscilla that she had reminded him of Fuller, Priscilla asks, "How could I possibly make myself resemble this lady, merely by holding her letter in my hand?" Coverdale admits that "'it would puzzle me to explain it'" and then tries to deny that there is anything to explain by dismissing the letter's role in triggering his association of her with Fuller, insisting that "'it was just a coincidence--nothing more'" (3:51-52). Priscilla hands Coverdale the letter, but Coverdale does not tell us its contents. Hawthorne, however, just has. The letter that Priscilla clasps to her bosom reminds Coverdale of Fuller because Hawthorne, if we follow the logic of his self-directed pun, had had another character resembling Fuller place Fuller's "letter" on her breast. The Scarlet Letter itself had been written on one level as something of a "letter" to Fuller, but after 19 July 1850 only Hawthorne would be left to break its seal.¹

If in "Rappaccini's Daughter" and The Scarlet Letter Hawthorne had taken great care to conceal both his and Fuller's presence, he takes little such care in The Blithedale Romance. From the moment of its publication

to the present, readers have detected the spirit of Fuller inhabiting Zenobia's character just as easily as they have identified a significant part of Hawthorne given voice in Miles Coverdale.² Surely Hawthorne knew that they would. But perhaps he knew that they would hear another Dimmesdale-like confession which they would once again fail to really hear. Or, perhaps, if they indeed heard this time, he no longer really cared as much as he had. An examination of the context surrounding the writing of The Blithedale Romance helps to explain why that last possibility merits serious consideration. Among other things, such an examination will explain why in Coverdale, Hawthorne is not so much writing about what he was in danger of becoming, had he remained a bachelor, but about what he had become. It will also explain why Zenobia's grave marks the site of Fuller's presence in Hawthorne's discontent and guilt.

2

On the day after finishing the "h-ll fired story" of The Scarlet Letter, Hawthorne admitted to his friend Horatio Bridge that he was physically and mentally exhausted. His health, he claimed, had not been what it once was "for many years past," and he did not believe that he could "long stand such a life of bodily inactivity and mental exertion" as he had "led for the last few months" (18:312). He had hidden his concerns from Sophia, he admitted, and he instructed Bridge not to allude to the matter in future letters. The past year had exhausted Hawthorne, and just at the moment that he was to receive the general acclaim that had so long alluded him, at forty-five he was feeling decidedly middle-aged, his "lack of physical vigor and energy," he said, beginning to affect his mind (18:312). Were he "anywhere else" but Salem, he was confident, he should "at once be entirely another man."

His problems, however, were deeper than exhaustion and place. Twenty-five years after graduating from college and dedicating himself to literature, he had still not fulfilled his artistic ambitions nor had he consistently been able through his literary work to support himself, much less his growing family. He felt himself a failure. When he received a collection of five hundred dollars from George Hillard and other, unnamed friends through the mail in January of 1850--only days after submitting all but the last three chapters of The Scarlet Letter to Fields--he

described in his letter of acknowledgement the tears that had risen to his eyes at the Post Office. In what Edwin Haviland Miller has termed the "unusual candor" with which he reveals "the exacting creed by which he lived--and punished himself," Hawthorne then expressed a deeper sense of shame and bitterness over his plight than humility and gratitude would seem to warrant:³

Ill success in life is really and justly a matter of shame. I am ashamed of it, and I ought to be. The fault of a failure is attributable--in a great degree, at least--to the man who fails. I should apply this truth in judging of other men; and it behooves me not to shun its point or edge in taking it home to my own heart. Nobody has a right to live in this world, unless he be strong and able, and applies his ability to good purpose. (16:309)

The only means of retaining his "self-respect" under the circumstances, he concluded, was to employ his shame as "an incitement" to his "utmost exertions" so that he would "not need their help again" (16:309). The first target of his exertions, of course, was to bring Dimmesdale to the pulpit for the moment of his greatest professional success and then to the scaffold for his long delayed exposure of hidden ruin and failure. He would not grant Dimmesdale the "right to live in this world," but he would Hester, for despite her self-defined failure to live up to her conception of the "destined prophetess," she would be "strong and able" enough not only to endure but to be faithful to her principles and her love.

Fields, of course, had big plans for the future "exertions" that an exhausted and despondent Hawthorne had promised, but first Hawthorne had persuaded himself that he must make a complete break with Salem, for which he now felt "infinite contempt" (16:329), and find a secluded place to work. Before he was able to do that, however, he had to suffer another humiliating reminder of his past failures when he had to return Sophia and his children to her family to live for a month in the transition between the move from Salem to Lenox. He could not bring himself to joining them, however.⁴ Instead, he visited Bridge in Portsmouth and then, once back in Boston, he took temporary bachelor's quarters in a boarding house. Bridge's prosperity provided a painful contrast to his own circumstances. "Thou didst much amiss," he wrote Sophia, "to marry a husband who cannot keep thee like a lady, as Bridge does his wife. . . . Thou hast a hard lot in life; and so have I that witness it, and can do little or nothing to help thee" (16:333-34). Despite, or perhaps because of,

his sense of failure as a husband, he seemed to enjoy the release provided by his temporary separation from family tensions. Away from wife and children in his boarding room, Hawthorne frequented Parker's Tavern, visited, drank, and dined with friends, attended a rowdy theatrical performance, and wrote detailed descriptions in his notebook of his experiences and observations (8:487-509), recording all with an expansiveness that Edwin Haviland Miller attributes to his sense of freedom from Sophia's "looking over his shoulder."⁵ Hawthorne would later draw liberally from this experience in writing The Blithedale Romance--literally in his use of notebook descriptions and more figuratively in his characterization of Coverdale's sense of failure and inadequacy when he retreats from communal and passionate engagement to the solitude and superficial relations of his bachelor life.⁶

By the last week of May, he had finally escaped to that "somewhere else" he had vowed in "The Custom-House" that he would find. Of all the options he explored, however--including homes near such close friends as Bridge and Longfellow--he chose to move into the little red farmhouse in Lenox and make Caroline Sturgis Tappan, Fuller's closest friend, his landlady.⁷ Because the house was not yet ready, Hawthorne and family spent the first two weeks as Caroline's houseguests, with Caroline even urging the Hawthornes to make that arrangement permanent.⁸

Less than a week before the Hawthornes arrived in Lenox, Fuller, with Ossoli and son, had boarded the Elizabeth to begin the voyage back to America that Fuller had long contemplated and Hawthorne anticipated. Caroline had been the first to whom Fuller had confided about her baby and her liaison with Ossoli, and throughout 1849 and early 1850 Fuller had written her frequently and intimately. As the person who had most likely been the first to inform the Hawthornes of Fuller's baby during their visit with her in early September of 1849, Caroline would have informed the Hawthornes of the details of Fuller's last days in Rome, her brief exile in Rieti, and her longer and more recent exile in Florence. Given the then rather common practice of circulating personal letters among mutual, intimate friends, it is also likely that Caroline shared some of Fuller's letters with the Hawthornes. They would have certainly discussed Fuller's anticipated reception back in New England, including the visit she had promised to make to Lenox, and her professional as well as personal

prospects.⁹

Sometime during those weeks with Caroline, Hawthorne fell victim for the second time in less than a year of what Sophia described as a "tolerable nervous fever" brought on because he was "so harassed in spirit" by "brain-work and disquiet." "His eyes," she wrote, "looked like two immense spheres of troubled light." Sophia seemed clearly aware that the illness was linked to a crisis of the spirit that had left him "not so vigorous, yet as in former days."¹⁰ Still troubled by the episode two months later, Sophia wrote again to her mother of the illness and expanded on the explanation that Hawthorne had encouraged, reporting that he thought that it was "Salem" which was "dragging at his ankles still." The past year had been, she wrote, "the trying year of his life, as well as of mine--I have not yet found again all my wings" and "neither is his tread yet again elastic."¹¹ The death of his mother, the personal and financial turmoil arising from the Custom-House firing, the shock of scandal surrounding Fuller, the fury with which he wrote The Scarlet Letter, the humiliation of having his friends gather a collection on his behalf, his bitterness against Salem, his wife's and their children's return to her family, his move to Lenox -- no amount of success for The Scarlet Letter could quite undo the damage to one who had been recently "so harassed in spirit." If Hawthorne's explosive reaction eight years later to Mozier's gossip about Fuller and Ossoli is any indication, hearing intimate details of Fuller's life in Italy from Caroline and anticipating a confrontation with her and Ossoli in the coming weeks could only have intensified Hawthorne's anxiety. He had chosen, however, and deliberately, to position himself and his family beside the one mutual friend that Fuller had been most intimate with and that she had promised to visit on her return. Soon, in fact, he was to refer to the little red farmhouse, "the Scarlet Letter."¹²

Less than two months after the Hawthornes moved into that "Scarlet Letter," Fuller and Ossoli were swept off the decks of the disintegrating Elizabeth as numerous witnesses watched helplessly from the beach. Though many of the crew had managed to swim to shore holding on floating wreckage, they later told of Fuller's consistent refusal to accept their aid and risk the swim if it meant separating from her baby or Ossoli. Just before Ossoli and then Fuller were carried overboard by gale-high

waves, a sailor grabbed Angelo, now twenty-two months old, and attempted, unsuccessfully, to swim to shore.

We have no record of Hawthorne's immediate reaction to the shock of Fuller's death, but we do have, in Sophia's letters, some indication of the force of the blow. In a drama of grief appropriate to the news, Caroline, without saying a word, simply placed the newspaper article in Sophia's hands. The same 1 August letter to her mother in which she recounted Hawthorne's distress over the past year and his recent illness also, perhaps not so coincidentally, contains the description of her reaction to the death of Fuller. "I dread to speak of Margaret," she began, and then explained: "Oh, was ever anything so tragical, so dreary, so unspeakably agonizing as the image of Margaret upon that wreck alone, sitting with her hands upon her knees and tempestuous waves breaking over her!" The image haunted her. "But I cannot dwell upon it," she wrote. She particularly regretted that Angelino could not have at least been saved, and, alluding to the year of rumors about Fuller's liaison with Ossoli, she consoled herself, as Hawthorne certainly did not, that "if they were truly bound together, as they seemed to be, I am glad they died together."¹³

The image of Fuller "with her hands upon her knees and tempestuous waves breaking over her" came straight from dramatic New-York Daily Tribune eye-witness accounts of Fuller's final hours. On 23 July, the Tribune devoted page four to the first eye-witness accounts of the wreck and to a lengthy tribute to Fuller by Greeley, who asserted, flatly, that "America has produced no woman who in mental endowments and acquirements has surpassed Margaret Fuller." He then initiated the idea for the project that would result in Clarke, Channing, and Emerson's two volume Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli (1852), and, as I will later argue, for Hawthorne's The Blithedale Romance. Lamenting that "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," he called for her friends and relatives "promptly and acceptably" to prepare "a Memoir with a selection from her writings."¹⁴ On the following day, two additional articles, again taking up most of page four, provided far greater detail of Fuller's last hours. Both quoted survivors who described Fuller's consistent refusal to accept help

because of her determination not to separate from Ossoli or her baby. One witness claimed that "she had from the first expressed a willingness to live or die with them, but not to live without them." The other told of how Fuller and Ossoli had helped quiet an hysterical passenger and had encouraged her and others to reconcile "themselves to the idea of death," Ossoli leading the group in prayer, and then all sitting "down calmly to await the parting of the vessel." This survivor also told of how Fuller "steadily refused" to attempt to save herself or trust her baby to another. Her last words, the ship's cook reported, were, "'I see nothing but death before me--I shall never reach the shore.'"¹⁵ Fuller's determination to die with Ossoli and her baby may have consoled Sophia and her vision of the nobility of self-negating sacrifice in love, but for others--and I will argue that Hawthorne was reluctantly and bitterly among their number--Fuller's actions suggested that her experiences over the past year and her uncertain prospects on shore had weakened her will to live. Thirty-four years later, in fact, Thomas Wentworth Higginson would feel compelled to refute the persistence of this interpretation by calling into question the veracity of the eye-witness accounts, claiming, erroneously, that they had all come from the commanding officer, who had saved himself and allowed his passengers to die.¹⁶

Fuller's death was shocking, widely covered news. From 23 through 31 July, the New York Daily Tribune and its sister paper the New York Weekly Tribune devoted eleven different articles to the tragedy. During that same period the Boston Daily Evening Transcript ran six articles, all based on Tribune accounts. From August through January, tributes appeared in the Southern Literary Messenger, Harper's New Monthly Magazine, United States Magazine and Democratic Review, National Era, New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register, Literary World, and American Register and Magazine.¹⁷

If Fuller's tragic death was of such interest to the readers of New York and Boston papers and national magazines, it would have been of even greater interest to the residents and summer visitors in the Berkshires. By moving to Lenox, Hawthorne had established himself within a virtual colony and summer resort for authors and artists, the famous 5 August 1850 picnic in which Hawthorne and Melville first met being but the most spectacular of many lesser encounters. In such a setting,

Fuller's death, the mystery surrounding her relationship to Ossoli, and the controversy over the noble or the suicidal nature of the impulses that drove Fuller to refuse to attempt to save herself--all would have been topics of immense interest and discussion. Sophia, for instance, gives us some indication of those discussions in her 1 August letter to her mother as she decides that based on the manner of their deaths Fuller and Ossoli must have been "truly bound together" and that it was therefore appropriate that "they died together." The letter also provides a glimpse of the interchanges between Fuller's friends, for Sophia reports to her mother on the contents of copies of Ellery Channing's letter and Thoreau's report to Emerson, copies made by Elizabeth Hoar, sent to Caroline, and shown to Sophia.¹⁸

Eight years later, recalling Fuller and her death, Hawthorne would write that "there never was such a tragedy as her whole story" (14:156), but in the summer of 1850 he left no written record of his immediate reaction. We do know, however, that it was not until late in August that he found the will and the strength to write again, and even then, not with enthusiasm nor ease. In a curious phrase that intimates perhaps an unconscious perception of the origins of Hawthorne's muse, Sophia wrote on 1 August to her mother that Hawthorne had yet to write much because he lacked the vigor to "seize the skirts of ideas and pin them down for further investigation."¹⁹ Even his notebook entries that summer, as Mellow observes, were extraordinarily perfunctory except for his unusual interest in the family's hens.²⁰ In a passage suggestive of the tense marital politics that Herbert finds played out covertly in the Hawthornes' journals, in July, Hawthorne--having spent much of his first months in close quarters with Sophia and the children as they put the red farmhouse in order--links the "croaking" of a hen's maternal self-absorption with the futility of "human language."²¹ In the "self-important gait; the side-way turn of her head, and cock of her eye, as she pries into one and another nook, croaking all the while," the hen, looking for a place to nest, seems to believe "that the egg in question is the most important thing that has been brought to pass since the world began." "Human language," Hawthorne muses bitterly and pointedly, "is but little better than the croak and cackle of fowls," and "sometimes not so adequate" (8:294). By mid-August, however, Hawthorne reported to

Fields that he was once again wrestling with that language, forcing himself "every morning (much against my will)" to shut himself up "religiously" in his study. He found, however, that he much preferred "gazing at Monument Mountain" out the window than "at the infernal sheet of paper" in front of him (16:359).

For the next year Hawthorne would try insistently to insure that those "infernal" sheets before him did not tell another "h-ll-fired" story. Hawthorne's motives in turning away from the "shadows" of The Scarlet Letter to the "sunshine" of The House of the Seven Gables and A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys and then returning to them again in The Blithedale Romance are complex. Hawthorne, of course, was from the beginning apologetic that in writing The Scarlet Letter he "found it impossible to relieve the shadows of the story with so much light as I would gladly have thrown in," but, as the context of that statement in his letter to Fields reveals, his concern was centered on reader reception and sales, fearing that he would "weary very many people, and disgust some." He wanted to "kill the public outright," and he feared that The Scarlet Letter would fail unless "relieved" by the addition of "half a dozen shorter tales" (16:307). The success of The Scarlet Letter proved him wrong, of course, but it contributed to another problem. Though no one explicitly accused him of self-portraiture in The Scarlet Letter, even his friends had begun to wonder how the Hawthorne that they thought they knew could write such a dark tale of adultery. Hawthorne's friend and recent benefactor, George Hillard put the matter to Hawthorne succinctly in a 28 March 1850 letter:

You are, intellectually speaking, quite a puzzle to me. How comes it that with so thoroughly healthy an organization as you have, you have such a taste for the morbid anatomy of the human heart, and such knowledge of it, too? I should fancy from your books that you were burdened with some secret sorrow; that you had some blue chamber in your soul into which you hardly dared to enter yourself; but when I see you, you give me the impression of a man as healthy as Adam was in Paradise. For my own taste, I could wish that you would dwell more in the seen, and converse more with cheerful thoughts and lightsome images, and expand into a story the spirit of the Town-pump. But while waiting for this, let me be thankful for the weird and sad strain which breathes from the "Scarlet Letter," which I read with most absorbing interest.²²

Having already defended Hawthorne from her sister Elizabeth's allegation that in The Scarlet Letter Hawthorne had "purified himself by casting out

a legion of devils," Sophia found that the literary set in the Berkshires had already typed Hawthorne, in Cornelius Mathews' epithet, as "Mr. Noble Melancholy." Even with her mother she found it necessary to counter that characterization. In a 4 September 1850 letter, she seemed amazed at "how many people insist that Mr. Hawthorne is gloomy, since he is not." She was willing to admit that "he is pensive, perhaps, as all contemplative people must be," but she was insistent that his works were anything but autobiographical in origin: "He has always seemed to me, in his remote moods, like a stray Seraph, who had experienced in his own life no evil; but by the intuition of a divine intellect saw and sorrowed over all evil." His life, she assured her mother, had been absolutely "pure from the smallest taint of earthliness," and thus, his knowledge "of crime . . . is the best proof to me of the absurdity of the prevalent idea that it is necessary to go through the fiery ordeal of sin to become wise and good," a doctrine which Sophia then, as Hilda later, characterizes as a "blasphemy and the unpardonable sin" because "it is really adjuring God's voice within."²³ As far as Sophia was concerned, Hawthorne might as well have been referring to himself when he closed The Scarlet Letter with a description of the "angel and apostle" of "sacred love."

Perhaps Hawthorne knew by this time that nothing he could do would disabuse Sophia of such unswerving deification; nevertheless, it is impossible to calculate the burden such expectations placed on Hawthorne, just as it is equally impossible to calculate the burden Sophia herself felt in sustaining her incarnation as Hawthorne's "Dove."²⁴ During the next year, learning in the early fall that he would become the father of a third child, Hawthorne would dutifully try to shoulder that burden as a husband and as a writer.

Fuller's death, I believe, reinforced his desire to turn from the "shadows" of "Rappaccini's Daughter" and The Scarlet Letter. If, as I have argued, he wrote both works with Fuller in mind not only as his subject but also as a privately and covertly addressed reader, her death (as Emerson immediately acknowledged himself) had robbed him of his "audience."²⁵ By turning away from the riddling "shadows" of Beatrice and Hester toward the simple "sunshine" of Phoebe's redemptive domesticity and the radical Holgrave's humble acquiescence to her power, Hawthorne set out to prove, as he had implicitly promised Hillard, that he

was "strong and able" enough to apply "his ability to good purpose" (16:309), the "good purpose" of meeting the expectations of another audience--the audience literally closest to him (Sophia, who instantly pronounced The House of the Seven Gables as better than The Scarlet Letter and secured Hawthorne's immediate assent [16:386]), to that next closest (such friends as Hillard), and to the general reading public. He could also silence growing speculations about some "blue chamber" in his "soul." As he insistently claimed, if the "sunshine" of The House of the Seven Gables made it a better book than The Scarlet Letter, that was because it was "a more natural and healthy product" of his mind (16:421), the work of the real Hawthorne, he seemed to say. Herman Melville's remarkable tribute in "Hawthorne and His Mosses" to the "dark" Hawthorne complicated matters considerably. Though both Sophia and Hawthorne were immensely flattered by Melville's article, its appearance during the first weeks of Hawthorne's writing of The House of the Seven Gables would have served not only to confirm Hawthorne's concern about the growing perception of his character and work but also to stimulate his efforts to prove himself a man and a writer of "sunshine" as well as "shadows."

Hawthorne's claim that The House of the Seven Gables was a "more natural" product of his mind is belied by the great difficulty that he reported having in its writing. Secluding himself "religiously," as he termed it with a happy precision, he wrote to Fields in early November (the month that he had originally promised to complete it) that though he worked with great diligence he worked slowly. Hawthorne's claims that The House of the Seven Gables, in contrast to The Scarlet Letter, required "more care and thought" and that he had to "wait oftener for a mood" suggest that when he characterized in the same letter "writing a romance" to "careering on the utmost verge of a precipitous absurdity," he was locating the source of his resistance in his twin fears of "tumbling over" again into the "shadows" and of appearing "absurd" in the determined efforts he would have to make to avoid doing that (16:371). The "one tone" of The Scarlet Letter that made it easier for him "to get" his "pitch" and "go on interminably" was the "one tone" of an unconflicted, unforced purpose. Four weeks later, the book still not finished, he addresses the problem explicitly. "It darkens damnably towards the close," he wrote to

Fields, "but I shall try hard to pour some setting sunshine over it" (16:376). Less than two weeks later, his difficulty in forcing the sun to shine over his tale is clearly implied in his next letter to Fields: "I have been in a Slough of Despond, for some days past--having written so fiercely that I came to a stand still." He was "bewildered," not knowing "what to do next," determined to be "quiet" until he did (16:378). Even after he had apparently finished the book in mid-January and had begun reading it to Sophia, he spent another ten days revising the concluding chapters before reading them to Sophia.²⁶ If the conclusion has seemed forced to generations of later readers, Sophia probably spoke for many an other reader of her time who found Holgrave's disavowal of radical thought and his acquiescence to Phoebe's redemptively domestic and unquestioning love a conclusion in which "the flowers of Paradise scattered over all the dark places, the sweet wall-flower scent of Phoebe's character," an ending of "unspeakable grace and beauty" that cast "upon the sterner tragedy of the commencement an ethereal light, and a dear home-loveliness and satisfaction."²⁷

Even as Hawthorne struggled to force himself to "pour . . . some sunshine" over his tribute to Sophia in the character of Phoebe, he had already begun to make his appeal to the audience that he hoped to address, and placate, in The House of the Seven Gables. The release in November of a compilation of his previously published historical sketches for children in True Stories from History and Biography initiated his effort to answer questions generated by The Scarlet Letter about his character.²⁸ The success of True Stories confirmed at least the commercial value of Hawthorne's efforts and encouraged him to write the even more successful A Wonder Book for Girls and Boys immediately after The House of the Seven Gables. By April of 1851, True Stories had appeared in two editions with a total press run of 4,500 copies, only 500 less than The Scarlet Letter over its first six months. The House of the Seven Gables would exceed The Scarlet Letter, with 6,710 copies printed by the end of six months, 810 more copies than had been printed of The Scarlet Letter by August of 1851, and A Wonder Book would reach 4,667 copies less than two months after its release in November of 1851. By comparison, Twice-Told Tales, released in March of 1851 in a third edition with a preface by Hawthorne, would have a single press run of only 2,000

copies. Competing unsuccessfully in December of 1851 with his own just released A Wonder Book, Hawthorne's collection of previously uncollected tales, The Snow Image, would have a first printing of only 2,425 copies, another run of 1,000 copies not needed until a full twelve months later.²⁹

By the end of 1851, the message seemed clear. For a forty-seven year old writer who had had difficulty supporting his wife and two children and who had just fathered his third child, "dear home loveliness and satisfaction" could be counted on to pay--in praise at home and cash in the bank. These two motives for writing were indeed strong for Hawthorne, but they took second and third place, respectively, to an even greater motive. "The only sensible ends of literature," Hawthorne wrote Bridge as The House of the Seven Gables was being printed, "are, first, the pleasurable toil of writing, secondly, the gratification of one's family and friends, and lastly the solid cash" (16:407). As Hawthorne's "Slough of Despond" in completing The House of the Seven Gables and as other evidence throughout 1851 suggest, Hawthorne's attempts to satisfy the second and third "ends" had taken some of the pleasure out of the toil. In that same letter to Bridge, Hawthorne repeated what would come to seem a decidedly defensive assertion that in his opinion his new romance was "better" than The Scarlet Letter and at least "portions of it are as good as anything that I can hope to write." In contemplating the success of the work, however, he laments "how slowly" he has "made . . . [his] way in life" and "how much is still to be done," yet he bitterly contemplates the "bubble Reputation" he anticipates achieving, for he asserts that he will "not be one whit the happier if mine were world-wide and time-long, than I was when nobody but yourself had faith in me" (16:407). Throughout 1851 and early 1852, Hawthorne will repeatedly take stock of his life and his career, and his nostalgia for a lost past will betray his present unhappiness.

In his preface to the third edition of Twice-Told Tales, which was published in the same month that he wrote his letter to Bridge, Hawthorne looks back longingly on his early obscurity when he had no "reasonable prospect of reputation or profit" and wrote for "nothing but the pleasure itself of composition." But then, he notes, with barely concealed bitterness, though that was "an enjoyment not at all amiss in its way, and perhaps essential to the merit of the work in hand," it did not satisfy the

other two "ends" of writing. It could not "keep the chill out of a writer's heart, or the numbness out of his fingers" (9:3). Venturing to become his own critic and identifying the very weaknesses in the very bodily terms Fuller had first taught him to see in his work, Hawthorne laments that "instead of passion, there is sentiment," that "even in what purport to be pictures of actual life, we have allegory, not always so warmly dressed in its habiliments of flesh and blood." In a word, his work then suffered from "tameness" (9:5). He is, of course, right if those early tales are contrasted with such later works as "The Birth-mark," "Rappaccini's Daughter," or The Scarlet Letter. But the same could be said of The House of the Seven Gables. Written during or immediately after forcing "sunshine" into the conclusion of his latest romance, Hawthorne's concern with the "tameness," the predominance of "sentiment" over "passion" in his earlier works intimates his very present concerns about the direction his writing was taking.

Those concerns are given greater voice nine months later in the preface to the December 1851 publication of The Snow Image. Written as a letter to Bridge, the preface is a nostalgic tribute to the gloriousness of their youthful friendship, to Bridge's early and critical faith in his work, and to his earlier work as a writer. Looking backward, comparing his past talent with his present efforts, Hawthorne can find little evidence of progress to console the labors of his middle-age. These tales, he says, "come so nearly up to the standard of the best that I can achieve now" that "the ripened autumnal fruit tastes but little better than the early windfalls." Hawthorne's is the voice that he will give to Coverdale beginning the very month in which this preface is published: "It would, indeed, be mortifying to believe that the summertime of life has passed away, without any greater progress and improvement than is indicated here" (11:6). With his gaze fixed on that lost summer, he consoles himself that "in youth, men are apt to write more wisely than they really know or feel, and the remainder of life may be not idly spent in realizing and convincing themselves of the wisdom which they uttered long ago" (11:6). At the end of his labors on The House of the Seven Gables, he wrote to his sister Elizabeth that "except for necessity" he now hated "the thought of writing" (16:402). At the end of A Wonder Book, he admitted to his other sister, Louisa, that he had come to "abominate the sight" of a pen (16:453).

For all his "exertions," he could please family and friends, he could produce the "ready cash," but he could no longer find "pleasure" in the "toil."

Evidence also suggests that at least by the summer of 1851 the Hawthorne household in Lenox fell short of the "home loveliness" that he celebrated with his pen. The "covert sexual politics" that Herbert finds at the heart of the Hawthorne household in 1852 journal entries is clearly evident in 1851.³⁰ When Hawthorne took Una with him on a two day visit to Melville's in mid-March, for instance, Sophia, seven months pregnant, used much of her time alone to write a nine-page description of the household frustrations and emotional misery she endured in Hawthorne's absence.³¹ She concludes her litany of unhappiness with one of those "groveling protestations of absolute devotion" that Herbert has argued "conceal an unvanquished will to power," a "disembodied and invisible womanly rage that provokes a disabling masculine guilt."³² "How thou are adored," she concludes. "Was ever one so loved? I love thee 725 millions of times more than I ever did at this moment."³³

When Sophia took Una and two-month old Rose for a two-week stay with her parents in July, Hawthorne reciprocated. Writing a special journal section entitled "Twenty Days of Julian & Little Bunny By Papa" (8:436-86) for Sophia to read on her return, Hawthorne recounts with unconcealed irritation his sufferings at the hands of little Julian, who plagued him more than a "mortal father ought to endure," Hawthorne's most insistent complaint being that Julian never left his side and was "continually thrusting his word between every sentence of all my reading, and smashing every attempt at reflection into a thousand fragments" (8:454). Of "little bunny," Hawthorne admits to being "strongly tempted of the Evil One to murder him privately" or have his neighbor "drown him" (8:437). Hawthorne directed the full fury of his rage, however, at the location, not the inhabitants, of their home in Lenox (8:439-40). The one event during Sophia's absence that he describes as being thoroughly pleasant was a visit by an admirer of his works--a "rather young, comely" Quaker lady with "a pleasant smile" and "eyes that readily responded to one's thought so that it was not difficult to talk with her." Praising her for having "a singular, but yet a gentle freedom in expressing her own opinions;--an entire absence of affectation," Hawthorne concludes that

hers was "the only pleasant visit I ever experienced, in my capacity as an author" (8:456-57).³⁴ As he was expected to do, however, Hawthorne adopted Sophia's strategy and dismissed his frustrated anger at Julian in a hymn of thanksgiving whose rhetorical excess suggests the possibility of its being something of a parody. Julian is "a sweet and lovely little boy" who is "worthy of all the love that I am capable of giving him": "Thank God! God bless him! God bless Phoebe for giving him to me! God bless her as the best wife and mother in the world! God bless Una, whom I long to see again! God bless little Rosebud! God bless me, for Phoebe's and all their sakes! No other man has so good a wife; nobody has better children. Would I were worthier of her and them!" (8:472-73).

The fatherly disaffections of a middle-age impatience that Hawthorne attempts to dissolve here had been compounded by the birth in May of his third child, Rose. For the first time, he witnessed childbirth, forced to assist during the unexpected delivery in the middle of the night. Sophia deeply regretted that, for she had meant that he "should never be present at such a time."³⁵ The fastidious Hawthorne's idealization of Sophia as his Dove could only have reeled under the shock of the biological reality of childbirth, as Sophia knew. The birth of Rose during Hawthorne's forty-seventh year not only served to increase his awareness of the perverse effort required to sustain his idealization of the actual and his anxieties about age and finances but may have altered, if not ended, Hawthorne and Sophia's sexual relationship. Sophia's purported statement to her sister Elizabeth that "Mr. Hawthorne's passions were under his feet" and that they had carefully planned the births of their children has led Edwin Haviland Miller to conclude that after Rose's birth Hawthorne either controlled his sexual desire or employed contemporary birth control devices.³⁶ Herbert, however, bluntly concludes that "the Hawthornes . . . discontinued sexual intercourse after the birth of Rose."³⁷ Short of a direct admission, which does not exist, we can never know. We do know, however, that despite the Hawthornes' apparently healthy sexual life during their early Old Manse days Sophia once claimed that Hawthorne "hated to be touched more than any one I ever knew," that after the birth of Una the Hawthornes slept in separate beds for six months, and that Julian slept with Sophia for his first two years.³⁸ After the birth of Rose, Sophia wrote to her sisters just weeks before returning home to her

parents that during the three months of her "confinement," she and Hawthorne had had a "complete separation" and that "when I was able to be down stairs, still he was separated this time," leading her to observe, strangely, that "he has but just stepped over the threshold of a hermitage--He is but just not a hermit still."³⁹ The "separation" that Sophia wrote of in early July would be extended, of course, throughout much of the remaining summer when she left on 28 July to West Newton.

Three days after the first anniversary of Fuller's death and a week before Sophia left Hawthorne a bachelor and babysitter for three weeks, Hawthorne announced to Fields that if his next work were a romance he meant "to put an extra touch of the devil into it." Thinking of himself, I suspect, more than his readers, he explained that he doubted "whether the public will stand two quiet books in succession, without my losing ground" (16:462). Hawthorne's concerns about his "quiet books" reflect his concerns about his life. Almost three months before his letter to Fields and shortly before the birth of Rose, Hawthorne had written Longfellow that despite being "comfortable" in Lenox and "as happy as mortal can be," he found that "sometimes my soul gets into a ferment, as it were, and becomes troublous and bubbulous with too much peace and rest" (16:431). Two days after his letter to Fields, he revealed to William Pike what he had not revealed to Fields. "To put the extra touch of the devil" back into his works, he planned to "take the Community for a subject" and write about his "experiences and observations at Brook Farm" (16:465).

Immediately after Fuller's death, Hawthorne had turned from "the blue chamber" in his soul that had created a Hester and had dutifully attempted to embrace in his life and in his work the "sunshine" of a Phoebe. A year had passed, however, and as Hawthorne found it more and more difficult to suppress middle-age discontent with his life and his work, he began to look backward--not just to his summer at Brook Farm but to what he would call in his preface to The Snow Image more generally as "the summertime of life" that had "passed away" (11:6). He would stage that "summertime" at Brook Farm in 1841, but in the "theatre" of his mind he would be reenacting other summers, primarily the summer of 1844 at Concord, the summer seven years gone, the same years that Coverdale marks cryptically in the novel as the "nearly seven years of worldly life"

that it had "taken" him to "hive up the bitter honey" of advice that he gives to Priscilla (3:76). That advice, significantly, had been to "let the future go" and "as for the present moment," not to expect to see in the "innermost, holiest niche" of the one she loved her "own likeness" but "a dusty image, thrust aside into a corner, and by-and-by to be flung out-of-doors, where any foot may trample upon it" (3:76). It is the advice of a lover betrayed by abandonment, by time, or by the success of a rival.

Almost precisely at the moment that Hawthorne decided to write of his past, he announced that he could no longer endure his present. He directed his discontent, however, at the site of his home rather than at the life that he led in it. Of Lenox and its weather, he wrote in his journal "Twenty Days of Julian & Little Bunny by Papa, "I detest it! I detest it!! I detest it!!! I hate Berkshire with my whole soul, and would joyfully see its mountains laid flat!" (8:439). As Hawthorne over the summer and fall contemplated his new romance, he first longed to return to a home by the sea.⁴⁰ He then became increasingly determined to return bodily to the place that had become the private "theatre" of his mind. It was the place where he had once come closest to finding an Eden in marriage and in community with friends, the place where he now wished to restage in his art and then in his life his lost past--not Brook Farm, but Concord.

Hawthorne's old friend from Concord, Ellery Channing, recognized, whether he was aware of it or not, the sources of Hawthorne's longing to return to Concord. When Ellery journeyed from Concord in October of 1851 to visit with his old flame, Caroline, and his friend, Hawthorne, he recorded in a 30 October 1851 letter to his wife Ellen Fuller Channing that Hawthorne thought "a good deal of coming to Concord, and possibly . . . buy a place," a prospect that Ellery "would not encourage" because "he always . . . finds fault with the people among whom he settles." Ellery was probably referring to the Hawthornes' now strained relations with the Tappans, but he may have been just as concerned as Hawthorne was over the alterations he perceived in his old friend.⁴¹ Hawthorne "seems older, & I think he has suffered much living in this place."⁴² He explained: "His ways not the ways of the world have attracted the attention of the people; his habit of not calling on people, & his having written some books have made him a lion. I do not know that he has felt this, but I think he has

felt his lack of society."⁴³ For Hawthorne to seclude himself in the little red farmhouse with Sophia and his three children seemed, to Ellery at least, a miserable existence:

I should think Sophia could not realize his ideal at all. She is by no means prepossessing and has not added to her beauty by time. And she has none of the means whereby elegance & refinement may be shed over the humblest apartment. Her children brought up in the worst way for visitors, by themselves, & never having been to school, have of course nothing but bad manners. They break in when not required, & are not in fact either handsome or attractive. But how could the parents help this.⁴⁴

Ellery concluded sadly that he had "formed a very different opinion of the H's this visit from any I ever had before, and H. has greatly altered."⁴⁵

In late November, Hawthorne made his long contemplated move. For the winter, he and his family would occupy Horace and Mary Peabody Mann's home in West Newton while his brother-in-law fulfilled his Congressional duties in Washington and Hawthorne began looking, as early as December, for a home to buy in Concord.⁴⁶ Dependent again on his wife's family for a temporary family haven, looking for a way to return to Concord, Hawthorne would immediately start, finally, his long promised return to "the Community." He would begin The Blithedale Romance in December, finish it in May, and return to Concord in early June.

Published in America just five days before the second anniversary of Fuller's death, The Blithedale Romance would appear four months after the publication of Emerson, Clarke, and Channing's Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. Written by intimate friends, both books would pay homage to their memories of Fuller's remarkable impact on their lives. The Memoirs attempted through personal reminiscence, biography, and highly edited selections from Fuller's letters, journals, and published writings to meet the challenge first articulated by Greeley, to avoid "the misfortune" of having Fuller's memory perish by compiling "a selection from her writings" that "promptly and acceptably embodied" her "thoughts," while recognizing that "the best" of Fuller's "intellect and character cannot be obtained from her writings alone."⁴⁷ Attempting to fix Fuller as a historical subject, the Memoirs would be immediately assailed as an historical fiction. One reviewer wrote that each of the editors "turns Miss Fuller round and round until he get her in certain lights familiar or

propitious to himself" and thus "you are provoked by the feeling that it is owing to an act of will, or of discretion, on the part of the biographers that you are not getting the actual and substantial life of the woman."⁴⁸ For Hawthorne, however, Fuller's life and character and his own unshakable fascination with her had long been a "riddle," a "fiction," whose meaning in his own most intimate history he would once again attempt to locate in the interpretative representations of romance.⁴⁹ For Fuller, life was art, and for Hawthorne, art provided the only means by which he could safely and adequately represent her life, and his life.⁵⁰ At its deepest biographical level, Hawthorne's representation of Fuller's life in *Zenobia* is autobiographical, but at its surface, his reincarnation of Fuller's character in *Zenobia* was so evident and so successful in capturing a passionate and radical vitality missing in the Memoirs that one earlier reviewer recommended "the study of *Zenobia*" as "an excellent introduction to the study" of Fuller, justifying the recommendation, in perhaps an implicit allusion to the Memoirs, by noting with an unwittingly prescient insight that "there are problems both in biography and in history which imagination only can solve."⁵¹

Hawthorne's motives in choosing to write about Fuller and his past were primarily motivated, as I have argued, by his discontent with his life and his career, but other important factors weighed in that decision. For one, in writing so transparently of Fuller in the character of *Zenobia*, he knew that part of that "extra touch of the devil" that would make this book decidedly "unquiet" would be the notoriety it would attract. Fuller's preeminence as an advocate for women's rights, her heroic defense of the Italian revolution, the scandal surrounding her liaison with Ossoli and the legitimacy of her child, the sensational coverage of her tragic death, and, importantly, the imminent publication of the Memoirs by Emerson and friends--all would work to attract a curious public to a work of "autobiographical" fiction whose most vital character would be clearly, but still uncertainly, modeled after Fuller. Hawthorne, who had read in the spring Dickens' autobiographical representation of his youth in the first-person narrative David Copperfield, would read Moby Dick in November and begin in December his own experiment in risking a first-person narrative. Literary history, of course, has long been fascinated with the extraordinary impact Hawthorne had on Melville, so

much so, in fact, that other dimensions of Hawthorne's life at Lenox have been overshadowed by Melville's presence. Generally overlooked as well is Melville's literary influence on Hawthorne. While this is not the place to explore that influence, I would simply venture that though Hawthorne began in the fall of 1850 to move away from the "blackness" that Melville found in his fiction and sought authorization for in his own works, Melville's personal intensity and the extraordinary passion with which he transformed and imbued his revision of Moby Dick served to aggravate Hawthorne's discontent with the use he had recently made of his talent to redeem through justification a domesticity that distressed him. Hawthorne provides us an image of that creative discontent and its relationship to his life in his portrayal of Coverdale reading:

My book was of the dullest, yet had a sort of sluggish flow, like that of a stream in which your boat is as often aground as afloat. Had there been a more impetuous rush, a more absorbing passion of the narrative, I should the sooner have struggled out of its uneasy current, and have given myself up to the swell and subsidence of my thoughts. But, as it was, the torpid life of the book served as an unobtrusive accompaniment to the life within me and about me. (3:147)

On the boat of a book, desiring the passion of an "impetuous rush" and the "swell . . . of my thoughts" but admitting that the torpidity of his life finds its reflection in his book, Coverdale, as his imagery suggests, longs for a book--and a life--that will absorb him in its passionate intensity, a book like The Scarlet Letter, or a book like the one that Hawthorne has just read, a Moby Dick. We, however, will read that book by listening to his voice tell us of that moment in his life when he became incapable of writing it.

Notes

1. Pfister, The Production of Personal Life, reads the Fuller "letter" passage as symbolizing the potency of Fuller's "electric" influence over other women, an influence so powerful that merely by holding Fuller's "letter" (emblematic of the power of her writing) Priscilla is transformed by, "charged" with, Fuller's powers (95-96).
2. To secure British copyrights, Fields had The Blithedale Romance released in England "shortly before 7 July 1852" and in the United States on 14 July (C. E. Frazer Clark, Jr., A Descriptive Bibliography, 210, 213). Four days before 7 July, an unsigned review in the English Spectator (25 [3 July 1852]: 637-38); rpt. in J. Donald Crowley, ed., Hawthorne: The Critical Heritage [New York, 1970], 243-44) asserted that notwithstanding Hawthorne's disclaimers "Margaret Fuller seems to have suggested the

idea of Zenobia" (244). By October, an unnamed reviewer in the Westminster Review (58 [October 1852]: 592-98; rpt. in The Critical Heritage, 259-64, 262-63) could allude to "the supposition that Zenobia is an apograph of Margaret Fuller," endorse it by saying that "that extraordinary woman could not have been absent from the mind of the novelist--nay, must have inspired his pencil," and then proceed to speculate that "in the career of Zenobia" Hawthorne may be giving his readers "a missing chapter in Margaret Fuller's life--unwritten hitherto, because never sufficiently palpable to come under the cognizance of the biographer, and only capable of being unveiled by the novelist." The reviewer even recommends the novel as "an excellent introduction to the study of her supposed prototype" (262-63). Not so surprisingly, perhaps, given the great respect and general praise accorded Hawthorne, contemporary reviewers were reluctant to comment much on Coverdale as a character, much less on Hawthorne's autobiographical purposes, but an unsigned review in the Christian Examiner (55 [September 1852]: 292-94; rpt. in The Critical Heritage, 250-52) alluded to the critics' dilemma and resolved it by making it Sophia's: "We leave to the help-meet of the author to settle with him the issue that may arise from his description of himself as a bachelor" (252).

3. Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 275.

4. Hawthorne justified his decision to rent a room rather than join Sophia and the children in the Peabody home in a letter in which he claims that "it would be a sin to add another human being to the multitudinous chaos of that house" (16:334). Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, argues that he likely just wanted to "escape from the two Elizabeths . . . as well as from his own family responsibilities and restrictions" (303). While Miller may be right about Hawthorne's reluctance under even ordinary circumstances to confront daily and in close quarters his sister-in-law and mother-in-law, much of that reluctance, especially under the circumstances in April of 1850, originated not so much in temperamental differences as in his long-standing, but now aggravated, chagrin, if not shame, at having failed Sophia as a husband.

5. *Ibid.*, 303.

6. See Chapters 17-22 (3:145-93).

7. Hawthorne and Sophia had variously inquired about houses at Portsmouth (near Bridge), Essex Falls, Hamilton, West Cambridge (near Longfellow) (16:313, n.4 and n.6).

8. Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, 320.

9. The original letter in which Fuller first informed Caroline of her baby is lost. Fuller's 16 March 1849 letter (Letters, 5:207-11) to Caroline describes in detail the child whose birth had been announced in the earlier letter. Soon after reaching Florence, Fuller began writing to friends of her plans to return home. To William Henry Channing, for instance, she wrote that she had no intention of returning without Ossoli, but that she had no illusions about the difficulties facing them in America.

While Ossoli learned English, she would "be engaged in the old unhealthy way" and that their life would "probably be a severe struggle" (5:301). In a 17 December 1849 letter to Caroline, Fuller discussed her plans to return and indicated that she hoped to see her in her "Lenox home" within the year (Letters, 5:303). In that same letter, she responded to Caroline's earlier letters describing the scandalous gossip about her: "What you say of the meddling curiosity of people repels me. It is so different here" (Letters, 5:303).

10. Letter from Sophia to her mother, 9-16 June 1850 (Berg; qtd. in Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 306). Hawthorne's three most recent biographers disagree on the date of inception of Hawthorne's illness. Mellow, Hawthorne in His Times, says that Hawthorne became ill "no sooner than . . . settled into the farmhouse" (320), while Turner, Nathaniel Hawthorne, says that he "arrived" in Lenox with the "cold" (210). Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, echoes Turner (306). The evidence provided by Sophia's letter seems ambiguous.

11. Sophia to her mother, 1 August 1850 (Berg; qtd. in Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, 320, and Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 306).

12. Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 305.

13. Sophia to her mother, 1 August 1850 (Berg; qtd. in Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, 329-30). Sophia's consolation, however, only served to deepen her grief. "'But Margaret is such a loss," she continued, with her new and deeper experience of life in all its relations--her rich harvest of observation . . .'" (330).

14. Greeley, "Death of Margaret Fuller."

15. "The Wreck of the Elizabeth" and "The Wreck on Fire Island," New-York Daily Tribune, 24 July 1850: 4.

16. Higginson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, 276. Though sources are not clearly identified, at least one of the New-York Daily Tribune accounts, "The Wreck of the Elizabeth," quotes directly from Mrs. Hasty, the widow of the Elizabeth's original captain who died at sea with the smallpox that almost took Angelino's life. A Mr. Bangs commanded the ship for the remainder of the voyage. For a convenient summary of the incident, see Blanchard, From Transcendentalism to Revolution, 331-37. Chevigny notes in The Woman and the Myth that "so many at the time had the impression that Fuller wished to die that when Higginson was writing his biography of Fuller a number of friends pressed him to eradicate it" (401, n.46). Chevigny herself attempts to counter Margaret Allen's contemporary argument, "The Political and Social Criticism of Margaret Fuller," South Atlantic Quarterly, 72 (1973): 560-73, that Fuller's will to live was weakened by her despair over the triumph of reactionaries in Italy (401 n.46).

17. Joel Myerson, Margaret Fuller: An Annotated Secondary Bibliography (New York, 1977), 24-31. As if Fuller's loss in such a dramatic and seemingly unnecessary way was not sensational enough, the New-York

Daily Tribune reported between 23 and 31 July on the incompetence of the local life-saving crews and on massive plundering of flotsam from the wreckage and valuables stripped from bodies washed ashore--plundering that began even as Fuller and others waited helplessly on deck for rescue. As many as forty people were implicated, and rumors circulated that bodies were buried in the sand to conceal the crime. Thoreau, later joined by Ellery Channing, joined the search for Fuller's body and manuscripts and posted rewards, all of which received Tribune coverage. Fuller's desk with only a few of her papers was recovered. Plundered clothing belonging to Fuller was also later discovered in a home.

18. Qtd. in Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, 330.

19. Sophia to her mother, 1 August 1850 (Berg; qtd. in Turner, Nathaniel Hawthorne, 211).

20. Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, 322.

21. Herbert, Dearest Beloved, does not quote this passage to illustrate his thesis, but he might well have. See especially pp. 3-5 and 24-28 for persuasive readings of other notebook passages that illustrate Herbert's thesis.

22. George Hillard to Hawthorne, 28 March 1850 (qtd. in Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, "The Hawthornes in Lenox: Told in Letters by Nathaniel and Mrs. Hawthorne," The Century 27 (November 1894): 86-98, 88).

23. Sophia to her mother 4 September 1850 (qtd. in Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, "The Hawthornes in Lenox," 91).

24. It is, of course, Herbert's project in Dearest Beloved to approximate such a calculation. Herbert reads in Sophia's "groveling protestations of absolute devotion" to Hawthorne a concealed but "unvanquished will to power." Behind Hawthorne's apparent willingness to meet "Sophia's expectations," Herbert finds evidence in Hawthorne's fiction that "he met her disassociated fury not only with acquiescent guilt but also with covert reciprocal rage" (28-29). Herbert, I think, is right on target.

25. See Emerson, The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks, 11:258.

26. Turner, Nathaniel Hawthorne, 225.

27. Sophia to her mother, 27 January 1851 (qtd. in Turner, Nathaniel Hawthorne, 225).

28. True Stories from History and Biography was a collection of Grandfather's Chair, Famous Old People, Liberty Tree, and Biographical Stories.

29. Clark, A Descriptive Bibliography, is the source of all bibliographic information.

30. Herbert, Dearest Beloved, 5.

31. Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 341.
32. Herbert, Dearest Beloved, 28, 18.
33. Qtd. in Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 341.
34. Hawthorne also mentions several visits by Caroline Sturgis Tappan and several visits he made to her home to borrow books and magazines.
35. Sophia to Mary Peabody Mann, 22 June 1851 (Berg; qtd. in Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 343).
36. For Elizabeth Peabody's recollection of Sophia's statement, see Norman Holmes Pearson, "Elizabeth Peabody on Hawthorne," Essex Institute Historical Collections 94 (1958): 256-76, 276; Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 344.
37. Herbert, Dearest Beloved, 27; 291, n.2.
38. Sophia to James T. Fields, 1 January 1862 (Boston Public Library; qtd. in Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 43); Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 231, 260.
39. Sophia to Mary Peabody Mann, 4 July 1851, and Sophia to Elizabeth Peabody, 10 July 1851 (Berg; qtd. in Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 344).
40. Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, 377.
41. Caroline claimed the right to the apples growing on the property rented to the Hawthornes. The dispute seemed focused between Caroline and Sophia, but Hawthorne intervened in defense of Sophia and their tenant privileges. The incident compounded Hawthorne's discontent with Lenox and provided him with an excuse for accelerating his search for another home. See Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 348-52; Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, 379-81; and Turner, Nathaniel Hawthorne, 233-34.
42. William Ellery Channing to Ellen Fuller Channing, 30 October 1851 (Massachusetts Historical Society; qtd. in Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 364).
43. Qtd. in Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, 381.
44. Ibid.
45. Ibid., 382.
46. Ellery Channing invited him in December to inspect the Alcott house, which was for sale. Thinking perhaps of what he had seen in October of Hawthorne's family life, Ellery tried to encourage him to make the trip by letting him know that they could lead a bachelor's life during his stay, for his wife and children were gone and he was stocked with liquor. Besides,

he wrote, "Emerson is gone, and nobody here to bore you. The skating is damned good" (qtd. in Julian Hawthorne, NH and HW, 1:432-33). Hawthorne, however, could not make the trip until February.

47. Greeley, "Death of Margaret Fuller," 4.

48. Rev. of Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, 199.

49. Chevigny, "To the Edges of Ideology," argues that both the Memoirs and Blithedale were post-mortems on Fuller's life that attempted to reinsert her into an ideological construct of womanhood that Fuller had deconstructed. More recently, Louise D. Cary, "Margaret Fuller as Hawthorne's Zenobia," American Transcendental Quarterly 4 (March 1990): 31-48, expands on Chevigny's argument to analyze Hawthorne's romance as an "insidious treatment" of Fuller's life in a transparently "fictionalized biography" (32). While I find most of Cary's parallels between Fuller's life and Zenobia's character on target, I think her account of Hawthorne's malicious purposes to be far too simplistic, a perfect illustration, in fact, of the critical legacy that Julian Hawthorne made almost inevitable.

50. See Albert J. von Frank, "Life as Art in America: The Case of Margaret Fuller," Studies in the American Renaissance (1981): 1-26.

51. Crowley, The Critical Heritage, 263.

CHAPTER VII

DREAMING "THE SAME DREAM TWICE": THE GHOST STORY OF
THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE

"By long brooding over our recollections, we subtilize them into something akin to imaginary stuff, and hardly capable of being distinguished from it."

-- Coverdale (3:104-05)

"I should think it a poor and meagre nature, that is capable of but one set of forms, and must convert all the past into a dream, merely because the present happens to be unlike it. Why should we be content with our homely life of a few months past, to the exclusion of all other modes?"

-- Zenobia to Coverdale (3:165)

The Blithedale Romance, more than anything else, is the tale of an "unquiet heart" haunted by dreams of a lost past (3:206). It is a tale of nostalgia and of mourning told by a middle-aged man who would "rather look backward ten times, than forward once" (3:75), who would rather, as Priscilla cannot quite understand, "dream the same dream twice" (3:76). He has survived, if Zenobia has not. He will stand by her grave and tell us all. But he will be no Ishmael, no exuberant spirit risking all to sail into the passionately sublime. And that, as he would be the first to admit, is precisely his problem. The future, he explains to Priscilla, holds only the certainty "that the good we aim at will not be attained," and even if it is it will be "something else . . . never dreamed of," something we "did not particularly want" (3:75-76). In Blithedale, Hawthorne, like Coverdale, will turn from the "sunshine" promised by the future and probe in the shadows of memory for the "good" that he aimed at and attained only to find that it was not what he had "dreamed of." Conceived on the first anniversary of Fuller's death, written as Hawthorne negotiated a return to Concord and completed just days before moving back, Blithedale translates into romance Hawthorne's "dream" of "the same dream twice," his attempt to recover and understand that moment in his past when "the Community" of Sophia, Fuller, and even Emerson seemed for a brief moment as close to an Eden as he would ever again know.

Hawthorne's friend William Pike, the first to whom Hawthorne had confided his plans to write about "the Community," recognized that Hawthorne in Blithedale was revisiting an old dream, attempting to

recapture what he had lost in The House of the Seven Gables. In a letter to Hawthorne written just four days after the American publication of Blithedale, Pike noted appreciatively that Blithedale was "more like 'The Scarlet Letter' than 'The House of Seven Gables,'" for in both, "you probe deeply,--you go down among the moody silences of the heart, and open those depths whence come motives that give complexion to actions, and make in men what are called states of mind; being conditions of mind which cannot be removed either by our own reasoning or by the reasoning of others."¹ Pike finds Blithedale to be most penetrating as a revelation of "that class of actions and manifestations in men so inexplicable"--above all of love:

Love is undoubtedly the deepest, profoundest, of the deep things of man, having its origin in the depths of depths,--the inmost of all the emotions that ever manifest themselves on the surface. Yet writers seldom penetrate very far below the outward appearance, or show its workings in a way to account for its strange phases and fancies. They say two young people fall in love, and then expend their whole talents in describing the disasters that attended them, and how many acts of heroism they performed before accomplishing a marriage union. My mother had a deep idea in her mind when, in talking of incongruous unions, she would say, "It requires deep thinking to account for fancy." In "Blithedale," as in "The Scarlet Letter," you show how such things take place, and open the silent, unseen, internal elements which first set the machinery in motion, which works out results so strange to those who penetrate only to a certain depth in the soul.²

What Pike seems to recognize about Blithedale is that Hawthorne is returning from the love story of The House of the Seven Gables to the love story of The Scarlet Letter. Pike was too good a friend, however, to probe Hawthorne for the origins of his power to penetrate "the deepest, profoundest" of "the inmost of all the emotions" once he had turned away, as Hollingsworth did not, from the love of and for a Sophia-like Phoebe and returned, in a Zenobia, to another Hester.

Blithedale is a love story mourning both a love lost and a love attained.³ Hawthorne tried, in his characteristic way, to tell us this. Hawthorne's experiences at Brook Farm are indeed "altogether incidental to the main purpose of this Romance" (3:1). Brook Farm is but the "theatre . . . where the creatures of his brain may play their phantasmagorical antics, without exposing them to too close a comparison with the actual events of real lives" (3:1). Hawthorne meant this more literally than he knew his readers would take it. Instead of choosing an

actual place and publicly known experience in his past and peopling it with fictional characters, as he only seems to intend to say, he means exactly what he says. Brook Farm is the fiction, the place where he hopes that "the creatures of his brain" may be safe from being exposed "to too close a comparison" with the very "actual events of real lives" (3:1) on which his mental drama is based--the "recollections" which he, like Coverdale, has been so "long brooding over" that he has "subtilize[d] them into something akin to imaginary stuff, and hardly capable of being distinguished from it" (3:104-05).

With Coverdale, Hawthorne represents the impossibility of ever knowing at what point the "Actual" and the "Imaginary" merge, at what point, in effect, where life becomes memory's romance, or memory's romance a life. The elusiveness of event, much less meaning, that pervades the dream-like narrative of Blithedale appropriately represents Hawthorne's own confrontation with the meaning of his memories and the hold that they have come to have over his life.⁴ As memory returns to the past and transforms the "Actual" into the "Imaginary," so Hawthorne chose in this fiction to veil the origins of the "Imaginary" in the "Actual" by returning to his literary past and resurrecting from "Writings of Aubépine" and "Rappaccini's Daughter" the figure of the translator as the medium through whom he will transform the romance of recollected experience into the romance of public art. Miles Coverdale--the name itself suggests the strategy.⁵ It identifies him as a contemporary reincarnation of the great translator of another time, and it enacts, through approximation of both sound and meaning, the translation from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, from one romance to another, of his literary ancestor, Arthur Dimmesdale--one "dimming," the other "covering," the same "dale" to which Hawthorne returns. As a translator, Coverdale both reveals and "covers" meaning through the inevitable distortions of translation. Working with the original text of "actual events in real lives" in Hawthorne's experience, Coverdale creates a text that becomes in the end his own. He performs in the romance what memory has already performed in Hawthorne's mind. Coverdale's self-consciously unreliable, reconstructed "recollections" are Hawthorne's own translation of the workings of a mind haunted by its desire to distinguish between the "Actual" and the "Imaginary" that compose the fictions of perception and

memory. Hawthorne's problem, as Coverdale states it, is this:

It is not, I apprehend, a healthy kind of mental occupation, to devote ourselves too exclusively to the study of individual men and women. If the person under examination be one's self, the result is pretty certain to be diseased action of the heart, almost before we can snatch a second glance. Or, if we take the freedom to put a friend under our microscope, we thereby insulate him from many of his true relations, magnify his peculiarities, inevitably tear him into parts, and, of course, patch him very clumsily together again. What wonder, then, should we be frightened by the aspect of the monster, which, after all--though we can point to every feature of his deformity in the real personage--may be said to have been created mainly by ourselves! (3:69)

The "monsters" of the mind are the "ghosts" that Hawthorne referred to in "The Custom-House." In the fire-light and moon glow of romance, however, they may be reanimated in the mirror of Hawthorne's re-imagining and confronted, for there they then no longer affrighten. There their spirits do as Hawthorne bids, and there they may be exorcised through the power of a mesmeric art.

The "ghost" that most haunts Hawthorne is the "ghost" that haunts Hollingsworth, the memory of Zenobia whose "vindictive shadow dogged the side where Priscilla was not" (3:243). "Our souls, after all, are not our own," Coverdale admits. "We convey a property in them to those with whom we associate, but to what extent can never be known, until we feel the tug, the agony, of our abortive effort to resume an exclusive sway over ourselves" (3:194). Through Coverdale, Hawthorne attempts in the telling of this tale to reclaim "an exclusive sway" over himself, describing his own "abortive effort" to exorcise Zenobia's "ghost" and "the spectral throng, so apt to steal out of an unquiet heart" (3:206). In a tale within this tale, Hawthorne allows that ghost "to steal out" of his "unquiet heart" and speak, translating into his text the voice of the ghost of Fuller, imagining her response to his obsessive desire to unveil the mystery of a life that now lives only in memory, in legend.

"Zenobia's Legend" serves as a counter-narrative to Blithedale, illuminating through mimesis the origins of Hawthorne's purposes and methods even as it judges and condemns them. It is presented, in fact, as such. During an evening in which the characters of Blithedale have attempted to entertain themselves by pretending in "tableaux vivants" (3:106) to act out the lives of characters in the literature that they have

been reading, Zenobia interrupts the charade with a comment that could be read as a self-reflective expression of Hawthorne's own anxieties about the transparency of his merging of the "Actual" and the "Imaginary." "I am getting weary of this," she says. "Our own features, and our own figures and airs, show a little too intrusively through all the characters we assume. We have so much familiarity with one another's realities, that we cannot remove ourselves, at pleasure, into an imaginary sphere" (3:107). Zenobia then shows them how to "remove" themselves into the "imaginary" by proceeding to renarrate the very tale that Hawthorne, through Coverdale, has been telling in Blithedale. In her version of the "Veiled Lady"--"The Silvery Veil"--real people who have been recreated as characters in Hawthorne's Blithedale will themselves be transformed into characters in Zenobia's allegory of Coverdale's translation of Hawthorne's romance of memory and desire. It is "'not exactly a ghost-story,'" Zenobia admits, "'but something so nearly like it that you shall hardly tell the difference'" (3:107).

Hawthorne, through Coverdale, literally translates Fuller's voice into this counter-tale, which he in turn appropriates and renames in his own retelling, "The Silvery Veil," becoming his "Zenobia's Legend," this "ghost story" of her "ghost story" of his own tale. As Fuller herself often complained and as her friends sometimes too readily assented, Fuller's electric power of voice and gesture rarely retained its full force when committed to the written word.⁶ Zenobia--not her "real" name, even at Blithedale, and certainly not in Blithedale--also "had the gift of telling a fanciful little story, off hand, in a way that made it greatly more effective, than it was usually found to be, when she afterwards elaborated the same production with her pen" (3:107). In Coverdale's attempt to account for the power of Zenobia's speech, Hawthorne describes Fuller's mannerisms and identifies her, in an explicit intertextual gesture towards his own past metaphors, as the original of Beatrice: "Zenobia told it, wildly and rapidly, hesitating at no extravagance, and dashing at absurdities which I am too timorous to repeat--giving it the varied emphasis of her inimitable voice, and the pictorial illustration of her mobile face, while, through it all, we caught the freshest aroma of the thoughts, as they came bubbling out of her mind" (3:107). Beatrice's voice--"aromatic," "bubbling"--once again captivates a Giovanni turned Coverdale. The "extravagance" and

"absurdities" of Zenobia's tale of a man confronting the "mystery" of a woman whose face will reflect his own heart and be his fate, of a man betraying himself and "womanhood" by his obsessive desire to expose rather than embrace on faith the mystery of the feminine--these "extravagances" retell not only Hawthorne's tale of Giovanni confronting Beatrice in the garden but also the tales to which Hawthorne's "Rappaccini's Daughter" respond--Fuller's "Leila" and her flower tales, "The Magnolia of Lake Ponchartrain" and "Yuca Filamentosa." All three of those tales present in the same mythic mode as Zenobia's "The Silvery Veil" an allegory of a man's confrontation with the mystery of the beauty and the creative powers of the feminine, powers which the man fails to embrace and eventually rejects because he seeks to know rationally what can only be comprehended by an unquestioning acceptance. Gazing into the eyes of "the spirit under a mask"--Leila--Fuller's personification of the infinite feminine principle--and confronting "boundlessness . . . depth below depth," men seek, as Coverdale had sought unsuccessfully in the "deep well" of Zenobia's eyes, a "'form'" which they "may clasp to the living breast," because they "are bound in sense, time, and thought"; all men but poets call "Leila mad because they felt she made them so."⁷ Given voice, Fuller's Magnolia speaks to the man in quest of this feminine power, warning him that "this is a being of another order from thee, an order whose presence thou mayest feel, nay, approach step by step, but which cannot be known till thou art it, nor seen nor spoken of till thou hast passed through it."⁸ When Zenobia's Theodore demands to know of the "Veiled Lady" the "mystery" that Coverdale has already admitted seeking of Zenobia, he--like Coverdale, like the man in "The Magnolia of Lake Ponchartrain"--is given the opportunity to approach that mystery and know it through an unquestioning acceptance. In Theodore's case, his acceptance must come through the kiss of faith that Giovanni would not give. He, like all the others, does not have the faith to accept without "knowing" what cannot be "known." "Secret, radiant, profound ever, and never to be known," Fuller's Magnolia describes this feminine force; though "many forms indicate . . . none declare her."⁹ Like Fuller's male narrator at the end of "Magnolia," who declares that "the Magnolia left me, I left not her, but must abide forever in the thought to which the clue was found in the margin of that lake of the South,"¹⁰ so Zenobia would

have Theodore's "retribution" be "to pine, forever and ever, for another sight of that dim, mournful face--which might have been his life-long, household, fireside joy--to desire, and waste life in a feverish quest, and never meet it more!" (3:114). Haunted by their failures, such men, according to Fuller, attempt to recreate that lost vision in an art which is but a mirror of their own desire. The "feminine" that haunts men, according to Fuller's *Magnolia*, "is not such a being as men love to paint, a fairy--like them, only lesser and more exquisite than they, a goddess, larger and of statelier proportion, an angel,--like still, only with an added power." In a sentence that could serve as a substitute for Coverdale's lengthy meditation on the "monsters" of memory or for Hawthorne's own self-critical awareness of the origins and limitations of his own art, the *Magnolia* then explains, "Man never creates, he only recombines the lines and colors of his own existence."¹¹

When Hawthorne has Coverdale proclaim that the "daily flower" that Zenobia wears in her hair "affected my imagination" for "as long . . . as I continued to know this remarkable woman" in "very much the same way" as the "slight delirium" of his recent fever (3:45), when he identifies the flower as "a subtle expression" of her "character" and admits that it "has struck a deep root into my memory" (3:45, 15), not only is he encoding his fixation with Zenobia's sexuality, as is generally recognized, and alluding to Fuller, who frequently wore flowers in her hair, but he is also identifying Zenobia with Beatrice and both with Fuller, whose "flowers" in her mythic feminist sketches, as well the "flower" on her body, had "struck" the "deep root" in Hawthorne's consciousness and "affected" his "imagination." Hawthorne adopted Fuller's representation of herself with flowers and flowers with a "feminine" creative force that caused "delirium" in men because he identified himself with Fuller's male seekers haunted by the mystery of the feminine, men who seek to understand its "riddle" and dissipate its power through such representations as Hawthorne's through Coverdale's, men who find in the end that they have only--in Fuller's words--"recombine[d] the lines and colors of . . . [their] own existence."

Zenobia's "The Silvery Veil" interrupts the "tableaux vivants" that she and the other characters have been performing from literature, specifically from Shakespeare's plays. Hawthorne's choice is not

coincidental.¹² If their characters "show a little too intrusively through all the characters" they "assume," Zenobia's tale will imitate Hamlet's "play within the play" for the same purposes Hamlet had--to expose the inner characters of the persons performing the charade they are living at Blithedale. That too is Hawthorne's strategy in "Zenobia's Legend" for the charade that is Blithedale. The tale within the tale exposes the origins and purposes of the tale that embodies it and the tales that inspired it. As Hawthorne imagines Fuller's voice in his own, so he synthesizes "Rappaccini's Daughter" with Fuller's flower tales and insets it into another retelling of the legend that Fuller had come to write in Hawthorne's memory. He has his characters performing "tableaux vivants" of characters from his own and Fuller's past texts, characters who themselves "assumed" the characters of "real lives" and performed as "creatures" of Hawthorne's mental theater "phantasmagorical antics" based on "actual events." At the center of "The Silvery Veil" in the center of Blithedale is the author who is the object of Zenobia's allusive "ghost story" and the subject of his own, the same author who claims the detachment of being only a translator of the works of others but who translates himself into those works, Hawthorne--alias Coverdale in Blithedale, alias Theodore in "The Silvery Veil," alias M. de l'Aubépine in "Rappaccini's Daughter," alias "Theodore de l'Aubépine" in love-letters to Sophia, alias Hawthorne, né Hathorne.¹³

Coverdale's characterization of Zenobia's "The Silvery Veil" as having "no more reality" than the recognition "of one's own self" in the "candlelight image" that "peeps at us outside of a dark window-pane" (3:108) acknowledges covertly his own and Hawthorne's deeply layered identification with "Theodore." Imitating himself in the act of imitating himself, Hawthorne has Zenobia, as he had done in "Rappaccini's Daughter" and The Scarlet Letter, inset private conversations and translated texts within her tale to signal to that "solitary friend" in her audience the private dialogue intended beneath the public text. Transcribing a private conversation she had had earlier with Coverdale when she had demanded to know the motives of his constant gaze ("What are you seeking to discover in me?" [3:47]), she has the "Veiled Lady" ask Theodore, "What wouldst thou with me?" (3:112) Coverdale's answer had been, "The mystery of your life. . . . And you will never tell me" (3:47), and

Theodore's answer similarly is, "'Mysterious creature, . . . I would know who and what you are!'" (3:112). Zenobia, however, has the "Veiled Lady" confirm what Coverdale had only surmised, "'My lips are forbidden to betray the secret!'" (3:112). But her lips would indeed "betray the secret" if he would kiss her with a kiss "in holy faith . . . with a pure and generous purpose" before attempting to lift the veil (3:113). The lips of Zenobia through the voice of the Veiled Lady to Theodore are attempting to speak the same truth to Coverdale that Beatrice claimed her lips spoke to Giovanni.¹⁴ Theodore seeks in the Veiled Lady what Coverdale seeks in Zenobia and what Giovanni sought in Beatrice--"the mystery which he deemed the riddle of his own existence" (10:110). It is the "riddle" which Hawthorne in "The Custom-House" claimed that Hester represented but that he "saw little hope of solving" (1:31), and it is the same "riddle" Hawthorne had hoped he had found "the solution" to in April of 1858 as he followed the "direction" implied by Mozier's gossip in Rome about Fuller and Ossoli (14:155-56).

2

The "riddle" of "Zenobia's Legend" and of Blithedale is the mystery not of the "Veiled Lady" enacted by Priscilla, but of the woman whose real name Coverdale refuses to give us and of the relationships among Hollingsworth, Priscilla, and Zenobia and between Zenobia and Westervelt, relationships which Coverdale claims became the "vortex of my meditations," the "indices of the problem which it was my business to solve" (3:70, 69). The problem which Hawthorne seeks to solve through the narrative of Coverdale's vortex of memory is the problem that immediately after Fuller's death he had tried to turn away from through writing The House of the Seven Gables. In Blithedale, one year later, as he prepares to return to the Eden that he had thought he had found in Concord and to which he had unconvincingly commissioned Holgrave and Phoebe, he confronts "the problem." Coverdale's attempt to understand the triangular relationships among Zenobia, Hollingsworth, and Priscilla is Hawthorne's attempt to represent and understand his own past relationships with Fuller and Sophia and his own present relationship with Sophia. Comparing his role to that of a Chorus in a tragedy, Coverdale is that part of Hawthorne who restages in memory the drama of his past so that he may not only judge "the whole morality of the performance" (3:97)

but "atone" for "the wrong" (3:161). As "judge," he may perhaps condemn himself and his friends with a sentence as "stern as that of Destiny itself," but it "would be given mournfully, and with undiminished love" (3:161). The sentence carried out, he "would come, as if to gather up the white ashes of those who had perished at the stake, and to tell the world--the wrong being now atoned for--how much had perished there, which it had never yet known how to praise" (3:161). Dissector of character and recreator of the "monsters" of his own mind, problem-solver, Chorus, judge, executioner, and sympathetic repository and historian of the lives he condemns while atoning for--all are Coverdale, all are Hawthorne.

But Coverdale is not all of Hawthorne. If Hawthorne invested in Coverdale that part of himself who "translates" onto the stage of Blithedale the ghosts of his "unquiet heart," he imagined his own ghost inhabiting Hollingsworth. Hawthorne, however, takes pains to deflect any attempt at identification the reader might make between him and Hollingsworth. Casting Hollingsworth as a former blacksmith who has turned philanthropist with a vengeance, subordinating everything and everybody to his megalomaniacal plan to reform criminals, he seems far from being the surrogate for Hawthorne that Coverdale in part so evidently is. Yet, as Hawthorne admitted to his readers in the "Preface" to The Snow Image, written just before beginning Blithedale, his prefaces "hide the man," but he is to be found in "his essential traits" if one is willing to "make quite another kind of inquest, and look through the whole range of his fictitious characters, good and evil" (11:4). With Hollingsworth, Hawthorne made that inquest difficult for good reason, for in Hollingsworth, Hawthorne attempts to exorcise that part of his character that he despises but remains. Hollingsworth, as Coverdale observed, was "two . . . men" (3:42). In one of them, Hawthorne portrays "what was best" in himself and in Coverdale, the feminine self that responds with sympathy and "tenderness" for others. Though he is not "ashamed of it, as most men often are" (3:42), that part of himself is subsumed by "the intensity" of a "masculine egotism" that "centered everything in itself" (3:123). Like "millions of other despots," the other Hollingsworth "deprived woman of her very soul . . . to make it a mere incident in the great sum of man" (3:123). "'The heart of true womanhood,'"

Hollingsworth proclaims, "'knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it!'" (3:123). Those women who do "stray" by proclaiming their right to a development independent of their relationships to men are "'petticoated monstrosities'" (3:123). Should these "monsters" have a chance of succeeding in their goals, Hollingsworth "'would call upon my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakeable evidence of sovereignty, to scourge them back within their proper bounds!'" (3:123). As Coverdale's grouping of Hollingsworth with "millions of other despots" implies, the second Hollingsworth exemplifies the brutality of "masculine egotism" at the heart of a socially constructed manhood, a manhood that is sustained by destroying "what is best" within a man and makes him the "monster" that he fears in women. "'Are you a man?'" Zenobia taunts him. "'No; but a monster! A cold, heartless, self-beginning and self-ending piece of mechanism'" (3:218). He became that "'monster,'" Zenobia tells him, when he "'stifled down'" his "'inmost consciousness'" and did a "'deadly wrong'" to his "'own heart'" (3:218). As Joel Pfister has shown, the term "monstrosity" became a ubiquitous feature of such contemporary anti-feminist discourse as Hollingsworth's "to biologize masculine social or literary anxieties about women."¹⁵ Zenobia's subversive appropriation of the term to condemn Hollingsworth is devastating in that it redeploys Hollingsworth's "biologized" definition against him: he has become a "monster" for the same reason as his "petticoated monstrosities"--by suppressing the feminine within his own nature. Zenobia's indictment of Hollingsworth is premised on Fuller's well-known formulation of the fluidity of the supposed "boundaries" between the "masculine" and the "feminine": "Male and female represent the two sides of the great radical dualism. But, in fact, they are perpetually passing into one another. Fluid hardens to solid, solid rushes to fluid. There is no wholly masculine man, no purely feminine woman."¹⁶ Though "there is no perfect harmony in human nature," Fuller writes, a human being's obligation is to develop both halves of that "dualism," to attempt a balance and reconciliation.¹⁷ Hollingsworth destroys his humanity by "'stifling down'" the "best part" of himself, the feminine within his "'own heart.'" Zenobia's condemnation is Coverdale's and Hawthorne's. Coverdale, in fact, indicts Hollingsworth's brutal "masculine egotism" more severely than does Zenobia, and he consistently endorses her complaints against "the wrongs" committed

against women. Immediately after Hollingsworth threatens to use physical force to prevent the "'petticoated monstrosities'" of feminists from broadening the "'proper bounds'" of women, Coverdale says: "I looked at Zenobia, however, fully expecting her to resent--as I felt, by the indignant ebullition of my own blood, that she ought--this outrageous affirmation of what struck me as the intensity of masculine egotism" (123). Coverdale's rejection of Hollingsworth's overture to be his disciple, it should be noted, occurs in the chapter immediately following Hollingsworth's exposure of the brutal "intensity" of his "masculine egotism." Coverdale recognizes that with friends as well as lovers Hollingsworth can "'give his affections . . . only to one whom he might absorb into himself'" (3:167).

In Coverdale's rejection of Hollingsworth and in his endorsement of Zenobia's denunciation of the wrongs committed by men against women is Hawthorne's rejection of that part of himself which sought to absorb the "naughty" Sophia Peabody within the sainted "Dove" of his desire, in Blithedale represented within the "Veiled Lady," who as a receptacle of man's desire is literally self-less in performing his every need, the type of "'true womanhood'" that Hollingsworth seeks and finds in Priscilla, whose sole interest to Coverdale as well is "in the fancy-work with which" he "has idly decked her out" (3:100). In Hollingsworth's words, the "true woman" is always "'the Sympathizer; the unreserved, unquestioning Believer; the Recognition, withheld in every other manner, but given, in pity, through woman's heart, lest man should utterly lose faith in himself; the Echo of God's own voice, pronouncing--'It is well done!'" (3:122). Such a woman as Hollingsworth desires may think that she is echoing "'God's own voice,'" but that "voice," of course, is the voice of her other creator and maker, man, Hollingsworth. The very "idol" of a philanthropic enterprise to which Hollingsworth has consecrated himself to as "high-priest" is but the "false deity" of self, the "spectrum of the very priest himself, projected upon the surrounding darkness" (3:70-71). In his desire to be worshipped by the "'unquestioning Believer,'" the "true woman," Hollingsworth would make another "idol" to sustain the delusion masking the first.

Hawthorne assigns to Hollingsworth the former occupation of "blacksmith" both to obscure his own identification with Hollingsworth and

to suggest it, at least to himself, for at his greatest creative intensity, Hawthorne conceived of himself as a worker in fire. The Scarlet Letter, of course, was a "h-ll-fired story," and in Blithedale, as he neared the end, he wrote Grace Greenwood that he had "been brooding over a book" and had "latterly got under a high pressure of steam" (16:533). He could not "promise to amend" Blithedale, he wrote E. P. Whipple in the letter in which he asked Whipple for his advice on the finished draft, because he asserted "the metal hardens very soon after I pour it out of my melting pot into the mould" (16:536). Hawthorne, the blacksmith molding from his past the characters of Blithedale in his creative fire, has his narrator employ "fire" as a metaphor for his own creations. Coverdale recreates the "fireside" at Blithedale on that arctic April day by raking "away the ashes from the embers in my memory" and blowing "them up with a sigh, for lack of more inspiring breath" (3:9). In the recreating "fires" of memory, Coverdale animates the self-created "monsters" of his mind while kindling the "fires" of "youth, warm blood, . . . hope," and the "so very beautiful" women, the "fires" for which he would now spend his "last dollar" if he could "prolong" their "blaze" (3:24). The "fires" that meld Coverdale with Hollingsworth and both with Hawthorne, however, are the "fires" of Vulcan's workshop. Early on, Coverdale comments that the passionate "glow" of Zenobia's cheeks "made me think of Pandora, fresh from Vulcan's workshop, and full of the celestial warmth by dint of which he had tempered and moulded her" (3:24). Though the reference is not repeated, it reverberates throughout the novel as a unspoken metaphor for the retributive furies that man has unleashed on and within himself by attempting to make woman in the image of his own desire.¹⁸ "I have hammered thought out of iron, after heating the iron in my heart" (3:68), proclaims Hollingsworth. Prominent among those iron-forged "thoughts," of course, is his conception of a "true woman" as existing solely to be man's "unquestioning Believer," and in Priscilla's malleable self, he finds, as Zenobia bitterly acknowledges, "'the type of womanhood, such as man has spent centuries in making it'" (3:122).¹⁹ The fires of Vulcan's workshop serve thus to buttress the romance's framing metaphorical structure, the stage of the male mesmerist, yet those metaphorical "fires" also suggest the fragility of that structure. In the making of a Priscilla, man is also responsible for creating the fury of a Pandora in a Zenobia,

the fury which he attempts to recontain through the condemnation, as Zenobia phrases it, of his "secret tribunals" (3:215).

In a sense, Hawthorne's purposes in Blithedale are to expose those "tribunals" by making Blithedale itself something of a public "tribunal" with Coverdale as its presiding "judge." In another sense, however, Hawthorne intends Blithedale to open Pandora's box. By having Hollingsworth be the romance's great defender of a domestic ideology which grants woman a superior spirituality only so long as it worships at the altar of a "masculine egotism," Hawthorne brutally strips away the sentimental veils that mystify the most pervasive slave institution in the land, the "hereditary bond-slavery," as Zenobia phrases it, of woman to man (3:217). By giving Zenobia a greater voice than he gave Beatrice or Hester, by allowing that voice to "haunt" Blithedale as it does the lives of its characters, to challenge at every point in fact Hawthorne's narrator's very urge to know her mystery and contain it within a ballad's comfortable repetitions of character and moral, Hawthorne recreates his own Pandora, translates the words of the ghost that speaks her fury in his memory.²⁰ "Write this ballad," Zenobia finally instructs Coverdale (3:224). But, as Fuller had similarly advised Hawthorne in her own criticism of his work, Zenobia commands him: "Put your soul's ache into it, and turn your sympathy to good account, as other poets do, and as poets must, unless they choose to give us glittering icicles instead of lines of fire" (3:224). As for the moral, she tells him it "shall be distilled into the final stanza, in a drop of bitter honey" (3:224).

When Hawthorne sat down to write Coverdale's "ballad," seven years had passed since the summer of 1844 when Hawthorne had last walked the woods of Sleepy Hollow with Fuller. The seven years that Coverdale mysteriously claims that it had taken him to "hive up the bitter honey" of warning to Priscilla that the "'dusty image'" of ourselves will inevitably be "'thrust aside into a corner'" of "'the innermost, holiest niche'" of the hearts "'where we wish to be most valued'" (3:76) are the same seven years, "'especially'" the "'mad summer'" that they "'spent together,'" during which Zenobia, with equal mystery, claims bitterly that "'the fiend'" of "'self'" has "'made his choicest mirth'" within Hollingsworth's heart when he "stifled down . . . [his] inmost consciousness" (3:218). Zenobia's indictment of Hollingsworth could well stand as Hawthorne's

indictment of his own recent life and literary career. He too had "stifled down" his "innermost consciousness" in turning away from the darker implications of his attraction to Beatrice and Hester that had enabled--been tools of--his writing. In his "self-deception," he had imagined himself as capable of enjoying contentment in a Holgrave turned conservative, settling for the reassurance and the sunshine of a Phoebe's love in the country, and, as something of a reward, discovering financial security in the process. In Hollingsworth's rejection of Zenobia for the fortune and the blindly unquestioning worship of a Priscilla, Hawthorne in a sense writes a counter-allegory of Holgrave and Phoebe and of the recent direction of his own life and literary career.²¹ When Zenobia contrasts for Coverdale the marriage that awaits Hollingsworth with Priscilla and then imagines the difference she could have made in his life as an equal partner, Hawthorne appropriates, with a bitterness he assigns to Zenobia, Fuller's contrasts of two marriages--the marriage of a "mutual idolatry," in which "the parties weaken and narrow one another" as "they lock the gate against all the glories of the universe, that they may live in a cell together," the woman becoming "an unlovely siren" and the man "an effeminate boy," and the marriage of an "intellectual companionship" based on equality, the type of marriage that Fuller had thought Sophia and Hawthorne capable of attaining.²²

"After all, he has flung away what would have served him better than the poor, pale flower he kept. What can Priscilla do for him? Put passionate warmth into his heart, when it shall be chilled with frozen hopes? Strengthen his hands, when they are weary with much doing and no performance? No; but only tend towards him with a blind, instinctive love, and hang her little, puny weakness for a clog upon his arm! She cannot even give him such sympathy as is worth the name. For will he never, in many an hour of darkness, need that proud, intellectual sympathy which he might have had from me--the sympathy that would flash light along his course, and guide as well as cheer him? Poor Hollingsworth! Where will he find it now?" (3:224-25)

With Zenobia gone, Hollingsworth will not find "that proud, intellectual sympathy" which he had had in Zenobia, just as Hawthorne, like Emerson, lost his "audience" when Fuller died.²³ Zenobia was right. In her absence, Holgrave and Phoebe become Hollingsworth and Priscilla.

Zenobia's indictment of Hollingsworth, of course, will reverberate in the hollow chambers of his heart, just as her "shadow" will dog his "side where Priscilla is not," but her rephrasing of Coverdale's earlier warning

to Priscilla will go, it seems, unheeded: "'Me thinks you have but a melancholy lot before you, sitting all alone in that wide, cheerless heart, where, for aught you know . . . the fire which you have kindled may soon go out'" (3:220). "'What will you do, Priscilla, when you find no spark among the ashes?'" Zenobia asks, and Priscilla answers, "'Die!'" (3:220). But Priscilla does not. In fact, as Hollingsworth's "fire" dies and his "masculine egotism" is deflated by "habitual" depression and melancholia, Priscilla thrives. In a complete reversal of the "good" that Hollingsworth sought and attained only to find that it was not what he wanted, he finds himself a "slave" to his own "childish" dependency on Priscilla's strength as his "protective and watchful . . . guardian," his dependency on her in other words as an "unquestioning Believer" in what he can no longer believe in (3:242). Priscilla does not seek "to exorcise the demon" that haunts Hollingsworth, according to Herbert, because in her "unquestioning reverence" for him, she "cannot even see it," yet his "moral paralysis" and her ascendent power over him will endure only so long as he "does not directly acknowledge the source of his guilt and seek to reclaim his self-respect by confronting the patriarchal axioms of his psychic constitution."²⁴ Herbert, I think, is certainly correct in his argument that Hawthorne attempts to do what Hollingsworth does not, to free himself from "Zenobia's ghost" by attempting in Blithedale to expose "the subversive tensions" that were inherent in "the romantic ontology of domestic relations" on which Hollingsworth and Priscilla's and his own marriage to Sophia were based.²⁵

Hollingsworth, however, is not all Hawthorne. The character traits that are "patched" together to make up Coverdale's "monster" of his friend Hollingsworth also contain the traits of that other man in Concord--Emerson. Part of Hawthorne's conception of Hollingsworth's character owes itself to Hawthorne's continuing effort to negotiate Emerson's influence and his own identification with the uneasy, isolated self at the heart of Emerson's self-sufficiency. In his life and in his work, Hawthorne just could not seem to escape Emerson's presence. Indeed, he might have sought it more than he ever admitted. Hawthorne biographers in general have inadequately explained the reclusive Hawthorne's pattern of seeking out a home among communities of writers and artists--Brook Farm, Concord, the Berkshires, Concord. It is curious that in 1852

Hawthorne paid \$1,500 for Alcott's home and an adjoining nine acres so that he could settle permanently as a neighbor to Emerson, Thoreau, and Ellery Channing, and in 1841 when he hoped to find a means of supporting himself and his prospective bride he invested the same amount, his life-savings, in Brook Farm, a venture whose communal idealism and financial uncertainty were too unstable for even Emerson and Fuller.²⁶

Hawthorne, of course, claimed that he was attempting to establish a place conducive to his writing and to his future marriage, a private agenda which links him to Hollingsworth's deceptive commitment to Blithedale, but as Edwin Haviland Miller observes, the \$1,500 he invested was equivalent to his yearly salary and was certainly enough, as he proved eleven years later, to purchase a home for his writing and for Sophia.²⁷ Perhaps we dismiss too readily the Hawthorne speaking behind the Coverdale who, despite his constant temptation to a usually self-directed middle-age cynicism, defends his youthful commitment to the ideals of Blithedale: "Whatever else I may repent of . . . let it be reckoned neither among my sins nor follies, that I once had faith and force enough to form generous hopes of the world's destiny--yes!--and to do what in me lay for their accomplishment" (3:11).

Hawthorne and Sophia did not marry until they had decided upon a home, and the place they chose, of course, was to settle at Emerson's side. As an added attraction, Hawthorne told Sophia, Fuller would be able to share her time with them when she visited Emerson in Concord. At the time, Sophia's regard for both Emerson and Fuller can only be described as an early manifestation of the hero "worship" that she would soon direct exclusively toward Hawthorne. When he moved to Concord, Hawthorne knew Fuller well, but not Emerson. Emerson clearly courted Hawthorne's friendship and came to have a high regard for him, if not for his writing, but Hawthorne's attitudes toward Emerson are difficult to determine. True, he wrote much about Emerson in his notebooks, and little of it is flattering. But, as Reynolds has demonstrated, much of the motivation behind Hawthorne's subtle ridicule of Emerson in his notebooks was intended for Sophia's benefit--to undermine her adoration for Emerson and redirect it toward, exclusively, her husband.²⁸ In his public literary work, however, Hawthorne's attitudes toward Emerson are much more ambivalent. In "The Old Manse," for instance, Hawthorne seems again to

ridicule Emerson's "wonderful magnetism" for attracting "hobgoblins of flesh and blood" and to portray himself as another kind of man and writer, an alternative in Concord and in the literary market-place (10:30). However, in locating the site of his writing at the very window from which Emerson looked out upon nature as he envisioned and wrote Nature, in writing his own version of his attempt to establish an identity in relationship with a different kind of nature, and, most importantly, in identifying himself as possessing a power to cast his own spell over others, Hawthorne identifies himself with, as well as against, Emerson. Against Emerson's "magnetic" influence, for example, Hawthorne offered merely another kind of mesmerism: "Others could give them pleasure and amusement, or instruction--these could be picked up anywhere--but it was for me to give them rest--rest in a life of trouble. . . . What better could be done for anybody, who came within our magic circle, than to throw the spell of a tranquil spirit over him? And when it had wrought its full effect, then we dismissed him, with misty reminiscences, as if he had been dreaming of us" (10:29). He would think of Sophia, of course, as being under such a spell, but he does not mention her, though later he will explain Priscilla's attraction to Hollingsworth as being rooted in her "unconsciously seeking to rest upon his strength" (3:77). Through a transparent reference, however, he does mention Margaret Fuller (10:29). By so doing, he makes a subtle claim for the greater power of his mesmeric spirit. The power of his "spell" had brought Emerson's then most famous protégé under his influence. In Emerson, Hawthorne saw a rival and a twin. The more deeply layered fictions of "Rappaccini's Daughter," The Scarlet Letter, and The Blithedale Romance repeat the pattern of "The Old Manse." Dr. Rappaccini and Giovanni, Chillingworth and Dimmesdale, Hollingsworth and Coverdale--each man in each pair both defines himself against the other and recognizes himself in the other. Women are the objects of their rivalries, and, in their desire to exert power over those women, the sources of their identities. As Reynolds has observed, "The male rivalry between the figure of Emerson and the figure of Hawthorne as 'author' forms a subtext for not only 'The Old Manse,' but also later works, where an absent woman is both the reward and the cost of male triumph."²⁹ Dimmesdale and Chillingworth in The Scarlet Letter, Coverdale and Hollingsworth in Blithedale--Hawthorne's repetition of the

same name pairings parallels his repetition of identities, of the "patches" which create character. In Blithedale, Hawthorne may be the Hollingsworth who chooses Priscilla over Zenobia, but he is also the Coverdale who envies the Emerson in Hollingsworth for his power to attract a Zenobia as well as a Priscilla. The intimacy of Fuller's friendship with Hawthorne may have rivalled her friendship with Emerson as she became more and more resigned to Emerson's "coldness," but, for her at least, it was not to develop the sort of highly charged romantic undercurrents that she experienced in her friendship with Emerson. In the freedom of memory's reimagining, Hawthorne writes the scene that could not happen, the scene in which Zenobia, in her final moments, speaks Fuller's disappointment in Emerson and her belated "understanding" of the source of Hawthorne's "admiration" for her: "She understood the look of admiration in my face," Coverdale says, "and--Zenobia to the last--it gave her pleasure" (3:226). What she "understood" is then explained by her answer to the question that Coverdale cannot bring himself to ask, nor Hawthorne to write: "It is an endless pity," said she, "that I had not bethought myself of winning your heart, Mr. Coverdale, instead of Hollingsworth's. I think I should have succeeded; and many women would have deemed you the worthier conquest of the two. You are certainly much the handsomest man. But there is a fate in these things'" (3:226-27). Hawthorne does not write a response for Coverdale. But earlier, when Zenobia had admitted to him that she "had been several times on the point of making you my confidant, for lack of a better or wiser one," Coverdale had answered with a promise: "I would at least be loyal and faithful" (3:141-42). His tale, for the most part, fulfills that promise. He writes the "ballad" that Zenobia had commanded him to write, a "ballad" rather than another verse form because Hawthorne associated Fuller with "ballads." It was the "ballad" form that Fuller had praised during one of the first conversations into which Hawthorne had entered the dialogue between Emerson and Fuller, the couple becoming a trio.³⁰

If the Coverdale in Hawthorne condemned the Hollingsworth, the Hollingsworth in him found his double in Emerson. Hollingsworth's obsession with the criminal within man may find its parallel with Hawthorne's literary obsessions, but his belief in the power of the self to

effect its own redemption finds its parallel in Emerson's secular idealism. Hollingsworth's blind projection of "a spectrum of the very priest himself . . . upon the surrounding darkness" complements Coverdale's description of Hollingsworth's "deep eyes" as beaming "kindly upon me" like "the glow of a household fire that was burning in a cave" (3:71) to suggest Hawthorne's association of Hollingsworth with a deluded Platonic idealism that has mistaken the light of self with the light of a disinterested ideal, the shadow with the substance. "Plato" was an identity that Emerson would have suggested to Hawthorne's imagination, for it was an identification that Emerson encouraged.³¹ "Minister" was another. Emerson was no longer a minister when Hawthorne knew him and never a philanthropist, of course, but in Hollingsworth's redeployment of gospel discourse to recruit disciples to his mission, in his sense of the sacredness of that mission of "self," and, of course, in his conversion of the Indian missionary Samuel Eliot's "pulpit" in nature, not in church, for a secular sermon, Hawthorne associates Hollingsworth with Emerson's transformation from a minister preaching the gospel of a divine Christ to a lecturer ministering to the Christ-like self. Hollingsworth's aggressive pursuit of his crusade for the reformation of criminals suggests a displaced Christian militancy, and "in Emerson's *Essays*, the *Dial*, Carlyle's works, and George Sand's romances," according to Coverdale, such "pilgrims . . . crusaders" as Hollingsworth and "the brethren and sisterhood" of Blithedale find their inspiration, read their gospels (3:52). The "light" of Hollingsworth's faith complements the Christ and Platonic "fire" images with which he is associated. Despite Coverdale's many misgivings about Hollingsworth, Coverdale has "deep reverence" for Hollingsworth's capacity for faith, a reverence that is confirmed when he hears Hollingsworth's passionate prayers beyond the wall and remarks that such a pious man is "decidedly marked out by a light of transfiguration, shed upon him in the divine interview from which he passes into his daily life" (3:39-40). Fire, light, and transfiguration are also associated with Emerson in "The Old Manse." In a passage that suggests both the fire of Plato's "Truth" and the spiritual light of Christ that attracted the multitudes to the Mount for the Sermon, Hawthorne describes Emerson's "intellectual fire" as "a beacon burning on a hill-top" to which his pilgrims journeyed, "climbing the difficult ascent" to look

"forth into the surrounding obscurity, more hopefully than hitherto," because the "light" of Emerson's idealism "revealed objects unseen before," both the noble ("mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos") and the ignoble ("bats and owls, and the whole host of night-birds") (10:31). In a sentence that could easily be read as a judgement of Hollingsworth by Coverdale, Hawthorne says of Emerson and his effect upon his followers, "Such delusions always hover nigh, whenever a beacon-fire of truth is kindled" (10:31).

The place where Hollingsworth preaches his "treasury of golden thoughts" (3:119), is "Eliot's Pulpit," and because, as Lauren Berlant observes, it is "the place of sexual, juridical, and theological confrontation," it "is to Blithedale what the scaffold is to The Scarlet Letter."³² "Eliot's Pulpit" is center stage in Coverdale's play of memory, the place that he returns to and anoints, according to Berlant, as "the omphalos of his experience, the place that contains the tangle of memory and desire his narration attempts to unravel (or reconstruct)."³³ That place, however, is in Concord, not Brook Farm. Concord was the original location of the Apostle Eliot's missionary preaching to the Indians, and it is thus, through Hollingsworth's association with Eliot in the past and Emerson in the present, the site of Hollingsworth's secular sermons.³⁴ For Hawthorne, however, "Eliot's Pulpit" represented far more than merely a geographic deception masking an allusion that would confirm Emerson's presence in Hollingsworth's conception. It was the site to which Hawthorne's thoughts, like Coverdale's, "continually reverted back, brooding . . . and bringing up incidents that seemed hardly to have left a trace of themselves, in their passage" (3:194). It was the site, however, that left its trace in the balcony-rimmed garden of Beatrice and Giovanni and the bank-enclosed dell of Hester and Arthur, the place where, as Coverdale says sometimes happens in the dense forest or in relationships, "a casual opening . . . lets us, all of a sudden, into the long-sought intimacy of a mysterious heart" (3:90). That place was the secluded spot in Sleepy Hollow just off the pathway where Hawthorne on 21 August 1842 first experienced, unexpectedly, "the long-sought intimacy" into the "mysterious heart" of Margaret Fuller, the place just below "the high bank," where Emerson, "the intruder . . . hidden among the trees," caught a glimpse of Fuller and interrupted their afternoon-long conversation

(8:343). As in "Eliot's Pulpit" in Blithedale, that day too was a Sabbath day, and Hawthorne, for Sophia's benefit, alludes to Emerson's lapsed but lingering ministerial pretensions, for "in spite of his clerical consecration," he "had found no better way of spending the Sabbath than to ramble among the woods" (8:343). Hollingsworth would "not exactly" preach but would talk "to us, his few disciples, in a strain that rose and fell as naturally as the wind's breath among the leaves of the birch-tree" (3:119), and Emerson, having interrupted Fuller and Hawthorne's conversation, began to talk to them of the "Muses in the woods" that day, of the "whispers to be heard in the breezes" (8:343).³⁵ The phrase, like the moment, lingered in Hawthorne's memory. Coverdale in his "hermitage" would contemplate "tuning" his verses "to the breezy symphony" and "meditate an essay for the Dial, in which the many tongues of Nature whispered mysteries, and seemed to ask only a little stronger puff of wind, to speak out the solution of its riddle" (3:99), thus linking a paraphrase of Emerson's metaphorical "talk" that Sabbath day to the metaphor with which Hawthorne habitually thought of Fuller's hold on his imagination, "the solution" to the "riddle" which, on that day, seemed close to being spoken out. But it was not to be spoken. In Hawthorne's narrative of that afternoon with Fuller, once Emerson, the "intruder," interrupts Fuller and Hawthorne, Emerson alone speaks. Abruptly, and with a reference to marked distinctions of intimacy and attitude, Hawthorne writes that "we separated, Mr. Emerson and Margaret towards his house, and I towards mine, where my little wife was very busy getting tea" (8:343). Mr. Emerson and Margaret, Hawthorne and the "little wife"--the last sentence identifies the four figures who confront each other at the base of "Eliot's Pulpit" in the melting pot of Hawthorne's memory.

In the revisionist turn of Blithedale, the "little wife" that Phoebe was in The House of the Seven Gables becomes the little "seamstress."³⁶ In both, Hawthorne reimagines the Sophia whose love and worship he courted and won, only to find--as Phoebe's transformation into Priscilla suggests--that "the good" that he sought and "attained" was "something else" which he had "never dreamed of, and did not particularly want," but did apparently need, and need too much (3:75-76). If in the final scene of Hollingsworth in his "self-distrustful weakness" leaning close to Priscilla,

haunted on his other side by the shadow of Zenobia, we have a representation of the bitter consequences of the wrong dream fulfilled, the "cell," as Fuller termed the home of a marriage of "mutual idolatry," in which Hollingsworth become his own inmate and warden. If it is a "tableaux vivant" of the self-contempt with which Hawthorne judged his own literary "mission" and his relationship with Sophia, we have in the preceding scenes of the romance a representation of that dream and of how and where it became the wrong dream.

The dream was wrong from the beginning, and Hawthorne's letters to Sophia suggest that he knew that. Blithedale confirms it. In Coverdale's initial characterization of the performance of the Veiled Lady as "wonderful" (3:5) and in his later "horror and disgust" at the display of "the miraculous power of one human being over the will and passions of another" (3:198), we have the "Strophe and Antistrophe," not of the "Dove" and "naughty Sophie" (15:400), but of Hawthorne's own opposing attitudes toward his "mesmeric" influence over Sophia. Hawthorne's attempts to "mesmerize" Sophia Peabody are evident, of course, in his courtship letters. In a 26 May 1839 letter to Sophia, one of his earliest love letters, Hawthorne displays the extremes of both attitudes. Hawthorne describes his "Dove" as a creature conjured up by his "musings" which "flits lightly" through his thoughts "as if my being were dissolved, and the idea of you were diffused throughout it" (15:316). Despite his "awe" over the angel-like "Dove," his sense of having for the first time met "a spirit" who "converts" his "love into religion," he insists on absolute control over his creature of salvation: "It is singular, too that this awe (or whatever it be) does not prevent me from feeling that it is I who have the charge of you, and that my Dove is to follow my guidance and do my bidding" (15:317). The sentences which follow not only demonstrate Hawthorne's anxious awareness of the brute will to power at the heart of his demands but also illustrate his deployment of that power. He would bid her first to accept as a condition of their love his definition of their relationship as being constituted by the command that his love may exercise over her and by the submission that her love must accept: "Am I not very bold to say this? And will not you rebel? Oh no; because I possess this power only so far as I love you. My love gives me the right, and your love consents to it" (15:317). "Since writing the above," he tells

Sophia in the next paragraph, he fell asleep and dreamed of having slept for a year only to awaken in his dream to find the ground burnt black beneath his bedclothes, the blasted earth a silhouette of his body with fresh herbs and grass sprinkled over the charred space. It is a "silly dream," Hawthorne tells her, but it clearly upset him. He challenged her to interpret it but not to draw the conclusion that the dream seemed designed by guilt to draw--"sombre omens" (15:317-18). In another "sombre omen," Hawthorne writes to his "Ownest Dove" of a daydream in which his "Dove" flies away from her captivity in the "home of his deepest heart" to her home in the "gladsome air" and Hawthorne imagines himself as an Icarus killing himself in his attempt to fly after her, the moral for him--"Mate not thyself with a Dove, unless thou has wings to fly"--the moral for her--"You will never fly away from me" (15:350-51). Sophia never flew away from Hawthorne, of course, but Hawthorne, nevertheless, suffered the consequences of "mating" himself to a self-generated "Dove." When he attained the dream of the "Dove" that "God gave" to him to be "the salvation" of his "soul" (15:330), it proved, inevitably, to be "something else," not what he had "dreamed of." While Sophia did her best to transform herself into Hawthorne's dream of salvation, Hawthorne discovered not only the emptiness of that dream, but, as the "sombre omens" of guilt had warned him, the horror of having dreamed it. In Hawthorne's famous eruption over Sophia's having allowed herself to be mesmerized (15:588-90, 634-35) and in Coverdale's "horror and disgust" at Westervelt for exploiting the power to make "human character . . . but soft wax in his hands" (3:198), Hawthorne inscribes his angry confrontation not only with a "rival" to his hold over Sophia, but also with an image of himself in the crude mirror of the mesmerist.

There are, of course, two mesmerists in "The Village Hall." In Westervelt, the crude reflection of the "Imaginary" competes on the stage of Hawthorne's imagination with the image of the "Actual" in Hollingsworth. Westervelt's spell over Priscilla is broken by the greater power of the spell of Hollingsworth's command, "'Come!'" (3:203). When Zenobia accuses Hollingsworth of betraying the best part of himself, of having ruined his own "'great and rich heart,'" Hollingsworth--stripped of the delusions in which he has encased himself and too impotent to deny her accusations--summons the only power he has left, turns to Priscilla, and

commands again, "Priscilla, . . . come!" (3:219). And once again, she does. But by doing so, she lives out Coverdale's worst fantasies of the power of the mesmerist to "virtually annihilate" the "individual soul" of his victims, a horror which Coverdale illustrated earlier in the mesmerized victim's unnatural rejection of family and loved loves (3:198). She has little difficulty in choosing between her love for her sister and her love for Hollingsworth. She simply turns her back on the sister she had idolized and follows the master who now depends on the strength of her weakness, her power to worship blindly the man who can no longer worship himself. Her worship, however, will be a terrible retribution, for it will daily remind him not only of his unholy success in transforming another into the object of his desire but also of his impotence to break the terrible spell of an unmerited adoration which he must, but cannot, live up to. If Hollingsworth is haunted by the shadow of Zenobia's ghost "on the side where Priscilla is not," he is also haunted by the specter of the woman he desired and got and now leans closer and closer to for the reassurance that he needs but knows is but the hollow echo of a command that he cannot now cancel, a command that, like the shadow of the woman on his side, haunts him like a prophecy gone awry in proving itself right. Woman's place, he perhaps hears himself saying again, bitterly, "'is at man's side. Her office, that of the Sympathizer; the unreserved, unquestioning Believer; the Recognition, withheld in every other manner, but given, in pity, through woman's heart, lest man should utterly lose faith in himself; the Echo of God's own voice, pronouncing--"It is well done!'" (3:122). It was indeed "well done." As Hollingsworth desired, Priscilla is not to be the "petticoated monstrosity" of the self-determined woman that he fears. She is to be the "monstrosity" that he made. Appalled by the blind strength of Priscilla's spell-bound love, Coverdale speaks something of Hawthorne's own appalled awe over what he had wrought:

Her engrossing love made it all clear. Hollingsworth could have no fault. That was the one principle at the centre of the universe. And the doubtful guilt or possible integrity of other people, appearances, self-evident facts, the testimony of her own senses--even Hollingsworth's self-accusation, had he volunteered it--would have weighed not the value of a mote of thistle-down, on the other side. So secure was she of his right, that she never thought of comparing it with another's wrong, but left the latter to itself. (3:220-21)

Here, as in "Rappaccini's Daughter," The Scarlet Letter, and tales such as "The Birth-mark" and "Ethan Brand," Hawthorne volunteers the "self-accusation" that, true to Coverdale's analysis of Priscilla, Sophia would fail to hear, much less heed.

Priscilla's iron-like love for Hollingsworth gives her character a solidity that is as appalling in its simplicity as was her former vaporous permeability. At Zenobia's funeral, Coverdale observes the effect of the last of Priscilla's many transformations. Thinking her still too weak to withstand the shock of Zenobia's death, "dreading to see her wholly overcome with grief," Coverdale finds instead that though "deeply grieved, in truth, she was," she possesses

a character, so simply constituted [that it] has room only for a single predominant affection. No other feeling can touch the heart's inmost core, nor do it any deadly mischief. Thus, while we see that such a being responds to every breeze, with tremulous vibration, and imagine that she must be shattered by the first rude blast, we find her retaining her equilibrium amid shocks that might have overthrown many a sturdier frame. (3:241-42)

The only "possible misfortune" that could wreck Priscilla, Coverdale says, is "Hollingsworth's unkindness." With something of the determination and anxiety that Hawthorne must have felt under the burden of Sophia's unqualified worship, Coverdale then adds that "that was destined never to befall her--never yet, at least--for Priscilla has not died" (3:242).

Because he knew that she would not hear his "self-accusations" through Coverdale and in Hollingsworth, nor see herself in Priscilla--or, just possibly, as the parenthetical "never yet, at least" suggests ever so slightly, perhaps because he both feared and hoped that she would--Hawthorne translated into Priscilla's character not only Sophia's unshakable adoration for him but also, most notably, Sophia's own "tremulous vibrations," her capacity for startling transformations that Hawthorne witnessed--and exploited--early in his courtship and marriage.

The essence of Priscilla's "impalpable grace," Coverdale observes, "lay so singularly between disease and beauty" (3:101). Within the movement of the narrative, Priscilla progresses from "disease" to "beauty." When Priscilla escapes from the city to Blithedale with Hollingsworth, she is a "depressed and sad . . . figure" with a "wan, almost sickly hue, betokening habitual seclusion from the sun and free atmosphere, like a flower-shrub that had done its best to blossom in too scanty light" (3:27).

Under the influence of Zenobia, Hollingsworth, and life at Blithedale, she enjoys for the first time life "in the free air," and, as Zenobia notes, "it intoxicates her as if she were sipping wine" (3:59). From the sickly "little seamstress," the stunted "flower-shrub," she begins to become the "very pretty girl" who "still kept budding and blossoming" (3:72), thinking herself in "'a Paradise'" where all, but particularly Hollingsworth and Zenobia, were "'such angels'" (3:59). Sophia, of course, never visited, much less lived at Brook Farm, but when she literally got out of her sick bed to marry Hawthorne and moved out of her parents' home in Boston to the "Eden" they would call Concord, she experienced, for a while at least, the physical transformation that Hawthorne ascribes to Priscilla, and she thought of herself as living with and among "angels."³⁷ Less than two months after her marriage, she wrote her mother that the reference in a previous letter to her "sick bed" sounded now "strangely," for "I seem to be translated out of the former Sophia Peabody's body-corporate entirely."³⁸ Sophia was to reinhabit that "body-corporate," however, for the immediate relief she experienced from spells of delicate nerves and headaches during that first summer of marriage was not to be permanent. Retrospectively, Hawthorne foreshadows the delicacy of Sophia's transformation in Coverdale's descriptions of the nervous fragility sustaining Priscilla's gaiety:

Her simple, careless, childish flow of spirits often made me sad. She seemed to me like a butterfly, at play in a flickering bit of sunshine, and mistaking it for a broad and eternal summer. We sometimes hold mirth to a stricter accountability than sorrow; it must show good cause, or the echo of its laughter comes back drearily. Priscilla's gaiety, moreover, was of a nature that showed me how delicate an instrument she was, and what fragile harp-strings were her nerves. As they made sweet music at the airiest touch, it would require but a stronger one to burst them all asunder. (3:74-75)

Because of her fragility and determined innocence, Priscilla, as Sophia was with her family and with Hawthorne, is the object of everyone's protective solicitude.

Hawthorne's "solicitude" extended, I think, to the novel's close. Though he had originally ended Blithedale with Coverdale at Zenobia's grave and then had added, apparently at Whipple's suggestion, an appropriate punishment for Hollingsworth in depicting him years later as a broken, haunted man, Hawthorne then apparently decided to close with

Coverdale's melodramatic confession of his secret love for "PRISCILLA!"³⁹ The impulse on Hawthorne's part to have his surrogate name her, rather than Zenobia, as the object of his unconfessed passion betrays something of a last minute anxiety that the autobiographical implications of the romance have left him a bit too self-exposed. Naming Priscilla, rather than Zenobia, confirms, for the record, his final allegiance to the "true woman" who has triumphed over Zenobia, to another "angel and apostle of the coming revelation," to another Phoebe. Only a tone-deaf worshipper of that ideal, however, would fail to hear the parodic voice of a melodramatic self-contempt in Coverdale's confessions: "As I write it, he [the reader] will charitably suppose me to blush, and turn away my face:--I--I myself--was in love--with--PRISCILLA!" (3:247). As Millington observes of "the bogus apparatus that accompanies it--the blush, the melodramatic punctuation," Coverdale "can only make such a confession in a way that announces its own inauthenticity."⁴⁰ "Coverdale's Confession" is Coverdale's self-inflicted punishment. It parodies Hollingsworth's original choice and his continuing inability, despite the ghost of Zenobia haunting him, to admit that he made the wrong choice. If Hawthorne intends to reveal anything by Coverdale's confession, it is that the unmasked narrator, for all his seeming differences, is essentially the same man as Hollingsworth, the "patch" of Hollingsworth that is free to tell us this tale. Coverdale's choice of an ending for his tale of mourning also parodies Hawthorne's endings in the two preceding romances and the choices, in life and in art, that those endings were meant to celebrate.

Coverdale may shout "PRISCILLA!" but he cannot silence the voice of the ghost whose name we have waited for him to speak, the name he will not utter, even in the end. Nor can he silence his heart. Aware that his relationships with Zenobia and Priscilla have irrevocably altered, Coverdale describes the irrepressible voice of an "unquiet heart" that refuses to be silenced by denial, the voice that will speak its tale of loss, of nostalgia and mourning:

I stood on other terms than before, not only with Hollingsworth, but with Zenobia and Priscilla. As regarded the two latter, it was that dreamlike and miserable sort of change that denies you the privilege to complain, because you can assert no positive injury, nor lay your finger on anything tangible. It is a matter which you do not see, but feel, and which, when you try to analyze it, seems to lose its very existence, and resolve itself into a sickly humor of your own. Your

understanding, possibly, may put faith in this denial. But your heart will not so easily rest satisfied. It incessantly remonstrates, though, most of the time, in a bass-note, which you do not separately distinguish; but, now-and-then, with a sharp cry, importunate to be heard, and resolute to claim belief. "Things are not as they were!"--it keeps saying--"You shall not impose on me! I will never be quiet! I will throb painfully! I will be heavy, and desolate, and shiver with cold! For I, your deep heart, know when to be miserable, as once I knew when to be happy! All is changed for us! You are beloved no more!" And, were my life to be spent over again, I would invariably lend my ear to this Cassandra of the inward depths, however clamorous the music and the merriment of a more superficial region. (3:138-39)

The voice of "Cassandra" speaking through Coverdale's heart is the voice of the woman who celebrated the feminine prophetic voice of Cassandra, who claimed that voice for herself, whose character in Coverdale's tragedy of memory warns that she cannot be silenced by denial or death but will haunt the heart, speak the name of the shadow "on the side where Priscilla is not," the name that Coverdale will not utter.

What cannot be said can be dreamed. And the fiction of a dream can be said with impunity in the fiction of a romance. Coverdale claims that he left Blithedale in part to escape from the "train of thoughts" that "had worn a track through my mind," but they "kept treading remorselessly to-and-fro, in their old footsteps," and "slumber left me impotent to regulate them" (3:153). Of the dreams which "tormented" Coverdale the moment that he "had quitted" his friends (3:153), the one dream that he reveals to us is the most literal translation of the "problem" which his tale sets out to solve. It is an image, another "tableaux vivant," of the ghost story speaking to him in the Cassandra's voice of memory and regret:

In those [dreams] of the last night, Hollingsworth and Zenobia, standing on either side of my bed, had bent across it to exchange a kiss of passion. Priscilla, beholding this--for she seemed to be peeping in a the chamber-window--had melted gradually away, and left only the sadness of her expression in my heart. There it still lingered, after I awoke; one of those unreasonable sadnesses that you know not how to deal with, because it involves nothing for common-sense to clutch. (3:153)

The dream speaks both his desire and his fear. Coverdale dreams of himself dreaming of being Hollingsworth. In his twin and opposite, Coverdale displaces and enacts his own erotic fantasies, giving Zenobia in this dream within a dream the kiss that neither he, nor Zenobia's Theodore, nor Aubépine's Giovanni would give, the kiss that the Cassandra of "the inward depths" calls for.

It would be at once both a kiss of faith and a kiss of betrayal. It would be the one "possible misfortune" of "Hollingsworth's unkindness" that would "burst all asunder" the "fragile harp-strings" of Priscilla's nerves. Without her faith in Hollingsworth, she would lose what had created her, gave her identity, existence. In Coverdale's dream, like the Cheshire cat, she would literally, gradually melt away, leaving only her "sad expression" in the air and in the heart. To sustain that worship, the truth must remain unsaid, guilt go unconfessed. Old Moodie describes the burden of shouldering Priscilla's illusions. "'In all the world,'" Old Moodie says, "'there was nothing so difficult to be endured, by those who had any dark secret to conceal, as the glance of Priscilla's timid and melancholy eyes'" (3:187). The pain of guilt, however, is intensified by the counter pain of regret for not having done what even in fantasy has become the "dark secret" that must be concealed. Like the dream that lingers on, after leaving Blithedale, Coverdale finds that he cannot let it go:

I had wrenched myself too suddenly out of an accustomed sphere. There was no choice now, but to bear the pang of whatever heart-strings were snapt asunder, and that illusive torment (like the ache of a limb long ago cut off) by which a past mode of life prolongs itself into the succeeding one. I was full of idle and shapeless regrets. The thought impressed itself upon me, that I had left duties unperformed. With the power, perhaps, to act in the place of destiny, and avert misfortune from my friends, I had resigned them to their fate. That cold tendency, between instinct and intellect, which made me pry with a speculative interest into people's passions and impulses, appeared to have gone far towards unhumanizing my heart. (3:154)

Unable to leave in memory the site of his regret and the ghosts that have "absorbed" his "life into themselves" (3:194), unable to speak the truth except in dreams of dreams, Coverdale speaks for Hollingsworth. As haunted as he, but not as mute, he too can shout "PRISCILLA!" to drown out the voice that accuses him. But before he does that, he can let us hear what he cannot silence. He can translate the voice of the Cassandra of the "inward depths," the voice of the "shadow where Priscilla is not." He cannot name it, but he can give it a name, and that name is Zenobia.

3

The woman whose name Coverdale refuses to give us is to be known by the legend she created in her "role" as Zenobia, writer of feminist "tracts" and tales, and, through allusion, in her role as the historical

successor to the third-century Queen of Palmyra, who courageously defied but was defeated by the Roman Empire. More than just appropriate as an epithet for Zenobia's "regal" manner and as an allusion to the epithet "Queen Margaret" that Sophia among others applied to Fuller and which Fuller at times represented herself, "Zenobia" suggests Hawthorne's concern with Fuller's recent past in revolutionary Rome as well as her past in his memories of Brook Farm and Concord.⁴¹ Further, because a popular literary tradition had developed around the historical Zenobia, the name itself presents the literary role of the character Zenobia as a woman performing the literary role of a character who is herself reenacting the life of an historical figure, the play within the play of this romance presented as the drama unfolding in Hawthorne's mind.⁴² "Zenobia" veils Fuller's identity in a stage-name that simultaneously though subtly exposes her identity as the actress behind the part of the part she plays, for the name suggests the role that Fuller assumed for herself during the Roman republic revolution that toppled temporarily the Roman Empire's successor, the Papacy. Hawthorne is not simply interpreting Fuller's radical defiance against Roman authority as having been like the historical Zenobia's. Rather, he is suggesting that Fuller self-consciously constructed her radical identity within that historical context on representations provided by literary texts of historical persons whose legends, like Zenobia's, are products of those very texts. He is also suggesting that in order for the Coverdale within him to communicate the "mystery" behind the identity Zenobia will not reveal to him and he cannot quite comprehend, much less reveal to us, he is driven to doing the same.⁴³ For Coverdale, Zenobia "might have been" a "thousand other things" than what she was, but then what she was was precisely what she decided she would be. Priscilla's complete opposite, Zenobia insists on creative control over the self. She writes, directs, and acts the parts that she performs. As Chevigny has recently said of Fuller's "theatricality," such performances of the self as those of Fuller and Zenobia are acts not of inauthenticity but rather of "resistant female expression," a "release from repression" but also a "deliberate creative act" in which "nature and character are both given and made through desiring and defiant performances."⁴⁴ Millington says much the same about "the passionately theatrical Zenobia," finding in her characterization

that "Hawthorne anticipates the ethical discovery that informs the late novels of Henry James," namely, that "there is a form of self-conscious performance that leads not to inauthenticity but to existence."⁴⁵ Zenobia's "mystery," in fact, is a direct consequence of her resistance to being limited, as Priscilla is so easily, to the part that men write for her. Despite Coverdale's willingness to cast her in a multiplicity of roles--writer, stump orator, feminist and radical reformer, tragic heroine, Queen Zenobia, Eve, Pandora, Cassandra-like prophetess, sorceress--she eludes him.⁴⁶ In the language of a desperate mesmerist whose subject responds to the command of only her own voice, he at one point becomes "determined to make proof if there were any spell that would exorcise her out of the part which she seemed to be acting. She should be compelled to give me a glimpse of something true; some nature, some passion, no matter whether right or wrong, provided it were real" (3:165). He misses the point. What is so "real" about Zenobia is what precisely cannot "be compelled" to display itself. As Christina Zwarg has observed of the evasiveness and contradictoriness of contemporary accounts of Fuller, "every effort to frame her in conventionality results in a destabilization of that frame" and "reads like an undecipherable text because 'she' participated in its production" by engaging "in a series of cultural negotiations" as a form of "resistance."⁴⁷

Like the Zenobia who "transformed" herself "into a work of art" (3:164), Fuller, in her effort to explore the possibilities of identity, often conflated, self-consciously, life with art. Her friends recognized that, and recent scholars, most notably Albert J. Von Frank, have explored its implications.⁴⁸ Reynolds and Smith, in particular, have demonstrated how in Fuller's Tribune dispatches from Europe her "devotion to the literary often made her blur the distinction between life and art," literary texts providing genres for historical emplotment and historical events becoming textual materials for literary use.⁴⁹ In triumph, the republican revolutions in Europe in general and Rome in particular were represented as historical "romance"--in defeat, as historical "tragedy." As narrator and actor in the historical tragedy which she dramatized, Fuller, note Reynolds and Smith, increasingly "assumed the persona of Liberty in that figure's martial aspect--stoic, uncompromising, willing to shed blood if the cause demanded it."⁵⁰ Six months after the defeat of the Roman revolutionary

republicans, Fuller in her final dispatch for the Tribune speaks in the prophetic voice of a still undefeated Liberty turned Cassandra:

The seeds for a vast harvest of hatreds and contempts are sown over every inch of Roman ground, nor can that malignant growth be extirpated, till the wishes of Heaven shall waft a fire that will burn down all, root and branch, and prepare the earth for an entirely new culture. The next revolution, here and elsewhere, will be radical. Not only Jesuitism must go, but the Roman Catholic religion must go. . . . Not only the Austrian, and very potentate of foreign blood, must be deposed, but every man who assumes an arbitrary lordship over fellow man, must be driven out. . . . The New Era is no longer an embryo; it is born; it begins to walk--this very year sees its first giant steps, and can no longer mistake its features. . . . At this moment all the worst men are in power, and the best betrayed and exiled. All the falsities, the abuses of the old political forms, the old social compact, seem confirmed. Yet it is not so: the struggle that is now to begin will be fearful, but even from the first hours not doubtful. . . . That advent called EMMANUEL begins to be understood, and shall no more so foully be blasphemed. Men shall now be represented as souls, not hands and feet, and governed accordingly.⁵¹

Such passages as this, with their melding of the sacred and the revolutionary apocalyptic, were likely on Hawthorne's mind when he described the grotesque contradictions of Zenobia's corpse, knees bent in the supplication of prayer, arm and clinched hand extended "in immitigable defiance" (3:235).⁵² Such passages also illustrate why Hawthorne would have Coverdale comment that "among a thousand other things that she might have been" Zenobia "was made . . . for a stump-oratress" (3:44). In that role, as in the passage above, her "hardihood of . . . philosophy," given his "state of moral as well as bodily faint-heartedness," "startled" him. "She made no scruple of oversetting all human institutions, and scattering them as with a breeze from her fan," he claims, for as "a female reformer" she had "an instinctive sense of where the life lies, and is inclined to aim directly at that spot. Especially, the relation between the sexes is naturally among the earliest to attract her notice" (3:44). In that phrase, "among the earliest," Hawthorne suggests that Zenobia's radical challenge to the "bond-slavery" of woman to man is, as it was for Fuller, but the first and most immediate manifestation of an attack upon any form of "arbitrary lordship" of one human being over another.

As the Cassandra's voice of Liberty in defeat, Fuller's is the voice of the defiant tragic heroine prophesying history's retribution on those who

would continue to seek "arbitrary lordship" over others. Hers is the voice heard echoed on the smaller private stage of Coverdale's tragedy in Zenobia's defiant prophecy that, despite her "dethronement," her voice, her shadow, would "haunt" the male despot Hollingsworth. And, indeed, Fuller does haunt the two men behind the mask of Hollingsworth, both of whom attempt to exorcise that ghost in the telling of her story, Hawthorne in Blithedale and Emerson in the Memoirs and in his private journals. As biographer Gay Wilson Allen concluded from his subject's return again and again in his journals to mediate on the meaning of Fuller's life and death, Emerson just "could not get Margaret out of his mind."⁵³ For both Hawthorne and Emerson the ghost of Fuller lingering in their memories takes the shape of a tragic heroine. Contemplating the title of "Margaret and her Friends" for the Memoirs, Emerson admits that "that form proved impossible." The only form that could contain his conception of her and of his role as surviving witness to her life was that of a Greek tragedy: "It only remained that the narrative, like a Greek tragedy, should suppose the chorus always on the stage, sympathizing and sympathized with by the queen of the scene."⁵⁴ Coverdale's self-appointed role in Zenobia's tragedy is almost identical to the role Emerson claims. He too would represent himself as performing a part like "the Chorus in a classic play," the Chorus because it "seems" to be uninvolved, "seems to be set aloof from the possibility of personal concernment, and bestows the whole measure of its hope or fear, its exultation or sorrow, on the fortunes of others, between whom and itself this sympathy is the only bond" (3:97). Coverdale's construction of Zenobia as a tragic heroine and of himself as the choral voice of the drama of her fall is suggested to him by Zenobia's self-representations, for later she tells him, "I have been several times on the point of making you my confidant But you are too young to be my Father Confessor; and you would not thank me for treating you like one of those good little handmaidens, who share the bosom-secrets of a tragedy-queen!" (3:141-42). Zenobia's representation of herself as a tragic queen is itself a representation of the part in which Fuller often cast her character.⁵⁵

Zenobia's tragedy is not played out on the battlefield of Rome, where revolutionary republicans battled the despotism of the Papal government and of reactionary foreign powers, but on the battlefield of "Eliot's

Pulpit," where Zenobia assaults the despotism of Hollingsworth's "masculine egotism." Zenobia fights Fuller's first battle--to end the "arbitrary lordship" of man over woman. As Fuller did, she fights for a democratic marriage of intellectual and spiritual equals against the despotic marriage of "worshipper" to "idol," "bond-slave" to "master." Hawthorne conflates both Fuller's earlier ideological fight for women's rights and for a reformation of the institution of marriage with her fight, the military fight, to overthrow the worldly power of one of the oldest institutions of "arbitrary lordship," the Papacy. Zenobia's battle inscribes both of Fuller's battles in the "battlefield" imagery with which Coverdale invests his tale. Coverdale, for instance, compares his intrusion into the just completed climatic "scene" between Zenobia, Hollingsworth, and Priscilla as giving him the sensation that he "had come upon a battle-field, before the smoke as yet cleared away" (3:215). Rejected by Hollingsworth, Zenobia herself speaks of her defeat in martial metaphors, a representational practice that Fuller apparently inspired, if we judge by the martial figures Fullers' friends employed in their own accounts of Fuller's "conquest" of their friendships.⁵⁶ The "moral" of the "bitter" ballad that she urges Coverdale to write, she tells him should be "this:--that, in the battlefield of life, the downright stroke, that would fall only on a man's steel head-piece, is sure to light on a woman's heart, over which she wears no breastplate" (3:224). At her funeral, Coverdale again invokes his own and Zenobia's metaphor, this time in an allusion to the Roman solution for a general's defeat: "It is a woful thought, that a woman of Zenobia's diversified capacity should have fancied herself irretrievably defeated on the broad battle-field of life, and with no refuge, save to fall on her own sword, merely because Love had gone against her'" (3:241).⁵⁷ The ideological battle between Zenobia and Hollingsworth, however, is more than just ideologically parallel to Fuller's feminist challenge and metaphorically parallel to Fuller's presence on the military battlefield of Rome. Zenobia's ideological battle, should she win it, as the republican revolutionaries of Rome initially won theirs, could become a physical battle of force in which the claim to the "sacred" as ground for male superiority is nullified by an assertion of the power of man's "arbitrary lordship," the power that the invocation of the "sacred" had been meant to mask. As happened in Rome when the once seemingly

liberal Pope Pius IX lost power to the forces of emergent republicanism and regained it only through enlisting the military force of foreign allies, so Hollingsworth says that if "'these petticoated monstrosities'" had a chance of being victorious in their arguments for an equality of the sexes, he "'would call upon my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable evidence of sovereignty, to scourge them back within their proper bounds!'" (3:123). Hollingsworth's "defeat" of Zenobia, the "downright stroke" that "is sure to light on a woman's heart," is reenacted on the midnight river with symbolic literalness: Hollingsworth makes good his earlier threat against Zenobia when he pierces her drowned heart with his "pole."

Zenobia is defeated, however, not just by Hollingsworth but by Priscilla as well--by Priscilla's all too ready willingness to betray herself, Zenobia, and indeed all women by giving over all power of the self to the will of the mesmerist-husband. When Hollingsworth exposes the "masculine egotism" at the center of his conception and enforcement of the only proper "sphere" for "'the heart of true womanhood,'" Priscilla encourages him, "blesses" him "with a glance of . . . entire acquiescence and unquestioning faith." "She seemed," Coverdale says, "to take the sentiment from his lips into her heart, and brood over it in perfect content. The very woman whom he pictured--the gentle parasite, the soft reflection of a more powerful existence--sat there at his feet" (3:122-23). Priscilla's transformation from the supplicant at Zenobia's feet to the "gentle parasite" at Hollingsworth's is parallel to Sophia's own transformation after marriage. As late as a month before her marriage, Sophia proclaimed herself a worshipper at the foot of the "shrine" of Fuller, the "Priestess," but by 1845 she had turned apostate.⁵⁸ In a statement that parallels Coverdale's analysis early in the romance of the sources of Zenobia's attachment to the rights of women (3:120-21), Sophia wrote to her mother: "'What do you think of the speech which Queen Margaret Fuller has made from the throne? It seems to me that if she were married truly, she would no longer be puzzled about the rights of women.'"⁵⁹ Zenobia may have inserted a "weed" into Priscilla's hair, as Hawthorne may have felt that Fuller had unduly influenced Sophia, but that "weed" was easily removed. And once removed, worship becomes betrayal.

Zenobia is also betrayed by her own father. In a retelling of Fuller's childhood education at the hands of her father, which was itself retold in Beatrice's story, Coverdale relates Old Moodie's story of himself as Fauntleroy raising Zenobia without "a mother's care." In a parenthetical indictment that could apply to both Fuller's father and Beatrice's, Coverdale remarks that "a man, however stern, however wise, can never sway and guide a female child," for in such circumstances "her character" is "left to shape itself," and it shapes itself in Coverdale's imagination as it did in Giovanni's: "There was good in it, and evil. Passionate, self-willed, and imperious, she had a warm and generous nature; showing the richness of the soil, however, chiefly by the weeds that flourished in it, and choked up the herbs of grace" (3:189). Like Rappaccini, Old Moodie lives in "'the splendor'" of his extraordinary daughter: "'Let the world admire her, and be dazzled by her, the brilliant child of my prosperity! It is Fauntleroy that still shines through her!'" (3:192). His pride, however, as that last sentence suggests, is rooted in the "masculine egotism" of a Rappaccini or a Hollingsworth. For all Old Moodie's glory in the "splendor" of Zenobia, Old Moodie makes Hollingsworth's betrayal of Zenobia for Priscilla possible because he does it first: "'My poor Priscilla! And am I just, to her, in surrendering all to this beautiful Zenobia? Priscilla! I love her best--I love her only!--but with shame, not pride. So dim, so pallid, so shrinking--the daughter of my long calamity!'" (3:193). Old Moodie's insistence that he loves Priscilla exclusively is as unconvincing because of its defensiveness, its pity, as is Coverdale's confession because of its self-consciously melodramatic insincerity. As with Hollingsworth, the very qualities in Priscilla which cause him "'shame'" and which are associated with his "'long calamity'" are the very sources of his love. An accomplice in Priscilla's "bond-slavery" to Westervelt, Old Moodie would free her from the public exploitation of that mesmerist in order to make it possible for another mesmerist to profit from her in the socially sanctioned private exploitation of the home.

With Zenobia defeated on the final "battle-field" by Hollingsworth's choice of Priscilla, Hawthorne would have Zenobia blame herself for betraying herself: "'Why should he seek me? What had I to offer him? A miserable, bruised, and battered heart, spoilt long before he met me! A life, too, hopelessly entangled with a villain's!'" (3:225). Zenobia will

"remove from Blithedale" because "a woman in my position, you understand, feels scarcely at her ease among former friends." "New faces--unaccustomed looks--those only can she tolerate," she says, for "under the eyes that knew her secret," she might "mortify herself . . . with foolish notions of having sacrificed the honor of her sex, at the foot of proud, contumacious man" (3:225). Here, as in many places in the romance, Coverdale translates into Zenobia's character and circumstance Hawthorne's conflation of the two Fuller ghosts haunting him, the Fuller of his memory at Concord and the Fuller of his imagination at Rome. For Hawthorne, Fuller "sacrificed the honor of her sex at the foot of" the "proud, contumacious man" the Marquis Ossoli. If the Hawthorne in Hollingsworth can be said to have chosen Priscilla over Zenobia, Phoebe over Alice Pyncheon, "the angel and the apostle of sacred love" over Hester, he did so, like Hollingsworth, only after learning of the scandal of Fuller's liaison with Ossoli.

That scandal and Hawthorne's reaction to it, as Chevigny has argued, are inscribed in Blithedale through Zenobia's mysterious yet clearly sexually tainted relationship with Westervelt and through Coverdale's angry contempt for and guilty identification with Westervelt.⁶⁰ Hawthorne, of course, would have known little about Ossoli at this time, except perhaps what he learned from rumors and from Fuller's letters to Caroline Sturgis Tappan. He probably knew the most prominently mentioned details--that he fought with the republican revolutionaries, that he was a penniless member of the minor Italian nobility, that he was handsome, and that he was the father of Fuller's son. He could not know, as no one really did, whether Ossoli was legally Fuller's husband. Married or not, the relationship between Fuller and Ossoli was intimately connected with Fuller's drowning. As was widely reported, he knew that Fuller refused to leave Ossoli's side and attempt to save herself as the Elizabeth broke apart--that, in other words, she had sacrificed her life over either her love for him or her despair at returning mortified to confront her former friends with him, the latter being the supporting text of the persistent interpretation of her death as a suicide. Sophia, as we have seen, chose to believe that Fuller died for love. Hawthorne, as we shall see, just could not accept that. As already suggested by Zenobia's bitterness in her final interview with Coverdale over her life being "hopelessly

entangled with a villain's,'" Hawthorne reacted to Fuller's liaison with Ossoli and the manner of her death as a betrayal of the best that he had come to know in Fuller and of the best and the worst that he had come to know, and conceal, in himself.

Hawthorne translates his anger and his inordinate curiosity about Fuller's relationship with Ossoli in his characterization of Westervelt. As Oscar Cargill discovered long ago, the unusual name "Westervelt" itself unmasks Hawthorne's concern in Blithedale with Fuller, for "Westervelt" was the name of a Swedish sailor listed in the New-York Tribune among those who drowned along with Fuller and Ossoli in the wreck of the Elizabeth.⁶¹ Coverdale's immediate loathing for the ghost of Ossoli--the "spectral character" (3:95) of the man who appears to him in the forest with "almost the effect of an apparition" (3:91)--inscribes Hawthorne's own instinctive hatred of the man who both won and "ruined" Fuller, a passion which erupts again six years later in Rome when Mozier describes Ossoli to him. In Hawthorne's imagination, Ossoli becomes in Westervelt the very incarnation of decadence and duplicity, "a moral and physical humbug" whose handsome face "might be removeable like a mask," the mask of "perhaps but a wizened little elf, gray and decrepit, with nothing genuine about him, save the wicked expression of his grin" (3:95). Westervelt's evil, it must be noted, is described in the distinctively European terms suggested by his very name and conforms in many respects to descriptions of Ossoli. In contrast to Coverdale's thoroughly American "rough hickory-stick" and plain "rustic garb" of a "linen blouse, with checked shirt and striped pantaloons," Westervelt is dressed like a European aristocratic fop. Carrying an elaborately carved serpent-headed stick, Westervelt wears "a summer-morning costume," with a "gold chain, exquisitely wrought, across his vest" and a "gem" that glimmers "like a living tip of fire" pinned to his extraordinarily white and well-pressed "shirt-bosom." Twenty-six years old when he met Fuller and twenty-nine when he died, Ossoli was tall, somewhat slight in build, and, by all accounts, extremely handsome. He had black eyes, black hair, and a black mustache. Employing what he had apparently heard about Ossoli, Hawthorne describes Westervelt as being "a little under thirty, of a tall and well-developed figure, and as handsome a man as ever I beheld" (3:91). Westervelt's "hair, as well as his beard and moustache, was

coal-black" and "his eyes, too, were black and sparkling, and his teeth remarkably brilliant" (3:92), brilliant, but, of course, false. Coverdale's repulsion originates not so much in his democratic disdain for Westervelt's decadent, vaguely Italian aristocratic "beauty" as it does in his recoil from his perception of Westervelt's aggressive sexuality, which is intimated by what Millington has termed Coverdale's "language of erection":⁶²

His countenance--I hardly know how to describe the peculiarity--had an indecorum in it, a kind of rudeness, a hard, coarse, forth-putting freedom of expression, which no degree of external polish could have abated, one single jot. Not that it was vulgar. But he had no fineness of nature; there was in his eyes (although they might have artifice enough of another sort) the naked exposure of something that ought not to be left prominent. With these vague allusions to what I have seen in other faces, as well as his, I leave the quality to be comprehended best--because with an intuitive repugnance--by those who possess least of it. (3:91-92)

.....
 My dislike for this man was infinite. At that moment, it amounted to nothing less than a creeping of the flesh, as when, feeling about in a dark place, one touches something cold and slimy, and questions what the secret hatefulness may be. And, still, I could not but acknowledge, that, for personal beauty, for polish of manner, for all that externally befits a gentleman, there was hardly another like him. (3:172)

Coverdale's association of Westervelt with the "naked exposure" of an aggressive sexuality is evident later at the "Village Hall." Prefacing his description of the performance with his account of the claims of mesmerism, the "mystic sensuality" which grants one "miraculous power . . . over the will and passions of another," Coverdale reports hearing from a stranger in the crowd an account of that power which, as illustrated by the examples Coverdale reports, suggests mesmerism's alliance with the force of a dark sexual attraction in its ability to lead a woman to betray those she once loved: "At the bidding of one of these wizards, the maiden, with her lover's kiss still burning on her lips, would turn from him with icy indifference; the newly made widow would dig up her buried heart out of her young husband's grave, before the sods had taken root upon it; a mother, with her babe's milk in her bosom, would thrust away her child" (3:198). As I have previously argued, Hawthorne's concern here and elsewhere with mesmerism arises from his identification with the male mesmerist's exploitation of his female subject. That concern, of course, is evident in the stranger's examples, but also evident perhaps is

Hawthorne's concern for the power that he imagined Ossoli must have exercised over Fuller to make her betray the self that Hawthorne had known and, in a sense, to betray those friends who loved her. Such a possibility gains weight if we recall that very soon after delivering her baby, Fuller, like the mother in the stranger's gossip, "thrust away" her child into the bosom of a wet-nurse in Rieti in order to rejoin Ossoli and the revolution in Rome. Hawthorne, in fact, links the "mystic sensuality" of the mesmerist and revolution in Westervelt's claim that mesmerism promises the power to effect "a new era . . . that would link soul to soul, and the present life to what we call futurity, with a closeness that should finally convert both worlds into one great, mutually conscious brotherhood" (3:200).

Just as Fuller's friends then and her scholars today have yet to determine whether Fuller and Ossoli were ever married, Coverdale never learns the exact nature of Zenobia's "entanglement" with Westervelt. In Coverdale's curiosity about her sexual past and his references to contemporary gossip, Hawthorne alludes to the gossip about Fuller and her Italian lover that reached America during the last four or five months of 1849 and continued long after her death. In an allusion that affirms the presence of those rumors by speculating on their very absence (true of 1841 but not of 1849-1852), Coverdale admits that he "perplexed" himself "with a great many conjectures" about "whether Zenobia had ever been married" (46):

If the great event of a woman's existence had been consummated, the world knew nothing of it, although the world seemed to know Zenobia well. It was a ridiculous piece of romance, undoubtedly, to imagine that this beautiful personage, wealthy as she was, and holding a position that might fairly be called distinguished, could have given herself away so privately, but that some whisper and suspicion, and, by degrees, a full understanding of the fact, would eventually be blown abroad. But, then, as I failed not to consider, her original home was at a distance of many hundred miles. Rumors might fill the social atmosphere, or might once have filled it, there, which would travel but slowly, against the wind, towards our north-eastern metropolis, and perhaps melt into thin air before reaching it. (3:46)

"Giving herself away privately" and "the world knew nothing of it" until the "whisper and suspicion" that "would eventually be blown abroad" from her distant home "against the wind" to "our north-eastern metropolis"--Hawthorne's phrasing suggests the progress of the gossip

through which Fuller's relationship with Ossoli came to be known first among the Anglo-American colony in Rome and then by her friends in America. Coverdale later confirms that rumors in fact did exist: "There were whispers of an attachment, and even a secret marriage, with a fascinating and accomplished, but unprincipled young man" (3:189). These rumors, however, did not destroy the high regard with which Zenobia's extraordinary character was held, just as they did not alienate any of Fuller's friends. Hawthorne explains why:

Nor was her reputation seriously affected by the report. In fact, so great was her native power and influence, and such seemed the careless purity of her nature, that whatever Zenobia did was generally acknowledged as right for her to do. The world never criticised her so harshly as it does most women who transcend its rules. It almost yielded its assent, when it beheld her stepping out of the common path, and asserting the most extensive privileges of her sex, both theoretically and by her practice. The sphere of ordinary womanhood was felt to be narrower than her development required. (3:189-90)

Fuller, in fact, made no apologies for her actions, nor deemed any necessary. She presumed, in fact, that her friends, if not the public, would "assent" to her actions. Fuller, for instance, wrote on 30 November 1849 to Emelyn Story:

I am sure your affection for me will prompt you to add, that you feel confident whatever I have done has been in a good spirit and not contrary to my ideas of right; for the rest, you will not admit for me, as I do not for myself, the rights of the social inquisition of the U.S. to know all the details of my affairs. If my mother is content, if Ossoli and I are content, if our child when grown up is content, that is enough. You and I know enough of the U.S. to be sure that many persons there will blame whatever is peculiar, the lower persons everywhere, are sure to think that whatever is mysterious must be bad, but I think there will remain for me a sufficient number of friends to keep my heart warm and help me to earn my bread; that is all that is of any consequence.⁶³

In a 11 December 1849 letter to her sister, Ellen Fuller Channing, Ellery's wife, Fuller wrote that though "the connexion seemed so every way unfit," she "did not hesitate a moment." Employing the metaphors that Hawthorne would use to describe Zenobia, Fuller then explained: "I acted upon a strong impulse. I could not analyze at all what passed in my mind. I neither rejoice nor grieve, for bad or for good I acted out my character. Had I never connected myself with any one my path was clear, now it is all hid, but in that case my development must have been partial."⁶⁴

Emerson attests to the accuracy of Hawthorne's description, through Zenobia, of Fuller's immunity from the moral condemnation accorded most women who "acted out" their characters in similar parts. Just after her death, he recorded in his notebooks contemptuously that "the timorous said, What shall we do? how shall she be received, now that she brings a husband & child home?" But he was confident that Fuller would have quickly silenced the "timorous": "She had only to open her mouth, & a triumphant success awaited her. She would fast enough have disposed of the circumstances & the bystanders. For she had the impulse, & they wanted it. Here were already mothers waiting tediously for her coming, for the education of their daughters."⁶⁵

In the "doubled . . . reflection" of the "great mirror" of "Zenobia's Drawing-Room," Hawthorne in Coverdale's reflection and Fuller in Zenobia's, Hawthorne imagines confronting Fuller in Europe about those rumors, telling her "with a secret bitterness," as Coverdale does Zenobia, that "'it is really impossible to hide anything, in this world, to say nothing of the next'" (3:163). The worldly luxuriance and sophistication attributed to Zenobia and her lavish surroundings are contrasted sharply and explicitly with the simple grace of Zenobia at Blithedale. Like the contrast between Coverdale's attire and Westervelt's in the woods, the contrast here functions as a contrast between American simplicity and European decadence, between the Fuller that Hawthorne knew at Boston, Brook Farm, and Concord--"dressed as simply as possible, in an American print . . . with only the one superb flower in her hair" (3:15)--and the Fuller that he imagined as a Marchesa in Europe--"her beauty . . . set off by all that dress and ornament could do for it" with now "a flower exquisitely imitated in jeweller's work, and imparting the last touch that transformed Zenobia into a work of art" (3:163). Confronting the "transformed Zenobia," Coverdale exclaims, "I scarcely feel . . . as if we had ever met before. How many years ago it seems, since we last sat beneath Eliot's pulpit'" (3:164). Puzzled, nostalgic, he asks her, "'Can it be Zenobia, that you ever really numbered yourself with our little band of earnest, thoughtful, philanthropic laborers?'" (3:164). Moments later, he asks if she "'has given up Blithedale forever,'" saying that "'it appears all like a dream that we were ever there together'" (3:165). To the implied criticism of their present mode of life that is at the center of Coverdale's

nostalgia and longing, Zenobia rebukes Coverdale's fixation on a static, irretrievable past: "I should think it a poor and meagre nature, that is capable of but one set of forms, and must convert all the past into a dream, merely because the present happens to be unlike it" (3:165).

Read as a "double reflection," the scene is rich in suggestiveness, for in having Coverdale examine his own obsession with Zenobia's "mystery" and in having her recognize and respond to that obsession, Hawthorne in effect imagines the response Fuller might have made to him had she lived to recognize herself, as Coverdale does, in the mirror of Hawthorne's "familiar" room. Coverdale first imagines Zenobia as being perceptive and sympathetic enough to recognize his need to live in her life, to find in her "mystery," as the narrator says of Giovanni, "the riddle of his own existence." He describes himself, in fact, as something of a blend of Dr. Rappaccini, Giovanni, and Chillingworth:

She should have been able to appreciate that quality of the intellect and the heart, which impelled me (often against my own will, and to the detriment of my own comfort) to live in other lives, and to endeavor by generous sympathies, by delicate intuitions, by taking note of things too slight for record, and by bringing my human spirit into manifold accord with the companions whom God assigned me--to learn the secret which was hidden even from themselves. (3:160)

Coverdale's self-portrait is an apt description of his life within the romance, but it is also an apt description of Hawthorne's life outside the romance as the author who must live in it to create it. The literary "doubleness" of the lives of character and author informs the terms of Zenobia's acknowledgement and condemnation of Coverdale's fascination with her: "It has gratified me to see the interest which you continue to take in my affairs! I have long recognized you as a sort of transcendental Yankee, with all the native propensity of your countrymen to investigate matters that come within their range, but rendered almost poetical, in your case, by the refined methods which you adopt for its gratification" (3:162). Through "'the refined methods'" of this and previous romances, Hawthorne has "'rendered almost poetical'" the literary "'gratification'" of an obsession which he imagines Fuller, through Zenobia, condemning as simply sophisticated nosiness, displaced voyeurism. Zenobia's reference to "'your countrymen'" rather than "our countrymen" reinforces the European associations of this scene, and it also, by implication, contrasts American moral provincialism with European

tolerance, a contrast which Fuller herself drew for Caroline Sturgis Tappan in a 17 December 1849 letter, which Hawthorne, as I have speculated, likely read at Lenox:

But what you say of the meddling curiosity of people repels me. It is so different here. When I made my appearance with a husband and a child of a year old nobody did the least thing to annoy me. All were most cordial, none asked or implied questions. Yet there were not a few that might justly have complained that when they were confiding to me all their affairs and doing much to serve me, I had observed absolute silence to them.⁶⁶

In Coverdale's defense of his own "'meddling curiosity'" and the "'refined methods'" by which he gratifies it as narrator of Zenobia's and Hollingsworth's lives, we may read the multiple and unresolved dimensions of Hawthorne's relationship with Fuller that Hawthorne wrote into The Scarlet Letter and, after her death, into Blithedale, when gossip about the manner of her death as well as about the nature of her relationship with Ossoli was rife. Here Coverdale speaks of his role as witness, defender, judge, executioner, mourner, and lover of both Zenobia and Hollingsworth:

True; I might have condemned them. Had I been judge, as well as witness, my sentence might have been stern as that of Destiny itself. But, still, no trait of original nobility of character; no struggle against temptation; no iron necessity of will, on the one hand, nor extenuating circumstance to be derived from passion and despair, on the other; no remorse that might co-exist with error, even if powerless to prevent it; no proud repentance, that should claim retribution as a meed--would go unappreciated. True, again, I might give my full assent to the punishment which was sure to follow. But it would be given mournfully, and with undiminished love. And, after all was finished, I would come, as if to gather up the white ashes of those who had perished at the stake, and to tell the world--the wrong being now atoned for--how much had perished there, which it had never yet known how to praise. (3:161)

"Mournfully" and "with undiminished love"--that is how and why Coverdale stands at Zenobia's grave and tells us her tale. That is also, of course, why Coverdale is so obsessively curious about Zenobia's sexual past, why he says "a part of my own nature showed itself responsive to him" (3:102), and why he is so violently repulsed by Westervelt. Despite Coverdale's self-cancelling admissions that in suspecting Zenobia of having "given herself away" he felt himself "defrauded" and that, rather than "could not," he "should not under any circumstances have fallen in love with Zenobia" (3:48; my emphasis), it is more than clear that Coverdale is powerfully, erotically drawn to Zenobia. Curiously, Coverdale

attempts to explain his susceptibility to Zenobia's powerful influence and his intuitive sensitivity to Zenobia's sexual experience as the result of his fever. His fever, he claims, led him to become "a mesmeric clairvoyant," for, as he explains, the "reduced state" of his "corporeal system" caused "vapors" to "rise up to the brain, and take shapes that often image falsehood, but sometimes truth," giving him access to an extraordinary "species of intuition" while at the same time giving "the spheres" of his "companions . . . a vastly greater influence" over him "than when robust health gives us a repellent and self-defensive energy" (3:46). "Zenobia's sphere," particularly, he says, "impressed itself powerfully on mine, and transformed me, during this period of my weakness, into something like a mesmeric clairvoyant" (3:46-47). Hawthorne did become ill during his first days at Brook Farm. But the "visionary" experience of the "fever" that he describes here did not occur there. It occurred in fact to the "Seerest of Prevorst," Frederica Hauffe, whose story of the simultaneous onset of fever and startlingly visionary powers Hawthorne had read in Fuller's Summer on the Lakes, in 1843.⁶⁷ Hawthorne's appropriation of Fuller's account of the Seerest may be read in many ways--as a parody of the credence with which Fuller gives the tale as illustrating a type of creative intuition and of the lameness of Coverdale's attempt to attribute to fever his overheated sexual preoccupations--or as an appropriate and something less than metaphorical association of Fuller with the fever in August of 1849 which preceded Hawthorne's "vision" of The Scarlet Letter, and the fever in late May and early June of 1850 in Lenox, which struck the moment Hawthorne arrived at the place where Fuller, in a matter of weeks, was expected. It may also, perhaps most appropriately, be read as Hawthorne's appropriation to his translator-spokesman of the powers of Fuller's own "clairvoyant" to sanction his own summoning of the spirits of the dead to a "dialogue" with the living. Fuller, in fact, interprets Frederica's "visions" as the type of "poetic creation" that Hawthorne claims for the "theatre" of Blithedale and "the creatures of his brain" (3:1): Fuller calls Frederica's visions "poetic creations," she says, because "to my mind, the ghosts she saw were projections of herself into objective reality."⁶⁸ It should be noted that Frederica's "fever" and "visions" lasted for the last seven years of her life--like the seven years of Coverdale's "bitterness," the seven years of Zenobia's relationship with

Hollingsworth, the seven years that had separated Hawthorne from Fuller, and the seven years between the creation of "Rappaccini's Daughter" and Blithedale.

Just as Giovanni began to believe that Beatrice had infected his system with the poison of his own lust, so Coverdale at first attempts to explain his own violations of "the privilege of modesty" as a consequence of his "illness and exhaustion" in concert with the "spell" that Zenobia cast upon him (3:44-45). He admits, however, that once he was well and in fact for as long as he "continued to know" Zenobia the "daily flower" that symbolizes her sexuality "affected my imagination, though more slightly, yet in very much the same way" (3:45). In the first of the many parts in which he will cast Zenobia, Coverdale imagines her, as Giovanni imagined Beatrice and her intimate association with the purple flowers, as "breathing out" an "influence" that must have been much like Eve's (3:17). Coverdale makes his association of Zenobia with Eve as an explicit confession of the extraordinary power that she exerted over his erotic imagination, but the association also implicitly acknowledges Giovanni's fear, that, like Adam, his erotic attraction to her gives her the power to destroy him.

Fuller has long been identified as informing Hawthorne's characterization of Zenobia as an outspoken feminist who was a powerful speaker but weaker writer, but because Zenobia is presented as being an Eve-like beauty who inspires Coverdale's sexual fantasies, even those most sympathetic to Fuller have qualified their assessment of Fuller's influence on Hawthorne and on his creation of Zenobia's character. Fuller was supposedly just too "plain" to inspire the erotic imagination of Hawthorne. After summarizing the parallels often pointed out between Fuller and Zenobia, Edward Wagenknecht, for instance, dismisses Fuller's influence on Zenobia's characterization by asserting that Fuller, unlike Zenobia, "was decidedly plain" and, besides, Hawthorne "decidedly disliked" her.⁶⁹ Even in the still standard biography of Fuller, Blanchard finds numerous parallels between Fuller and Zenobia but acknowledges one major difference; Zenobia "is dark and beautiful, as Margaret certainly was not."⁷⁰ Following Chevigny's earlier argument that Hawthorne modeled Zenobia after Fuller but encoded Fuller's "unmentionable sexuality" in Zenobia's beauty, Cary adds that to do so was "a truly terrible

condescension to Fuller" in that it betrays Hawthorne's concern that "his audience would simply fail to credit the sexual allure of any homely woman."⁷¹

Interestingly, no one seems to employ the same standards to question the credibility of Hawthorne's sexual attraction to Sophia, and Sophia was never characterized, by anyone, as being anything more than attractive, never certainly a beauty. One contemporary, in fact, thought she looked like Fuller: Edward Duyckinck in an August 1850 letter to his wife from the Berkshires wrote that Sophia "'resembles Margaret Fuller in appearance,'" but Sophia was "'more robust than she was.'"⁷² As Marie Urbanski has demonstrated, Fuller's supposed "plainness" originated primarily in Emerson's defensive account of his intimate friendship with Fuller. In deference to Emerson's reputation and the impossibility of obtaining an accurate description of her from the few available portraits, which present dissimilar representations, biographers have simply adopted his judgement as gospel.⁷³ His judgement, however, has been grossly oversimplified. For one thing, when he wrote of Fuller's "extreme plainness" he referred not to her features or her figure but specifically to her "trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids" [the result of nearsightedness] and "the nasal tone of her voice," the same voice which Poe characterized as "musical."⁷⁴ Of the physical details that Emerson does give--her "face and frame" indicating "fulness and tenacity of life," her "middle height," her "fair complexion," and her "strong fair hair"--one crucial detail, her "fair hair," if he meant "blonde," is confirmed by one of his collaborators on the Memoirs, James Freeman Clarke, but contradicted by his other co-contributor, William Henry Channing, who quotes in his section of the Memoirs the Rev. F. H. Hedge saying that Fuller had "rich brown hair."⁷⁵ If these three men, three of Fuller's oldest and best friends, could not exactly agree about Fuller's looks, they were not alone. Consider the struggle of Rev. F. H. Hedge, another of Fuller's close friends, trying to describe her: "'With no pretensions to beauty then, or at any time, her face was one that attracted, that awakened a lively interest, that made one desirous of a nearer acquaintance. It was a face that fascinated, without satisfying. Never seen in repose, never allowing a steady perusal of its features, it baffled every attempt to judge the character by physiognomical induction.

. . . I said she had no pretensions to beauty. Yet she was not plain."⁷⁶
 The "perpetual confusion and absence of certainty" in the "radically contradictory" descriptions of Fuller, Zwarg concludes, with barely disguised frustration, "constitutes an allegory for the critical image deployed on the body of Fuller's work" itself.⁷⁷

What emerges from the Memoirs and indeed from all other contemporary accounts of Fuller is that, whatever she may have looked like, her friends testify again and again to her passionate intensity and the powerful attraction she exerted on them and on others, an attraction that left them often testifying to Fuller's "beauty." Emerson, in fact, tries to explain this in a passage in which he contrasts the greater power of her discourse over her "verbose" prose:

But in discourse, she was quick, conscious of power, in perfect tune with her company, and would pause and turn the stream with grace and adroitness and with so much spirit, that her face beamed, and the young people came away delighted, among other things, with 'her beautiful looks.' When she was intellectually excited, or in high animal spirits, as often happened, all deformity of features was dissolved in the power of the expression. So I interpret this repeated story of her sumptuousness of dress, that this appearance, like her reported beauty, was simply an effect of a general impression of magnificence made by her genius, and mistakenly attributed to some external elegance."⁷⁸

In his notebooks, Emerson confided, "The only solution to be given of the impression she made was some intrinsic grandeur."⁷⁹

On closer examination, Zenobia's beauty and her erotic attractiveness for Coverdale has little to do with her features, which are but vaguely described. Like Fuller, like Beatrice, Zenobia's purported beauty is primarily an impression created by the effect of the "passionate intensity" of her character--her look, gesture, and speech. As a testimony to the power she exerted over Coverdale, Coverdale's descriptions of her have exerted a similar power over Hawthorne's readers, whose impressions of her physical beauty are in fact based on descriptions of her character and its physical, dynamic expression. Consider the focus of emphasis in the following descriptions:

Assuredly, Zenobia could not have intended it--the fault must have been entirely in my imagination--but these last words, together with something in her manner, irresistibly brought up a picture of that fine, perfectly developed figure, in Eve's earliest garment. I almost fancied myself actually beholding it. Her free, careless, generous modes of expression often had this effect of creating images which,

though pure, are hardly felt to be quite decorous, when born of a thought that passes between man and woman. I imputed it, at that time, to Zenobia's noble courage, conscious of no harm, scorning the petty restraints which take the life and color out of other women's conversation. There was another peculiarity about her. We seldom meet with women, now-a-days, and in this country, who impress us as being women at all; their sex fades away and goes for nothing, in ordinary intercourse. Not so with Zenobia. One felt an influence breathing out of her, such as we might suppose to come from Eve, when she was just made, and her Creator brought her to Adam, saying "Behold, here is a woman!" Not that I would convey the idea of especial gentleness, grace, modesty, and shyness, but of a certain warm and rich characteristic, which seems, for the most part, to have been refined away out of the feminine system. (3:17)

.....
 Zenobia had a rich, though varying color. It was, most of the while, a flame, and anon a sudden paleness. Her eyes glowed, so that their light sometimes flashed upward to me, as when the sun throws a dazzle from some bright object on the ground. Her gestures were free, and strikingly impressive. The whole woman was alive with a passionate intensity, which I now perceived to be the phase in which her beauty culminated. Any passion would have become her well, and passionate love, perhaps, the best of all. (3:102)

The latter passage names the "passionate intensity" that inspired the former passage, and the former passage locates that "passionate intensity" in the evocative power of Zenobia's look, gesture, and, particularly, speech.⁸⁰ Zenobia's speech alone inspires Coverdale's erotic images. That passage also provides a corrective gloss on what Hawthorne in 1858 would call the absence in Fuller of the "charm of womanhood" (14:155). Zenobia's attractiveness as a woman, Coverdale is careful to note, does not arise from those "charms" typically associated with contemporary constructions of femininity--"gentleness, grace, modesty, and shyness"--but "a certain warm and rich characteristic, which seems, for the most part, to have been refined away out of the feminine system" (3:17). He had made the same point earlier in describing her as "an admirable figure of a woman, just on the hither verge of her richest maturity, with a combination of features which it is safe to call remarkably beautiful, even if some fastidious persons might pronounce them a little deficient in softness and delicacy" (3:15). Zenobia has the "fulness and tenacity of life" in face and figure that Emerson described in Fuller, but both lacked the "softness" and "delicacy" of the conventionally beautiful woman, who is represented in *Blithedale* by Priscilla, that combination of "disease" and "beauty," whom Westervelt describes, in phrases that intertextually allude to

Coverdale's earlier comment, as "'one of those delicate, nervous young creatures, not uncommon in New England'" who "'have become what we find them by the gradual refining away of the physical system'" (3:95). Zenobia's lack of conventional "delicacy" is, in fact, a sign both of her health and her sexuality. The "passionate intensity" of Zenobia's character is expressed in the dynamic of her body in motion. Note, for instance, Coverdale's contrast between the lifeless poses, the "tableaux vivants," of conventional women with the natural vitality of Zenobia's movements:

Not one woman in a thousand could move so admirably as Zenobia. Many women can sit gracefully; some can stand gracefully; and a few, perhaps, can assume a series of graceful positions. But natural movement is the result and expression of the whole being, and cannot be well and nobly performed, unless responsive to something in the character. I often used to think that music--light and airy, wild and passionate, or the full harmony of stately marches, in accordance with her varying mood--should have attended Zenobia's footsteps.
(3:155-56)

Coverdale then links the natural beauty of her movement with the "large amount of physical exercise" that Zenobia, unlike "most of her sex," needed for "her moral well-being," and he specially illustrates his point by observing that "no inclemency of sky or muddiness of earth had ever impeded her daily walks" (3:156). That Fuller was noted for grace and vitality of movement and gesture or that she was an inveterate walker is not so much an indication that Hawthorne had Fuller in mind here as is that last detail, her willingness to walk during inclement weather or over wet, muddy ground. Hawthorne seems to be thinking here of his last walk through the wet woods of Sleepy Hollow with Fuller before she left Concord in the summer of 1844. In her journal, Fuller describes it: "Walk with H. in the woods long paths, dark and mystical. We went far & it was quite dark when we returned: we lost the path & I got wet in the long grass & had much scrambling. Yet this was pleasant too in its way."⁸¹

Westervelt may dismiss the conventional "charms of womanhood" in the "delicacy" of Priscilla's sexlessness, but, for Coverdale, Westervelt is even more incapable of comprehending, much less being worthy of, the passionate intensity of Zenobia's rich and warm character. Coverdale's contempt for the "miserably incomplete" (3:103) Westervelt and his anger over Zenobia's having wasted herself on such a man anticipates

Hawthorne's outburst in 1858 when he once again wonders of Fuller and the "half an idiot" Ossoli "what attraction she found in this boor, this hymen without the intellectual spark . . . except it were purely sensual," for Ossoli "could not possibly have had the least appreciation" of her (14:155). For Hawthorne, Fuller's connection with Ossoli led to "a total collapse in poor Margaret, morally and intellectually" (14:156). Similarly, Coverdale faults Westervelt's intellectual and spiritual inadequacy with "the moral deterioration" caused by the "false and shallow life" (3:103) Zenobia found with him:

It was a crisis in which his intellectual perceptions could not altogether help him out. He failed to comprehend, and cared little for comprehending, why Zenobia should put herself into such a fume; but satisfied his mind that it was all folly, and only another shape of a woman's manifold absurdity, which men can never understand. How many a woman's evil fate has yoked her with a man like this! Nature thrusts some of us into the world miserably incomplete, on the emotional side, with hardly any sensibilities except what pertain to us as animals. No passion, save of the senses; no holy tenderness, nor the delicacy that results from this. Externally, they bear a close resemblance to other men, and have perhaps all save the finest grace; but when a woman wrecks herself on such a being, she ultimately finds that the real womanhood, within her, has no corresponding part in him. Her deepest voice lacks a response; the deeper her cry, the more dead his silence. The fault may be none of his; he cannot give her what never lived within his soul. But the wretchedness, on her side, and the moral deterioration attendant on a false and shallow life, without strength enough to keep itself sweet, are among the most pitiable wrongs that mortals suffer. (3:102-03)

Coverdale's depiction of Zenobia's "evil fate" in being "yoked" with a man that is incapable of responding to her "real womanhood," was likely inspired, in fact, by Fuller's own account of a similar relationship in Summer on the Lakes, 1843 and used in Blithedale for much the same reason as Fuller's condemnation of George Sand and Mary Wollstonecraft was used against Hester in the penultimate paragraph of The Scarlet Letter--as a bitterly ironic paraphrase of Fuller's blind prophecy of her own fate. Fuller's autobiographical tale of Mariana and Sylvain (presented, by the way, as having been told her by an "Aunt Z") imagines in the persona of Mariana, the mesmerically passionate and creative sister of another Fuller persona, Miranda, a young girl who "had ruled, like a queen, in the midst of her companions" until she made the mistake of falling in love with a man who was intellectually and emotionally incapable of understanding her, the mistake that Fuller feared would be her fate:

"Mariana was a very intellectual being, and she needed companionship," Fuller says, but Sylvain could provide her only "passion and action" because "thoughts he had none, and little delicacy of sentiment."⁸² "She felt a blank" and "always hoped that further communion would fill it up," but she eventually realized "that there was absolutely a whole province of her being to which nothing in his answered": "Mariana, with a heart capable of highest Eros, gave it to one who knew love only as a flower or plaything, and bound her heartstrings to one who parted his as lightly as the ripe fruit leaves the bough."⁸³ Mariana's "last miserable feeling" was to know that "what she wanted to tell," he "did not wish to hear," and that if she told Sylvain of her unhappiness "he would have laughed, or else been angry, even enough to give her up," for he was "strong only where strength is weakness."⁸⁴ The "Cassandra" within her warns her that she is "one of those 'Whom men love not, but yet regret,'" and in despair over the "weight laid upon her young life," she gradually wastes away, dying of a fever brought on by despair.⁸⁵ After quoting her own poem of romantic despair and self-pity and attributing it to Mariana, Fuller concludes:

It marks the defect in the position of woman that one like Mariana should have found reason to write thus. To a man of equal power, equal sincerity, no more!--many resources would have presented themselves. He would not have needed to seek, he would have been called by life, and not permitted to be quite wrecked through the affections only. But such women as Mariana are often lost, unless they meet some man of sufficiently great soul to prize them.⁸⁶

Mariana, like Zenobia, "wrecked" herself through giving her "affections" to a man unworthy of her in the same way that Westervelt, according to Coverdale, was unworthy of Zenobia. We might note also that Fuller's conclusion to Mariana's tale would also be an apt commentary on Hollingsworth's "deterioration," wrecking himself "through the affections" in choosing an "unequal" marriage with Priscilla and in rejecting the mutually supportive relationship of intellectual equality offered him by Zenobia.

Hawthorne's choice of the verb "wrecks" in "when a woman wrecks herself on such a being" may seem an innocuous deployment of a conventional figure, rather than a self-directed, bitterly ironic allusion to Fuller's use of the same verb in the same context, but it participates in a pattern of imagery that foreshadows the tragic end of Zenobia's passions,

and it is a pattern that suggests Fuller's death by drowning in the wreck of the Elizabeth. Westervelt's "cold scepticism smothers what it can of our spiritual aspirations" (3:101), and Zenobia "wrecks" herself on Westervelt (3:103) in a "miserable bond" which Westervelt did not know "weighed so heavily" but which Zenobia fears "will strangle" her "at last!" (3:104). Taking leave of Coverdale and Blithedale for her "European" drawing-room in the city, in despair over Hollingsworth's relationship with Priscilla and over Westervelt's reappearance to exert his mysterious claim over her, bitterly speaking of herself as "a tragedy-queen," Zenobia rejects Coverdale's offer to be her counsellor with a foreboding metaphor of her determination to act upon her passions: "It needs a wild steersman when we voyage through Chaos! The anchor is up! Farewell!" (3:142).

Zenobia's final passionate act on her "voyage through Chaos" is to commit suicide. As many have suspected, Zenobia's "Chaos" is Fuller's "storm," Zenobia's suicide, Fuller's refusal to attempt to save herself. Read outside its biographical context, Blithedale thus seems designed by Hawthorne to confirm Coverdale's early assessment that Zenobia's "quarrel of woman against man" arose from her own romantic disappointments (3:120-21). Read within its biographical context, however, Blithedale dramatizes Hawthorne's anger at himself and at Fuller for having betrayed herself and him by seeming to live up to Coverdale's masculine reduction of feminine desire to the single dimension of romantic fulfillment, an anger that Emerson shared with Hawthorne.⁸⁷ With Fuller's life, from Hawthorne's perspective, "'hopelessly entangled with a villain's,'" facing the prospect of pining "'among familiar scenes,'" of blushing "'under the eyes that knew her secret,'" of her "'heart'" throbbing "'uncomfortably,'" of being mortified for having "'sacrificed the honor of her sex, at the foot of proud, contumacious man'" (3:225), Hawthorne, as he states explicitly in 1858, envisioned the once dazzling and proud Fuller humbled, becoming, as Zenobia herself fears, the object of a ridicule whose "humor" would center on the comic collapse of her pretensions to a womanhood that transcended the narrow boundaries established for her sex. In the romantic theatricality which Coverdale imagines Zenobia acting out her suicide, Hawthorne seems to be saying that rather than see her life written for her as a comedy, Fuller wrote it for herself as the tragedy she always feared it would be. By so interpreting Fuller's death, Hawthorne reclaims

for Fuller not only the redemption of a tragic recognition of her failure to live up to her ideal of self but also the capacity, at the very end, to embrace once again that betrayed self, to reassert her power to define in death the part that she would live, if live only briefly. She will not end as a comic object lesson to prove the ridiculous pretensions of women who resist the narrow boundaries of their sex but as a tragic victim of those boundaries. That is why Zenobia seems to kneel in a prayer of submission yet makes her final gesture an immitigable defiance of that submission.

At her burial, Coverdale reenacts Zenobia's self-cancelling gestures of submission to and defiance of the values of the "secret tribunal" which judges and condemns a woman who attempts to extend the boundaries of her sex. Challenging Westervelt's contention that Zenobia "'was the last woman in the world to whom death could have been necessary,'" Coverdale finds himself first justifying Zenobia's suicide on the grounds that she faced both financial and emotional failure and poverty, that "'she had tried life fully, had no more to hope, and something, perhaps, to fear'" (3:239). In a rough draft of what Hawthorne would write in 1858 about the "kindness" of "Providence" saving Fuller from "ridicule" by putting her aboard that "fated ship," Coverdale then tells Westervelt pointedly, "'Had Providence taken her away in its own holy hand, I should have thought it the kindest dispensation that could be awarded to one so wrecked'" (3:239). Coverdale's sentiments here, it must be noted, were shared by many of Fuller's friends, who were as decidedly uncomfortable with them as is Coverdale, as is Hawthorne.⁸⁸ Assigning to Westervelt the voice of his own self-doubt, Hawthorne has Westervelt tell Coverdale that he "'mistake[s] the matter completely,'" that with a mind "'various in its powers,'" a heart of "'manifold adaptation,'" and a constitution of "'infinite buoyancy,'" Zenobia would have survived her disappointments and been "'borne . . . upward, triumphantly'" in "'a hundred varieties of brilliant success'" (3:239-40). Still clinging to law of the world's "tribunals," for Coverdale the "'hundred varieties of brilliant success'" would not compensate for her having "'nothing to satisfy her heart'" (3:240).⁸⁹ He blames Westervelt as her "'evil fate'" and speculates that "'the connection may have been indissoluble, except by death,'" in which case he "'cannot deem it a misfortune that she sleeps in yonder grave!'" (3:240). Like Beatrice, Zenobia becomes in Coverdale's final judgement "a character of

admirable qualities" who "loses its better life, because the atmosphere, that should sustain it, is rendered poisonous by such breath as this man mingled with Zenobia's" (3:241). Despite his wish to have Heaven "annihilate" Westervelt, Coverdale, in the end, and to himself only, admits that Westervelt "possessed" his "share of truth" (3:241). In attempting to justify Zenobia's despair, Coverdale had been complicitly enforcing the very values which had caused it:

It was a woful thought, that a woman of Zenobia's diversified capacity should have fancied herself irretrievably defeated on the broad battle-field of life, and with no refuge, save to fall on her own sword, merely because Love had gone against her. It is nonsense, and a miserable wrong--the result, like so many others, of masculine egotism--that the success or failure of woman's existence should be made to depend wholly on the affections, and on one species of affection; while man has such a multitude of other chances, that this seems but an incident. (3:241)

Fuller's death had to be a suicide. For Hawthorne to accept, as Sophia had so readily, that Fuller had become so humbled in "bond-slavery" to an unworthy love that she was willing to die rather than face life without Ossoli would be a incomprehensible betrayal of the Fuller that he had known. But then to believe that Fuller had chosen death to humiliation was to see Fuller's reassertion of pride as serving only to confirm the power of that "masculine egotism" to destroy, if not subdue, those who defy it. To endorse her death as a "kindness" of "Providence" is to become complicit in the "miserable wrong" of a society that condemns her to the "narrow sphere" of having but those two choices--humiliating submission or self-destructive defiance. The former kills the spirit, the latter the body. Either way it is murder, not suicide, and it is a murder that claims not one, but three victims, one in the body, two in the spirit. One of them returns to the site of his regret and nostalgic longing to stand beside the body's grave and translate the words of the spirit who still speaks to him in the Cassandra's voice of an "unquiet heart" that refuses to be silenced. The other hears that voice but cannot acknowledge it, can only hope that by leaning away from its "vindictive shadow" and pressing "close, and closer still" to his Priscilla, he will be close enough to be absorbed by her, close enough then finally to have no spirit to haunt, no "side where Priscilla was not."

Notes

1. Qtd. in NH and HW, 1:444-45.
2. Ibid., 1:445.
3. Lauren Berlant, "Fantasies of Utopia in The Blithedale Romance," American Literary History 1 (1989): 30-62, analyzes the tensions between "fantasies of communion" in subjective (tragic) and collective (utopian) life and asserts that Coverdale's narrative is "an endless well-ordered love plot about his eternal lovelessness" (52).
4. The pervasive atmosphere of mystery in Blithedale has been much commented upon. C. J. Wershoven, "Doubles and Devils at Blithedale," The American Transcendental Quarterly 58 (1985): 43-54, expresses the frustration of many a reader of the romance in calling Blithedale "a novel full of tricks": "Every where we are confronted by puzzles, riddles, disguises, amateur theatrics, and dreams. We must struggle through the mist of illusion to ask, what is real?" (43). Frederick Crews, The Sins of the Fathers: Hawthorne's Psychological Themes (New York, 1966), would contend that Hawthorne could not have answered Wershoven's question: "If Hawthorne has blurred all his portraits except Coverdale's, backed away from the simplest explanations of fact, exploited literal scenes for a cabalistic meaning that is lost upon the reader, and included episodes that make virtually no sense apart from such meaning, then we must infer that Hawthorne as well as Coverdale is at the mercy of unconscious logic" (205).
5. Surprisingly little attention is paid to Hawthorne's use of "Coverdale" as a name for his narrator. One exception is Joan Magretta, "The Coverdale Translation: Blithedale and the Bible," Nathaniel Hawthorne Journal (1974): 250-56. Magretta argues that Coverdale "translates" his experiences at Blithedale into biblical-like parables; she does not, however, explore the autobiographical implications of Hawthorne's selection of the name "Coverdale."
6. Virtually everyone who knew her testified to Fuller's power as a conversationalist, a power that few, including Fuller, believed was equalled by her writing. In 1840, Fuller wrote in her journal: "I will write well yet; but never, I think so well as I talk; for then I feel inspired, and the means are pleasant; my voice excites me; my pen never" (qtd. in Emerson, The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks, 11:471). Fuller's reputation as a writer, I believe, has suffered because her power as a speaker and conversationalist was so remarkable that it made her writing seem "tame" to those who knew her. Unfortunately, this litany of negative contrasts does an injustice to her writing and creates a predisposition among readers to find the faults that were evident during her own day primarily to those who heard her words before reading them.
7. Fuller, "Leila," 53-54.
8. Fuller, "The Magnolia of Lake Ponchartrain," 48.
9. Ibid.

10. Ibid., 49.

11. Ibid., 48.

12. In a one of the best essays on Blithedale in recent years, Richard Brodhead, "Veiled Ladies: Toward a History of Antebellum Entertainment, American Literary History 1 (1989): 273-94, demonstrates how Blithedale responds to the increasingly "public" creation of woman into "a creature of private space" (274) through the increasing presence of women in the literary marketplace, a presence granted, ironically, only if their works endorse the "private space" from which they, as authors, have escaped, and in the public theater, Jenny Lind's wildly popular and highly publicized performances of scenes from Shakespeare being the most notable example.

13. Hawthorne, for instance, signed a 21 October 1841 letter to Sophia from Brook Farm as "Thine Ownest, Theodore de l'Aubépine" (15:592). Sophia initially considered naming Julian "Theodore," but Hawthorne objected (16:201-02).

14. That truth, according to Person, Aesthetic Headaches, is "to encounter a woman in her fully human nature," Zenobia's purpose in telling the tale being to "subvert" Coverdale's "inclination to idealize" women (152).

15. Pfister, The Production of Personal Life, 70. See especially Pfister's chapter "Monsters in the Hothouse," 59-79.

16. Fuller, Woman, 310. In the very next sentence, Fuller attacks those who would "biologize" cultural constructions of gender by claiming that "Nature" itself exposes the folly of such efforts: "History jeers at the attempts of physiologists to bind great original laws by the forms which flow from them. They make a rule; they say from observation, what can and cannot be. In vain! Nature provides exceptions to every rule" (310).

17. Ibid., 343.

18. Person, Aesthetic Headaches, makes the similar point that "Zenobia's presence always implies more than Coverdale or Hawthorne can denote," that Coverdale's allusions to Eve and Pandora are failed attempts to conform her "to type" in order "to contain her frightening power," and that even the figures that he selects, Pandora being the exemplar, symbolize "resistance to containment and the power to break out of 'moulds'" (149). As with most of his insights into the importance in Hawthorne of the feminine to the creative, Person is certainly right in this, but I would give both Coverdale and Hawthorne more credit for being self-consciously critical of this masculine desire.

19. Pfister, The Production of Personal Life, says of this statement that it "is surely the most provocative statement in Hawthorne's novel" because an "awareness" of the cultural constructedness of gender "appears to have been rare in the mid-nineteenth century, although it can be found in the writings of Sarah Grimke and Margaret Fuller and in the works of female authors who wrote later in the century" (85).

20. For Person, Aesthetic Headaches, Blithedale is the "best example" in Hawthorne "of the way a woman's presence and voice challenge masculine literary forms and disrupt or dazzle male discourse" (146).
21. For a reading of Blithedale as a "parody" of contemporary sentimental literature, see Ken Egan, Jr., "Hawthorne's Anti-Romance: Blithedale and Sentimental Culture," Journal of American Culture 11 (1988): 45-52. Egan asserts that "the critical side of Hawthorne's imagination rejects the comforting conclusion of House" and that Blithedale "reads like a pastiche of parodized sentimental conventions" (45), but he does not explore the biographical origins of Hawthorne's change of heart, only noting that Hawthorne "felt divided toward popular culture in general" (45).
22. Fuller, Woman, 283.
23. Emerson in His Journals, 414.
24. Herbert, Dearest Beloved, 23-24.
25. Herbert, Dearest Beloved, 17.
26. Emerson's position is well-known, Fuller's less so. Fuller, like Zenobia, frequently stayed at Brook Farm for short visits and sympathized with its ideals but had little faith that its utopian goals could be accomplished. In an 1840 letter to, apparently, William H. Channing, Fuller explains: "Utopia it is impossible to build up. At least, my hopes for our race on this one planet are more limited than those of most of my friends. I accept the limitations of human nature, and believe a wise acknowledgment of them one of the best conditions of progress. Yet every noble scheme, every poetic manifestation, prophesies to man his eventual destiny" (Letters, 2:109). Coverdale's skeptical commitment to the "experiment" of Blithedale (3:10-11) is similar in many points to Fuller's, as the following passage from the same letter attests: "It was not meant that the soul should cultivate the earth, but that the earth should educate and maintain the soul. Man is not made for society, but society is made for man. No institution can be good which does not tend to improve the individual. In these principles I have confidence so profound, that I am not afraid to trust those who hold them, despite their partial views, imperfectly developed characters, and frequent want of practical sagacity" (Letters, 2:109).
27. Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 189. Miller speculates that Hawthorne's commitment to Brook Farm was "but another tactic to postpone marriage" (189).
28. Reynolds, "Hawthorne and Emerson in 'The Old Manse,'" 65, 73-77.
29. *Ibid.*, 76. Leverenz, Manhood and the American Renaissance, makes the similar point that Hawthorne major romances feature "two contradictory stories: a woman's struggle for strength and autonomy within patriarchy, and the rivalry of several men for dominance" (246).
30. That day was 27 September 1841 at Brook Farm, the day of the masquerade for Frank Dana's birthday. In a Coverdale-like self-portrait, Hawthorne describes the scene while he, "whose nature it is to be a mere

spectator both of sport and serious business, lay under the trees and looked on." He then adds: "Meanwhile, Mr. Emerson and Miss Fuller, who had arrived an hour or two before, came forth into the little glade where we were assembled. Here followed much talk" (8:202). In a note to that entry, Claude Simpson states that while no one left a clearly identified record of that conversation he believes (and I am convinced that the context within Blithedale supports that belief) that the following journal entry by Emerson (between 28 September and 8 October 1841) may be a summary of the trio's talk: "'Margaret Fuller talked of ballads, and our love for them: strange that we should so value the wild man, the Ishmaelite, and his slogan, claymore, and tomahawk rhymes, and yet every step we take, everything we do, is to tame him. . . . Margaret does not think, she says, in the woods, only "finds herself expressed"" (8:605-06).

31. Indeed, Emerson invited the comparison by making it himself. In an 11-12 April 1839 journal entry, for instance, he wrote: "I told S[arah] M[argaret] F[uller] that I was a cross of Plato & Aristotle" (The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks, 7:186). I would like to thank Larry J. Reynolds for pointing out the Hollingsworth-Plato-Emerson associations to me.

32. Lauren Berlant, "Fantasies of Utopia," 43.

33. *Ibid.*

34. In her notes, Berlant points out that Eliot began his ministry at Roxbury but did not begin his missionary work with the Indians nor preach to them until he went to Concord. She also notes that Hawthorne's association of Eliot with a "rock" pulpit is an emphasis not shared by historians (58, n.15). "Eliot's Pulpit" by allusion thus melds Brook Farm with Concord, one the site of the romance, the other the site of the memory.

35. Hollingsworth's power as a speaker affects Coverdale in much the same way that Emerson's did for the "multitudes" who came to hear him. Hawthorne, in effect, describes Hollingsworth as something of an undiscovered Emerson:

He talked to us, his few disciples, in a strain that rose and fell as naturally as the wind's breath among the leaves of the birch-tree. No other speech of man has ever moved me like some of those discourses. It seemed most pitiful--a positive calamity to the world--that a treasury of golden thoughts should thus be scattered, by the liberal handful, down among us three, when a thousand hearers might have been the richer for them; and Hollingsworth the richer, likewise, by the sympathy of the multitudes. (3:119)

36. Hawthorne had first paired the "seamstress" and the "feminist," a woman with too much to do and a woman with too little, in "The Christmas Banquet" (10:303).

37. It should be noted that their marriage had to be postponed by sudden onslaught of Sophia's chronic "illness" and that Sophia, like Priscilla, had submitted herself again to "magnetism" in the immediate days before the marriage and the move to Concord. Hawthorne once again protested vehemently against Sophia's submission to the control of a

magnetist, claiming that he even experienced terrible nightmares about it (15:634). As to thinking of herself as living with and among "angels," as Zenobia claims Priscilla thinks, Sophia described Emerson in 1838 as "the greatest man that ever lived . . . a 'Supernal Vision'" (NH and HW, 1:186-87), Fuller in 1842 as "the Priestess of the Temple not made with hands" at whose "shrine" she recognized "words divine" (Hawthorne, American Notebooks, 315, n.372), and Hawthorne as "a simple transcript of the angelic nature" (Sophia to her mother, 30 August-9 September 1842 [Berg; qtd. in Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 213]).

38. Sophia to her mother, 30 August-9 September 1842 (Berg; qtd. in Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, 204).

39. To Whipple's suggestion to Hawthorne that Hollingsworth had not been "sufficiently punished for his cruelty to Zenobia," Hawthorne replied, "I hate the man ten times worse than you do, . . . but I don't now see how such a nature can feel the remorse he ought to feel." When Whipple reports Hawthorne's joy in having discovered a way to "punish" Hollingsworth, he cites only the material related to Coverdale's visit with Hollingsworth and Priscilla. He does not cite "Coverdale's Confession," which I would contend was then added as a "punishment" of Coverdale (16:537, n.2).

40. Richard H. Millington, "American Anxiousness: Selfhood and Culture in Hawthorne's The Blithedale Romance," New England Quarterly 63 (1990): 558-83, 580. Millington reads the "inauthenticity" of Coverdale's confession as largely unconscious, representing his "last, best hope for selfhood" but, in failing, reveals "the depth of his anxiousness and guilt about having nothing to confess, nothing to say, because he has succeeded in being nothing" (580). I would argue that given his depiction of the consequences of Hollingsworth's choice of Priscilla, Coverdale self-consciously and contemptuously betrays Zenobia once again.

41. For Sophia's comments, see her letter to her mother on Fuller's Woman in the Nineteenth Century (NH and HW, 1:257). Emerson records hearing that from childhood onward she "idealized herself as a sovereign" and "believed that she was not her parents' child but a European princess confided to their care"; he then quotes her as having written that "I take my natural position always: and the more I see, the more I feel that it is regal. Without throne, sceptre, or guards, still a queen" (Memoirs, 1:235). See also Emerson's depiction of her as "like a queen of some parliament of love" (Memoirs, 1:214).

42. See Pfister, The Production of Personal Life, 96-99, and John C. Hirsh, "Zenobia as Queen: The Background Sources to Hawthorne's The Blithedale Romance," The Nathaniel Hawthorne Journal (1971): 182-91. Hirsh surveys the "literary tradition" that had developed around the historical Zenobia and makes his case for the "literary origins" of Zenobia against "the preoccupation with Margaret Fuller as source" (182). Pfister's examination, however, is a much more insightful examination of the uses to which the historical Zenobia served as a contemporary literary figure. Pfister stresses the "conquered" rather than "defiant" Zenobia, claiming that she had become "the stereotype of a proud and able woman feminized and privatized into silence" (99). Unlike Hirsh, Pfister links Fuller to

Zenobia, but unaccountably does not make the connection between Fuller's militancy in Rome and her liaison with Ossoli.

43. Louise D. Cary, "Margaret Fuller as Hawthorne's Zenobia," as mentioned in the previous chapter, examines Blithedale as a "fictionalized biography" that presents an "insidious treatment" of Fuller's life (32).

44. Chevigny, Woman and the Myth, xxxii-xxxiii.

45. Millington, "American Anxiousness," 570.

46. Person, Aesthetic Headaches, points out that not only does Zenobia resist all efforts to "contain" her in a "mold" but she in fact succeeds, like "a sculptress within the narrative," to shape "other characters to her own designs" (151).

47. Christina Zwarg, "Womanizing Margaret Fuller: Theorizing a Lover's Discourse," Cultural Critique 16 (1990): 161-91, 162-65.

48. Fuller, for instance, is quoted in her Memoirs as writing the following about a transcendent moment in her life: "'Since that, I have never more been completely engaged in self; but the statue has been emerging, though slowly, from the block. Others may not see the promise even of its pure symmetry, but I do, and am learning to be patient. I shall be all human yet" (1:142). See also Memoirs, 1:238, for an unnamed contemporary on Fuller's perception of herself as both artist and art object, and, recently, Albert J. Von Frank, "Life as Art in America: The Case of Margaret Fuller."

49. Reynolds and Smith, Introduction to "These Sad but Glorious Days", 28.

50. *Ibid.*, 32, 26.

51. Fuller, "These Sad but Glorious Days", 321-22 (13 February 1850).

52. Fuller's final three dispatches from Europe are, in Reynolds and Smith's words, "melancholy reflections on the state of the world as well as fierce, apocalyptic jeremiads directed at the unjust who have triumphed". While they seem to denote a turn toward "a revolutionary socialism," Reynolds and Smith, Introduction to "These Sad but Glorious Days", find them more indicative of Fuller's "Christian socialism" (35). They were, nevertheless, too radical for the tamer image being created for her by her friends and relatives after her death. Fuller's brother Arthur left them out of his collection Home and Abroad, and they were not reprinted in full until Reynolds and Smith's edition in 1991.

53. Gay Wilson Allen, Waldo Emerson (New York, 1981), 336.

54. Memoirs, 1:205.

55. Fuller wrote, for instance, "'I must follow my own law, and bide my time, even if, like Oedipus, I should return a criminal, blind and outcast, to ask aid from the gods. Such possibilities, I confess, give me great awe; for I have more sense than most, of the tragic depths that may open suddenly in the life'" (Memoirs, 2:111). Or consider: "'Though no one

loves me as I would be loved, I yet love many well enough to see into their eventual beauty. Meanwhile, I have no fetters, and when one perceives how others are bound in false relations, this surely should be regarded as a privilege. And so varied have been my sympathies, that this isolation will not, I trust, make me cold, ignorant, nor partial. My history presents much superficial, temporary tragedy. The Woman in me kneels and weeps in tender rapture; the Man in me rushes forth, but only to be baffled. Yet the time will come, when, from the union of this tragic king and queen, shall be born a radiant sovereign self" (Memoirs, 2:136).

56. Emerson, for instance, describes his, and others', initial reluctance to become Fuller's friend by noting that Fuller then had a "dangerous reputation for satire" and "great scholarship": "The men thought she carried too many guns, and the women did not like one who despised them" (Memoirs, 1:202). He then narrates the development of their friendship as a tale of the "hunter" and the "hunted," with Fuller practicing every "art of winning," having "studied" his "tastes" and "challenged" his "frankness by frankness," concluding, "Of course, it was impossible long to hold out against such urgent assault" (Memoirs, 1:202-03). As their friendship developed, Fuller's passionate nature and her demands on his friendship led Emerson, in his words, to forebode "rash and painful crises" and he "had a feeling as if a voice cried, Stand from under!" (Memoirs, 1:223).

Sarah Freeman Clarke employs military metaphors even more explicitly to describe Fuller's initial effect: "She broke her lance upon your shield. . . . Your outworks fell before her first assault, and you were at her mercy. . . . though she broke down your little shams and defenses, you felt exhilarated by the compliment of being found out, and even that she had cared to find you out" (qtd. in Higginson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, 117-18).

57. Fuller's dispatches from Rome may have also inspired Hawthorne's description of the look in Zenobia's eyes when she is gripped by the "wild passion" of her jealousy of Priscilla. He has Coverdale imagine her as having the look of a woman about to plunge a dagger into her rival, an act of passion, he says, more appropriate to Italy than New England (3:78). On 2 December 1848 Fuller described in detail the assassination by dagger of the Pope's agent, Minister Rossi, an act which she terms "an act of summary justice on an offender whom the laws could not reach" (Fuller, "These Sad But Glorious Days," 240).

58. See Randall Stewart's quotation from Sophia's "To the Priestess of the Temple not made with hands," a sonnet Sophia enclosed to Fuller with the letter announcing her wedding with Hawthorne (Hawthorne, American Notebooks, 315, n.372).

59. NH & HW, 1:257.

60. Chevigny, "To the Edges of Ideology," 196. Chevigny argues that "Zenobia is best understood as reflecting Hawthorne's interest in the sexual rebel in Rome as well as in the Brook Farm feminist. Narrator Coverdale's prurient anxiety about Zenobia's sexual secrets mimics Hawthorne's preoccupation Zenobia's bitter fall before Hollingsworth simply allegorizes Fuller's 'fall' in her liaison with Ossoli" (196). While

Chevigny's assertions are on target, she does not develop them or support them, the purposes of her essay being much broader in scope.

61. Oscar Cargill, "Nemesis and Nathaniel Hawthorne," 860. Cargill discovered the connection in the article "From the Wreck on Fire Island," New-York Daily Tribune, 24 July 1850: 4. The Tribune reported that the body of Henry Westervelt, a seaman on the Elizabeth, washed up on shore three days after the wreck. The article lists the names of the eight who drowned and the fourteen who survived.

62. Millington, "American Anxiousness," 564.

63. Letters, 5:285.

64. Letters, 5:292. In describing Zenobia, as he had done with Beatrice and Hester, Hawthorne often redeployed the terms of Fuller's discourse, as I have shown several times earlier. Given the exchange of correspondence between the Boston-Concord circle of Fuller's friends--as illustrated earlier in Elizabeth Hoar's copying passages from Ellery's letter from New York to Emerson in her letter to Caroline Sturgis Tappan, who in turned showed it to Sophia, who in turned quoted it in a letter to her mother--it is not unlikely that Hawthorne had greater access to Fuller's correspondence than we can ever know.

65. Emerson in His Journals, 414. Note also the parallel between Emerson's anticipation of Fuller's continued involvement in the "education" of women on her return to America and Hawthorne's deployment of Hester as a "counselor" to women on her return. One of the difficulties Fuller faced on returned to America was that of making a living, for she would have had to support her baby and Ossoli. A return to "teaching" women in some form would have been a likely alternative for her, as Emerson directly and Hawthorne indirectly assume.

66. Letters, 5:303.

67. See Margaret Fuller, Summer on the Lakes, in 1843 (1844; Urbana, Ill., 1991), 83-102. I am indebted to Larry J. Reynolds for first suggesting this parallel.

68. Fuller, Summer on the Lakes, in 1843, 94.

69. Edward Wagenknecht, Nathaniel Hawthorne: The Man, His Tales and Romances (New York, 1989), 114. Besides Louise D. Cary's recent study of the similarities, and more importantly the differences, between Fuller and Zenobia ("Margaret Fuller as Hawthorne's Zenobia"), four other studies have been devoted to parallels between Fuller and Zenobia, three of them M.A. theses. Kelly Thurman, "Margaret Fuller in Two American Novels: The Blithedale Romance and Elsie Venner," M.A. thesis, University of Kentucky, 1945, attempts "a compilation of the data pertaining to the Zenobia-Margaret Fuller issue" (14) and locates nineteen separate parallels between the two. While useful for its thorough enumeration of the superficial similarities, the study makes no attempt to explore why Hawthorne would be so interested in Fuller, particularly given the author's opinion that Hawthorne "did not hold her too high in his esteem" (13). Anne Elizabeth Gushee, "Nathaniel Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller,"

M.A. thesis, Columbia University, 1955, examines the parallels between Zenobia and Fuller but concludes that Zenobia was solely a product of Hawthorne's imagination (39-49). Working under Arlin Turner at Duke, Veda Bagwell Sprouse, "The Relationship between Margaret Fuller and Nathaniel Hawthorne," M.A. thesis, Duke University, 1965, finds, like Turner (see his "Introduction" to the Norton Library edition of The Blithedale Romance [New York, 1958], 13), that Mrs. Almira Barlow served as a model for Zenobia's beauty, Fanny Kemble for her theatricality, and Fuller for her feminism. Hawthorne's motive in casting Fuller in Zenobia, according to Sprouse, was his "inclination to examine the opposing views" of Fuller to counter-balance the contemporary praise (54). And, finally, the least useful study of the group, Jessie A. Coffee's "Margaret Fuller as Zenobia in The Blithedale Romance," Proceedings of the Conference of College Teachers of English (Texas) 48 (1973): 23-27, rehashes the parallels between Fuller and Zenobia but concludes that Fuller was only vaguely on Hawthorne's mind, Fuller not having the sexual allure of a Zenobia.

70. Blanchard, From Transcendentalism to Revolution, 193.

71. Chevigny, "To the Edges of Ideology," 196; and Cary, "Margaret Fuller as Hawthorne's Zenobia," 36-37.

72. Edward Duyckinck to Margaret Duyckinck, 9 August 1850 (Berg; qtd. in Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Times, 333).

73. Urbanski, "Feminist Writer and Revolutionary," 73-89.

74. Memoirs, 1:202. Urbanski, "Feminist Writer and Revolutionary," claims that Poe "described her bluish-grey eyes as full of fire, her sensuous mouth as beautiful or sneering, her hair as lustrous and profuse, and her voice as musical" (76).

75. Memoirs, 1:202, 1:91, and 2:35. Though many readers think of Zenobia as having "black" hair, Coverdale describes it simply as "dark, glossy, and of singular abundance" (3:15).

76. Memoirs, 1:91-92.

77. Zwarg, "Womanizing Margaret Fuller," 163.

78. Memoirs, 1:337.

79. Emerson, The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks, 11:490.

80. Compare Coverdale's descriptions of Zenobia's effect on him with the following from a March-April 1843 Emerson notebook description, Emerson in His Journals, only a small part of which I give here:

Unable to find any companion great enough to receive the rich effusions of her thought, so that her riches are still unknown & seem unknowable. . . . All natures seem poor beside one so rich, which pours a stream of amber over all objects clean & unclean that lie in its path, and makes that comely & presentable which was mean in itself. We are taught by her plenty how lifeless & outward we were, what poor Laplanders burrowing under the snows of prudence & pedantry.

Beside her friendship, other friendships seem trade. . . . She excels other intellectual persons in this, that her sentiments are more blended with her life; so the expression of them has greater steadiness & greater clearness. . . . An inspirer of courage, the secret friend of all nobleness . . . in her presence all were apprised of their fettered estate & longed for liberation, of ugliness & longed for their beauty; of meanness, & panted for grandeur.

Her growth is visible. . . . She rose before me at times into heroic & godlike regions, and I could remember no superior women, but thought of Ceres, Minerva, Proserpine, and the august ideal forms of the Foreworld. She said that no man give such invitation to her mind as to tempt her to a full expression; that she felt a power to enrich her thought with such wealth & variety of embellishment as would no doubt be tedious to such as she conversed with. And there is no form that does seem to wait her beck--dramatic, lyric, epic, passionate, pictorial, humorous.

She has great sincerity, force, & fluency as a writer, yet her powers of speech throw her writing into the shade. What method, what exquisite judgment, as well as energy, in the selection of her words, what character and wisdom they convey! . . . a silver eloquence . . . You cannot predict her opinion. . . . Meanwhile, all the pathos of sentiment and riches of literature & of invention and this march of character threatening to arrive presently at the shores & plunge into the sea of Buddhism & mystic trances, consists with a boundless fun & drollery, with light satire, & the most entertaining conversation in America. (302-03)

81. Fuller, "The Impulses of Human Nature," 108.

82. Fuller, Summer on the Lakes, 1843, 54, 59.

83. *Ibid.*, 59.

84. *Ibid.*, 59, 61, 59.

85. *Ibid.*, 61.

86. *Ibid.*, 64.

87. While reading Fuller's private papers in preparation for writing the Memoirs, Emerson made the following entry into his journal: "The unlooked for trait in all these journals to me is the Woman; poor woman: they are all hysterical. 'I need help. No, I need a full, a godlike embrace from some sufficient love.' &c. &c. . . . This I doubt not was all the more violent recoil from the exclusively literary & 'educational' connections in which she had lived. Mrs. Spring told me that Margaret said to her, 'I am tired of these literary friendships, I long to be wife & mother'" (The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks, 11:500).

88. Fuller's friend in Florence during the last months of her life, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in a 24 September 1850 letter to Mary Russell Mitford, wrote that "it was better for her [Fuller] to go," for had she lived and published her book on the Italian revolutions, she "would have drawn the wolves on her with a still more howling enmity both in England & America" because of what Browning suspected would be "those blood-

colours of socialistic views" that Fuller's book would have promoted. Fuller's unhappiness, according to Browning, further endorses "Providence": "Was she happy in anything, I wonder? She told me that she never was. May God have made her happy in her death!" (The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Mary Russell Mitford, 1836-1854, 3:463).

Emerson's views on her death, I believe, best appropriate the contradictoriness of Hawthorne's. Immediately after her death, he wrote in his notebooks that "to the last her country proves inhospitable to her; brave, eloquent, subtle, accomplished, devoted, constant soul!" He then, as noted previously, states his contempt for those "timorous" souls who anticipated her return to America with anxiety, who said, "What shall we do? How shall she be received now that she brings a husband & child home?" He was confident that "she had only to open her mouth, & triumphant success awaited her" (Emerson in His Journals, 413-14). However, on 5 August 1850, he wrote to Carlyle that her death was perhaps appropriately well-timed: "She died in happy hour for herself. Her health was much exhausted. Her marriage would have taken her away from us all, & there was a subsistence yet to be secured, & diminished powers, & old age" (The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Ralph L. Rusk, 6 vols. [New York, 1939], 4:224). Three years later, in his journal, Emerson seems to have forgotten that he once expressed what he now so angrily denounces:

It is a bitter satire on our social order, just at present, the number of bad cases. Margaret Fuller having attained the highest & broadest culture that any American woman has possessed, came home with an Italian gentleman whom she had married, & their infant son, & perished by shipwreck on the rocks of Fire Island, off New York; and her friends said, "Well, on the whole, it was not so lamentable, & perhaps it was the best thing that could happen to her. For, had she lived, what could she have done? How could she have supported herself, her husband, & child?" And, most persons, hearing this, acquiesced in this view that, after the education has gone far, such is the expensiveness of America, that the best use to put a fine woman to, is to drown her to save her board. (Emerson in His Journals, 444).

89. Hutner, Secrets and Sympathy, makes the excellent point that both Coverdale and Hollingsworth "drown themselves in their own self-reflective pools," their lives "deadened" for the same reason as Zenobia's supposedly was--because their existences proved dependent on the affections (136).

CHAPTER VIII

CONCLUSION:

THE VENUS OF THE TRIBUNE AND THE PEARL DIVER IN THE MARBLE FAUN

"Nothing is more unaccountable than the spell that often lurks in a spoken word. A thought may be present to the mind, so distinctly that no utterance could make it so; and two minds may be conscious of the same thought, in which one or both take the profoundest interest; but as long as it remains unspoken, their familiar talk flows quietly over the hidden idea, as a rivulet may sparkle and dimple over something sunken in its bed. But, speak the word; and it is like bringing up a drowned body out of the deepest pool of the rivulet, which has been aware of the horrible secret, all along, in spite of its smiling surface."

--Kenyon on speaking the word "Miriam" to Donatello (4:228-29)

When Kenyon finally says the "word" that lies "sunken in its bed" like a "horrible secret," the word that rises like a "drowned body out of the deepest pool," he confronts Donatello with the name of the woman that Donatello has repulsed and fled but not forgotten. Donatello's reconciliation begins at that moment, but does not end until, in the market-place of Perugia, in front of the Bronze Pontiff's statue, he too can speak her name. By calling her, he acknowledges that her crime is his as well and that they are forever bound in a communion of love and guilt, a "sad marriage-bond" (4:323) which Kenyon nevertheless blesses as "a true one" that should never "except by Heaven's own act . . . be rent asunder" (4:321). The very statue of Pope Julius seems to join Kenyon in extending a benediction on their reconciliation. In the market-place, in front of the populace, under the eyes of the symbolic representative of the religious and political powers of the state, Donatello does what Dimmesdale could not do.

When Hawthorne left Coverdale at Zenobia's grave and Hollingsworth at Priscilla's side, he left behind him the most productive creative period in his life, the two and a half year period that began with The Scarlet Letter and ended with Blithedale. In his portrayal of Coverdale's middle-aged artistic incapacity, Hawthorne reexamines in Blithedale the sources in own his past that had led, he feared, to his own sense of literary sterility. The next few years would seem to prove that his fears were well-founded. Except for the campaign biography of Pierce and another collection of children's stories, Tanglewood Tales, Hawthorne would not write again for

another six years, and when he did, he could do so only after someone spoke the name of the "drowned body" whose "horrible secret" had lain "sunken in the bed" of his consciousness. The name was Margaret Fuller, and the person who would speak it was Joseph Mozier.

If Mozier's gossip on 2 April 1858 served to resurrect the "drowned body" of Fuller in Hawthorne's consciousness, Hawthorne the next day tried with a fierce intensity to bury it again in what seems like his final "solution to the riddle"--his tragic narrative of a Fuller who spends a life-time attempting to "re-create and refine" herself, to become "the greatest, wisest, best woman of the age," only to discover "in the twinkling of an eye" that "all her labor" could not prevent a "rude old potency" from erupting and shattering the dazzling surfaces of a brilliantly constructed life.¹ "There never was such a tragedy as her whole story," he wrote. "On the whole, I do not know but I like her the better for it," he concluded with some hesitation, "--the better, because she proved herself a very woman, after all, and fell as the weakest of her sisters might" (14:156-57). Instead of burying Fuller finally in this grave of the extraordinary but finally--tragically, maybe blessedly--ordinary woman, Hawthorne discovered that he was as dazzled as ever by the "secret" of the Fuller who still eluded him despite his own latest recreation of her, who would remain still "sunken in the bed" of his consciousness, just below the surface. Employing one of the hieroglyphics which Kenyon claims is the only language capable of communicating the most intense experiences (4:258), Hawthorne has Miriam demonstrate the suggestiveness that Hilda claims for great art by reading Kenyon's interest in her mystery through the suggestiveness of the statue of the Pearl Diver. Her reading seems Hawthorne's reading of himself, imagined through Miriam as Fuller's likely response to his attempt to solve the "riddle" of her character, to possess the "pearl" that means "Margaret." In a statement that seems, at first, to refer to her "winning" of Donatello, Miriam tells Kenyon: "If we cannot all win pearls, it causes an empty shell to satisfy us just as well." Her later statement, however, not only suggests her understanding of the danger of Kenyon's interest in her but also revises the referent for the "empty shell" from, possibly, Donatello to Hilda: "My secret is not a pearl," she warns him. "Yet a man might drown himself in plunging after it." Following her footsteps in Rome, in Perugia,

and in Florence, making her friends his friends, Hawthorne took the plunge one last time in The Marble Faun.

To a great extent, as we shall see, The Marble Faun is a sympathetic revision of the tragic narrative Hawthorne constructed for Fuller's life that day in April of 1858. The intensity of Hawthorne's reaction to Mozier's gossip seems to suggest that it was written spontaneously in the heat of shock and moral outrage, but a closer examination of that passage reveals that it was a narrative that Hawthorne had been a long time plotting and replotting. Mozier may have said the word that brought the "drowned body" to the surface and onto Hawthorne's writing desk again, but for Hawthorne that body had never really been buried.

To understand why Hawthorne reacted so strongly that day in April 1858 and then why, as I will argue, he retracted much of it in the writing of The Marble Faun, we may turn to Hawthorne himself for an explanation. In a critical passage in Blithedale, Hawthorne explains, through Coverdale and Zenobia, the powerful alternation of repulsion and attraction, condemnation and admiration, he felt for Fuller. Confronting Zenobia amid the luxury of what I have argued was Hawthorne's representation of Fuller's European life as a Marchesa, Coverdale describes the "costly robes," the "flaming jewels around her neck," and the "exquisitely jeweled flower in her hair that adds "the last touch" which "transformed" Zenobia "into a work of art" (3:164). Powerfully attracted to her, Coverdale catches a glimpse of himself in the act of admiring Zenobia when he sees the "whole [room] repeated and doubled by the reflection of a great mirror, which showed me Zenobia's proud figure, likewise, and my own" (3:164). He sees himself in the act of "seeing" her and reflects on his reflection:

It cost me, I acknowledge, a bitter sense of shame, to perceive in myself a positive effort to bear up against the effect which Zenobia sought to impose on me. I reasoned against her, in my secret mind, and strove so to keep my footing. In the gorgeousness with which she had surrounded herself--in the redundance of personal ornament, which the largeness of her physical nature and the rich type of her beauty caused to seem so suitable--I malevolently beheld the true character of the woman, passionate, luxurious, lacking simplicity, not deeply refined, incapable of pure and perfect taste. (3:164-65)

As Giovanni with Beatrice, Coverdale "malevolently" beholds the "art" of Zenobia's "true character" as passionate, unrefined, and impure because

those are the very qualities within himself that so powerfully attract him to her. If his "secret mind" is successful in reasoning "against her," he will be able to resist his powerful attraction to her by condemning in her, himself. His "bitter sense of shame," of course, results from this very recognition that his reading of the "art" of Zenobia is as "suggestive" of his character as the art of Rome would prove to be for Hilda, Miriam, and Kenyon. As I argued in the first chapter, Hawthorne's description of Fuller in April of 1858 is also more "suggestive" of his character than it is of Fuller's, and it suggests precisely the passionate attraction and defensive "reasoning" against that attraction which Coverdale confesses to here.

The terms of that "reasoning," it is clear, are parallel. The "passion" of Zenobia is the "sensuality" of Fuller. The "largeness of . . . "physical nature" in Zenobia is the "strong and coarse nature" in Fuller. A "not deeply refined" Zenobia is a Fuller "incapable of pure and perfect taste" who cannot "refine" but only "superficially change" her "strong and coarse nature," as the lack of "any deep witness for her integrity and purity" attests. The brilliance of the "flaming jewels" and the jeweled flower, the very ornamentation which Zenobia gives her setting and person, transform her "into a work of art" just as Fuller ornaments her character with "a mosaic of admirable qualities . . . polishing each separate piece, and the whole together, till it seemed to shine afar and dazzle all who saw it," becoming "far more a work of art than any of Mr. Mozier's statues" (14:155-57). While this last parallel may seem to compare unfairly the brilliance of appearance with character, an earlier passage confirms that for Coverdale setting and ornamentation serve only to accent the already "dazzling" effect of Zenobia's nature: "Zenobia had a rich, though varying color. It was, most of the while, a flame, and anon a sudden paleness. Her eyes glowed, so that their light sometimes flashed upward to me as when the sun throws a dazzle from some bright object on the ground. . . . The whole woman was alive with a passionate intensity. . . . Any passion would have become her well, and passionate love, perhaps, the best of all" (3:102). It is, of course, Coverdale's own desire that causes him to identify "passionate love" as the culmination of the "passionate intensity" of her character, and he makes this observation because he is both baffled and bitter about Zenobia's former relationship

with Westervelt, a man who, much like Ossoli in the 1858 description, cannot "comprehend" Zenobia, who is so "miserably incomplete" that he has "hardly any sensibilities except what pertain to us as animals . . . no passion, save of the senses," who causes Zenobia, like Fuller with Ossoli, to "wreck herself" on him and suffer "the moral deterioration attendant on a false and shallow life" (3:102-03). Coverdale's immediate and obsessive loathing of Westervelt, very much like Hawthorne's of Ossoli, arises from his identification with Westervelt: "I detested this kind of man, and all the more, " as Coverdale admits but Hawthorne will not, "because a part of my own nature showed itself responsive to him," responsive, that is, to a "cold scepticism" which "smothers what it can of our spiritual aspirations, and makes the rest ridiculous," as "ridiculous" as Hawthorne bitterly felt that Ossoli had made Fuller's high "aspirations" (3:101-02).

Denigrating what he desires, shamefully aware that his very disgust is but the symptom of that desire, Coverdale is able only for a moment to avoid succumbing to Zenobia's power to excite his self-confessed admiration: "But, the next instant, she was too powerful for all my opposing struggles. I saw how fit it was that she should make herself as gorgeous as she pleased, and should do a thousand things that would have been ridiculous in the poor, thin, weakly characters of other women" (3:165). Though Hawthorne ends his notebook passage on Fuller exploring the dubious comfort of the possibility that he might like her better for having proven herself "a very woman, after all," and capable of "falling" just "as the weakest of her sisters might," the grandeur with which he imagines Fuller's aspirations and tragic fall and the bitter perplexity with which he considers "the wonder" of her attraction to this "half-idiot . . . this boor, this hymen without the intellectual spark" (14:155) clearly suggests the extraordinary power that Fuller still possessed, eight years after her death, over Hawthorne's "secret mind."

Finding in Hawthorne's praise and condemnation of women writers his conflicted identification with them, James D. Wallace has argued persuasively that Hawthorne's account of Fuller's "moral and intellectual collapse" links her "surrender" to the "sexuality" that she worked so hard to refine out of her nature with her failure as a writer and is Hawthorne's "confrontation" with "what . . . [he] feared as a particularly

repellant form of his own failure."² By April of 1858, Hawthorne had perhaps good reason to fear his own possibly imminent "moral and intellectual collapse." Arriving in Rome free of the distractions that had occupied him over the last few years as a Consul, not having published a new romance or tale in six years, Hawthorne was expected to write another "classic" in Rome, just as Fuller had claimed to have begun there and finished in Florence.³ Ill and miserable throughout most of his first two months in Rome, Hawthorne had in fact finally begun writing on 1 April, two days before he penned the passage on Fuller. Besides the usual writing anxieties attendant on the commencement of a new project, Hawthorne perhaps already sensed the failure awaiting him; between 1 April and 19 May 1858 he would write eighty-eight pages of his new romance, The Ancestral Footstep, but he would give up on the project.⁴ The failure was permanent, despite efforts years later to complete the manuscript. To compound his fears of suffering, or having suffered, an "intellectual collapse" of his own literary powers, Hawthorne, who had apparently abstained from sexual relations with Sophia since the 1851 birth of Rose, may have had good reason at the time to fear the power of a "rude old potency" within himself to effect a "moral collapse." Between late January and the middle of April of 1858, Hawthorne became intimate with the attractive thirty-three year-old Salem sculptress Maria Louisa Lander, who had sought him out within days of his arrival and persuaded him to sit for a bust. Hawthorne visited her studio, usually alone, seventeen times for sittings. Herbert has speculated that though that relationship may have been "proper," it may not have been "innocent." He argues that Hawthorne's later ostracization of Lander in the fall of 1858, caused apparently by rumors of her attachment to a man and of her posing as a nude model, "re-enacts" Hawthorne's "repudiation of Fuller" and arose from his "resentment" on discovering Lander's interest in other men and his "guilty alarm" over possible misrepresentations of the nature of his intimacy with her when he sat as her model.⁵

Whatever may have been Hawthorne's own concerns about the possibility that Rome would also be the site of his own "collapse" as a man and as an artist, it is clear that the spark which ignited his attempt at "reasoning against" Fuller in his "secret mind," began with Mozier's characterization of Ossoli and a baffled Hawthorne's sense of anger and

betrayal over Fuller's choice: "He could not possibly have had the least appreciation of Margaret; and the wonder is, what attraction she found in this boor, this hymen without the intellectual spark--she that had always shown such a cruel and bitter scorn of intellectual deficiency" (14:155). The "cruel and bitter scorn" of Hawthorne's own disgust for the "intellectual deficiency" of Fuller's choice for a lover and "clownish husband" (14:156) becomes his "cruel and bitter scorn" of Fuller for having made that choice. The "solution to the riddle" of her character becomes, thus, an attempt to solve the mystery of her attraction to a man that Hawthorne thinks totally unworthy of her. It is the mystery that will continue to plague Hawthorne. His final attempt at a solution will be the creative impetus that gives birth to The Marble Faun, the romance in which Kenyon asks again and again just what could possibly account for Miriam's relationship with such an "incomplete" man as the faun-like aristocrat, the Count of Monte Beni. The narrator, in fact, admits as much when, in a parallel to Hawthorne's curiosity about Mozier's crude characterization of Ossoli, he locates the origins of his narrative in his curiosity over the still "unfinished" bust of Donatello: "It was the contemplation of this imperfect portrait of Donatello that originally interested us in his history, and impelled us to elicit from Kenyon what he knew of his friend's adventures" (4:381).

Hawthorne documented only Mozier's gossip about Fuller and Ossoli, but, given his and Sophia's known friendship with Fuller, even if he had not attempted "to elicit" additional information about "his friend's adventures" in Italy, as seems almost certain that he would, Hawthorne would still have been subjected to accounts from many others about Fuller's activities during the Roman revolution and her relationship with Ossoli, accounts that would have supplemented those he had already read in the 1852 Memoirs. What he would have heard would have provided him with a significantly more sympathetic portrait of Fuller's life in Italy and her relationship with Ossoli.⁶ William Wetmore and Emelyn Story, for instance, were particularly close to both Fuller and the Hawthornes and were much more supportive of Fuller's and Ossoli's relationship than Mozier was. Emelyn, for instance, was the one person Fuller turned to in Rome when she feared that she might die in the final French siege of the city, temporarily entrusting to her a packet of documents which, among

other matters, she assured Emelyn would verify her marriage to Ossoli--an incident which Hawthorne converts into the packet of documents Miriam entrusts to Hilda.⁷ When Hawthorne and family travelled to Florence to spend the summer months of 1858, they were, of course, following Fuller's path of exile from conquered Rome, and, in Florence as in Rome, they moved in essentially the same circle of friends. Though the Brownings were to depart from Florence less than a month after the Hawthornes' arrival, they and others would have provided Hawthorne with first-hand accounts of Fuller's last days and of her relationship with Ossoli.

The Ossoli that emerges from the written accounts of those who knew him as Fuller's "husband" is that of a handsome but unwordly, reserved but affable, young man who seemed completely and affectionately devoted to Fuller and their child.⁸ Though intelligent, and according to one observer, possessing "a quick and vivid fancy, even a share of humor," he had been poorly educated, and neither he nor Fuller ever pretended that he possessed intellectual powers that, if ever developed, would make him more nearly Fuller's intellectual equal.⁹ That did not seem to bother him or Fuller, however, though Fuller was very much aware that her friends in America would have difficulty accepting him and understanding her need for him.¹⁰ According to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Ossoli was "amiable & gentlemanly," was known for "having fought well . . . at the siege" and made "no pretension to cope with his wife on any ground appertaining to the intellect." Given Fuller's intellectual reputation, Browning, like most, at first wondered "at that species of marriage," but quickly accepted it, as did others who came to know them.¹¹ Whatever complex of emotional and sexual needs may have brought and kept them together, Fuller and Ossoli were clearly bound by their commitment to the failed revolution and their present status as political and military exiles who had lost everything but themselves and now depended on each other. As potential threats to the conservative regime governing Florence, they were kept under surveillance, yet Ossoli's fidelity to the republican cause which had cost him his inheritance as well as the affections of his family (who had long served the Papal government) was such that he defiantly wore indoors the Republican Guard uniform he could not risk wearing in public. Fuller, of course, became even more radical in her politics as she struggled to finish her history of the republican revolution. Bound by

their losses and their love for their child, they faced the future with foreboding. Fuller wrote of the "severe struggle" that she expected the rest of her life to be, if she was "able to live through it," and of Ossoli's suffering, which had "ploughed furrows in his life since first we met." "Our destiny is sad," she wrote. "We much brave it as we can."¹² Reflecting on Fuller's death, Browning records retrospectively that no one "ever seemed to want peace more than she did" and that she left Italy in "such gloom," her last evening spent with her talking of the prophecy that Ossoli would die by drowning.¹³

Arriving in Florence having given up on The Ancestral Footstep as a failure, Hawthorne, by mid-July, would have to return again to the "riddle" that had inspired his greatest work before he could begin plotting the last romance that he would be able to write.¹⁴ This time the "riddle" that Fuller presented to Hawthorne's imagination would be framed as the question which Hawthorne had asked himself in April and attempted to answer in his notebook, the question he pondered as he sat in his study overlooking the garden of the Casa del Bello or later, like Donatello, as he walked the battlements of the tower of the Villa Montauto. While Hawthorne struggled to finish the first draft in Rome during the winter and spring, whatever his provisional answers to the "riddle" may have been, his final answer was shaped by a sympathy that grew out of his own intimate confrontation with the "rude old potency" of death. In the winter and spring of 1858, he watched the thin crust of his own life crack beneath his feet. While he looked into the chasm which had engulfed Fuller in Rome and attempted to recreate her in art, in another room in the house, Una, gripped intermittently by fever, seemed at times certain to step over into that abyss herself.

2

"In the study of my art, I have gained many a hint from the dead, which the living could never have given me."

"I can well imagine it," answered Miriam. "One clay image is readily copied from another."

--Kenyon and Miriam (4:182)

In her works, Fuller wrote of her own life under the thin disguise of the names Miranda and Mariana. "Miriam" will be the name of the character she inspired, but "Miriam," like Fuller's "Miranda" and "Mariana," will be only the character's "ghost-name," the name that she takes on to mask

her identity, the name she is only "called" by her friends (4:7). Even the torturous Model "will forbear to speak another name" (4:94), and Hawthorne, of course, will refuse to the end to name the name of the woman that he believes his readers should be able to "surmise" unless, as he has Kenyon explain to the tale's narrator, "your feelings have never been harrowed by one of the most dreadful and mysterious events that have occurred within the present century" (4:467). "There never was such a tragedy" as Fuller's, Hawthorne had earlier decided, and as he contemplates Fuller's tragedy in his tale of Miriam's, the "drowned body" of Fuller rises frequently to the figurative surface of his imagination. Miriam, as Margaret, is the "pearl" which Kenyon could drown in "plunging" after. Miriam is a Corinne whose desire to see a lover's reflection in the waters of the Fountain of Trevi is granted, but only as a vision of the death that that love will bring. When Hawthorne has Miriam reenact Corinne's recognition of her lover, Lord Nelvil, through his reflection in the placid pool, he seizes the opportunity to have his character's imitation of art become his imitation of life. Miriam's fountain evokes Fuller's tempestuous sea, and Miriam's premonition of disaster parallels the premonitions of death that Fuller spoke of frequently in Florence in the days preceding her fatal voyage:

In Miriam's case, however, (owing to the agitation of the water, its transparency, and the angle at which she was compelled to lean over,) no reflected image appeared; nor, from the same causes, would it have been possible for the recognition between Corinne and her lover to take place. The moon, indeed, flung Miriam's shadow at the bottom of the basin, as well as two more shadows of persons who had followed her, on either side.

"Three shadows!" exclaimed Miriam. "Three separate shadows, all so black and heavy that they sink in the water! There they lie on the bottom, as if all three were drowned together. This shadow on my right is Donatello; I know him by his curls, and the turn of his head. My left-hand companion puzzles me; a shapeless mass, as indistinct as the premonition of calamity! Which of you can it be? Ah!" (4:146-47)

For Hilda, who returned to the balcony over the precipice of "Traitor's Leap" because she feared that Miriam might be tempted to commit suicide, her promise to deliver Miriam's packet, now that they are forever separated, has "the sacredness of an injunction from a dead friend" (4:387). In the Catacomb of Saint Calixtus, just after expressing her terror of "going astray" in the endless "labyrinth of darkness, which broods around the little glimmer of our tapers," Miriam suffers the

fulfillment of her forebodings and is lost in the darkness which the narrator, following Miriam's cue, identifies figuratively with death, significantly the death of friends: "While their collected torches illuminated this one, small, consecrated spot, the great darkness spread all around it, like that immenser mystery which envelopes our little life, and into which friends vanish from us, one by one" (4:26-27). "'Why, where is Miriam?' cried Hilda" in the very next sentence. And Miriam's is the name, of course, which rises to consciousness "like a drowned body in the deepest pool of the rivulet" once Kenyon pronounces the unspoken name of the ghost haunting his conversation with Donatello.

Miriam is lost in the darkness of the grave of the catacombs in a chapter appropriately entitled "Subterranean Reminiscences." Indeed, most of the chapter is devoted to "reminiscences" of Kenyon and Hilda's now lost friendship with Miriam, the chapter concluding with her disappearance into the darkness. The image of death that is associated with Miriam's vanishing within the catacombs is foreshadowed by the elusive, ghostly images with which she is described earlier in the chapter. In the first, the "riddle" of Miriam's ability to seem so "airy, free, and affable" in her intimacies with friends who are, nevertheless, kept unsuspectingly "at a distance" is compared to the specters conjured through occult rituals, a comparison that owes much to Hawthorne's recent participation with Sophia in seances in Florence: "She resembled one of those images of light, which conjurors evoke and cause to shine before us, in apparent tangibility, only an arm's length beyond our grasp; we make a step in advance, expecting to seize the illusion, but find it still precisely so far out of our reach" (4:21).¹⁵ After relating the rumors surrounding Miriam, most of them concerning inappropriate marriages which she fled to Rome to avoid, the narrator associates her beauty not with her features but with her somewhat otherworldly "mystery": "Miriam, fair as she looked, was plucked up out of a mystery, and had its roots still clinging to her. She was a beautiful and attractive women, but based, as it were, upon a cloud, and all surrounded with misty substance, so that the result was to render her sprite-like in her most ordinary manifestation" (4:23).

Such descriptions as these not only suggest the "ghostly" presence of Fuller inspiring Hawthorne's conception of Miriam but also serve, on closer

inspection, to render Miriam's "beauty"--very much like Beatrice's or Zenobia's--as one of Hawthorne's own conjured illusions. Hawthorne subtly suggests his method and its effect in Miriam's self-portrait by painting his own portrait of the representational practices of memory. The image of Miriam in the portrait is "so beautiful, that she seemed to get into your consciousness and memory, and could never afterwards be shut out, but haunted your dreams, for pleasure or for pain; holding your inner realm as a conquered territory, though without deigning to make herself a home there" (4:47-48). The narrator suggests that the portrait rendered by Miriam is "a flattered likeness" by raising that possibility without resolving it. What is made explicit, however, is that much of the woman's beauty in the portrait and in memory's representation of it arises from "traits, expressions, loftinesses, and amenities, which would have been invisible, had they not been painted from within" (4:49). Though not discernible to the eye, the narrator insists, "Yet their reality and truth is none the less." The truth of the portrait's beauty, however, lies far deeper than features, deeper even than the effects of personality: It lies in its representation "of the intimate results of . . . heart-knowledge" (4:49).

The "ghost" of Fuller inhabiting Miriam's characterization appears in both old and new guises. As Beatrice and Zenobia before her, Miriam was reared solely by a father. His attempt to impose his will on Miriam through a pre-arranged marriage leads to her rebellion and the mysterious "crime" and is something of a parallel to Dr. Rappaccini's experiment in selecting and "preparing" Giovanni as Beatrice's mate. Like Hester, Beatrice, and Zenobia, her beauty is exotically foreign ("a certain rich Oriental character in her face" [4:22]) and is largely the effect of a "nature" with "a great deal of color" (4:21), "warmth and passionateness" (4:20), and mystery. She is extraordinarily intelligent, independent, and artistic, and she speaks vehemently against the arbitrary barriers imposed on women. Like Zenobia, her works lack "technical merit" but appeal to "the patrons of modern art" because they reflect the passion of her character (4:20) and challenge the tradition of the Old Masters through their original and disturbing portrayals of passionate women. Though Hawthorne describes her as painting in oils, he refers to her as attempting in Rome "to support herself by the pencil" (4:23), a reference

which is ambiguous enough to be consistent with her role as a painter yet also to serve as an allusion to Fuller's attempt, once she had left the Springs as a tutor and returned to Rome and Ossoli, to support herself exclusively through writing dispatches for the Tribune.

Despite these and other similarities between Miriam and her three predecessors, Miriam is unique in being primarily Hawthorne's imaginative recreation of the Fuller he never knew--the Fuller who attracted the devoted love of a young, handsome, innocently simple, intelligent but under-educated aristocrat, Giovanni Angelo Ossoli, and who eventually accepted his love--who influenced him to adopt her liberal principles, turn against the Papal government for whom his father and two brothers served, fight for the republicans, lose his inheritance, and join her in exile at Rieti, at Perugia, and, finally, at Florence, where both were kept under police surveillance as political enemies--who herself wrote with reluctant approval in her Tribune dispatches of the political assassination of the Pope's minister, the Count Pellegrino Rossi, and of the necessity to shed blood to prevent the triumph of despotism--who spoke fatalistically of her life, particularly in the last few months, as a tragedy whose end she feared might be near. Hawthorne imagines Fuller alive in Rome in 1858 through her "ghostly" presence in Miriam's character--still friends with him, as Kenyon, and with Sophia, as Hilda. The Roman revolution has passed but its presence lingers--militarily in the deployments of French troops, politically in the Church and police-backed despotic government, and personally in the embodiment of Miriam's guilt, the Model, whose mysterious "crime" as, possibly, a "political assassin" Miriam shares some complicity. If the Model in some ways may represent the Ossoli who, under Fuller's influence, became the republican revolutionary soldier who killed to prevent the reimposition by the French of the civil despotism of the Church "Fathers," Donatello is his resurrected double not yet bound to Fuller, not yet fallen from innocence through passion and violence--still alive for Hawthorne's imagination to interrogate.

Hawthorne's attempt to find an answer to the source of Fuller's attraction to Ossoli and its role in the precipitation of her "tragedy" is focused at the intersection between the sexual and the political. The contemporary political context in which Hawthorne's description of Rome is framed has long been ignored, but as Robert S. Levine has recently

demonstrated, the presence of French troops to maintain order, the despotic government's link to the politically reactionary Church, the revolutionary symbolism of the repressed, but heavily policed, energies of the Roman people during the Carnival, the characterization of Miriam and her Model as likely linked to a revolutionary political assassination--all are emphasized by Hawthorne as part of a "culturally specific representation of Rome's body politic during a time in which the Roman Catholic authorities had overcome one revolutionary challenge to their governing power and were attempting to contain future subversive threats."¹⁶ Levine, for instance, argues persuasively that Hawthorne intended to suggest that Miriam's "crime," like Beatrice Cenci's, was political as well as sexual in nature. Beatrice Cenci's incestuous father, in Shelley's version, is so strongly linked to the Pope that Beatrice, with no other protector and no other form of justice available to her, turns to an assassin to rid her of her father's despotism. Though incest is not alluded to, Miriam's father, also well-connected with the Church fathers, attempts to enforce his will on Miriam through a pre-arranged marriage, a form of sexual oppression which Miriam also resists. Because "political assassin" is given the weight of the last item in a series of possible identities for both the Model and the legendary executor of early members of the Church of Rome, Memmius, because both are associated with the traditional hiding place for Roman political and religious rebels, the catacombs, and because Miriam's "stain" relates in some way to her resistance to her father's governance, the Model's "crime" and Miriam's complicity in that crime, the novel suggests subtly, was likely, according to Levine, "the assassination of a patriarch connected with the Roman Catholic political authority," a patriarch much like Minister Rossi.¹⁷

Such an interpretation is given even greater weight if we consider more closely Miriam's paintings of Jael, Judith, and Salome, as well as her responsiveness to Kenyon's Cleopatra and Hilda's copy of Guido's "Beatrice Cenci." Levine mentions the allusions to Jael, Judith, and Cleopatra as being linked to Beatrice Cenci by virtue of their similarity in being "strongly independent women," an unaccountable interpretative myopia, considering his argument, but one encouraged by the narrator himself, who finds in Miriam's passionate, violent renderings of Jael, Judith, and Salome only the reductive similarity of "the idea of woman . . . acting the

part of a revengeful mischief towards man" (44).¹⁸ The "revengeful mischief" of each, however, is more political than sexual. Each, in fact, participated in a political assassination. Jael drove the tent spike through Sisera's head as part of the revolt of the Israelites against their twenty-year political subjugation by Jabin, King of Canaan, a subjugation which Sisera, as Jabin's chief military officer, had enforced. For Jael's "revengeful mischief," an "angel of the Lord" pronounces her "blessed above women . . . blessed shall she be above women in the tent."¹⁹ Like Jael, Judith saves her people from Nebuchadrezzar's attempt to subjugate them by slaying his military commander, Holofernes. Miriam's conceptions of both Jael and Judith, as the narrator does recognize, promote "the moral . . . that woman must strike through her own heart to reach a human life" (4:44), a moral which, within the context, would suggest that women must be prepared, like men, to sacrifice the private pleasures of the "heart" for a political commitment that may entail brutal violence. Miriam's alterations in Jael's expression to suggest "a vulgar murderess" and her depiction of the "diabolical grin of triumphant malice" on Holofernes's severed head, however, suggest Miriam's ambivalence toward her own "moral," suggest, that is, the guilt gnawing at her for having committed or condoned similar acts of violence, regardless of their justice (4:43-44). The third painting in that group--Salome receiving the head of John the Baptist--follows the narrator's enunciation of Miriam's "moral," thus implying its exemption from the generalization, and reenforces the suggestions of the previous two paintings of Miriam's ambivalent guilt. Whereas both Jael and Judith, like Beatrice Cenci, are nobly "innocent" in that they chose to take violent action on behalf of justice, of freedom from intolerable despotism, Salome is ignobly "innocent" as a passive agent of her mother's desire to exact personal as well as political revenge on John the Baptist's public criticism of her marriage to her former brother-in-law, King Herod, who also desired his death as a political trouble-maker but feared the political consequences and is horror-stricken to find his secret desire fulfilled in his promise to Salome. Herod, of course, was also frequently represented as a would-be Cenci whose lust for his step-daughter led to his rash promise to grant any favor she demanded. Miriam's portrayal of the Saint's "look of gentle and heavenly reproach, with sad and blessed eyes," which awakens Salome's

"whole womanhood . . . to love and endless remorse," depicts the sympathy and forgiveness which both Miriam and Donatello will seek and find in Perugia under "The Bronze Pontiff's Benediction" (4:44).

In an attempt to find yet another "solution to the riddle" of Fuller, Hawthorne conflates Fuller's sexual and political activities in Rome with Miriam's relationships with the Model and with Donatello. Though Hawthorne's characterization of the Model is so melodramatically gothic that, as in the Fountain of Trevi passage cited earlier, he could represent something so nebulous as Miriam's tragic fate (her "premonition of calamity"), his vaguely political and sexual link with Miriam's past suggests that he represents to some extent Hawthorne's own past conceptions of the man responsible for Fuller's "moral and intellectual collapse"--the "boor" and "hymen" Ossoli of April 1858, the Westervelt of 1852. That representation is replaced--literally killed--by the much more sympathetic representation of an Ossoli that Hawthorne had come to know, or to reconcile himself with, through the gossip of Rome and Florence--the innocent, simple, devoted admirer of Fuller whose participation in the violent revolution to overthrow the government of the Church fathers "binds" him to Fuller as both lover and political "criminal" in exile. Ossoli's revolutionary activities are imagined within the romance's time-frame as being both in the past--in his guise as the Model-assassin--and in the present--in his guise as Donatello, the murderer. In the Model's final exposure as Brother Antonio and in Miriam's endorsement of the execution of political traitors only seconds before Donatello hurls the Model to his death over the precipice known as, in fact, "Traitor's Leap," Donatello's "murder" of the Model suggests subtly a repetition of the Model's crime, not an "assassination" of a tyrant but an "execution" of a traitor. Executions of such traitors are just, according to Miriam's values as a democrat-socialist, because these men "are the bane of their fellow-creatures" for having "poisoned the air, which is the common breath of all, for their own selfish purposes" (4:170). Miriam's moral, but not legal, complicity in the "execution" and her attempts to assuage the shock of Donatello's moral "transformation" are parallel to Fuller's "peaceful" participation in the revolution as a political sympathizer, a foreign propagandist, and a nurse to the wounded. Indeed, in a parallel to Fuller's efforts to articulate an ideological

justification for the republican insurrection in Rome by linking it to democratic revolutions of the past, Miriam directs Donatello to Pompey's forum immediately after the murder and, "treading loftily past," proclaims: "For there was a great deed one here! . . . a deed of blood, like ours! Who knows, but we may meet the high and ever-sad fraternity of Caesar's murderers, and exchange a salutation?" (4:176).

While Hawthorne's portrayal of Donatello is sympathetic throughout, his resistance to accepting the "purely sensual" as the basis of Fuller's and Ossoli's relationship is suggested in The Marble Faun by his not allowing the "unfallen" Donatello--the innocent, unintelligent faun-satyr--the merely physical man--to be worthy of Miriam's love. Miriam may envy his "'happy ignorance'" (4:15)--his spontaneity, his unburdened enjoyment of simple pleasures--but she patronizes him as the pure male animal that he is. In his seemingly instinctive subordination of himself to a creature vastly more complex and intellectually superior, in his absolute worship of her, in his protective loyalty, he resembles nothing so much as Miriam's "pet." Thus, when Miriam is pleased with his kissing of her hand, Miriam bestows "on him a little, careless caress . . . like what one would give to a pet dog" (4:14). She admits to thinking of him as "'a child . . . a simpleton,'" an "'underwitted'" man that she finds herself treating, unavoidably, "'as if he were the merest unfledged chicken'" (4:15). Though he is "'a gentle creature'" with her, Miriam recognizes that Donatello is capable of savagery; at times, Miriam says, he can be "'an odd mixture of the bull-dog, or some other equally fierce brute'" (4:18). As Hawthorne was puzzled by Ossoli's attraction to Fuller, so neither Miriam nor Kenyon can fathom Donatello's attraction to one so unlike him. At one point Miriam simply asks him, "'Why should you love me, foolish boy? . . . We have no points of sympathy at all. There are not two creatures more unlike, in this wide world, than you and I!'" Unfazed, Donatello explains the mystery by, basically, articulating it: "'You are yourself, and I am Donatello. . . . Therefore I love you! There needs no other reason'" (4:79). Flattered perhaps, Miriam can also be irritated: "'I wish he would not haunt my footsteps so continually,'" Miriam complains to Kenyon (4:18). The only explanation that Kenyon can offer Miriam for Donatello's infatuation is that Miriam has dazzled him the way Hawthorne says that Fuller, as a self-created human work of art, dazzled "all who saw" her

(14:157). "You have bewitched the poor lad," Kenyon tells her. "You have a faculty of bewitching people" (4:18). The narrator describes the very qualities that may have "bewitched" Donatello, but accepts Donatello's "reason" that there is basically no reason:

It might have been imagined that Donatello's unsophisticated heart would be more readily attracted to a feminine nature of clear simplicity, like his own, than to one already turbid with grief or wrong, as Miriam's seemed to be. Perhaps, on the other hand, his character needed the dark element which it found in her. The force and energy of will, that sometimes flashed through her eyes, may have taken him captive; or, not improbably, the varying lights and shadows of her temper, now so mirthful, and anon so sad with mysterious gloom, had bewitched the youth. Analyze the matter as we may, the reason assigned by Donatello himself was as satisfactory as we are likely to attain. (4:79-80)

What is interesting about the narrator's reasoning in the passage above is that the "feminine nature of clear simplicity" that Donatello might reasonably "be more readily attracted to" describes, rather aptly, Hilda's character, just as Donatello's need of "the dark element" might just as well describe Kenyon's need to recreate a Cleopatra, or for that matter, Hawthorne's need to create a Zenobia, a Hester, a Beatrice, or a Miriam.

Though Hawthorne will not allow Miriam to respond yet to Donatello's open avowals of love with anything more than a bemused tolerance, he allows his narrator to speculate on the emotional ambiguity of her tolerance. Despite her "dark element," Miriam is not so "world-worn" that she would find "Donatello's heart . . . so fresh a fountain, that . . . she might have found it exquisite to slake her thirst with the feelings that welled up and brimmed over from it" (4:80), a euphemistic denial that Miriam was capable of being drawn to the relationship for purely sensual pleasure. More innocently, Miriam merely finds "an inexpressible charm in the simplicity" of Donatello's "words and deeds," but, "unless she caught them in precisely the true light, they seemed but folly, the offspring of a maimed or imperfectly developed intellect": "Alternately, she almost admired, or wholly scorned him, and knew not which estimate resulted from the deeper appreciation" (4:80).

The alternation within Miriam's heart is paralleled by the alternative views of Hilda and Kenyon about the possibility of Miriam ever loving Donatello. When Kenyon raises that very possibility, Hilda dismisses it out of hand: "Miriam! She, so accomplished and gifted! . . . And he, a rude,

uncultivated boy! No, no no!" (4:105). Kenyon too thinks that "it would seem impossible," but, in an echo of Coverdale on Zenobia's attachment to Westervelt or of Hawthorne on Fuller's attachment to Ossoli, he observes that "a gifted woman flings away her affections so unaccountably, sometimes!" (4:105). Exploring the possibility that Miriam might do likewise, Kenyon describes a psychological need that he, and perhaps his author, knew only too well:

Miriam, of late, has been very morbid and miserable, as we both know. Young as she is, the morning light seems already to have faded out of her life; and now comes Donatello, with natural sunshine enough for himself and her, and offers her the opportunity of making her heart and life all new and cheery again. People of high intellectual endowments do not require similar ones in those they love. They are just the persons to appreciate the wholesome gush of natural feeling, the honest affection, the simple joy, the fulness of contentment with what he loves, which Miriam sees in Donatello. True; she may call him a simpleton. It is a necessity of the case; for a man loses the capacity for this kind of affection, in proportion as he cultivates and refines himself. (4:105)

Only moments later during that same walk on the Pincian, Kenyon virtually confesses to being drawn to Hilda's uncomplicated innocence out of the same need: "Dear Hilda, this is a perplexed and troubled world! It soothes me inexpressibly to think of you in your tower, with white doves and white thoughts for your companions, so high above us all, and with the Virgin for your household friend. You know not how far it throws its light--that lamp which you keep burning at her shrine!" (4:112). It is this need to retreat to the comforts of a vicariously experienced innocence, that causes Kenyon, at the end, to retreat from his own deepest but most disturbing insights into this "perplexed and troubled world" and ask Hilda to "guide" him "home," where he can worship her "as a household Saint" (4:461).

Miriam, as Kenyon thought possible, did indeed find herself capable of loving Donatello, but her love, as Kenyon did not expect, will develop not from the need to retreat from the perplexities and passions of the world, as Kenyon's will, but from the recognition that she and Donatello are now bound together by their joint confrontation with those very perplexities and passions--in the world and in themselves. When Donatello strikes out to protect Miriam from her oppressor, hurling Brother Antonio over "Traitor's Leap," he submits to a passion that will transform him into a

man complete enough for Hawthorne to allow Miriam to love. In April of 1858, Hawthorne could not understand Fuller's attraction to the handsome "half-idiot" Ossoli--the "boor," the "hymen without the intellectual spark"--but as he learned more of Ossoli's military service in the revolution and of the bond that political exile as well as parenthood had formed between him and Fuller, he imagined Ossoli has having experienced a "transformation" under Fuller's influence, a "transformation" suggested perhaps by Hawthorne's own need to redeem the nature of Fuller's liaison with Ossoli through a "transformed" perception of that relationship. It is no accident, then, that having submitted to Miriam's influence and knowing real passion for the first time, Donatello not only kills the Model that represents to some extent the Ossoli-figure who had inspired Hawthorne's loathing but also kills within himself the innocent but mindless masculine faun-satyr who is unworthy of Miriam's love. The immediate effect of "sin" on Donatello becomes the central paradox of the romance--his "redemption" as a man. It also seems no accident that, to redeem Donatello, Hawthorne employs a variation of the very metaphor that he had used to condemn Ossoli. Miriam looks "wildly at the young man, whose form seemed to have dilated, and whose eyes blazed with the fierce energy that had suddenly inspired him. It had kindled him into a man; it had developed within him an intelligence which was no native characteristic of the Donatello whom we have heretofore known" (4:172). Donatello may now captivate a Miriam, for he now has the "intellectual spark" that he and Ossoli had lacked. "Kindled" by passion, his face takes on "a higher, almost an heroic aspect" (4:175)--"heroic" becoming a frequent adjective of Kenyon's for the fallen Donatello--and his eyes now "blaze" with a "fierce energy" and "intelligence" just as, earlier, Miriam's eyes were said to captivate by the "flash" of her own "force and energy of will" (4:79). Having implicated himself in her fate, she is now inextricably implicated in his. The effect on Miriam is instantaneous. She presses "him close, close to her bosom, with a clinging embrace that brought their two hearts together, till the horror and agony of each was combined into one emotion, and that, a kind of rapture" (4:173-74). Bound by "their deed--the crime which Donatello wrought, and Miriam accepted on the instant," their union through shared guilt and mutual sympathy is "closer than a marriage-bond" (4:174). With the ambivalence that lies at

the very heart of Hawthorne's perception of Fuller's union with Ossoli, the narrator describes the bond between Donatello and Miriam as having "the ever-increasing loathsomeness of a union that consists in guilt," and yet in a virtual paraphrase of Milton's conception of the purpose of the "sacred consecration" of marriage, that union saves Miriam from "an icy solitude," and, for her, "there can be no more loneliness" (4:175). Though Donatello will temporarily reject Miriam as responsible for his "crime," when he finally, unequivocally, accepts mutual responsibility, he develops the capacity to reciprocate Miriam's sympathy, and, both repentant, the permanence of their bond is blessed as a form of "marriage" by both the "Bronze Pontiff" and Kenyon, but not, of course, Hilda, whose "merciless" (4:209) inability to give Miriam the sympathy that she needs wounds, in the imagery of the battlefield, "like a steel blade" (4:384). That blessing, by no mere coincidence, occurs in the village of Perugia, the very spot where Fuller and Ossoli were detained for over a month until, as she wrote Lewis Cass, Jr., the "Police" recognized that "the Pontifical Authorities at Perugia" had "blessed" Ossoli's papers by allowing him to live "undisturbed."²⁰ In a passage that Hawthorne would have read in the Memoirs, Fuller describes their rejuvenation in Perugia through the "perfect elixir" of "the pure mountain air." "Every morning," she also wrote, she and Ossoli went "to some church rich in pictures."²¹

Kenyon, of course, had imagined Miriam capable of a love for Donatello that, in its condescension to Donatello's simplicities of emotion, would be something of a refuge from passion, but he has difficulty accepting the passionate abandon that Miriam eventually develops for Donatello. When they meet in the "Marble Saloon" to discuss the possibility of her reconciliation with Donatello, Kenyon is shocked to see in Miriam the physical and emotional devastation of Donatello's rejection. Having determined to devote her "too much life and strength," her "too redundant energy," on sacrificing herself for Donatello, she has been left, with his rejection, with nothing to do but "brood, brood, brood, all day, all night, in unprofitable longings and repinings" (4:280). "Cherishing a love which insulated him from the wild experiences" of such passion, the Kenyon who seeks a refuge from passion in an "insulated" love cannot understand "how Miriam's rich, ill-regulated nature impelled her to fling herself, conscience and all, on one passion, the object of which,

intellectually, seemed far beneath her" (4:280). Like Hawthorne of Fuller, Kenyon finds Miriam's passion for Donatello ultimately unfathomable, but, as Coverdale had admitted of his own resistance and submission to Zenobia's character, so Kenyon had earlier acknowledged to Hilda of Miriam, "My heart trusts her, at least--whatever my head may do" (4:109). Finding nobility in Miriam's willingness to sacrifice herself for another, finding a redeeming purpose for their marriage of guilt if Miriam can, as she claims, serve "to instruct, to elevate, to enrich" Donatello's mind," Kenyon listens to his "heart" and, finally, deems Donatello worthy of Miriam:

Kenyon could not but marvel at the subjection into which this proud and self-dependent woman had wilfully flung herself, hanging her life upon the chance of an angry or favourable regard from a person who, a little while before, had seemed the plaything of a moment. But, in Miriam's eyes, Donatello was always, thenceforth, invested with the tragic dignity of their hour of crime; and, furthermore, the keen and deep insight, with which her love endowed her, enabled her to know him far better than he could be known by ordinary observation. Beyond all question, since she loved him so, there was a force in Donatello worthy of her respect and love.

(4:283-84)

If Hawthorne's "secret mind" had earlier reasoned against Fuller's union with Ossoli, if his "head" still could not quite understand nor condone their relationship, here, through Kenyon, he seems to acknowledge to himself at least that his "heart" places its faith in Fuller's character. If Fuller deemed Ossoli worthy of her love, then despite what "ordinary observation" suggests, he will accept him as worthy. At Perugia, he will bless these tragedy-bound lovers as a having a union as "true" as any marriage would have been.²²

3

"It is Donatello's prize. . . . The eyes of us three are the only ones to which she has yet revealed herself. Does it not frighten you a little, like the apparition of a lovely woman that lived of old, and has long lain in the grave?"

"Ah, Miriam, I cannot respond to you. . . . Imagination and the love of art have both died out of me."

--Miriam and Kenyon on the "Venus of the Tribune" (4:427)

As the last complete romance that Hawthorne would write and the only one that features art as an explicit subject of interest to both the characters and the author, The Marble Faun has quite understandably been read for revelations it might yield for the creative failure that would

torment Hawthorne for the final four years of his life.²³ The historical tidiness of such retrospective criticism just as understandably makes one a bit uneasy, a bit suspicious of the neatness of a critical narrative of a narrator's own beginnings and endings. It is an uneasiness which Hawthorne shared, for when Hawthorne wrote The Marble Faun, he did more than simply express his fears of his own impending "moral and intellectual collapse" as an artist. He announced its advent.

Sophia always maintained that Hawthorne never recovered from the trauma of Rome, from the excruciating anxiety of watching Una daily, for weeks, seem to die.²⁴ As Carton and Herbert have demonstrated, Hawthorne's relationship with Una was so close, so ambivalent, and, in some ways, so intimately related to his role as an artist as well as a father, that the ordeal of watching her seem to die could not have but taken a severe toll on him.²⁵ If it affected him in no other way, Una's illness forced the fifty-five year-old Hawthorne to confront in the Eternal City his own eternal end. "The great darkness . . . into which friends vanish from us, one by one" seemed greater than ever for Hawthorne as "this one, small, consecrated spot" of light in which Una lived first flickered, then dimmed perilously close to extinction. "It is almost the worst trial in all this to see his face," wrote Ada Shepard, for "Mr. Hawthorne said that he had given up all hope . . . and wished no-one to try to inspire any in him."²⁶ Every where Hawthorne turned in Rome, he confronted the ruins of life left by death--the ghosts of civilizations, of artists, of a friend. Writing the first draft of The Marble Faun as Una battled with death, he began to see that the "rude old potency" that Fuller "could not possibly come at, to re-create and refine," that "bestirred itself" beneath the brilliant "mosaic of admirable qualities" and "undid all her labor in the twinkling of an eye," was not her sensuality so much as it was her mere mortality.

That "rude old potency" that shattered the dazzling surface of Fuller's life finds its parallel in the chasm of Curtius, "one of the orifices of that pit of blackness that lies beneath us, everywhere" (4:161). Thinking perhaps of the tragedy of Fuller's death and its commencement with the republican revolution and the destruction of her personal and political hopes by the French, Hawthorne has Kenyon interpret the legend of the chasm as an "intimation" from the past of "all the future calamities of

Rome--shades of Goths and Gauls, and even of the French soldiers of to-day" (4:161). Appropriately, Miriam serves for Kenyon and Hilda as the prophetic voice of that "intimation": "The firmest substance of human happiness," she warns them, "is but a thin crust spread over it, with just reality enough to bear up the illusive stage-scenery amid which we tread. It needs no earthquake to open the chasm. A footstep, a little heavier than ordinary, will serve; and we must step very daintily, not to break through the crust, at any moment. By-and-by, we inevitably sink!" (4:161-62). Talent, nobility, heroism, self-sacrifice--nothing can prevent the crust from breaking and shattering a life. For all of Curtius' nobility of purpose in attempting to prevent Rome's calamities by descending into the chasm himself, Miriam points out that "all the armies . . . all the heroes, the statesmen, and the poets," all of them have "piled upon poor Curtius" (4:162). Hilda, of course, refuses to accept Miriam's tragic fatalism. She imagines the chasm as very much like the "defective and evil nature" that Hawthorne in April of 1858 had identified as Fuller's "rude old potency." For Hilda, the chasm is nothing more than man's "evil," a pit that can be bridged "with good thoughts and deeds" or, in a shift of metaphor, filled up by "heroic self-sacrifice and patriotism" and other virtuous acts. For Miriam, however, it all comes "to the same thing at last" (4:162). Confronted with the radically divergent visions of life offered by Miriam and Hilda, Kenyon responds sympathetically, even passionately, to Miriam's, not Hilda's. His "imagination," as the narrator tells us, "was greatly excited by the idea of this wondrous chasm," the chasm, that is, which could not be bridged or filled (4:163).

Until that moment when he confronts his inability to recreate the "Venus of the Tribune" from the broken fragments of that "apparition of a lovely woman who lived of old, and has long lain in the grave," Kenyon proves himself again and again to be more responsive to Miriam than to Hilda. For Hilda, Guido's representation of an unblemished, unruffled Arch-angel Michael conquering with ease the demon dragon whose face he refuses to confront is "the most beautiful and the divinest figure that mortal painter ever drew" (4:139). For Kenyon, however, it is "the wild energy" of Miriam's conception of Michael that would be the masterpiece--a tattered and wounded Michael fiercely confronting in violent struggle an evil that inspires "unutterable horror," that has the

strength to defeat Michael if he does not battle it "as if his very soul depended upon it" (4:184). Despite Kenyon's repeatedly more sympathetic responses to Miriam and her passionate and tragic vision of life and art, early in the romance, the narrator attempts to thwart any inclination the reader might have to imagine a romantic attraction between Kenyon and Miriam. He feels for her only "a manly regard," the narrator tells us, but, perhaps sensing the ambiguity of the phrase, he adds with a seemingly unambiguous certainty that his "regard" was "nothing akin to what is distinctively called Love" (4:36). The qualification, however, is anything but unambiguous. The capitalization of "Love" and the phrase "what is . . . called" would alone suggest that the narrator is carefully excluding only a socially and literarily conventional "Love" expected of heroes and heroines of romances. The addition of the qualifier "distinctively," however, emphasizes the possibility that Kenyon's friendship with Miriam is complicated by an attraction not defined precisely by either "Love" or mere friendship. If "what is distinctively called Love" is the emotion arising from the need which draws Kenyon to Hilda, then indeed Kenyon's "manly regard" for Miriam is quite different from the passion-insulated "Love" which he seeks in Hilda.

Whatever reasons we may give for the final years of Hawthorne's failure as an artist, The Marble Faun suggests that, for Hawthorne, his sense of present and impending failure, of the chasm opening beneath his very feet, is intimately related to his relationships with Sophia and with Fuller, with the Strophe and Antistrophe of his life and of his art.

More explicitly than Phoebe or Priscilla, Hilda resembles the Sophia of the love-letters that Hawthorne transformed into the Dove of his redemption. By 1858, the virginal Dove had seemed so thoroughly to inhabit that ideal that he now represents her as the sainted keeper of the Virgin's eternal flame, a light without heat shining down from a shrine towering above him, above all humanity, his object of worship now worshipped herself by a whole flock of Doves, an ideal idealized.

Like Hilda, Sophia as a young woman had shown great promise as an artist but had forsaken that promise by becoming instead a copyist of the "Old Masters." Later, she gave up art entirely and, as Herbert has argued, subordinated her talent forever to her life-long dedication to her husband's genius, to becoming the ideal that he had first imagined.²⁷

Hawthorne represents Sophia's "self-sacrifice" in Hilda's perfection as a copyist, worshipping so thoroughly the Old Masters and sympathizing so deeply with their work that she loses her self in their vision, becoming the living tool for the endless reproduction of their spirit in her work--like a mesmerized Priscilla with a brush in her hand. Hilda's loss of a creative self, as Sophia's was, is personal as well as artistic. Just as she dedicates her art to reproducing faithfully the works of the Old Masters, so she dedicates her life to the worship and reproduction of another masterwork of their patriarchal legacy, their vision of an ideal woman--the eternally white, spotless Virgin who lives "on the hither side of passion"--the Dove (4:374). To succeed as a copyist, she must subordinate herself with absolute fidelity to the aesthetic authority of the master to whom she pays homage. Aspiring to become the ideal of innocence and purity that she worships (and for which she is in turn worshipped), she must also serve that ideal with an equally rigid fidelity. As the ideal is absolute, so must the life be. Good cannot be stained by contact with evil, nor the purity of innocence by the shades of passion.

Like Priscilla of Hollingsworth or Hilda of her Old Masters, Sophia seemed to idealize blindly what she worshipped and to stake her entire faith on the purity of her idol. Sophia would insist, for example, that Hawthorne could not have known what he wrote: his genius as an artist resided exclusively, she believed, in his ability to copy, like Hilda, what he had only observed and sympathized with in others. She believed this because this is precisely what Hawthorne had told her to believe.²⁸ It seemed impossible for her to entertain the notion that Hawthorne's often disturbing work was in any way an imaginative representation of his own inner life. In a letter to her mother, for instance, she describes Hawthorne--eight years after their marriage--as being "like a stray Seraph, who had experienced in his own life no evil," who "has literally been so pure from the smallest taint of earthiness" that "it can only be because he is a seer that he knows of crime," only because he possessed "the intuition of a divine intellect" that did not experience but only "saw and sorrowed over all evil."²⁹ In terms stronger even than Hilda's rejection of Kenyon's speculation that sin can have beneficial consequences, Sophia in the same letter then links her faith in Hawthorne's purity to her faith in the absolute separation of good and

evil: "Not Julian's little (no, great) angel heart and life are freer from any intention or act of wrong than his [Hawthorne's]. And this is best proof to me of the absurdity of the prevalent idea that it is necessary to go through the fiery ordeal of sin to become wise and good. I think such an idea is blasphemy and the unpardonable sin."³⁰ Is it any wonder then that, after "blasphemously" writing four-hundred and fifty-nine pages of narrative support for Kenyon's interpretation of the "fortunate" consequences of "evil," Hawthorne would feel some pressure to redeem himself--as a husband, if not as an author--by having Kenyon turn apostate to his most deeply felt insights and acquiesce to Hilda's cry--"Oh, hush!" (4:460).

Given the ideal of the Dove that Hawthorne had imposed on Sophia, it is perhaps only simple justice that he too should have to suffer the monstrous burden of having to live up to an equally impossible ideal. Justice or not, the strain was enormous--on both the husband and the artist. As he did in Blithedale, Hawthorne suggests the weight of that burden. In a passage which could well describe the devastation of Fuller's "fall" on Hawthorne as well as his anxiety lest a "fall" of his own have a similar effect upon Sophia, Hawthorne describes an Hilda crushed by disillusionment:

The character of our individual beloved one having invested itself with all the attributes of right--that one friend being to us the symbol and representative of whatever is good and true--when he falls, the effect is almost as if the sky fell with him, bringing down in chaotic ruin the columns that upheld our faith. We struggle forth again, no doubt, bruised and bewildered. We stare wildly about us, and discover--or, it may be, we never make the discovery--that it was not actually the sky that has tumbled down, but merely a frail structure of our own rearing, which never rose higher than the house-tops, and has fallen because we founded it on nothing. But the crash, and the affright and trouble, are as overwhelming, for the time, as if the catastrophe involved the whole moral world. Remembering these things, let them suggest one generous motive for walking heedfully amid the defilement of earthly ways! Let us reflect that the highest path is pointed out by the pure Ideal of those who look up to us, and who, if we tread less loftily, may never look up so high again! (4:328-29)

As we can see in her letter to her mother, Sophia had staked her "whole moral world" on the proof of Hawthorne's spotless innocence, and she had protected her idolization of Hawthorne's purity as an artist and as a man by detaching the man entirely from his work. For Sophia, Hawthorne's dark tales of guilt and suffering had to originate exclusively from "the

intuition of a divine intellect." To admit the possibility that Hawthorne knew the pain and guilt which he described would cause the whole "frail structure" of Sophia's moral vision to collapse. Hawthorne imagines the recognition that would destroy Sophia in the shattering disillusionment Hilda experiences with the Old Masters once she finally realizes that the inspiration for great art arises not in the transcendent visions of an artist's pure imagination but in his imaginative representation of lived experience, in the artistic transformation that makes the face of his mistress the image of the Madonna. "Walking heedfully" in art required that Hawthorne live up to Sophia's "pure Ideal" by concealing the autobiographical origins of much of his art, though as Sophia over time proved herself amazingly firm in her commitment to his "divine intuition" he seemed (as in his characterization of Coverdale, Zenobia, or Hilda) to take increasingly less trouble at concealment. "Walking heedfully" also required that he could represent his powerful attraction to an alternative vision of a passionate womanhood in a Hester, a Zenobia, or a Miriam only if that vision were finally repudiated and the Dove-like vision of an "angel and apostle" of "sacred love," a Priscilla, or an Hilda allowed to prevail. The last chapter, even the last page, would suffice.

Sophia's absolute faith in Hawthorne provided him with the freedom to explore the "blasphemous" with some measure of certainty that she would be incapable of assigning to experience what she had to believe was only his sacred genius for observation. But, as Kenyon's representation of his love for Hilda suggest, the vision of womanhood which Sophia had come to represent, and then live, exerted an even more profoundly censorious, chilling influence on Hawthorne's imagination.³¹ Kenyon represents that love as the love of an abstracted, idealized part of her nature--a womanhood rendered bodiless, reduced to the perfection of a delicate marble hand too pure to touch, too pure to kiss. It is an image of woman so small that it may be wrapped in "fleecy cotton" and kept secure in a jeweled ivory coffer where it may be displayed at the discretion of its possessor (4:120).³² This idealized amputation of Hilda's femininity, however, is not the product of a purely idealizing "divine intuition," as Kenyon makes clear. The hand in which he represents his love for Hilda is so close a replica of Hilda's actual hand that Miriam immediately recognizes the resemblance. Like Sophia, however, Hilda "never knew,"

admits Kenyon, that he "stole it from her" (4:121). Later, again when "Kenyon's genius, unconsciously wrought upon by Hilda's influence, took a more delicate character," he models in clay a figure described not as a girl or as a woman but as "maidenhood" itself "gathering a snowdrop" rather than such "passionate flowers" as the "crimson rose" which Kenyon had vainly sought in Hilda's "snowy breast." As delicate, cold, and impermanent as the snowdrop itself, Kenyon's figure is too evanescent, too "fragile" and "true only to the moment," for Kenyon to deem suitable for the permanent art of marble (4:374-75). Just as Hilda's original works of art showed a "delicate" talent that might develop if she ever gave them "a darker and more forcible touch," a "reality which comes only from a close acquaintance with life," so Hilda inspires in Kenyon the very passionless "delicacy" that reduces woman's nature to the lifelessness of an untouchable hand or to the coolness of an abstraction, maidenhood gathering flowers of ice.

Hilda lacks what Kenyon needs. Hawthorne makes that point in a dramatic way. He juxtaposes Hilda's "hand" with "Cleopatra." With snow rather than "passionate flowers" in her breast, Hilda is muse to Kenyon's very weakness as an artist--his passionless idealization of a conventionally partial vision of humanity. Before Kenyon undrapes his "veiled" statue of Cleopatra for Miriam, she frankly rebukes him for being like a "magician" who "turn[s] feverish men into cool, quiet marble" (4:119). It is not the first time that Miriam has criticized the coldness of Kenyon's art, and, of course, it is not the first time that Hawthorne has reinscribed into his work Fuller's critique of the "frigidity and thinness" of his characters, characters who would be painted "with blood-warm colors" were Hawthorne's "genius fully roused to its work."³³

In his chapter "Cleopatra," Hawthorne seems to provide something of an concise meta-fictional representation of his complex response to Fuller as a woman, as a critic, and as the muse who inspired his most successful art. Incapable of "stealing from a lady," Hawthorne claims in the Preface that he would have liked to have used Harriet Hosmer's statue of Zenobia, but he didn't. He chose instead to appropriate for his purposes the Cleopatra of William Wetmore Story, his and Fuller's friend (4:4). Like Zenobia, Cleopatra, of course, challenged and was defeated by the Roman Empire, and, more appropriately than Zenobia, Cleopatra's revolt against

the Romans more clearly involved the intermixture of sex, politics, and violence that characterizes Miriam's Judith, Jael, and Salome--or, of course, Hawthorne's Fuller in Miriam's characterization. Kenyon had first displayed Hilda's "hand" for Miriam, whose delicacy she was capable of appreciating in a limited way just as she was capable of painting the shadow of herself on the margins looking longingly upon young lovers or upon baby shoes in a domestic scene. But he had brought her to his studio for the expressed purpose of unveiling, for her alone, his newest work, the masterpiece that seems clearly inspired not only by Miriam's representation of her inner life in her paintings of passionate, troubled women but also by Miriam herself, or, perhaps importantly, as Person has recognized, by the self-fashioned image of Miriam in her own portrait.³⁴ Kenyon seems, then, to be responding to Miriam's criticism by demonstrating what he is capable of when he is inspired by a passion that cannot be "distinctively called Love." For this demonstration, Hawthorne assigns to Kenyon the former studio of Canova, the studio that Maria Louisa Lander occupied in 1858, but also, more significantly, the studio of the artist whose views on art and the creative process Fuller had described in a lengthy 1843 article for the Dial. Not only did Hawthorne read the article and praise it (8:374), but, as Sarah I. Davis has persuasively argued, he also responded to it--occasionally even closely paraphrasing it--by writing "Drowne's Wooden Image," affirming through it, with Fuller, "the greater emotional intensity of romantic art and its genesis in romantic love."³⁵ If "Drowne's Wooden Image" responds to Fuller, Kenyon's Cleopatra, as Person notes, is "Kenyon's effort to express his response to Miriam" and "recalls Drowne's carving of the Portuguese lady."³⁶

Drawing away the veil to reveal the statue that will answer Miriam's criticism, Kenyon teases Miriam with his own little mystery, telling her that she "must make out" for herself "the special epoch" of Cleopatra's life that he intended to represent. Significantly, however, Miriam is not drawn to reading the statue for a representation of Cleopatra's history so much as she is intrigued by what it reveals about Kenyon's life before and during the act of creating it. It is the narrator who tells us of the statue that the "magnificence of her charms" were designed to "kindle a tropic fire in the cold eyes of Octavius" but that Kenyon had captured the

"great, smouldering furnace deep down in the woman's heart" as she experienced that brief moment between "the fever and turmoil of her life," the moment just after Octavius "had seen her" and "remained insensible to her charms," the moment when she experienced the "repose of despair" (4:126). Kenyon's Cleopatra, in other words, is very much like another Zenobia rejected by Hollingsworth for a Priscilla, another Hester spurned by the narrator for an "angel and apostle" of "sacred love." Like the author of *Zenobia* and *Hester* (if not his character or his narrator), the sculptor had not shrunk "timidly from the truth" and chosen "the tame Grecian type" as his model (4:126). By portraying her with "courage and integrity" and not idealizing her into a conventional image of womanhood, he had captured her "richer, warmer" nature. Unlike Hilda, whose ethereally innocent optimism would build a bridge over the Chasm of Curtius or fill it up with good thoughts and deeds, Kenyon's Cleopatra, like Miriam, confronts tragic despair with "profound, gloomy, heavily revolving thought" (4:126-27). As Miriam's contradictory art suggests of her, Cleopatra is "strong and passionate" but is also capable of "softness and tenderness." In a catalogue of "seemingly discordant elements" that could sum up the "lurid intermixture" of characteristics ascribed to Beatrice, Hester, Zenobia, and Miriam, Cleopatra is imagined as "fierce, voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked, terrible, and full of poisonous and rapturous enchantment" (4:127).

Miriam's immediate response to Cleopatra assumes precisely what Sophia refused to acknowledge about Hawthorne's work, namely, that Kenyon's imagination was fired by a passionate response to a woman in his life and, further, that in representing that passion he reexperienced it. "Did she never try--even while you were creating her--to overcome you with her fury, or her love," Miriam asks him: "Were you not afraid to touch her, as she grew more and more towards hot life, beneath your hand?" (4:127). For Miriam, like Fuller, only a "genius fully roused" can "paint with blood-warm colors," and that arousal must come, as she also said, by creating an art that responds dialogically with the voice of an Other, by hearing "a voice that truly calls upon his solitude to open his study door."³⁷ The artist and his art cannot be detached. When Miriam asks Kenyon "how" he "learned" to create such a woman, Kenyon describes the creative process much like Coverdale did in his allusions to the "fires" of

his memory or of Vulcan's workshop; he "kindled a great fire within my mind, and threw in the material" (4:127). He does not identify the "material" that he transformed through the "fires" of passion, but Miriam assumes that a woman in Kenyon's life provided the inspiration for the "womanhood . . . so thoroughly mixed up with all those discordant elements": "Where did you get that secret? You never found it in your gentle Hilda. Yet I recognize its truth" (4:127). Indeed, he did not find it in Hilda, as he admits, for she knows no "shadow of darkness or evil," but he did find it where Miriam recognizes it, as he will not admit (4:128). Implicitly acknowledging her recognition of herself in Kenyon's representation, Miriam immediately defends herself against the implication that her conscience is less "white" than Hilda's, but her defensiveness quickly fades as she recognizes, on the basis of his Cleopatra, that when moved by passion Kenyon can "see far into womanhood," as Fuller had avowed of Hawthorne. He was capable of being the intimate friend with whom she has longed to share the secret that constitutes her mystery and her lonely misery. "Perhaps--perhaps--but Heaven only knows--you might understand me!," she avows passionately: "Oh, let me speak!" (4:128). Though Kenyon encourages her to speak to him as Fuller claimed to speak to Hawthorne, "as to a brother," Kenyon interprets her need to share her mystery with him in a more intimate friendship as the need for a degree of "sympathy, and just the kind of sympathy" that he feared he could not provide (4:128-29). Though more euphemistically stated, Kenyon's fear is Giovanni's fear. Kenyon's failure of sympathy, like Giovanni's or like Theodore's in Zenobia's tale, destroys the possibility of intimacy. Miriam will not reveal to him her "secret." He may search for it, as Zenobia allows Coverdale to search for it by looking into her eyes, dropping "a plummet-line down into the depths of her consciousness" (3:48), but, like Coverdale, he might be incapable of finding anything more than perhaps a ghost "laughing" at him "from the bottom of a deep well" (3:48). Fuller had written ambiguously in her review of Mosses from an Old Manse that Hawthorne had still not uncovered "the mysteries of our being," and in Miriam, who denies Kenyon the satisfaction of thinking he has or can "petrify" her into a Cleopatra (4:129), Hawthorne seems to imagine the ghost of Fuller still claiming her power to elude his understanding, not laughing but--as though she had just read The

Scarlet Letter rather than merely gazed upon the statue of the Pearl Diver--warning him: "My secret is not a pearl. . . . Yet a man might drown himself in plunging after it!" (4:130). Indeed, it is not a "pearl." It is the gem which Fuller identified as symbolizing her being. It is a "dark-red carbuncle--red as blood" (4:130). In the Memoirs, Emerson wrote that Fuller "never forgot that her name, Margarita, signified a pearl" but that "she chose carbuncle for her own stone," for "she valued what she had somewhere read, that carbuncles are male and female" and that "the female casts out light" while "the male has his within himself." "'Mine,' he quotes her as saying, 'is the male.'"³⁸ The "light" that Miriam could cast upon the mystery she had come to represent for Kenyon would indeed remain within herself. However, in a later scene that is reminiscent of Coverdale's encounter with the once rustically simple Zenobia in the jeweled luxuriance of her drawing-room, Kenyon confronts Miriam's secret, as it is read by him in the carbuncle. After the "marriage" ceremony at Perugia, Miriam reappears in Rome mysteriously as the passenger summoning Kenyon from the window of an aristocratic coach. Kenyon is immediately "conscious of a change" in Miriam, which he at first assigns to her dress, being stunningly "richer than the simple garb that she had usually worn," but though he can never quite "satisfactorily define" the secret of her transformation, he locates its meaning as having something to do with the "clear, red lustre" of the gem glimmering on her breast: "Somehow or other, this coloured light seemed an emanation of herself, as if all that was passionate and glowing, in her native disposition, had crystallized upon her breast, and were just now scintillating more brilliantly than ever, in sympathy with some emotion of her breast" (4:396). Miriam was perhaps wrong. Kenyon does not interpret her mystery in the virginally white symbolism of a pearl but in the blood-red passion that he attributes to the dazzling carbuncle. Though Miriam will never reveal her secret to Kenyon directly, she had earlier, in an internal monologue, referred to that secret in terms that would seem to confirm Kenyon's later interpretation of the meaning of the carbuncle. As Miriam leaves Kenyon's studio, Hawthorne imagines her identifying the conditions under which she could grant Kenyon access to her "secret," and those conditions seem to assign to Fuller, through Miriam, the recognition of what Hawthorne himself had seemed to have imagined, and feared, to be

both the source of his attraction to Fuller's mystery and the only means of access to its solution: "I wonder how I ever came to dream of it," Miriam says of her desire for intimacy with Kenyon. "Unless I had his heart for my own, (and that is Hilda's, nor would I steal it from her,) it should never be the treasure-place of my secret" (4:130). The only secret that she will give will be the bridal gift to Hilda of the bracelet of seven Etruscan gems, each symbolizing "in its entire circle . . . as sad a mystery as any that Miriam" (or Hawthorne) had ever represented the gems to signify, the secret that Hilda cannot read nor Miriam tell (4:462).³⁹

How Kenyon ever came "to dream" of a Cleopatra may be suggested by Kenyon's indirect description of the creative process of the imaginations of lovers. Standing on the battlements of Donatello's tower, seemingly pained himself by an unnamed "anguish of remorse" that Donatello thinks was "just invented to plague him individually," Kenyon, as he does at similar moments of despair, longs for redemption in Hilda's ideal love and imagines her holding his "heart-strings" in her hand, pulling him toward her (4:262-63). And then, the narrator adds:

But lovers (and Kenyon knew it well) project so lifelike a copy of their mistresses out of their own imaginations, that it can pull at the heart-strings almost as perceptibly as the genuine original. No airy intimations are to be trusted; no evidences of responsive affection less positive than whispered and broken words, or tender pressures of the hand, allowed and half-retained, or glances, that distil many passionate avowals into one gleam of richly coloured light. Even these should be weighed rigorously, at the instant; for, in another instant, the imagination seizes on them as its property, and stamps them with its own arbitrary value. But Hilda's maidenly reserve had given her lover no such tokens, to be interpreted either by his hopes or fears.

(4:263-64)

Kenyon well knows this, as the narrator makes a point of telling us, but he does not know it from his experiences with Hilda. Giovanni, however, knows it from his experiences with Beatrice, her innocent touch of his hand seeming to turn it purple, the glances that become "appreciable signs" that they "looked love with eyes that conveyed the holy secret," despite "the physical barrier between them" (10:116). Coverdale knows it from "brooding over . . . incidents that seemed hardly to have left a trace in their passage" (3:194), incidents such as "the slightest touch" of his "fingers" to Zenobia's or her "full sisterly grasp of the hand" that conveyed "as much kindness in it as other women could have evinced by

the pressure of both arms around . . . [his] neck" (3:163). Immediately after Kenyon's mediation on how the imagination can so convert a friend into a lover that the beloved is forever transformed into the lover's "property" and assigned "arbitrary value," Kenyon reassures Donatello that he "need not go to Rome to seek" the "friend" that, perhaps, Hawthorne had sought in Rome, Perugia, Florence: "If there were one of those friends, whose life-line was twisted with your own, I am enough of a fatalist to feel assured that you will meet that one again, wander whither you may. Neither can we escape the companions whom Providence assigns for us, by climbing an old tower like this" (4:264). Such friends, in other words, are like those friends transformed into lovers by the imagination. They become a "property" of the mind, ours, ourselves.

The creative process of lovers is the creative process by which Kenyon transforms friends into the "property" of his art. Passion provokes lovers to create of a friend a beloved. Passion sparks Donatello's intellectual growth, allowing him to transform himself into another man of his own making. And passion ignites in Kenyon's imagination the "great fire" and the "lambent flame" (4:127, 380) with which Kenyon both creates and invests his most powerful works of art, his statue of Cleopatra and his bust of Donatello. Both described as having at the moment "a fossil countenance" (a descriptive repetition which we are made to notice), Hawthorne calls even further attention to what Kenyon had confessed was the inspiration he often gained from the dead, to what the narrator confessed was his inspiration for the tale he tells: "The reader is probably acquainted with Thorwaldsen's threefold analogy;--the Clay-model, the Life; the Plaister-cast, the Death; and the sculptured Marble, the Resurrection;--and it seemed to be made good by the spirit that was kindling up these imperfect features [of Donatello], like a lambent flame" (4:380).

The passion which redeems Kenyon, the artist, from the cold, delicate art that Hilda inspires arises from his imaginative response to his relationship with Miriam and hers with Donatello. As I have suggested, Hawthorne's account of Kenyon's art is his account of the sources of his own art, his image in the mirror of Kenyon of the "resurrection" in art of Fuller and Ossoli through the passion that burned in his 1858 notebook description, that burns again in The Marble Faun. But, as also in the

image of Kenyon and before him of Drowne, Hawthorne created passionate art from the fires of a passion experienced, not observed--a passion expressed, but never named, imagined, but never, except in the aesthetic intercourse between life and art, consummated. Like Drowne and Kenyon also, he seemed to know that once the passion had died, the art would die as well.

Hawthorne announces the death of both in the allegory of Kenyon and the Venus of the Tribune. In Kenyon's exhumation and attempt to piece together permanently the puzzle of the broken body of the Venus of the Tribune, Hawthorne inscribes the failure of a diminished passion to resurrect and embody in art the spirit of the voice in Rome of the New-York Daily Tribune, the woman whose "rude old potency" shattered a life-long labor to create and recreate herself just as it inevitably shatters Hawthorne's own capacity to recreate her in the image of his desire, in the monuments of art that cannot reanimate what time and decay eventually and forever bury. "How can you describe a Force? How can you write the life of Margaret?," Samuel G. Ward had asked in declining Emerson's invitation to participate in the writing of Fuller's Memoirs.⁴⁰ For a moment, however, it all seemed possible. Like the Fuller represented in Hawthorne's Beatrice, Hester, Zenobia, or Miriam, Kenyon's recreated Venus of the Tribune is either "the prototype or a better repetition" of the one the world knew, the one whose unconventional feminine beauty "dissatisfied" (4:424). Kenyon's Venus more accurately captures her "far nobler and sweeter countenance" (4:424) and the "Womanhood" that we recognize as being far more alive, more completely beautiful than "the poor little damsel" of the Venus de' Medici (4:427), for she is the woman of "personality, soul, and intelligence" who comes alive for Kenyon once he adds her "head" to her body (4:423). As Hawthorne had discovered eventually from friends in Florence about Fuller's domestic intimacy with Ossoli, Kenyon also discovers of his Venus that this "poor, fragmentary" woman of personality and intelligence, once he had adjusted the broken parts to their "true positions," had "retained her modest instincts to the last" and had covered to the end what Hawthorne himself had concealed as the secret that constituted, in large part, the source of her mystery. "I seek for Hilda, and find a marble woman!" (4:423), Kenyon exclaims, and for a time he forgets his commitment to Hilda in his

enchantment with the "forgotten beauty" that he had made "come back, as beautiful as ever" from "her long slumber" (4:424). Sophia's "Apollo," in the part of Kenyon who is also identified with Apollo (4:5), even imagines for a brief moment the Venus of the Tribune shining "lustrously as that of the Apollo Belvedere" in "another cabinet" beside him in the Vatican (4:424).

Kenyon's enchantment, however, is only temporary. In a passage which could just as well describe Hawthorne's own judgement of his efforts in The Marble Faun to revive a flagging passion for the woman now in her own "long slumber" and for the literary representations that she inspired, the narrator says: "Such were the thoughts, with which Kenyon exaggerated to himself the importance of the newly discovered statue, and strove to feel at least a portion of the interest which this event would have inspired in him, a little while before. But, in reality, he found it difficult to fix his mind upon the subject" (4:424). The passion in his life is as dead as the woman, as dead as his art. He turns instead to "affection": "He could hardly, we fear, be reckoned a consummate artist, because there was something dearer to him than his art; and, by the greater strength of a human affection, the divine statue seemed to fall asunder again, and become only a heap of worthless fragments" (4:424). Hawthorne will not leave it at that. The self-reflective allegory he writes of the failed art that he is writing is underscored when Donatello and Miriam enter the tomb in "disguise" and try to excite his passion over the Venus of the Tribune that is not his, as he had thought. As Miriam tells him pointedly, it is Donatello's "prize." Donatello had discovered her earlier, and they had wanted to share her secret with him. "The eyes of us three are the only ones to which she has yet revealed herself," she tells him, for (as Hawthorne might well think of Emerson, Channing, and Clarke) the earlier excavators had been so clumsy that they had only buried her deeper (4:427). The ghostly voice of the Fuller in Miriam appeals to his imagination one last time: "Does it not frighten you a little, like the apparition of a lovely woman that lived of old, and has long lain in the grave?" In a reply that will likely haunt Hawthorne during the last four years of his life as he tries futilely without passion to force out one last romance, Kenyon admits wearily: "Ah, Miriam, I cannot respond to you. . . . Imagination and the love of art have both died out of me" (4:427).

He can no longer respond to her--or imagination and art--for he is indeed frightened. The body of the Venus of the Tribune is in fact "like the apparition of the lovely lady" that it attempted to revivify and make deathless through representation. Time has broken and buried both. Art cannot resurrect the dead nor rekindle for long a passion that flames only and now fitfully in memory.

Unable to respond to Miriam, Kenyon turns to Hilda and responds to her, as he must, with silence. "I shall tell Hilda nothing that will give her pain," Kenyon had vowed (4:287). To keep that vow, he must indeed say nothing. To have Hilda, he must renounce the search for some meaning to the riddle of Miriam's and Donatello's lives, to the chasm of Curtius, to the "immortal agony" that he had found epitomized in the Laocoon by the human figures inter-twined, like friends, by the twin snakes of "Error and Evil." They were "sure to strangle him and his children, in the end," unless "Divine help intervene" (4:391), but, to prevent driving Hilda away from him, he must recant the "Divine help" he had found in the belief that from evil and error, guilt and suffering, humans redeem themselves through the development of moral and intellectual powers, powers of deeper sympathy. He must turn to the closest approximation to "Divine help" he knows and worship her as his "household Saint" (4:461). He must turn to Hilda. She will "guide" him to that home far from the place where memories haunt, where genius is "roused" to a "blood-warm" art. She will do that if he will now respond to her voice, if he will now, finally, just "Hush!"⁴¹

The moment that he does "hush," begs Hilda to forgive him, and cries to her, "Oh, Hilda, guide me home!" (4:460-61), he recognizes Miriam for the last time as the now silent woman bidding him farewell. She is the figure kneeling in prayer beneath the open roof of the Pantheon, gazed upon by the Eye of Heaven. She extends her hands to them, not in the gesture of a Zenobia kneeling in prayer yet defying man and heaven, but in the gesture of the Bronze Pontiff blessing the union that he forgives. Miriam signals in silence her "benediction" on their union, but she signals also a warning that qualifies that benediction. She is "on the other side of a fathomless abyss," and they must not approach her again. They must allow her to "glide out of the "portal" and out of their lives in silence. She will not speak to them again, and they must not speak to her, must

not draw too near the "abyss" and speak the word that lies like a "drowned body" in the "deepest pool" of consciousness. They do not.

Hawthorne does not.

Notes

1. It is possible that Hawthorne's representation of Fuller's "rude old potency" may have been inspired by the following passage in the Memoirs. Having quoted Fuller as writing, "I have no belief in beautiful lives; we are born to be mutilated," Channing writes: "In a word, to her own conscience and to intimate friends she avowed, without reserve, that there was in her much rude matter that needed to be spiritualized" (Memoirs, 2:101).

As I discussed on the preceding chapter, Fuller's conception of her life as a work of art, specifically as a "statue" in the making (see Memoirs, 1:238), also played an influence on Hawthorne's choice of metaphorical representation in the 1858 notebook entry.

2. Wallace, "Hawthorne and the Scribbling Women Reconsidered," 215.

3. Brodhead, The School of Hawthorne, presents, of course, the persuasive argument that Hawthorne's very status as a living "classic" disabled him from producing future "classics," which is both demonstrated by and is the very implied subject of The Marble Faun (67-80). My reading of the romance, as will become increasingly evident, owes a considerable debt to Brodhead's.

4. Mellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne in His Times, 498.

5. Herbert, Dearest Beloved, 228, 230-32. Herbert finds it "plausible" that Hawthorne saw in Lander the "'delightful freedom' that he himself yearned to regain, the innocent compulsiveness he had cherished with Sophia in their paradise at the Old Manse," a "renewed contact with his own 'feminine' creativeness" (230). I would modify this line of speculation by identifying Fuller as the woman Hawthorne had come to associate with his "'feminine' creativeness.'" Alone in Rome practicing her art in the former studio of Canova, the artist on whom Fuller had written a lengthy Dial article that had influenced Hawthorne's "Drowne's Wooden Image" (a matter that I will take up later), Lander could well have reminded Hawthorne of Fuller's situation in Rome. At thirty-three, Fuller's age in 1843, Lander could also have reminded Hawthorne of the woman Fuller had been during the most intense years of their friendship.

6. See Memoirs, 2:281-329.

7. Emelyn Story's account was published, in part, in the Memoirs, 2:281-293. For the full, unedited version, see Chevigny, The Woman and the Myth, 403-10. For some indication of the intimacy of Fuller's friendship with the Storys, see Fuller's letters to them from Florence, Letters, 5:284-88.

8. For accounts of Fuller and Ossoli after the defeat of the Roman republicans, see Memoirs, 2:269-330; Chevigny, The Woman and the Myth, 365-401 and 410-13; Deiss, The Roman Years of Margaret Fuller, 274-313; and Volume 5 of Fuller's Letters.

9. Chevigny, The Woman and the Myth, 412. Informing her mother for the first time in a 31 August 1849 letter of her relationship with Ossoli and her baby, Fuller describes Ossoli thus:

He is not in any respect such a person as people in general would expect to find with me. He had no instructor except an old priest, who entirely neglected his education; and of all that is contained in books he is absolutely ignorant, and he has no enthusiasm of character. On the other hand, he has excellent practical sense; has been a judicious observer . . . ; has a nice sense of duty, which . . . may put most enthusiasts to shame; a very sweet temper, and great native refinement. His love for me has been unswerving and most tender. I have never suffered a pain that he could relieve. His delicacy in trifles, his sweet domestic graces, remind me of E----. In him I have found a home, and one that interferes with no tie. (Letters, 5:261)

10. For Fuller's awareness of how Ossoli would be likely received in America, see her Letters, 5:261, 283, 285, 291, 300-01, 303.

11. Browning, Letters . . . to Mary Russell Mitford, 3:285.

12. Letters, 5:301.

13. Ibid., 3:309.

14. At this point it is only proper to recognize, if not recommend, the earlier work of Harry De Puy, "The Marble Faun: Another Portrait of Margaret Fuller?" Arizona Quarterly 40 (1984): 163-78. Despite De Puy's superficial knowledge of Fuller's life, he does point out some of the basic parallels between Fuller and Miriam and Ossoli and Dontatello that I also find evident, as well as some that I do not find convincing. His reading of her presence in the novel, however, is superficial and irritatingly smug and condescending. In fact, more than any other than I have encountered, his essay could serve as an extreme example of the type of misogynist readings Julian made inevitable and that Baym deplored. Borrowing Cargill's discredited thesis that Blithedale was written by Hawthorne as revenge on Fuller, De Puy reads The Marble Faun as Hawthorne's effort to "'fix Margaret's wagon good'" (178). Here's a sample of De Puy at work: "If the title is only an apparent misnomer, as any sensible scholar would believe, then Miriam--rather, Margaret, that wild, ill-bred, unattractive, cold, unapproachable, 'immoral,' hulking, masculine, 'soft marble' offspring of Nature--is the Marble Faun!" (177).

15. See Hawthorne's notebook and pocket diary for the frequent discussions in Florence regarding spiritualism, for his participation and opinions, and for Sophia's experiences, through Ada Shepard, of communicating with the dead (14:302-03, 397-401, 415-17, 417-19, 523, 608).

16. Robert S. Levine, "'Antebellum Rome' in The Marble Faun," American Literary History 2 (1990): 19-38, 20. Levine argues that Hawthorne uses the Roman political situation to explore "more generalized cultural tensions" relevant and recognizable to antebellum America (20). Stern, Contexts for Hawthorne, should also be consulted, for, though he does not explore the specific politics of Hawthorne's Rome, he reads the novel as Hawthorne's final ambivalent and contradictory depiction of the more general politics of the liberal-progressive American consensus of the "openness" and the conservative-tradition of the "closeness," of history as romance or as tragedy.
17. Levine, "'Antebellum Rome,'" 26.
18. Levine, "'Antebellum Rome,'" 25.
19. Judges 5:24. See Judges 4:17-24 for Jael's role in Sisera's death and in liberating the Israelites.
20. Letters, 5:267.
21. Memoirs, 2:303.
22. In having Kenyon "bless" Miriam's union with Donatello but in having Hilda continue to condemn Miriam for her "crime," Hawthorne may perhaps be suggesting the divergent attitudes toward Fuller in his own household as well as within himself.
It is worth noting that such a good friend as William Henry Channing believed that Fuller would not have marred the quality of her relationship with Ossoli by forming "a legal tie [that] was contrary to her view of a noble life," a view which Emerson records but does not accept (The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks, 11:463).
23. See especially, Brodhead, The School of Hawthorne, 67-80, and Herbert, Dearest Beloved, 256-72.
24. Miller, Salem is My Dwelling Place, 441.
25. Carton, "'A Daughter of the Puritans'"; Herbert, Dearest Beloved, 248-83.
26. Qtd. in Herbert, Dearest Beloved, 256.
27. Herbert, Dearest Beloved, 37-58.
28. In the 27 February 1842 letter to Sophia in which Hawthorne explains his inability to inform his mother and sisters of his plans to marry, Hawthorne, after describing the "cloudy veil . . . over the abyss of . . . [his] nature" that he has no intention of unveiling for anyone, including Sophia, he asserts that "it is this involuntary reserve, I suppose, that has given the objectivity to my writings. And when people think that I am pouring myself out in a tale or essay, I am merely telling what is common to human nature, not what is peculiar to myself. I sympathize with them--not they with me" (15:612-13).

29. Sophia to her mother, 4 September 1850 (Berg; qtd. in Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, "The Hawthornes in Lenox," 91).
30. Ibid.
31. Gloria Erlich, "Deadly Innocence: Hawthorne's Dark Women," New England Quarterly 41 (1968): 163-79, observes that all of Hawthorne's "virgins"--Phoebe, Priscilla, Hilda--"seem to affect the creativity of their men" but that whether this effect is positive or negative depends upon one's perception of the value of the men's creativity. Hawthorne, she reminds us, was considerably more ambivalent about the nobility of the artist than we are (175).
32. Person, Aesthetic Headaches, remarks similarly that Hilda inspires "the full dehumanizing power of his medium" as illustrated by his objectification of "the smallest and most 'delicate' part of her to stand for the whole," the part that instead of "encouraging a deeply passionate response" from him "keeps him at a distance" (165). My reading of Hilda's and Miriam's influence on Kenyon's art is parallel at numerous points to Person's fine discussion (160-72).
33. Fuller, Rev. of Twice-Told Tales, 131.
34. Person, Aesthetic Headaches, 164.
35. Sarah I. Davis, "Margaret Fuller's 'Canova' and Hawthorne's 'Drowne's Wooden Image,'" American Transcendentalist Quarterly 49 (1981): 73-78, 76.
36. Person, Aesthetic Headaches, 164.
37. Fuller, Rev. of Twice-Told Tales, 130-31.
38. Memoirs, 1:219.
39. Emerson notes that Fuller often identified friends with certain gems that she would put on when she wrote to them (Memoirs, 1:219). In his notebook, Emerson wrote that Fuller "put on the carbuncle and the bracelet to write to her friend" (The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks, 11:472). He does not indicate which friend he was referring to. The "carbuncle" and the "bracelet" of the seven Etruscan gems given to Hilda are thus linked as symbolizing Miriam's and Fuller's "mystery."
40. Qtd. in Emerson, The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks, 11:488.
41. Brodhead, The School of Hawthorne, asserts that Hilda "wants to silence . . . expression itself," for "her version of the world sustains itself by suppressing art in one of its forms, as a meaning-constructing action" (79).

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