HAWTHORNE: A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS AS
A SOURCE OF HIS ROMANCES AND TALES.

by

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B. S., K. S. T. C. (Hays) 1923

Submitted to the Department of
English and the Faculty of the
Graduate School of the University
of Kansas in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree
of Master of Arts.

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March 20, 1929.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to acknowledge the help in this study of two teachers who "understand": Professor Margaret Lynn who recommended this subject to me, and suggested methods of handling the materials; and Dr. Selden L. Whitcomb who has directed the writing and organization of this work. Not only am I indebted to Dr. Whitcomb for his direction in this particular work, but also for his ready assistance throughout my entire graduate course in the University of Kansas.
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INTRODUCTION

When some phase of Hawthorne's work was first considered for a thesis subject, I expected to work with all four of the notebooks—the French, Italian, English, and American; but found that the foreign notebooks are travelogues rather than seed beds of fiction as are the American Note-Books. The French Note-Books are the least significant, dealing with incidents of interest chiefly to the author's immediate family. The English Note-Books, parts of which were published in 1863 by Hawthorne himself, under the title, Our Old Home, show the instinctive fascination which the land of his ancestors had for the author. Some descriptions of old castles from this journal are worked into the Unfinished Romances. It is a well known fact that the Italian Note-Books with their geography of Italy are incorporated almost bodily into The Marble Faun. But these do not yield a multiplicity of germs for plots as do the American Note-Books. So it is the latter which will be examined as the source of the tales and romances.

The purposes of this study are twofold.

First, to determine: (a) how many notes have been embodied in fictional works by the author; 

(b) how many fictional works can be traced back to the notes.

Some stories incorporate as many as a dozen notes, while in other instances different phases of the same note-idea are worked out in two
or more stories.

Second, to determine: (a) what the note contributed—theme, character, or setting—to the work in which it is used;

(b) what method the author used in developing the idea.

This last subhead will include the time elapsing between the date on which the idea was first jotted down, and the publication of the story or article embracing that idea; and the discovery as far as possible of the author’s laboratory, or working, method. Did Hawthorne forget his notes after they were written until he looked thru them again for possible subjects for fiction, or did he keep an idea continually seething in his mind until it developed into a finished product? In short, the psychological processes of Hawthorne’s literary creativeness as related to his notes, is to be minutely studied in the following pages.

A brief explanation regarding the notes seems advisable.

Eighty-eight separate notes have been traced in this study as contributing some definite quality to at least one piece of fiction. These include seven notes attached to the first volume of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife by Julian Hawthorne, which on account of the similarity of their form and subject matter to the contents of the real journal seem to belong in this study. These latter notes are usually given without dates, and are so indicated in this work. The notes in the American Note-Books are dated in three different ways. Sometimes only the year is given; more often the month and year are given; and in some cases the day as well as the month and year are given. Whenever the definite
date could be found it will be given.

The passages in the *American Note-Books* cover a space of eighteen years—from June 15, 1855, to June 9, 1853—the period of Hawthorne's greatest and most prolific literary production.

Each of fifteen notes was found to have been used as source material for two or more pieces of fiction. When a note contributes to a short story and to a romance, a discussion of that note will be found in more than one chapter of this work, or at least, mention will be made of the fact that the note has been, or will be, considered in another place. The eighty-eight notes traced out in this work, were found to have contributed to thirty-five pieces of fiction. One may safely conclude that Hawthorne's notes were used very extensively as sources for his fiction. Sometimes the note forms the central idea of the whole piece; often several ideas are combined skillfully in one work; and in a few cases the germ that started the story going, is lost in the shadow of other overpowering features.

A brief conclusion will be found at the end of each chapter pointing out the chief contributions made by the notes to the fiction considered in that chapter.

While reading and re-reading Hawthorne, and comparing his finished romances and stories with his notes and unfinished romances, my idea of his genius underwent a marked change. I had thought of him as writing by the light of inspiration, with plot and character clearly conceived before he touched paper. It seemed that his journey-jottings and notebooks were merely reminders—keys, as it were, to unlock a certain compartment in his mind from which the story would come forth
full fledged. But after studying him seriously and minutely, it seems that his works of genius cost him more in perspiration than the gods gave him in inspiration. I do not think of him as a lesser author, but as one who paid a higher price, and worked harder to produce his polished tales.
CHAPTER I

THE UNFINISHED ROMANCES

Midway between Hawthorne's notes and his completed works, stand the Unfinished Romances. These probably throw more light on the work shop period of a book, and on the work shop method of the author's mind than do either the notes or the finished classics themselves. The four in complete compositions are: The Dolliver Romance, published in 1864; Septimus Felton with an appendix containing the notes known as The Ancestral Footstep, published in 1871; and Dr. Grimeshawe's Secret, published in 1882.

In these unfinished narratives we find two main motives intermingled in all of them, and a number of less important items woven into one or more of the stories. The two outstanding themes are the bloody footstep and the elixir of life. The latter motive had been a dominant that subject of Hawthorne's since he published his first romance, Fanshawe, in 1828, thirteen years before any of his published notes were recorded.

The first elixir entry in The American Note-Books is dated in October, 1838, and reads:

"The house on the eastern corner of North and Essex Streets (Salem), supposed to have been built about 1640, had, say sixty years later, a brick turret erected, wherein one of the ancestors of the present occupants used to practice alchemy. He was the operative of a scientific person in Boston, the Director. There have been other alchemists of old in this town, one who kept his fire burning seven weeks, and then lost the elixir by letting it go out." 1

The Director of the above note is the basis for vague characters in the Unfinished Romances. In *The Dolliver Romance* the stranger alchemist who comes into Grandeur Dolliver's laboratory and shakes the one long sought and necessary substance into the old man's concoction is hinted at in this "scientific person." The mysterious Dr. Portsoakem who encourages Septimus Felton to distill his life giving potion seems based on the same hint.

Julian Hawthorne in *Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife*, Volume I, gives the following excerpt from his father's journals without date:

"The advantages of a longer life than is allotted to mortals: the many things that might be accomplished, to which one life time is inadequate, and for which the time spent is therefore lost; a successor being unable to take up the task where we drop it."  

It is interesting to note how the author's mind played around this theory of earthly immortality, planning to make it the central theme of a great romance; how Fanshawe, his first hero, gave up the girl he loved, and later, his life, to follow this phantom. During Hawthorne's most productive years, he seems not to have attempted romancing on this subject, but at the last it held him like an obsession, dominating both *The Dolliver Romance* and *Septimus Felton*. The only really successful attempt on the elixir theme is the short story, *Dr. Held-dogger's Experiment*, a humorous piece, of which more shall be said in Chapter IV.

The second elixir note in *The American Note-Books*, is dated June, 1842.

"Imaginary diseases to be cured by impossible remedies,---as a dose of the Grand Elixir, in the yolk of a Phoenix's egg. The disease may be either moral or physical."3

Nowhere else do we find mention of the Phoenix's egg as the possible source of the elixir. The idea of spiders concocting some substance which could add the necessary ingredient to the life bestowing tincture, is employed in Septimus Felton and Dr. Grimshaw's Secret, but nothing definite or distinct is ever wrought out of this element of Hawthornian imagination. More often a beautiful flower blooming from a grave is the source of the component which adds the immortal essence to the brew which otherwise is merely a tonic. But always the flower had a double which is also subtly beautiful, but deadly poisonous, and invariably the death-dealing flower is used instead of the life-giving one. Disastrous results follow, as in Septimus Felton when the hero tries to confer immortality on Sibyl Dacy and himself after he had distilled the fatal flower that grew from her slain lover's grave.

Hawthorne brings together in these plots the opposing factors of death and immortal life. It seems that his mind conceives immortality as the highest ideal to which man may aspire—an ideal the very aspiring for which invariably calls for the supreme sacrifice of life itself. There is dramatic artistry in his method of portraying the characters who aspire—always there is weakness in the character of the aspirant that brings failure and ruin. Septimus realizes better than any other character, the inadequacy of one life time to accomplish all his ambitions; yet these very ambitions constitute the moral weakness which hurls him to destruction. Septimus is young when

he distills the elixir, as is Fanshawe, the first Hawthorne character obsessed with the idea of attaining a more than mortal earthly existence. Grandsir Dolliver and his fellow townsman, Colonel Dabney; and the two eccentric old men of spider fame—Dr. Grimshawe and Dr. Portasaken, are old. Much is made of their realizing the value of life only when they are at its verge.

The suggestion that moral disease may be cured by the Grand Elixir was never worked out. Physical infirmity is the bane of which the characters desire to rid themselves. Different motives for living beyond their allotted time entice the different characters. The youths, Fanshawe and Septimius, are lured by ambition and both fail; Dr. Grimshawe clings to life to revenge himself thru Ned, on the family who had wronged him and his, but finally contents himself to die; Colonel Dabney, the gouty profligate, in his selfish hatred of everyone more youthful than himself, desires the prize without paying the price for it, and greedily drinks himself to death on the elixir liquor. Only Grandsir Dolliver desired longer life for an unselfish purpose, that of watching over his great-grand-niece who had been left an orphan; and we never know if he is permitted to renew his youth indefinitely, or not, for the third and last chapter closes with a question whether the Doctor will venture to drink again of the spirits after he has beheld the Colonel's catastrophic end.

In 1840 a note bearing only slightly on the immortality motive was inscribed:

"The love of posterity is a consequence of the necessity of death. If a man were sure of living forever here, he
would not care about his offspring."  

The only one of these seekers for perpetual life who has any connection whatsoever with posterity, is old Grandair Dolliver, and his motive is the exact opposite of the above note suggestion. He wants to live for Pansie's sake, not for any selfish reason of his own; and we wonder what was Hawthorne's intention toward this benignant old man. Would Hawthorne have let him attain earthly everlastingness if he had lived to finish the tale?

It is a curious fact that in Hawthorne's literary productions we find this subject prevailing in his first long narrative attempt, Fanshawe, written when the author was still a student at Bowdoin College before 1825, the date of his graduation; and again in his last efforts just before his death in 1864, he dwells incessantly on the same theme. A statement by Julian Hawthorne that his father had always dreaded old age, throws a peculiar personal light on the fascination of the elixir subject for the descendant of the other-worldly, life-hating Puritans. A slightly different view is given by the author's son-in-law, George Persons Lathrop, who believed that the motive behind all the immortality stories was to direct interest to the higher immortal world. It is interesting to note the opinions of these two members of the author's immediate family.  

These unfinished stories show an attempt to combine from the journals more notes with diverging ideas than are combined in any of the completed works. Perhaps in the incompatibility of the ideas which the author tried to fuse together here, lay his failure to create

a great romance. Hawthorne himself voices this sense of failure concerning the bloody footstep and elixir stories, in his dedicatory letter to Gen. Pierce in Our Old Home. "I once hoped, indeed, that so slight a volume would not be all that I might write. ....... a work of fiction of which the plan had imperfectly developed itself in my mind, .... Of course, I should not mention this abortive project, only that it has been utterly thrown aside and will never now be accomplished." 6

The following note intimates a motive similar to that of the elixir---human beings daring to the utmost to attain an ideal just beyond their reach.

1839. "A person to be the death of his beloved in trying to raise her to more than mortal perfection; yet this should be a comfort to him for having aimed so highly and holily." 7

The first clause is taken almost wholly into the Septimus story, but the comfort idea was omitted. This theme is used more extensively in The Birthmark which will be discussed in Chapter IV.

The two succeeding notes show how the gruesomeness of the grave wove itself into the fantastic in Hawthorne's mind.

Jan. 4, 1839. "A stranger, dying, is buried; and after many years two strangers come in search of his grave, and open it." 8

The first clause of this note at once suggests the strange British soldier whom Septimus kills, but his grave was not opened. The last clause is woven into the fabric of the Grimsbaw story when the second

8. Ibid., p. 203.
stranger comes to the old Doctor's home seeking papers which were buried in the immigrant Colesrd's grave. Instead of opening the grave they find that it has been displaced by a new grave, and nothing is found but the rusty key which was buried with Ned's progenitor, and which later unlocked the cabinet found in Ned's English ancestral mansion.

Oct. 25, 1836. "A girl's lover to be slain and buried in her flower-garden, and the earth levelled over him. That particular spot, which she happens to plant with some peculiar variety of flowers, produces them of admirable splendor, beauty, and perfume; and she delights, with an indescribable impulse, to wear them in her bosom, and scent her chamber with them. Thus the classic fantasy would be realized, of dead people transformed to flowers." 9

The last note was written almost three years previous to the one listed just before, yet it contains more that has been hinted at in different stories than does the other. Immediately in connection with this note one's mind goes to the short story, Rappaccini's Daughter, considered in Chapter IV. The principal grave and flower motive is found in Septimius Felton. While Sibyl Dacy's lover was not buried in her flower-garden, she planted flowers—the poisonous double of the elixir flower—on his grave, purposely to wreak vengeance on his slayer. But before her purpose is accomplished she finds herself in love with the slayer; then in order to save Septimius' life, she drinks the poison, herself, and shatters the dream he had of immortalizing both Sibyl and himself.

The last sentence in the above note suggests a beautiful

sentiment, but in both the Septimus story and The Dolliver Romance in which the old man cares for his dead grandson's strange shrubs, the flower growing from the grave is treated to give the reader an effect of horror.

The second of the great motives that run thru all the Unfinished Romances,—and one that may be said to run riot—is that of the bloody foot print. From the different versions of this theme given in these pieces of fiction in the rough, one sees that Hawthorne had never shaped it quite to his own satisfaction. The first note on this subject given in the American Note-Books, is dated December 1850, and reads:

"The print in blood of a naked foot to be traced through the street of a town."\(^\text{10}\)

Not only is the foot print "traced through the street of a town," but before we finish reading the group of narratives dealing with this theme, we have followed the bloody foot step over England, New England, and a good part of the continent of Europe. The blood stained foot print as the cross-marked one of the Wandering Jew, is the symbol of some sin; but Hawthorne never decides just what sin. To show how the thought of the note is followed in the fictionized version given in Dr. Grimeshave's Secret, these words from the story are quoted: "Then the family tried to track his bloody footstep, and sought it far and near, through green country paths, and old streets of London; but in vain. Then they sent messengers to see whether any traces of one stepping in blood could be found on the forest leaves of America; but still in

\(^\text{10. American Note-Books, p. 395.}\)
The story which Sibyl tells in *Septimus Felton* is of an ancestral lord of an ancient manor in England. Sir Forrester, the lord, slays a beautiful kinswoman to insure the efficacy of his elixir of life which, to insure his own longevity, demands the sacrifice of another life every thirty years. Ever after, the perpetrator of this deed leaves his gruesome mark wherever he goes—in the council chamber, on the battlefield, thru the wilderness, on his own stairs. Then from the grave in which the girl is buried springs the flower of immortality. This is a good example of the inseparability of these two themes in Hawthorne's mind.

Another version found in *The Ancestral Footstep* notes that the younger son of a noble family, loved the woman betrothed to his elder brother. When the latter discovered the treachery he immediately attacked his brother who, wounded, made his escape, and left the print of his bleeding foot on the threshold as a prophecy that he or his descendants should return to claim the ancestral cattle. In one account the woman escapes to America with him; in another legend she is slain, and her husband—in this instance the younger brother—is tortured before he makes his escape. Whether he is the sinner or the sinned against, the individual who leaves the stained foot mark, becomes the forefather of the American line of descent.

In *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*, the old man tells Ned and Elsie a different version of the legend. Here, so the story goes, a younger

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14. Dr. Grimshawe's Secret, p. 28.
son of the English noble family, takes the side of the Puritan Parliament against his king and his own family; he even goes so far as to assist in the execution of Charles I. He trod in his sovereign's blood and thereafter was cursed with the bloody footstep. Later in England Ned finds an old history written by one Gibber who hints of three other possible origins for the curse. But Hawthorne shows no attempt at a fuller development of either of these hints.

In July, five years after the last note quoted above was written, and during his consulate in England, Hawthorne visited Smithell's Hall on the stone threshold of which appears the likeness of a red foot print. Julian Hawthorne devotes several pages to this incident in his father's career, and says in part: "It is to this Hall that the legend of the Bloody Footstep belongs, which haunted Hawthorne ever afterward." From what can be learned of this legend it seems that many and varied versions exist.

One wonders if Hawthorne had heard any of these old world traditions before the 1850 note was inscribed. The supposition is that he had not; but that the original idea—vague and without any definite form in his mind—was so strongly reinforced by coming into contact with the actual legend, that the grip it had upon his imagination became tenacious. Sometimes the bloody footstep is wound into the elixir theme; sometimes it is merely dragged in with an effort, as when Sibyl tells the story to Septimus. But always it has to do with two branches of the same family—one in England, the other in America.

15. Dr. Griswold's Secret, p. 198.
Even in his two great purely American romances, *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of Seven Gables*, we feel the pull of old England. Hawthorne's own trans-Atlantic ancestral ties were always tugging at his imagination. In the second year's records of his American notes we find the following concerning the overseas branch of his own family:

August 1837. The family seat of the Hawthornes is Wigcastle, Wigton, Wiltshire. The present head of the family, now residing there, is Hugh Hawthorne. William Hawthorne, who came over in 1635-6, was a younger brother of the family.\(^{17}\)

In the *Unfinished Romances* it is always the American line of descent thru the younger branch of the family, to which the real heir to the English country seat, belongs. Septimius, Middleton, Colcord and Ned, all are descendants of an early immigrant. The use of the above bit of family history is obvious as the plot motives for the double line of descent which is found in all the *Unfinished Romances* except *The Dolliver Romance*. And it is usually in connection with some phase of the younger brother's departure—that is, the separation of the family into two distinct lines—that the bloody footstep comes in.

The idea of the American hero finding himself the heir of an English estate was deeply impressed upon Hawthorne during his consulateship, by the multitude of gullible countrymen seeking his aid to establish their claims to English dukedoms, or even to the throne of Britain itself.\(^{18}\)

Another entry in *The American Note-Books* made in December,

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18. *Our Old Home*, p. 36.
1837, reads:

"A portrait of a person in New England to be recognized as of the same person represented by a portrait in Old England. Having distinguished himself there, he had suddenly vanished, and had never been heard of till he was thus discovered to be identical with a distinguished man in New England." 19

The portrait idea given here is used in Dr. Grimsbaw's Secret when Colcord weeps over the oil painting of an old gentleman, in Dr. Grimsbaw's study. But the main idea gleaned from this note is that of a distinguished Englishman who vanished in England and then appeared in America. The Englishman who became an Indian chief in the new world, and who was the ancestor of Septimus and his tonic-brewing son, is here portrayed.

To summarize briefly the part which this chapter attempts to cover in our study: Ten definite notes found either in The American Note-Books or in Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife, have been found embodied in the Unfinished Romances. The four Unfinished Romances; Fanshawe, Hawthorne's first novel; Dr. Heidarper's Experiment and The Birthmark, short stories; and The Virtuoso's Collection, an article; can be traced to one or more of the notes quoted in this chapter. The motives of the last three literary productions will be found discussed in Chapter IV.

In studying the Unfinished Romances it was found that ideas or themes are suggested by the notes more often than are tangible things such as definite characters, or exact settings; yet the latter two have also been found in one or two of the notes. Hints of char-

acters given in the notes, are found much elaborated in the romances.

As nearly as it is possible to judge the working processes of a genius, it seems that the elixir subject must have been continually seething in Hawthorne's mind during the thirty years elapsing between the publication of Fanshawe, and the early sixties when what we know as the Unfinished Romances were written.

The bloody footstep motive, while not considered by the author for so long a time, gives evidence of its tenacious hold of his mind during his entire residence abroad, by its continual cropping out in varied forms. We see no trace that anything was done with the note of 1850 until Hawthorne's visit to Smithell's Hall in 1855, just prior to his leaving England. In his letter to General Pierce, Hawthorne confesses having meditated on this subject, perhaps more than any other which he ever considered as a possible theme for a romance. What we have of *The Ancestral Footstep*—scarcely more than notes—is dated in Rome, 1850, and was considered by the author before he had conceived the idea of *The Marble Faun*.

As for the old world traditions of family, of heirlooms, and of hereditary taints and virtues, one can not touch a spot in Hawthorne's career when these did not enthral him. Every tale he wrote is embedded in a background of shadows. No matter with what clear cut cameo affect the story may stand out, the author always seeks to throw it into stronger relief against some dusky shadow from the past.
CHAPTER II

THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE

The plan that seems the most satisfactory in dealing with the notes used in *The Blithedale Romance*, is that of following the order in which they appear in the story. There will be some digression from this order, because, when the subject matter of a note is touched upon in several different chapters of the romance, better congruity is often established by discussing all these uses at the same time. A few notes not included in the Brook Farm journal were also woven into the romance; these, too, will be discussed in the order in which the author inserted them in the fabric of his romance. So, with the exception of a few instances, *The Blithedale Romance* may be regarded as an outline of this study of the notes which contributed so largely to its subject matter, and especially to its pastoral setting.

Forty-two pages in the *American Note-Books* are devoted to excerpts from letters and diary notes written during Hawthorne's two short sojourns at Brook Farm. The record in the journal of Hawthorne's visit to Salem is followed very closely in the romance by Cooverdale's visit to Boston. Nearly the whole journal for this period---descriptions of rustic or pastoral scenery, sketches of characters, socialistic theories and conversations, and humorous experiences of the enthusiastic but agriculturally innocent colonists---might be quoted as source-
material for The Blithedale Romance. Since the quantity of notes makes this impossible, only salient parts will be quoted. It will be noticed that most of the materials utilized in this story are experience notes strung together on a thread of romance. When these notes are transferred bodily into the story, with little play on them from the author's imagination, a brief comparison between the original note and its contribution to the romance—sometimes only giving its place in the plot—is all that will be attempted. Therefore, the greater portion of this chapter will probably consist of quoted matter.

During Hawthorne's stay at Brook Farm, the following was written in a letter to his fiancée:

September, 1841. . . . Take no part, I beseech you, in these magnetic miracles. . . . Supposing that the power arises from the transfusion of one spirit into another, it seems to me that the sacredness of an individual is violated by it. . . .

The opening sentence of The Blithedale Romance introduces the Veiled Lady whose subservience to a stronger will, and whose supersensitiveness are wound into the plot of the romance. There is a scathing condemnation in the fictionized version, of Westervelt, the promoter of the Veiled Lady's public exhibitions, and of those who play into his hands, for this "violating of the sacredness of an individual."

After the Veiled Lady is unveiled and arrives at Blithedale, she is said to have been so sensitive to the influence of a more aggressive mind, as to assume the characteristic pose and expression of the writer of a letter while carrying the latter to Coverdale. Later in the story when she falls again into Westervelt's power and is rescued by Hollingsworth, 1. American Note-Books, p. 244.
the phrase "sanctity of soul" is employed by Hawthorne. In developing the character of this person in his novel, the author has her change from the pale, unsubstantial girl who arrives at the socialist community, to the carefree wood-sprite of the following long note.

Saturday, October 9th.--Still dismal weather. Our household being composed in great measure of children and young people, is generally a cheerful one enough, even in gloomy weather. For a week past we have been especially gladdened with a little seamstress from Boston, about seventeen years old; but of such a petite figure, that at first view, one would take her to be hardly in her teens. She is very vivacious and smart, laughing and singing and talking all the time,--talking sensibly; but still, taking the view of matters that a city girl naturally would. If she were larger than she is, and of less pleasing aspect, I think she might be intolerable; but being so small, and with a fair skin, and as healthy as a wild-flower, she is really very agreeable; and to look at her face is like being shone upon by a ray of the sun. She never walks, but bounds and dances along, and this motion, in her diminutive person, does not give the idea of violence. It is like a bird, hopping from twig to twig, and chirping merrily all the time...On continued observation, one discovers that she is not a little girl, but really a little woman, with all the prerogatives and liabilities of a woman. This gives a new aspect to her, while the girlish impression still remains, and is strangely combined with the sense that this frivolous maiden has the material for the sober bearing of a wife. She romps with the boys, runs races with them in the yard, and up and down the stairs, and is heard scolding laughingly at their rough play. She asks William Allen to place her "on top of that horse," whereupon he puts his large brown hands about her waist, and swinging her to and fro, lifts her on horseback. William threatens to rivet two horseshoes round her neck, for having clambered, with the other girls and boys, upon a load of hay, whereby the said load lost its balance and slid off the cart. She strings the seed-berrries of roses together, making a scarlet necklace of them, which she fastens about her throat. She gathers flowers of everlasting to wear in her bonnet, arranging them with the skill of a dress-maker. In the evening she sits singing by the hour, with the musical part of the establishment, often breaking into laughter, where to she is excited by the tricks
of the boys. The last thing one hears of her, she is tripping upstairs to bed, talking lighthearted or warbling; and one meets her in the morning, the very image of bright morn itself, smiling briskly at you, so that one takes her for a promise of cheerfulness through the day. Be it said, with all the rest, that there is a perfect maiden modesty in her deportment. She has just gone away, and the last I saw of her was her vivacious face peeping through the curtain of the caricle, and nodding a gay farewell to the family, who were shouting their adieux at the door. With her other merits, she is an excellent daughter, and supports her mother by the labor of her hands. It would be difficult to conceive beforehand how much can be added to the enjoyment of a household by mere sumniness of temper and liveliness of disposition; for her intellect is very ordinary, and she never says anything worth hearing or even laughing at, in itself. But she herself is an expression well worth studying.

The above furnished the pattern for the unveiled Veiled Lady, or rather, for Priscilla, the little seamstress-heroine in the romance. Silas Foster lets her ride one of the oxen instead of a horse; and Priscilla does not sing. Otherwise her romping and pranks follow those of her prototype in the note. The excellent daughter motive comes into the story with her making purses which her destitute father sells, and one of which Coverdale buys, thus making the purse serve as a link between these characters.

Two years before the publication of The Blithedale Romance, while on a trip to Boston, Hawthorne put into his almost ubiquitous notebook, this sketch:

May 7, 1850. Facing the sidewalk in front of this grogshop of Parker's (or sometimes, on cold and rainy days, taking his station inside), there is generally to be observed an elderly ragamuffin, in a dingy and battered hat, an old surcot, and a more than shabby general aspect; a thin

face and red nose, a patch over one eye, and the other half drowned in moisture. He leans in a slightly stooping posture on a stick, forlorn and silent, addressing nobody, but fixing his one moist eye on you with a certain intentness. He is a man who has been in decent circumstances at some former period of his life, but falling into decay (perhaps by dint of too frequent visits at Parker's bar), he now haunts about the place, as a ghost haunts the spot where he was murdered, "to collect his rents," as Parker says,—that is, to catch an occasional ninpence from some charitable acquaintances, or a glass of liquor at the bar. The word "ragamuffin," which I have used above, does not accurately express the man, because there is a sort of shadow or delusion of respectability about him, and a sobriety too, and a kind of decency in his groggy and red-nosed destitution.  

This elderly ragamuffin is at once recognized as Moodie, who accosts Coverdale on the eve of his departure for Blithedale with the request that he conduct a young girl safely to the Communist abode. The first chapter of the romance is devoted very largely to this individual, who later proves to be the father of the Veiled Lady and of Zenobia. Much is made of an atmosphere about him of former respectability—-of affluence. He is brot into the story again in Chapter IX, in which he visits Blithedale to learn how Zenobia is treating Priscilla. Later in Chapters XXI and XXII, in conversation with Coverdale, he discloses the relationship between the two girls and himself, and the fact that Zenobia's vast fortune is under his control if he chooses to assert the claim for himself or Priscilla. Thru the entire romance wherever Moodie enters the scene of action, he would be recognized as the ectype of this note.

The first Brook Farm entry in the published journals, is taken

from a letter to Miss Sophia Peabody, then the author's fiancée, and later his wife. There was a notion in Hawthorne's mind, of making the Utopian colony their future home.

Brook Farm, Oak Hill, April 13th, 1841.

Here I am in a polar Paradise! I know not how to interpret this aspect of nature,—whether it be of good or evil men to our enterprise. But I reflect that the Plymouth pilgrims arrived in the midst of storm, and stepped upon mountain snow-drifts; and nevertheless, they prospered, and became a great people,—and doubtless it will be the same with us. I laud my stars, however, that you will not have your first impressions of (perhaps) our future home from such a day as this... Through faith, I persist in believing that Spring and Summer will come in their due season; but the unregenerated men shivers within me, and suggests a doubt whether I may not have wandered within the precincts of the Arctic Circle, and chosen my heritage among everlasting snows. Provide yourself with a good stock of furs, and, if you can obtain the skin of a polar bear, you will find it a very suitable summer dress for this region....

I have not yet taken my first lesson in agriculture, except that I went to see our cows foddered yesterday afternoon. We have eight of our own; and the number is now increased by a transcendental heifer belonging to Miss Margaret Fuller. She is very fractious, I believe, and apt to kick over the milk-pail.... I intend to convert myself into a milkmaid this evening, but I pray Heaven that Mr. Ripley may be moved to assign me the kindliest cow in the herd, otherwise I shall perform my duty with fear and trembling.

I like my brethren in affliction very well; and, could you see us sitting around our table at meal-time, before the great kitchen fire, you would call it a cheerful sight. Mrs. B—— is a most comfortable woman to behold. She looks as if her ample person were stuffed full of tenderness,—indeed, as if she were all one great kind heart.

The contrast between the April day and the Polar Paradise in the note is enlarged upon in Chapter II of the romance, in which Coverdale

arrives at the Community Farm. The meal-time cheerfulness and the blazing fire from this note, are taken directly into the romance. So, also, is "the good, comfortable Mrs. Foster who bade us a hearty welcome" in the romance, based on Mrs. B—- in the note. Mrs. Foster's "back—a back of generous breath—" coincides with the "ample person" of the hostess of Brook Farm. More is made of the meal-times in other notes which are used later in the story.

A note written the next day is given here as an example of the activities of those plain living and high thinking enthusiasts.

April 14th, 10 A.M.——-I did not milk the cows last night, because Mr. Ripley was afraid to trust them to my hands, or me to their horns, I know not which. But this morning I have done wonders. Before breakfast, I went out to the barn and began to chop hay for the cattle, and with such "righteous vehemence," as Mr. Ripley says, did I labor, that in the space of ten minutes I broke the machine. Then I brought wood and replenished the fires; and finally went down to breakfast, and ate up a huge mound of buckwheat cakes. After breakfast, Mr. Ripley put a four-pronged instrument into my hands, which he gave me to understand was called a pitchfork; and he and Mr. Farley being armed with similar weapons, we all three commenced a gallant attack.——-I shall make an excellent husbandman,——I feel the original Adam reviving within me.

Mr. Ripley of Brook Farm fame is displaced in the romance by Silas Foster who is the yeoman manager of Eldorado, and assigns his willing but ignorant helpers their tasks. Orangé, mentioned in the notes later, seems also to have contributed some qualities to the character of Foster. Experiences similar to those given here in the note are humorously interspersed throughout the romance. Instead of attempting to discuss these

contributions, excerpts from Chapter VIII—A Modern Acadia—shall be quoted to show the likeness of the notes and the finished work.

"...We all of us seemed to have come to Blithedale with the one thrifty and laudable idea of wearing out our old clothes....Little skill as we boasted in other parts of husbandry, every mother's son of us would have served admirably to stick up for a scarecrow....The plough, the hoe, the scythe, and the hay-fork, grew familiar to our grasp. The oxen responded to our voices. We could do almost as fair a day's work as Silas Foster himself,..... and awake at daybreak with only a little stiffness.....quite gone by breakfast time.

"To be sure, our next neighbors pretended to be incredulous... They told slanderous fables about our inability to yoke our own oxen, or to drive them....or to release the poor brutes...at night-fall. They had the face to say, too, that the cows laughed at our awkwardness at milking-time, and invariably kicked over the pails...They further averred that we lived up whole acres of Indian corn and other crops, and drew the earth carefully about the weeds; and that we raised five hundred tufts of burdock, mistaking them for cabbages; and that, by dint of unskilful planting, few of our seeds ever came up at all, or if they did come up, it was stern-foremost; and that we spent the better part of the month of June in reversing a field of beans, which had thrust themselves out of the ground in this unseemly way. They quoted it as nothing more than ordinary occurrence for one or other of us to crop off two or three fingers, of a morning, by our clumsy use of the hay-cutter. Finally, and as an ultimate catastrophe, these mendacious rogues circulated a report
that we communitarians were exterminated, to the last man, by
severing ourselves asunder with the sweep of our own scythes! and
that the world had lost nothing by this little accident.

"But this was pure envy and malice on the part of the
neighboring farmers. The peril of our new way of life was not lest
we should fail in becoming practical agriculturalists, but that we
should probably cease to be anything else." Speaking of their
"visions of the spiritualization of labor," the author continues in
his romance. "It was to be our form of prayer and ceremonial worship...
Our thoughts, on the contrary, were fast becoming cloddish....Intellectual
activity is incompatible with any large amount of bodily exercise."

That the truth of the last sentence quoted from the romance
soon dawned upon the Brook Farmers, is shown in such notes as the
following from Hawthorne's letters:

June 1st.------In the midst of toil, or after a hard
day's work....my soul obstinately refuses to be poured
out on paper....It is my opinion that a man's soul may
be buried....in a furrow.7

Toil as mentioned in the above note serves as a part excuse for Cover-
dale, the poet in the romance, neglecting to write poetry.

Six years before his Utopian venture, and seventeen years be-
fore the publication of The Blithedale Romance, Hawthorne penned the
following note:

October, 1835. Some common quality or circumstance that
should bring together people the most unlike in all other
respects, and make a brotherhood and sisterhood of them;---
the rich and the proud finding themselves in the same cat-
egory with the mean and the despised. 8

8. Ibid., p. 27.
Even at this early period Hawthorne—as all idealists do at some time or other—was thinking of some sort of brotherhood as a leveler or equalizer of mankind. When other transcendental souls, also with vague notions of a brotherhood, planned Brook Farm, Hawthorne's hazy dreams grew space with theirs. The idea of some common quality or circumstance, hinted at in the note, is stressed more in the Brook Farm notes than in the romance. From the beginning, in the story, whenever these common qualities are mentioned, a cynical light plays around them casting shadows of certain disaster for the future. Individual eccentricities are emphasized more in the Elthedale characters than in the Brook Farmers. However, it was the unlike qualities in both cases, which caused the rifts and brot disasters.

A letter dated May 4, 1841, and signed by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ploughman, gives this bit of enthusiastic idealism:

The whole fraternity sat together; and such a delectable way of life has never been seen on earth since the days of the early Christians. 9

The first meal described in the romance—Chapter IV—carries out the ideas of the two above notes. "We all sat down together,—grisly Silas Foster, his rotund helpmate, and the two bouncing handmaidens, included,—and looked at one another in a friendly but rather awkward way. It was the first practical trial of our theories of equal brotherhood and sisterhood; and we people of superior cultivation and refinement (for as such, I presume, we unhesitatingly reckoned ourselves) felt as if something were already accomplished toward the millennium of love. The truth is,

however, that the laboring-ear was with our unpolished companions; it being far easier to condescend than to accept of condescension. Neither did I refrain from questioning, in secret, whether some of us—and Zenobia among the rest—would so quietly have taken our places among these good people, save for the cherished consciousness that it was not by necessity, but choice." The satirical smile of disillusion that lurks in the early chapters of The Blithedale Romance, are absent from the first pages of the Brook Farm journal.

Another excerpt touching on the unlikeliness of the romanticiests in the fictionized version, may be the fulfilment of the first Utopian-note suggestion. "On the whole, it was a society such as has seldom met together; nor, perhaps, could it reasonably be expected to hold together long. Persons of marked individuality—crooked sticks, as some of us might be called—are not exactly the easiest to bind up into a fagot—We are of all creeds and opinions, and generally tolerant of all, on every imaginable subject...We had individually found one thing or another to quarrel with in past life, and were pretty well agreed as to the inexpediency of lumbering along with the old system any further. As to what should be substituted, there was much less unanimity." It was only after the author had been disillusioned, and after his disillusion had been softened by a considerable vista of time, that he could play up the foibles of his own and his companions’ schemes for the regeneration of society. And it was around the dreams and the failures of these "persons of marked individuality," that he wove his tragic romance.
The following note is given for April 23, 1841:

I was caught by a cold during my visit to Boston. It has not affected my whole frame, but took entire possession of my head, as being the weakest and most vulnerable part. Never did anybody sneeze with such vehemence and frequency; and my poor brain has been in a thick fog; or, rather, it seemed as if my head were stuffed with coarse wool. Sometimes I wanted to wrench it off, and give it a great kick, like a football.

In the romance this cold is expanded into two chapters—VI and VII. Coverdale's illness is a plot structure to show up Hollingsworth's tenderness and sympathy, Zenobia's tasteless gruel, and many and various socialistic and philosophic notions of the leading characters. It is in Chapter VII, while Coverdale is convalescing, that he discovers Priscilla's peculiarity of assuming a marked likeness to Margaret Fuller, while holding a letter which the latter had written to Coverdale.

Another note concerning the same cold, is given between the dates of May 1 and 4.

My cold has almost entirely departed. Were it a sunny day, I should consider myself quite fit for labors out of doors; but as the ground is so damp, and the atmosphere so chill, and the sky so sullen, I intend to keep myself on the sick-list this one day longer, more especially as I wish to read Carlyle on Heroes.

The above note is included because it gives an idea of the type of reading done by the transcendental farmers. This high thinking is carried out in the romance; many classics of that day and of earlier times, are brought into the discussions waged by Hawthorne's characters. In these same chapters in an argument between Hollingsworth and Coverdale, the substance of the following note is brought in. It will be noticed that

11. Ibid., p. 233.
this note was recorded ten years after the Brook Farm incident, and
one year before the publication of The Blithedale Romance,—probably
while Hawthorne was re-perusing Fourier preparatory to writing his
novel.

August 7, 1851. Fourier states that, in the progress
of the world, the ocean is to lose its saltiness, and
acquire the taste of a peculiarly flavored lemonade. 12

The philanthropist bitterly opposes all the serious views of the French-
man's socialistic schemes which the convalescent had been translating
to him, and declares his belief that Fourier is at that very moment
floundering in Gehenna for his demoralizing principles. "And bellow-
ing," responds the story-teller, "for the least drop of his beloved
limonade a cedrel!" About three pages of argument about various phases
of Fourier's system, hinge on the above note. Even this jibe is thrown
in: "Why did not the Frenchman make punch of it, at once?"

In Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife we find a note touching
on the same subject; this note has no date.

Ant hill... Here is a type of domestic industry——
perhaps the very model of a community, which
Fourierites and others are stumbling in pursuit of.
Possibly the student of such philosophies should go
to the ant, and find......his lesson there......13

The works of Fourier are mentioned often in the romance,—not that
Hawthorne had his imaginary Utopia built on that author's principles
any more than did the founders of the real Utopia at Brook Farm, lay
their plans according to his rules.

The following note is given for April, the month in which
Hawthorne arrived at Brook Farm.

Mr. Ripley has bought four black pigs. 14

In the romance we are told that stout Silas Foster asked: "Which man among you is the best judge of swine? Some of us must go to the next Brighton fair, and buy half a dozen pigs."

"Pigs! Good Heavens! had we come out from among the swinish multitude for this?" 15 is Coverdale's mental response to the practical old farmer's suggestion. There is such a multitude of pigs, both in The American Note-Books and in The Blithedale Romance, that it is difficult to decide just which ones were transferred from the notes into the romance. A philosophical interest in these animals is shown in both.

The second Brook Farm note dealing with pigs is dated September 27, 1841, and tells of a trip to the Brighton fair, made by Hawthorne and William Allen, the young dreamer, whose earliest recorded experience at the farm, had been a sting by a wasp on the eyelid.

William Allen had come to buy four little pigs to take the places of four now grown large at our farm, and are to be fattened and killed within a few weeks......Two of them were yellowish or light gold-color; the other two were black and white speckled; and all four of very pigish aspect and deportment. 16

In the notes for October 1, 1841, we find the following:

I have been looking at our four swine,---not of the last lot, but those in process of fattening. They lie among the clean rye straw in the sty, nestling close together; for they seem to be beasts sensitive to the cold, and this is a clear, bright crystal morning, with a cool northwest wind. So there lie these four black swine, as deep among the straw as they can burrow, the very symbols

15. Blithedale Romance, chapter 3.
of slothful ease and sensuous comfort. They seem to be actually oppressed and overburdened with comfort. They are quick to notice any one's approach, and utter a low grunt thereon, — not drawing a breath for that particular purpose, but grunting with their ordinary breath, — at the same time turning an observant, though dull and sluggish eye upon the visitor. They seem to be involved and buried in their own corporeal substance, and to look dimly forth at the outer world. They breathe not easily, and yet not with difficulty nor discomfort; for the very unreadiness and oppression with which their breath comes appears to make them sensible of the deep sensual satisfaction which they feel. Swill, the remnant of their last meal, remains in the trough, denoting that their food is more abundant than even a hog can demand. Anon they fall asleep, drawing short and heavy breaths, which heave their huge sides up and down; but at the slightest noise they sluggishly unclose their eyes, and give another gentle grunt. They also grunt among themselves, without any external cause; but merely to express their swinish sympathy. I suppose it is the knowledge that these four grunterm are doomed to die within two or three weeks that gives them a sort of awfulness in my conception. It makes me contrast their present gross substance of fleshly life with the nothingness speedily to come. Meantime the four newly bought pigs are running about the cow-yard, lean, active, shrewd, investigating everything, as their nature is. When I throw an apple among them, they scramble with one another for the prize, and the successful one scrambles away to eat it at leisure. They thrust their snouts into the mud, and pick a grain of corn out of the rubbish. Nothing within their sphere do they leave unexamined, grunting all the time with infinite variety of expression. Their language is the most copious of that of any quadruped, and, indeed, there is something deeply and indefinably interesting in the swinish race. They appear the more a mystery the longer one gazes at them. It seems as if there were an important meaning to them, if one could but find it out. One interesting trait in them is their perfect independence of character. They care not for men, and will not adapt themselves to his notions, as other beasts do, but are true to themselves, and act out their hoggish nature. 17

This lengthy note seems to deal with the subjects of both the notes given just previously, and furnishes an example of the author's much

philosophizing upon the subject of pigs. The excerpts from the story show how completely the latter is based on the notes for the most trivial incidents. Chapter XVI—Leave-Takings, in which Coverdale has broken with Hollingsworth, and is leaving for the visit in Boston, to gain a perspective of his own and his fellow-fanatics' dreams,—closes with an exposition on pigs similar to the above. When this bit of Blithedale realism is compared to the Brook Farm note, the parallels are too numerous and too obvious to necessitate pointing out each one separately.

"I can nowise explain what sort of whim, prank or perversity it was, that, after all these leave-takings, induced me to go to the pig-sty, and take leave of the swine! There they lay, buried as deeply among the straw as they could burrow, four huge black grunters, the very symbols of slothful ease and sensual comfort. They were asleep, drawing short and heavy breaths, which heaved their big sides up and down. Unclosing their eyes, however, at my approach, they looked dimly forth at the outer world, and simultaneously uttered a gentle grunt; not putting themselves to the trouble of an additional breath for that particular purpose, but grunting with ordinary inhalation. They were involved and almost buried alive in their own corporeal substance. The very unreadiness and oppression wherewith these greasy citizens gained breath enough to keep their life-machinery in sluggish movement, appeared to make them only the more sensible of the ponderous and fat satisfaction of their existence. Peeping at me, an instant, out of their small, red, hardly perceptible eyes, they dropped asleep again; yet not
so far asleep but that their unctuous bliss was still present to them, betwixt dream and reality.

"You must come back in season to eat part of a sparerib," said Silas Foster, giving my hand a mighty squeeze. "I shall have these fat fellows hanging up by the heels, heads downward, pretty soon, I tell you!"

"O, cruel Silas, what a horrible idea!" I cried. "All the rest of us men, women, and live-stock, save only these four porkers, are bedeviled with one grief or another; they alone are happy,---and you mean to cut their throats and eat them! It would be more for the general comfort to let them eat us; and bitter and sour morsels we should be!"

One wonders if these domestic animals are given so much space in the notes for the unusual contrast they afforded to the transcendental state of mind. In the romance the pigs, with the author's half-humorous, half-philosophical treatment of them, seem to form an incongruous element in the otherwise purely pastoral theme.

The following note was written before the polar temperature in the first introduction to Brook Farm, had entirely moderated:

May 1st....This is May-Day! Alas, what a difference between the ideal and the real.18

The inclement weather recorded in the notes, and probably in Hawthorne's memory, is transferred to the romance in great detail. Chapter VIII---A Modern Acadia---opens with this sentence: "May-day---I forget

whether by Zenobia's sole decree, or by the unanimous vote of our Community—had been declared a movable festival. It was deferred until the sun should...clear away the snow-drifts....." A description follows of woodsy green for a setting for the two sisters, Zenobia and Priscilla, who had gone a-maying together. The happiest outdoor items in the note quoted previously on the little seamstress, are woven in here. The time is not May-day but a later, warmer day, and the two girls had found flowers and pleasure in their long tramp.

In the next chapter—IX—in which the Community has accepted Zenobia and Hollingsworth as a pair of lovers, mention is made at the close of the chapter of their going "to a certain point on the slope of a pasture" where it was inferred that "they intended to build their dwelling." Hollingsworth's words, "I offer my edifice as a spectacle to the world," remind one of the note on which is based the short story, "The Lily's Quest." This note will be found quoted and discussed in Chapter IV of this study.19

Many landscapes are painted in this section of the journal—and copied color for color into the romance. The following woodsy note is given for September 26, 1841.

One vine had ascended almost to the tip of a large white-pine, spreading its leaves and hanging its purple clusters among all its boughs,—still climbing and clambering, as if it would not be content till it had crowned the very summit with a wreath of its own foliage and bunches of grapes. I mounted high into the tree, and ate the fruit there, while the vine wreathed still higher into the depths above my head.20

19. Below, Chapter IV.
The vine clambering up the tree is the prototype of the one which forms the poet's sheltered nook, and becomes almost a plot element in Coverdale's Hermitage—Chapter XII. While dreaming here one afternoon, he overhears part of a conversation between Zenobia and Westervelt who made his appearance in the story in the previous chapter; what Coverdale hears adds to his suspicion that Zenobia was, or had been, married to the "Professor."

Another note tells of the same vine:

Sunday, October 10th.---I visited my grapevine this afternoon, and ate the last of its clusters.21

In the romance Coverdale, when he returns from his visit to Boston, walks thru the woods toward the fraternal farm-place, and says: "By and by, I came to my hermitage, in the heart of the white-pine-tree, and clambering up into it sat down to rest. The grapes...dangled... deliciously sweet to the taste...." No comment is needed here to point out what the note has contributed to the piece of fiction.

May 1941. We had some tableaux last evening...They went off very well...22

This note suggests the events portrayed in Chapter XIII—Zenobia's Legend—-in which the brilliant, attractive woman tells the story of the Veiled Lady, and dramatically throws a veil over Priscilla, to whom that notorious title had been applied. Zenobia in her dramatic mockery, hints that she knows that Priscilla stands in the way of her own happiness---in love and in fortune. The above, as some few of the other shorter notes used in the romance, served as an idea, or starting

22. Ibid., p. 234.
point, on which to build a plot incident. We do not know how many memories thronged back into Hawthorne's mind when he read this note ten years after he had lived the events recorded in it. Perhaps even more fantastic ones than those used in the romance.

The next few chapters in the story—XIV, XV, XVI, and XVII, inclusive—are devoted to natural scenery, character development of the principal Utopian actors, and plot development; the latter includes Goverdale's refusal of Hollingsworth's invitation to submerge his own individuality and ideals, in the blacksmith philanthropist's plans for reforming prisoners, and the poet's departure for the city to think things over. The general subject matter of the journals plays thru these chapters, but no note of specific importance was discovered in them.

The next note utilized in the romance, bears the date, October 24, 1858. This is another example of non-Brook Farm data incorporated into the story.

View from a chamber of the Tremont of the brick edifice opposite, on the other side of Beacon Street. At one of the lower windows, a woman at work; at one above, a lady hemming a ruff or some such lady-like thing. She is pretty, young, and married; for a little boy comes to her knees, and she parts his hair, and caresses him in a motherly way. A note on colored paper is brought her; and she reads it, and puts it in her bosom. At another window, at some depth within the apartment, a gentleman in a dressing-gown, reading, and rocking in an easy-chair. A rainy day, and people passing with umbrellas disconsolately between the spectator and these various scenes of indoor occupation and comfort. With this sketch might be mingled and worked up some story that was going on within the chamber where the spectator was situated.23

23 American Note-Books, p. 207.
The above is one of Hawthorne’s experience notes, and serves as the foundation of incidents touched upon in four chapters—XVIII, XIX, XX, and XXIII—of the romance. The situation is that in which Miles Coverdale finds himself in Boston on a rainy day after his first sojourn at Blithedale. To while away the time the hero-author gazes from his hotel room across the alley at a dove perched on the peak of a dormer window of the apartment house opposite. He notices in one flat a scene of domesticity similar to that mentioned in the note; but the plot incident is seen in another window in which he recognizes two of his former Utopian companions, Zenobia and Priscilla. The lady hemming a ruff might have connected this note with the idea of a little seamstress in the author’s mind. Since Coverdale had no knowledge of the sisters’ plans to leave Blithedale, he is much surprised to see them in the city; the appearance of Westervelt beside them adds still more to his consternation.

The next note used to carry on the plot of the story, paints a romantic pastoral scene.

September 28. A picnic party in the woods, yesterday, in honor of little Frank Dana’s birthday, he being six years old. I strolled out, after dinner, with Mr. Bradford, and in a lonesome glade we met the apparition of an Indian chief, dressed in appropriate costume of blanket, feathers, and paint, and armed with a musket. Almost at the same time, a young gypsy fortune-teller came from among the trees, and proposed to tell my fortune. While she was doing this, the goddess Diana let fly an arrow, and hit me smartly in the hand. The fortune-teller and the goddess were in fine contrast, Diana being a blonde, fairly quiet, with a moderate composure; and the gypsy (O.G) a bright, vivacious, dark-haired, rich-complexioned damsel, — both of them very pretty, at least pretty enough to make
fifteen years enchanting. Accompanied by these denizens of the wild wood, we went onward, and came to a company of fantastic figures, arranged in a ring for a dance or a game. There was a Swiss girl, an Indian squaw, a negro of the Jim Crow order, one or two foresters, and several people in Christian attire, besides children of all ages. Then followed childish games, in which the grown people took part with mirth enough — while I, whose nature it is to be a mere spectator both of sport and serious business, lay under the trees and looked on. Meanwhile, Mr. Emerson and Miss Fuller, who arrived an hour or two before, came forth into the little glade where we were assembled. Here followed much talk. The ceremonies of the day concluded with a cold collation of cakes and fruit. All was pleasant enough, — an excellent piece of work, "wouldn't were done!" It has left a fantastic impression on my memory, this intermingling of wild and fabulous characters with real and homely ones, in the secluded nook of the woods. I remember then, with the sunlight breaking through overshadowing branches, and they appearing and disappearing confusedly, — perhaps starting out of the earth, as if the every-day laws of nature were suspended for this particular occasion. There were the children, too, laughing and sporting about, as if they were at home among such strange shapes, — and anon bursting into loud uproar of lamentations, when the rude gambols of the merry archers chanced to overturn them. And apart, with a shrewd, Yankee observation of the scene, stands our friend Orange, a thickset, sturdy figure enjoying the fun well enough, yet, rather laughing with a perception of its nonsensicalness than at all entering into the spirit of the thing. 24

This entire sketch is taken bodily into the romance, and is enlarged into a plot incident in Chapter XXIV — the Masqueraders — in which Coverdale returns to the farm after his trip to Boston. Upon leaving his grapevine bower, he wanders on rather aimlessly, and suddenly finds himself at the verge of this gay pastoral gathering. Besides Mr. Ripley, the friend Orange is recognized as a pattern for "Silas Foster, who", in the story, " leaned against a tree nearby in his customary blue frock, and smoking a short pipe, did more to disenchant the

scene, with his look of shrewd, acrid, Yankee observation, than twenty witches and necromancers could have done in the way of rendering it weird and fantastic."

The fantastic impression which Hawthorne confesses that this gathering had left on his mind, colors very noticeably the picnickers in the romance. Perhaps the reader is made conscious of the close intermingling of the real with the unreal, by the suspense which hangs over this scene in spite of the gaiety; for the author throws an atmosphere of gloom ahead to herald the coming of his catastrophe in later chapters.

In the romance Coverdale withdraws from the merry-makers, which incident may be built on the fact that in the note Hawthorne seems to have held himself rather aloof from the sports of the other picnickers. Coverdale sees that Zenobia and Priscilla are also returned from the city; then he wanders on.

Two short notes describing Brook Farm scenery, under separate dates, but both touching the same subject which is here assimilated into the romance, are quoted next.

April 28, 1841. Many spots seem hardly to have been visited for ages, — not since John Eliot preached to the Indians here....

October 22, 1841. In a walk this afternoon I have seen two oaks. They grew close to the huge Pulpit Rock, so that portions of their trunks appeared to grasp the rough surface; and they were rooted beneath it, and, ascending high into the air, overshadowed the high crag with verdure....

A Sunday walk to the Pulpit Rock is an incident in Chapter XI. These

26. Ibid., p. 271.
notes were not considered at that point, because an episode extending thru two chapters and forming a stronger link in the plot motive, takes place here. As Coverdale leaves the scene of the picnic, he strays toward the rock called Eliot's Pulpit where he finds Hollingsworth and the two sisters. Chapter XXV makes the tree-enclosed Pulpit Rock the tragic scene of Hollingsworth's denouncement of Zenobia for her part in returning Priscilla to Westervelt, from whose power the philanthropist had rescued her two days previous. In the next chapter - XXVI - this rock forms the background for a whole melodrama. Hollingsworth rejects Zenobia, and departs with Priscilla as her avowed lover. After they have left the scene, the rock forms the hard unyielding curtain against which Zenobia's grief and failure are hurled. After her departure and farewell to Coverdale, the latter falls asleep at the base of the huge rock; late at night he awakes with a premonition of evil hanging over him. On his way back to the house he finds a handkerchief of Zenobia's near the edge of a deep pool of water. The culmination of the tragedy in Chapter XXVII, is based on that horribly gruesome note in Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife.

On the night of July 9, 1843, a search for the dead body of a drowned girl. She was about nineteen years old; a girl of education and refinement, but depressed and miserable for want of sympathy, -- her family being an affectionate one, but uncultivated, and incapable of responding to her demands. She was of a melancholic temperament, accustomed to solitary walks in the woods. At this time she had the superintendency of one of the district schools, comprising sixty scholars, particularly difficult of management. Well, Ellery Channing knocked at the door, between nine and ten in the evening, in order to get my boat to go in search of the girl's drowned body. He took the oars, and I the paddle, and we went rapidly down the river, until, a good distance below the bridge, we saw lights on the bank, and the dim figure
of a number of people waiting for us. Her bonnet and shoes had already been found in this spot, and her handkerchief, I believe, on the edge of the water; so that the body was probably at no great distance, unless the current (which is gentle and almost imperceptible) had swept her down.

We took in General Buttrick, and a young man in a blue frock, and commenced the search; the General and the other man having long poles with hooks at the end, and Ellery a hay-rake, while I steered the boat. It was a very eligible place to drown one's self. On the verge of the river there were water-weeds; but after a few steps the bank goes off very abruptly, and the water speedily becomes fifteen or twenty feet deep. It must be one of the deepest spots in the whole river; and, holding a lantern over it, it was black as midnight, smooth, impenetrable, and keeping its secrets from the eye as perfectly as mid-ocean would. We caused the boat to float once or twice past the spot where the bonnet, etc., had been found, carefully searching the bottom at different distances from the shore, but for a considerable time without success. Once or twice the pole or rake caught in bunches of water-weed, which in the starlight looked like garments; and once Ellery and the General struck some substance at the bottom, which they ate first mistook for the body, but it was probably a sod that had rolled in from the bank. All this time, the persons on the bank were anxiously waiting, and sometimes giving us their advice to search higher or lower, or at such and such a point. I now paddled the boat again past the point where she was supposed to have entered the river, and then turned it, so as to let float broadside downwards, about midway from bank to bank. The young fellow in the blue frock sat in the next seat to me plying his pole.

We had drifted a little distance below the group of men on the bank, when the fellow gave a sudden start. 'What's this?' cried he. I felt in a moment what it was; and I suppose the same electric shock went through everybody in the boat. 'Yes; I've got her,' said he; and, heaving up his pole with difficulty, there was an appearance of light garments on the surface of the water. He made a strong effort, and brought so much of the body above the surface that there could be no doubt about it. He drew her towards the boat, grasped her arm or hand, and I steered the boat to the bank, all the while looking at the dead girl, whose limbs were swaying in the water close at the boat's side. The fellow evidently had the same sort of feeling in his success as if he had caught a particularly fine fish, though, no doubt, mingled with horror. For my own part, I felt my voice tremble a little, when I spoke, at the first shock of the discovery, and at seeing the body come
to the surface, dimly, in the starlight. When close to the bank, some of the men stepped into the water and drew out the body; and then, by their lanterns, I could see how rigid it was. There was nothing flexible about it; she did not droop over the arms of those who supported her, with her hair hanging down, as a painter would have represented her, but was all as stiff as marble. And it was evident that her wet garments covered limbs perfectly inflexible. They took her out of the water and deposited her under an oak-tree; and by the time we had got ashore, they were examining her by the light of two or three lanterns.

I never saw or imagined a spectacle of such perfect horror. The rigidity, above spoken of, was dreadful to behold. Her arms had stiffened in the act of struggling, and were bent before her, with the hands clenched. She was the very image of a death-agony; and when the men tried to compose her figure, her arms would still return to that same position; indeed, it was almost impossible to force them out of it for an instant. One of the men put his foot upon her arm, for the purpose of reducing it by her side; but in a moment it rose again. The lower part of the body had stiffened into a more quiet attitude; the legs were slightly bent, and the feet close together. But that rigidity!—it is impossible to express the effect of it; it seemed as if she would keep the same position in the grave, and that her skeleton would keep it too, and that when she rose at the Day of Judgment, it would be in the same attitude.

By this time two rails had been procured, across which were laid some boards or broken oars from the bottom of the boat; and the body, being wrapt in an old quilt, was laid upon this rude bier. All of us took part in bearing the corpse or in steadying it. From the bank of the river to her father's house was nearly a mile of pasture-ground, on the ascent of a hill; and our burden grew very heavy before we reached the door. What a midnight procession it was! How strange and fearful it would have seemed if it could have been foretold, a day beforehand, that I should help carry a dead body along that track! At last we reached the door, where appeared an old gray-haired man, holding a light; he said nothing, seemed calm, and after the body was laid upon a large table, in what seemed to be the kitchen, the old man disappeared. This was the grandfather. Good Mrs. Pratt was in the room, having been sent for to assist in laying out the body, but seemed wholly at a loss how to proceed; and no wonder,—for it was an absurd idea to think of composing that rigidly distorted figure into the decent quiet of the coffin. Mrs. Lee had likewise been summoned, and shortly appeared, a withered, skin-and-bone looking woman; but she too, though a woman of skill, was in despair at the job, and confessed her ignorance how to
set about it. Whether the poor girl did finally get laid out, I know not; but can scarcely think it possible.

'Ah, poor child!' — that was the exclamation of an elderly man, as he helped draw her out of the water. I suppose one friend would have saved her; but she died for want of sympathy — a severe penalty for having cultivated and refined herself out of the sphere of her natural connections.

After the perusal of the note and the chapter of the romance which is based on it, one is inclined to agree with the opinion of George S. Hillard, who, when writing his congratulations to Hawthorne upon the publication of The Blithedale Romance, said: "I wish...you could have wound up your story without killing her, or at least you had given her a drier and handsomer death". The only real difference between the note and its use in the story, is in the characters of the two women. The girl in the note is fragile, and is crushed by overpowering circumstances; Zenobia is driven by the very strength of her own fury and passion. An attempt to point out parallels between the note and its use in the romance would be an endless task, and of no great value. Of greater interest is the tragic death of a woman rather closely associated with Hawthorne during his Brook Farm experiment, and later when he lived at the Old Manse. This, with his experience described in the above note, no doubt caused him to decide upon suicide by drowning as the most tragic fate possible to end the career of the brilliant and magnificent Zenobia.

In 1850, Margaret Fuller Casoli, with her Italian husband and their child, sailed for America from Italy, on a ship that went down at sea. Just how much this event influenced Hawthorne, or, if it was at all instrumental in reviving his memory of the experience described in the note, is a question; closely bound up with it is another question.

Julian Hawthorne says: "Were, or were not, Zenobia and Margaret Fuller

Hawthorne's sister Louisa, was drowned also. See Ibid., p. 454.
one and the same person? For my part I should be loath to deprive....
of their chosen occupation the worthy people who prosecute such in-
quiries; and although I am in possession of indubitable evidence,...
the promulgation of which would forever set all conceivable doubts
at rest, I shall, for that very reason, forbear to say one word on
either side. Let the controversy go on, and the innocent controver-
sialists be happy." After reading the above, it behoves one to
preserve within the periphery of silence his own humble opinion, and
no judgment shall be offered. A few interesting quotations have been
discovered, and shall be given for what they are worth. Margaret
Fuller is mentioned nine times in The American Note-Books -- always
with the deepest respect for her attainments and her literary ability.
Not until two years after the publication of The Walthedale Romance
do we find a reversal of opinion given.

Mr. Mozier knew Margaret well, she having been an inmate of his
during a part of his residence in Italy...He says that the Ossoli
family, though technically noble, is really of no rank whatever;
the elder brother, with the title of Marquis, being at this very
time a working bricklayer, and the sisters walking the streets
without bonnets, -- that is being in the station of peasant-girls.
Ossoli himself, to the best of his belief, was-------------
servant, or had something to do with the care of ------------’s apart-
ments. He was the handsomest man that Mr. Mozier ever saw, but
entirely ignorant, even of his own language; scarcely able to
read at all; destitute of manners, -- in short, half an idiot,
without any pretension to be a gentleman. At Margaret’s request,
Mr. Mozier had taken him into his studio, with a view to as-
certain whether he were capable of instruction in sculpture;
but after four month’s labor, Ossoli produced a thing intended to
be a copy of a human foot, but the great toe was on the wrong
side. He could not possibly have had the least appreciation
of Margaret; and the wonder is, what attraction she found in
this boor, this man without the intellectual spark, -- she that
had always shown such a cruel and bitter scorn of intellectual
deficiency. As from her towards him, I do not understand what
feeling there could have been; as from him towards her I can
understand as little, for she had not the charm of womanhood.

But she was a person curious to try all things and fill up her

experience in all directions; she had a strong and coarse nature, which she had done her utmost to refine, with infinite pains; but of course it could only be superficially changed. The solution of the riddle lies in this direction; nor does one's conscience revolt at the idea of thus solving it; for (at least, this is my own experience) Margaret has not left in the hearts and minds of those who knew her any deep witness of her integrity and purity. She was a great humbug,—of course, with much talent and much moral reality, or else she could never have been so great a humbug. But she had stuck herself full of borrowed qualities, which she chose to provide herself with, but which had no root in her. Mr. Hazier added that Margaret had quite lost all power of literary production before she left Rome, though occasionally the charm and power of her conversation would reappear. To his certain knowledge, she had no important manuscripts with her when she sailed (she having shown him all she had, with a view to his procuring their publication in America), and the "History of the Roman Revolution", about which there was so much lamentation, in the belief that it had been lost with her, never had existence. Thus there appears to have been a total collapse in poor Margaret, morally and intellectually; and, tragic as her catastrophe was, Providence was, after all, kind in putting her and her clownish husband and their child on board that fated ship. There never was such a tragedy as her whole story,—theadder and stormer, because so much of the ridiculous was mixed up with it, and because she could bear anything better than to be ridiculous. It was such an awful joke, that she should have resolved—in all sincerity, no doubt—to make herself the greatest, wisest, best woman of the age. And to that end she set to work on her strong, heavy unpliant, and, in many respects, defective and evil nature, and adorned it with a mosaic of admirable qualities, such as she chose to possess; putting in here a splendid talent and there a moral excellence, and polishing each separate piece, and the whole together, till it seemed to shine afar and dazzle all who saw it. She took credit to herself for having been her own Redeemer, if not her own Creator; and, indeed, she was far more a work of art than any of Hazier's statues. But she was not working on an inanimate substance, like clay or marble; there was something within her that she could not possibly come at, to recreate or refine it; and, by and by, this rude old potency bestirred itself, and undid all her labor in the twinkling of an eye. On the whole, I do not know but I like her the better for it; because she proved herself
a very woman after all, and fell as the weakest of her sisters might.

A few of Hawthorne's outstanding descriptions of the brilliant creature of his imagination -- Zenobia -- seem fitting here. "Zenobia caused our heroic enterprise to show like an illusion, a masquerade, a pastoral, a counterfeit Arcadia, in which we grown-up men and women are making a play-day of the years that were given us to live in". There is so much of the feigned in this character that the reader is never quite sure just how to regard her, nor how the author expects him to regard her. Of her literary ventures this is given:

"Her poor little stories and tracts never half did justice to her intellect. It was only the lack of a fitter avenue that drove her to seek development in literature. She was made (among a thousand other things that she might have been) for a stump-oratress. I recognized no severe culture in Zenobia; her mind was full of weeds. She made no scruple of oversetting all human institutions, and scattering them as with a breeze from her fan.

A female reformer..........Zenobia was truly a magnificent woman." In discussing the relations of Zenobia and Hollingsworth, in contrast with Priscilla's affairs, the author tells us: "As for Zenobia,...........with her native strength and her experience of the world, she could not be supposed to need any help of

29. The Blithedale Romance, Chapter III.
30. Ibid., Chapter VI.
mine... with all her faults (which might have been a great many, besides the abundance that I knew of), she possessed noble traits, and a heart which must at least have been valuable while new. And she seemed ready to fling it away as uncalculatingly as Priscilla herself... It might... turn out such earnest as would develop itself in some sufficiently tragic catastrophe... Of Westervelt and Zenobia this is given which suggests the superiority of the latter: "How many a woman's evil fate has yoked her with a man like this!" Another example of the oft recurring idea that Zenobia was flinging herself away on a man inferior to herself, is found in Gowerdale's discussion with Hollingsworth about the sources of funds to carry out the elaborate plans for reforming criminals. "My thoughts reverted to Zenobia. It could only be her wealth which Hollingsworth was appropriating so lavishly. And on what conditions was it to be had? Did she fling it into the scheme with the uncalculating generosity that characterizes a woman when it is her impulse to be generous at all? And did she fling herself along with it?" The deeper coarseness of her nature under an external veneer of polish is suggested here: "Thru 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

31. The Blithedale Romance, Chapter IX.
32. Ibid., Chapter XII.
33. Ibid., Chapter XV.
the woman, passionate, luxurious, lacking simplicity, not deeply refined, incapable of pure and perfect taste."

34. The lure of varied experiences is given in Zenobia's own words: "I should think it a poor and meager 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?"

35. Later in the romance, Zenobia used words almost identical with those Hawthorne used at the end of the note about his former transcendental associate. But it must be remembered that even geniuses have their stock expressions. "At least, I am a woman, with every fault, it may be, that a woman ever had,- weak, vain, unprincipled (like the worst of any sex; for our virtues, when we have any, are merely impulsive and intuitive),... but still a woman: A creature whom only a little change of earthly fortune, a little kinder smile of Him who sent me hither, and one true heart to encourage and direct me, might have made all that a woman can be!"

36. Here, also, the idea of a friend to help her thru a crisis goes back to the note on the drowned girl who might have been saved by one friend. That death was the greatest kindness that could come to her, is brot out in the romance, immediately after Zenobia's burial. "Everything had failed her;..."

37. 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."
There is no question but that the words and ideas expressed in the note penned in Italy fifteen years after the Ossoli catastrophe, and three years after the publication of *The Blithedale Romance*, are very similar to those which Hawthorne had used in describing Zenobia. But often similarity of events calls to mind similar words to be used in expression. And it must be remembered that the character of Zenobia was drawn before the above information concerning the transcendental author had come into Hawthorne’s possession.

Another incident in the romance is based on a note recorded in *The American Note-Books*, one written in 1836. In Chapter XXVIII—*Blithedale Pasture*—the last full chapter in the story, we find this: "Hollingsworth made it his request that her grave might be dug on the gently sloping hillside, in the wide pasture, where, as we once supposed, Zenobia and he had planned to build their cottage. And thus it was done, accordingly." The above carries out the idea of the note quoted for "The Lily’s Quest," in Chapter IV (p. 88). The motive is that of turning a spot chosen by a pair of lovers for a happy dwelling, into a burial-place when one of them dies.

In studying *The American Note-Books* as the source of *The Blithedale Romance*, the last of Hawthorne’s finished romances, several interesting conclusions may be drawn. This romance, more than any other work of the author’s, is based upon his journals. In no other work has he so realistically utilized his own experiences. As a result of taking so much of this material directly into the pages of the romance, it seems that there is less subtlety and analysis in this work
than in the author's other romances. In the light of the general
estimate of this book today, the following comment from a letter by
William B. Pike to the author, is interesting. "I think 'Blithe-
dale' more profound in maxims than any work of yours. They will
be quoted in the future as texts."\(^3^3\)

The following notes and comments are given for the light
which they throw upon the author's working methods in producing
The Blithedale Romance, and go to show that he had his subject matter
well in hand, or in mind, to turn out a book in four months' time.
Based as it is, upon his own experiences at Brook Farm, there is no
question but that the material fell easily into shape under his pen.

The year after The House of Seven Gables was published
in January, 1851, Hawthorne wrote The Blithedale Romance. The twenty-
six notes traced out in the present work, cover a period of sixteen
years: eighteen notes from the Brook Farm journals and letters, five
notes found elsewhere in The American Note-Books, and three from
Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife are used throughout the romance.

Several interesting dates and bits of information about
the progress of the book are given by the author, himself, in The
American Note-Books. On April 30, 1852, he says: "Wrote the last
page (1991s) of The Blithedale Romance."\(^3^9\) For the next day we find
this information: "Wrote Preface. Afterwards modified the conclusion,
and lengthened it to 201 pages. First proof-sheets, May 14."\(^4^0\) From

\(^3^3\) Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife, vol. I, p. 447.
\(^3^9\) American Note-Books, p. 409.
\(^4^0\) American Note-Books, p. 409.
these items we glean the fact that only fourteen months intervened between the publication of the two books.

Julian Hawthorne gives us this interesting bit: "After finishing The House of Seven Gables, Hawthorne allowed himself a vacation of about four months;"41 and the following: "The book was produced somewhere between the first of December and the last of April of the next year, when the snow was lying a foot deep on the ground. West Newton is not far from West Roxbury, where Brook Farm was situated; and it is possible that Hawthorne may have revisited the place in his walks, in order to refresh his memory as to the locality of his story; though I should be inclined to think that he would carefully avoid thus running the risk of disturbing the artistic atmosphere which had softened his ten years' recollection of the spot."42

42. Ibid, p. 431.
CHAPTER III

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES AND OTHER ROMANCES

The House of Seven Gables is based to so great an extent upon family history and traditions, that when one finds in the American Note-Books some mention of the eccentricities of the Hawthornes, or of the family's connection with witchcraft history, one can turn the pages of the romance and say: "Lo here; this is a characteristic of his own family, that the author has woven in." The members of the Hawthorne family were greatly interested in their own history and lineage. The first immigrant seems to have kept records which were faithfully continued by his descendants. That the pride of race which forms so strong a motive in the vicissitudes of the Pyncheons, was also a strong element in their own family affairs, is proved by such expressions as the following from a letter written by Miss Elizabeth Hawthorne, the author's older sister: "...there were not many of the English nobility better born than ourselves....Upham in his "History of Witchcraft", had purposely and maliciously belittled John Hawthorne, the witch judge....an eminent man, in talent and weight of character not inferior to his father, William. William Hawthorne came over with Winthrop, and first settled in Dorchester. I never heard of any insanity in the family. We are a remarkably 'hard-headed' race, not easily excited, not apt to be carried away by impulse.
The witch's curse is not our only inheritance from our ancestors; we have also an unblemished name, and the best brains in the world.

That the author also that much of his lineage is shown in the following note for August 27, 1837:

On Saturday, I called to see E. H---, having previously appointed a meeting for the purpose of inquiring about our name. He is an old bachelor, and truly forlorn. The pride of ancestry seems to be his great hobby. He had a good many old papers in his desk at the Custom House, which he produced and dissertated upon, and afterwards went with me to his sister's, and showed me an old book, with a record of the children of the first emigrant (who came over two hundred years ago), in his own handwriting. E---'s manners are gentlemanly, and he seems to be very well informed. At a little distance, I think, one would take him to be not much over thirty; but nearer at hand one finds him to look rather venerable, perhaps fifty or more. He is nervous, and his hands shook while he was looking over the papers, as if he had been startled by my visit; and when he came to the crossings of streets, he darted across, cautioning me, as if both were in great danger to be run over. Nevertheless, being very quick-tempered, he would face the Devil if at all irritated. He gave a most forlorn description of his life; how, when he came to Salem, there was nobody except Mr.--- whom he cared about seeing; how his position prevented him from accepting of civilities, because he had no home where he could return them; in short, he seemed about as miserable a being as is to be found anywhere, lonely, and with sensitiveness to feel his loneliness, and capacities, now withered, to have enjoyed the sweets of life. I suppose, he is comfortable enough when busied in his duties at the Custom House; for when I spoke to him at my entrance, he was too much absorbed to hear me at first. As we walked, he kept telling stories of the family, which seemed to have comprised many oddities, eccentric men and women, recluses and other kinds, one of old Philip English (a Jersey man, the name originally L'Anglais), who had been persecuted by John Hawthorne, of witch-time memory, and a violent quarrel ensued. When Philip lay on his death-bed, he consented to forgive his persecutor; "But if I get well," said he, "I'll be damned if I forgive him!" This Philip left daughters, one of whom married, I believe, the son of the persecuting John, and thus all the legitimate blood of English is in our family. E--- passed from the matters of birth, pedigree, and ancestral pride to give vent to the most arrant democracy and

and locofocoism that I ever happened to hear, saying that nobody ought to possess wealth longer than his own life, and that then it should return to the people, etc. He says S. I----- has a great fund of traditions about the family, which she learned from her mother or grandmother (I forget which), one of them being a Hawthorne. The old lady was a very proud woman, and, as E----- says, "proud of being proud", and so is S. I-----.

Julian Hawthorne says of the E. H. mentioned here: "Another relative, Ebenezer Hawthorne, mentioned in the American Note-Books, must have belonged to a collateral branch of the family, since there is no Ebenezer in the direct line of descent later than 1725."

Several descriptive bits on E. H. of the above note suggest Clifford, the old bachelor Pyncheon in The House of Seven Gables. The nervously startled old man, half-recluse as far as social intercourse with his fellows was concerned, "lonely, and with sensitiveness to feel his loneliness, and capacities, now withered, to have enjoyed the sweets of life", is as pathetic as Clifford, tho not so tragic. Other characters are also outlined in the above note. The wizard Maule who died the sworn enemy of the Hawthorne witch-judge, is the ectype of the unforgetting English; and the old lady of the note, who was "proud of being proud" fits into Hawthorne's portrait of Hepzibah. Suggestions for characters who free themselves from the emnity of their fathers, are found in the hints given about a daughter of English marrying the son of the judge. The old Custom House clerk's radical tirade and locofocoism is expressed thru the character of the youthful Maule-----or Holgrave-----in the romance.

2. American Note-Books, p. 93
who denounces the system which permits the inheritance of property, and causes the stagnation of character.

The family eccentricities of the Hawthornes, George Parsons Lathrop says, were divided between the Pyncheons and the Maules in the novel,—the former embodying pride and austerity, the latter "marked out from other men...by an hereditary characteristic of reserve". We know that Hawthorne's mind and imagination were steeped in family legends and witchcraft lore. Perhaps there were other sources besides those recorded in his notes for the witchcraft plot-element in his romance, but the incident in the above note, of English whose family became united with that of Hawthorne, forms under one guise or another, the Phoebe-Holgrave plot in the story. The witch-time persecution and unforgiveness between the two families form the background canvas against which the love-theme and retributive justice of the story, are worked out. The contributions of the above note to the romance are manifold. Family traditions and eccentricities are based on those given in the note; plot motives from the witch's curse to the happy consummation of the love-theme are given here in outline.

Hawthorne seems to have had a mania for prying into old manuscripts and poking around old cemeteries. The following note was written in July, 1838:

In the old burial ground, Charter Street, a slate grave-stone, carved round the borders, to the memory of "Colonel John Hawthorne, Esq.," who died in 1717. This was the

4. See Preface, House of Seven Gables, Riverside ed. 1892.
5. House of Seven Gables, p. 41.
The stone is sunk deep into the earth, and leans forward, and the grass grows very long around it; and, on account of the moss, it was rather difficult to make out the date. Other Hawthornes lie buried in a range with him on either side. In a corner of the burial-ground, close under Dr. P——'s garden fence, are the most ancient stones remaining in the graveyard; moss-grown, deeply sunken. One to "Dr. John Swinnerton, Physician," in 1688.6

This note is included here not only to reenforce the authenticity of the family witch-judge, and his influence on the romance, but also on account of Dr. John Swinnerton's introduction into the story. The Hawthorne witch-judge and Dr. Swinnerton were so nearly contemporary in history, that in the romance Hawthorne has the doctor outlive Judge Pyncheon, and pronounce the Judge's sudden death due to apoplexy,—not to any mysterious fulfillment of Maule's prophecy.

For August, 1837, we find the only note mentioning the name of Pyncheon.

In the cabinet of the Essex Historical Society, old portraits——Governor Leverett; a dark mustachioed face, the figure two-thirds length, clothed in a sort of frock-coat, buttoned, and a broad sword-belt girded round the waist, and fastened with a large steel buckle; the hilt of the sword steel,—altogether very striking. Sir William Pepperell, in English regimentals, coat, waistcoat, and breeches, all of red broad-cloth, richly gold-embroidered; he holds a general's truncheon in his right hand, and extends the left towards the batteries erected against Louisbourg, in the country near which he is standing. Endicott, Pyncheon, and others, in scarlet robes, bands, etc. Half a dozen or more family portraits of the Olivers.............. A black glass bottle stamped with the name of Philip English.............Nothing gives a stronger idea of old worm-eaten aristocracy——of a family being crazy with age, and of its being time that it was extinct——than these black, dusty, faded, antique-dressed portraits.....

§. American Note-Books, p. 118.
§. Ibid., p. 87.
When this note was written fourteen years before the publication of the *House of Seven Gables*, Hawthorne seems to have felt no special interest in the name later made famous in his romance. Details noticed in regard to other pictures are included in his description of the Pyncheon portrait that was fictionized. A comparison between the note and these lines from the romance, shows how much the author depended on his journal: "....adornment was the portrait of old Colonel Pyncheon, at two thirds length, representing the stern features of a Puritanic-looking personage, in a skull-cap, with a laced band and a grizzly beard; holding a Bible with one hand, and in the other uplifting an iron sword-hilt. The latter object, being more successfully depicted by the artist, stood out in far greater prominence than the sacred volume."

Further than this, the portrait of old Colonel Pyncheon plays an important part in the plot of the romance. Behind it is concealed the deed which entitled the Pyncheons to the vast tract of land in Waldo County, Maine. The ideas in the last sentence of the above note are expressed thru the daguerreotypist in the romance, who hates the old hereditary aristocracy of the Pyncheons, and says: ".... in their pedigree, there has been time enough to infect them all with one kind of lunacy or another!"

In the notes for August 12, 1837, we find this about a Maine tract of land:

General Knox once owned a square of thirty miles in this part of the country....His patent covered.....the whole present town of Waldoborough.10

9. Ibid., p. 222.
A similar circumstance is found in the history of the Hawthorne family. To what the loss of the Hawthorne title-deeds was due, we do not know. It seems hardly possible that this misfortune was attributed to the witch's curse. In the story, the author leads the reader to believe that the curse is in some way responsible for the disappearance of the deed, and every available means is attempted by the Pyncheons to recover the papers to their estate. Not until the very last chapter, is the secret of the missing deed made clear. Holgrave has inherited the Maule family secret, and touches a spring which reveals the deed where it was hidden behind the picture by the carpenter son of the wizard, when the house was built. This denouement while fulfilling the curse, relieves the situation of all uncanniness and makes it seem plausible.

Describing a Fourth of July celebration in 1839, Hawthorne makes frequent mention of gingerbread.

......booths on the Common, selling gingerbread, sugar plums, and confectionary, spruce beer, lemonade...... Gingerbread figures, in the shape of Jim Crow and other popularities.12

Hepzibah's cent shop experiences with the voracious youngster who ate Jim Crows, must have been founded on some incident similar to the above; Hawthorne made no mistake concerning the usual relationship between small boys and gingerbread.

Another early note used was penned in October, 1835.

Follow out the fantasy of a man taking his life by installments, instead of at one payment,——say ten years of life alternately with ten years of suspended animation.13

13. Ibid, p. 27.
The idea of a man taking his life by installments is worked into the descriptions given of Clifford. Thirty-five years elapse between Clifford's installments, and these years are spent in prison, not in suspended animation; the author hints that this character quit living when the prison doors closed upon him, but unlike the note-suggestion, Clifford was unable to take up his life and really live in the ordinary way of man, after his release. Suffering and his supersensitive nature made his existence so elusive, that one questions his reality. In drawing the character of Clifford, the author has touched it here and there with a faint suggestion of suspended animation,—at least with the suspension of all that makes life worth the living.

The following short note is given for December, 1837:

The influence of a peculiar mind in close communion with another, to drive the latter to insanity. 14

Tangents from the idea expressed in this note, lead off in so many directions, and to so many periods of time, both in Hawthorne's family history and in the romance, that one hardly knows which to follow first. The peculiar mind mentioned here goes back to the power of witchcraft attributed to the persecuted English family, and to the curse bequeathed to the Hawthornes. When the English family strain became mingled with that of the Hawthornes' (as recorded in the first note quoted in this chapter), this mental quality was, no doubt, also passed on to the descendants of the witch-judge.

In the romance the Maules, from the condemned wizard to 14. American Note-Books, p. 110.
Holgrave, their last scion, are endowed with peculiar mental powers. "...the family eye was said to possess strange power...one was especially assigned them,—that of exercising an influence over people's dreams....Modern psychology, it may be, will endeavor to reduce these alleged necromancies within a system, instead of rejecting them as altogether fabulous." To display these traits clearly in the story, Hawthorne has his hero read to Phoebe a story about Alice Pyncheon. In the chapter devoted to this incident in the Pyncheon ancestry, Matthew Maule, the grandson of the wizard, and rumored to have inherited peculiar mental traits from his ancestor, hypnotizes Alice in an endeavor to locate the will of the old Colonel. After this close communion with her mind, the carpenter controlled the girl's mental states and her actions so completely that she not only became partially insane, but eventually met death. Hawthorne cleverly shifts the responsibility for giving this incident such a strong semblance of truth, to his hero. But immediately in his own words he depicts Holgrave as having a similar power over Phoebe. However, Holgrave rises above temptation, and forgoes grasping the control of Phoebe's mind, even when such power is within his reach. Hawthorne implies a belief that the law of retribution works in the supernatural realm as well as in the more material world.

It is interesting to follow the almost authentic history of public opinion in America toward "black art", given in The House of Seven Cables. The first phase—the bloody Salem witchcraft episode—

15. The House of Seven Cables, p. 42.
gives atmosphere and background to the story, and sets in operation ominous causes that work out their results in the decades following. In the Alice episode one finds the expression of an opinion current at one time in Europe and America, and often used in Pseudo-literary works. This is the belief that a hypnotic influence can be wielded with such force that the subject will obey the slightest wish of the hypnotist,—as Alice obeyed every whim of Matthew Maule's.

There is little change of emphasis from Matthew Maule to Holgrave, the Hawthorne keeps the latter's peculiar mental traits more or less veiled in shadows—as the too bright a light might dispell them entirely. This treatment shows a tendency toward the modern opinion that the light of intelligent investigation can shatter all belief in curses, spells, illusions, and superstitions. And beyond this, the author has endowed the hero of his romance with a conscience of Puritanic mold.

One wonders just where Hawthorne himself stood in regard to things psychic. While in Italy the Hawthornes were neighbors of the Browning's, during the period of Mrs. Browning's deepest interest in spiritualism, and an interesting incident in family ancestry is said to have been made known to Hawthorne thru a medium. With his witchcraft ancestry, and his interest in transcendentalism,—the founders of which were students to a greater or lesser extent, of Orientalism,—Hawthorne's clear psychological treatment of crime, and of mental reactions, is surprising. But in spite of his abomination of seances, and all allied matters in his works, the so-called laws of this pseudo-16. Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife, Vol. I. pp. 30-5.
science operate so readily that we are inclined to think he must have made a thorough study of the subject. Like William Allen White, he never commits himself, but his treatment of mystical subjects is altogether too convincing to disallow entirely his own credence. James Russell Lowell expresses this feeling about Hawthorne's literary method very aptly in his congratulatory letter written right after the publication of The House of Seven Gables: "And the chapter about Alice and the Carpenter,---Salem.........will build you a monument yet for having shown that she did not hang her witches for nothing."

Perhaps a partial explanation of the author's attitude of mind may be found in the following note for May 19, 1840.

Lights and shadows are continually flitting across my inward sky, and I know neither whence they come nor whither they go; nor do I inquire too closely into them. It is dangerous to look too minutely into such phenomena. It is apt to create a substance where at first there was a mere shadow.....If at any time there should seem to be an expression unintelligible from one soul to another, it is best not to strive to interpret it in earthly language, but wait for the soul to make itself understood;..... It is not that I have any love of mystery, but because I abhor it, and because I have often felt that words may be a thick and darksome veil of mystery between the soul and the truth which it seeks.18

The lights and shadows which Hawthorne says flit across his inward sky, he has transferred to the pages of his romances. The House of Seven Gables has a goodly share of them; but they are so intangible that one can not put his finger on a certain paragraph and point out a shadow or a light. Hawthorne paints mental processes and emotional states with the acumen of a modern novelist, but with the old 17. Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife. Vol. I. pp. 319. 18. American Note-Books, p. 219.
time romancer's love of illusion. There is always a holy of holies
from which he will not rend the veil;— and he leaves the reader
with the feeling that every secret is known to the author who simply
"does not choose to tell". No doubt therein lies his art. Examples
of this restraint are numerous. The semi-mystery in which Clifford
is left shrouded, and hints of the potency of the Haule curse, in
this romance; the mysterious cloud which is never explained away but
continues to hover over Donatello and Miriam in _The Marble Faun_; the
stigmata seen on Dimmesdale's breast in _The Scarlet Letter_; and the
the questions raised about Zenobia's past—a past which conduces to
her suicide; are left as shadows,—lest too minute examination create
a substance where a shadow serves better, or else altogether dispell
the shadows.

A note for October, 1836, and dealing with qualities used
in several romances follows:

To show the effect of gratified revenge. . . . At last when
the miserable victim were utterly trodden down, the
triumpher would have become a very devil of evil passions,—
they having overgrown his whole nature; so that a far
greater evil would have come upon him than on his victim.19

The effect of gratified revenge is worked out in the character of
Judge Pyncheon. Underneath his suave exterior the daguerreotypist
cought a glimpse of the evil nature that had hounded Clifford and
thrown on an innocent man suspicion to save himself. Clifford, the
miserable victim, was utterly trodden down, not only physically,
but his morale was completely shattered by his unjust imprisonment
and the mortal terror which he felt toward his kinsman. The effect

of the evil of revenge on the triumphant is worked out at greater
length in the character of Roger Chillingworth in The Scarlet Letter.
Revenge becomes the consuming passion of the man's life, and fills
his nature with every attendant evil. In Judge Pyncheon the motive,
when compared with Chillingworth's ruthless vengeance, hardly falls
under the category of revenge. Sinister and pitiless selfishness
tinged with jealousy is perhaps the more exact motive power behind
Judge Pyncheon's actions, but the result is similar. In both cases
Hawthorne shows how the sting of the triumphant returns to himself.
In Chillingworth, every other attribute of character was crowded
out by the passion for revenge which so corroded his nature that when
his victim escaped him, and there was no longer any outlet for his
evil energy, he was himself consumed by the fury of the rage which he
had directed toward Dimmesdale.

The following note without date, is found in Nathaniel
Hawthorne and his Wife:

The sunbeam that comes through a round hole in the
shutter of a darkened room, where a dead man sits in
solitude.20

In the chapter devoted to exhortations based on Judge Pyncheon's
color, starlight, then moonlight, and at last a sunbeam, light
up the features of the solitary dead man. Several pages are devoted

to the play of light coming in thru the window of the dismal room
where the portly Pyncheon sits in his ancestral chair, dead.

While on a trip thru North Adams, Hawthorne recorded the
following:... in his journal for August 23, 1838:

After supper, as the sun was setting, a man passed by
the door with a hand-organ, connected with which was a
row of figures, such as dancers, pirouetting and turning,
a lady playing on a piano, soldiers, a negro wench dance-
ing, and opening and shutting a huge red mouth,—all
those keeping time to the lively or slow tunes of the
organ.  

This experience-note was utilized in the Arched Window chapter, of The
House of Seven Cables, and forms the basis for three pages of discus-
sion of Clifford's reactions to the sights seen from the window. The
Italian and his hand-organ are unchanged in the romance, but a monkey
to collect coppers is an added interest in the story. This street
musician wanders across the pages of the romance several times, always
as a foil to bring out some phase of the real plot.

The two observation-notes following also deal with items
that interested Clifford.

August 10, 1842...But hens we must certainly keep. There is
something very sociable and quiet, and soothing, too, in
their soliloquies and converse among themselves; and, in an
idle and half-meditative mood, it is very pleasant to watch
a party of hens picking up their daily substance, with a gal-
lant chanticleer in the midst of them.  

July, 1850. The queer gestures and sounds of a hen looking
about for a place to deposit her egg; her self-important gait;
the side way turn of her head and cock of her eye, as she
prises into one and another nook, crooking all the while,---

22. Ibid, p. 299.
evidently with the idea that the egg in question is the most important thing.....since the world began. A speckled black and white and tufted hen of ours does it to most ludicrous perfection:......23

Both of these notes are woven into the author's narration of the uneventful affairs passing within the bounds of the Pyncheon garden, that help to keep Clifford amused. Four pages are devoted to the domestic concerns of a family of dilapidated chickens that partake of the musty aristocracy of the old seven-gabled mansion itself. Much is made of their soliloquizing and sociability, and of the miniature egg which Hepzibah appropriates for Clifford's breakfast. The use of these two notes shows how Hawthorne drew from the most homely surroundings, incidents for his fiction.

A note which will also be discussed in Chapter IV of this study under "Legends of the Province House", adds to the witchery of the seven gables.

December 6, 1837. An old looking-glass. Somebody finds out the secret of making all the images that have been reflected in it pass back again across its surface.24

The use made of this note in the romance can best be shown by quoting the author's own words "....a large, dim looking-glass used to hang in one of the rooms, and was fabled to contain within its depths all the shapes that had ever been reflected there,—the old Colonel himself, and his many descendants, some in the garb of antique babyhood, and others in the bloom of feminine beauty or manly pride, or saddened with wrinkles of frosty age. Had we the secret of that mirror, we would gladly sit down before it, and transfer its revelations to our page."

But there was a story, for which it is difficult to conceive any foundation, that the posterity of Matthew Maule had some connection with the mystery of the looking-glass, and that, by what appears to have been a sort of mesmeric process, they could make its inner region all alive with the departed Pyncheons; not as they had shown themselves to the world nor in their better and happier hours, but as doing over again some deed of sin, or in the crisis of life's bitterest sorrow."

Later in the story when the dead Judge sits alone in the old parlor at midnight, Hawthorne winds in with the fantastic glimmer of the moonbeams, a motley array of Pyncheon ghosts led by the ancestor Pyncheon himself. After trying the frame of the old portrait—which really forms a sort of keystone in the dwelling—to see if it is still solidly in place, the ghosts "dance hand-in-hand with shadows, and are reflected in the looking-glass, which, you are aware, is always a kind of window or doorway into the spiritual world."

Two notes not included in The House of Seven Gables, will also be discussed at this time. The first is dated October, 1835.

Two lovers, or other persons, on the most private business, to appoint a meeting in what they supposed to be a place of the utmost solitude, and to find it thronged with people."

The idea expressed here becomes an element in the plot of The Marble Faun, where Miriam and Donatello meet in the shadow of the statue in the square of Perugia, at the instigation of Kenyon. The meeting is not appointed by the two lovers, but by Miriam, one of the lovers, and Kenyon, another person who is the friend of the other lover. Their

25. The House of Seven Gables, p. 35.
26. Ibid., p. 332.
business is the most private, but the noon-day throng in the market square seems not to have the effect which the note suggests; in the novel the crowd is hardly noticed, and there is no suggestion that the multitude interferes with the lovers’ meeting.

The other note written three years later—June, 1838—bears somewhat on the same theme.

The situation of a man in the midst of a crowd, yet as completely in the power of another, life and all, as if they two were in the deepest solitude.

This idea is carried out in The Marble Faun, by the character called the Shadow who hounds Miriam. In the Italian romance the heroine is never free from the villain, nor safe from his approach even in the densest crowd. Just what his hold upon the beautiful artist is, the author never discloses. Like a statue, half of which has been chiseled out with the nicest precision, and the other half of which has been left interned in the block of marble, Miriam with other Hawthorne characters, is perfect in that which is revealed; but the other side of her is still shrouded in the imagination from whence she sprang.

Use is also made of this theme in The Scarlet Letter. Dimmesdale is as much in the power of Chillingworth, in the pulpit before his entire congregation, as when the two are in the privacy of the minister’s own room.

Of the fifteen notes traced in this section of the present study, fact notes seem to predominate. Four notes contributed some element to two or more works of fiction. Most of the notes considered in this chapter have been traced to The House of Seven Gables. Items 28, American Note-Books, p. 113.
of family history and characteristic family traits contribute the main plot-motives and character elements to this romance. Sixteen years elapsed between the date of the earliest note incorporated in The House of Seven Gables and the publication of the romance in January, 1851. Thirteen notes were found to have contributed to this romance. These notes cover a wide range of subjects and vary greatly in the importance of their contributions to Hawthorne's fiction. The first note quoted in this chapter, gives the plot outline for an entire romance; while such notes as those about the chickens, form bases for very minor incidents in the story.

Julian Hawthorne tells us that "...The House of Seven Gables was written in about five months, which indicates........ pretty close application........although Hawthorne........considered 29 that he worked rather slowly." Two months after the publication of the book, the author wrote his sister Elizabeth: "The book, I think, has more merit than The Scarlet Letter; but it will hardly make so much noise as that."

30. Ibid., p. 369.
CHAPTER IV

SHORT STORIES AND SKETCHES

In this chapter dealing with Hawthorne's short stories, tales and sketches, several methods of arrangement were considered. The first to suggest itself in connection with a diary is that of chronological order, following the time sequence of the notes themselves; but this method proved unfeasible because notes inscribed at as widely separated dates as 1856 and 1850 were found incorporated in the same piece of work. This discovery naturally led one to consider the plan of discussing first the tale in which the greatest number of notes could be traced. But this plan, too, was discarded because often the article embodying the most notes, is little known, and ranks low in literary merit when compared with some of the more famous Hawthorne stories.

The plan finally decided upon is that of considering first those notes whose clear-cut relationship to some well known story is obvious, and of disregarding time sequence and subject matter.

Some time during 1859 the following note was inscribed in The American Note-Books:

The semblance of a human face to be formed on the side of a mountain, or in the fracture of a small stone by a lusus naturae. The face is an object of curiosity for years or centuries, and by and by a boy is born, whose features gradually assume the aspect of that portrait. At some critical juncture the resemblance is
found to be perfect. A prophecy may be connected.¹

This is at once recognized as the foundation of our old familiar, "The Great Stone Face," published in 1846,---seven years after the note was penned. Every item given in the note is employed in the story; and, on the other hand, the note is a perfect synopsis of the story. In this story Hawthorne throws aside his subtle symbolism, and paints his characters so clearly and makes his purpose so obvious, that there can be no question about his intention. The face on the mountainside represents an ideal and the boy, Ernest, continually meditating on this ideal as he seeks the man of prophecy, who is to express the ideal in his life, grows like his (Ernest's) dreams and he himself fulfills the prophecy. The story is almost scriptural in its teaching of "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

A letter written three years after the publication of this story, by Mrs. Hawthorne to her mother, discloses the fact that the author himself was more than conscious of the didacticism in his work. She says in part: 'I am glad you like "The Great Stone Face." Mr. Hawthorne says he is rather ashamed of the mechanical structure of the story, the moral being so plain and manifest. He seemed dissatisfied with it as a work of art. But some persons would prefer it precisely on account of its evident design.'²

No evidence was found that the author gave much thought to this theme until he began actual work on the story; and then there was no difficulty with diverging developments. A clear conception of the

whole framework must have flashed thru the author's mind when the note was written, and the note must have had the potency to recall the idea to him when he was ready to write the story. This is one Hawthornian piece of fiction in which the ideal for which the hero seeks is realized.

For 1837, after October 16, the following note is found:

A person to be in the possession of something as perfect as mortal man has a right to demand; he tries to make it better, and ruins it entirely.3

This, of course, suggests the plot of "The Birthmark" published in Mosses from an Old Manse, in 1842, in which Aylmer seeks to remove the mark of a fairy hand from his wife's cheek, and causes her death. The scientist's words to Georgiana follow the that content of the note, and make a comparison of the exact words interesting: "..... you came so nearly perfect from the hand of Nature that this slightest possible defect—which we hesitate whether to term a defect or a beauty—shocks me as being the visible mark of earthly imperfection."4 Aylmer, in common with other pseudo-scientific characters of Hawthorne's creation, believes it possible to transmute baser metals into gold; it is also hinted in the story that he feels confident of his own power to distill the Elixir Vitae at his option. These impractical phases of Aylmer's mind are merely brot in to give greater logicality to his unreasonable demand for perfection in his wife, and his egotistical confidence in himself to bestow that perfection. The treatment given this theme suggests that Hawthorne's first conception of "something as

4. The Birthmark, p. 42.
perfect as mortal man has a right to demand" was not quite definite.

Another note discussed in Chapter II in relation to the Elixir motive—and dated 1839, shows that the same theme was still held in mind, and that now the "something" had crystallized into definite form.

A person to be the death of his beloved in trying to raise her to more than mortal perfection; yet this should be a comfort to him for having aimed so highly and holily.5

After Georgiana has drunk the mixture her husband gave her she realizes that with the passing of the blemish from cheek, her mortal life will pass too. She expresses the thought of the last clause of the note almost exactly. "You have aimed lofty; you have done nobly. Do not repent that with so high and pure a feeling you have rejected the best the earth could offer."6

One feels much surer of the latter note's influence on the story, and wonders if Hawthorne while casting about for a suitable agency thru which to express this theme, decided with Poe that the death of a beautiful woman is the most tragic subject in the world. While the exact date of composition was not found, "The Birthmark," with many of the other stories based on the early jottings in the American Note-Books, was published seven years after the above note was made. Since the subject of striving for an unattainable ideal, colors so much of Hawthorne's work one may safely infer that he gave much time to thinking out the possibilities of the above theme.

6. See foot note No. 4.
1840, To represent a man as spending life and the intensest labor in the accomplishment of some mechanical trifle,---as in making a miniature coach to be drawn by fleas, or a dinner-service to be put into a cherry-stone.7

"The Artist of the Beautiful" is based on the above note. Owen Warland, the aesthetic watch maker, spends his life in making a mechanical butterfly which embodies Perfect Beauty. The artist in the story mentions "the automata of a little coach and horses which it was pretended had been manufactured for the dauphin of France, together with an insect that buzzed about the ear like a living fly, and yet was but a contrivance of minute steel springs."8 Hawthorne uses the content of the note only as a skeleton for the plot. Perhaps no note is more idealized or etherealized; the artist is so imbued with his great ideal that he insanely sacrifices love, material success and reputation. Yet his insaneness is the grand insanity of genius---the longing of a soul too sensitive to cope with ordinary affairs. Three times his mechanism is destroyed; but the grip of the Beautiful on his soul is so strong he cannot choose but to resume his work. When he has succeeded in imprisoning the Beautiful in his toy, his soul had caught so much grander a vision, he no longer cared whether the toy was destroyed or preserved. The author almost exceeds himself in symbolizing here; his treatment of art, his philosophy of the Ultimate Beauty, his theory that expression always falls short of the inspiring vision, places him near, if not in, the ranks of the mystics.

The following group of seven notes, all contributing to the
same sketch is interesting for a number of reasons. If the dates are authentic, these notes range over a period of fourteen years. This would be another example showing how Hawthorne’s mind continued to wrestle with a subject that he had once grappled to him and which had assumed importance as a literary possibility to him. On the other hand, if the two notes bearing the dates of 1850, were really written then, "The Virtuoso’s Collection" was composed at least eight years before the notes were. The fact that the substance of these notes appears so deeply embedded in the finished sketch raises a question which shall be discussed more fully when the two notes are examined.

The first note in the group is dated in October, 1836, and reads:

A satirical article might be made out of the idea of an imaginary museum, containing such articles as Aaron’s rod, the petticoat of General Harrison, the pistol with which Benton shot Jackson,—and then a diorama, consisting of political or other scenes, or done in wax-work. The idea to be wrought out and extended. Perhaps it might be the museum of a deceased old man.9

The pistol here mentioned is not given in the museum collection of weapons, which included most of the famous swords and other instruments of destruction, from King Arthur’s Excalibur to the rifle of Daniel Boone. Neither is either of the other articles mentioned here as suitable objects for the Virtuoso’s exhibition, named in the finished article. There is a collection of garments given, ranging from Joseph’s coat of many colors to President Jefferson’s scarlet breeches. The articles in

the note, tho discarded, probably suggested objects in the same class with themselves.

The idea of satire in connection with some phases of political life, or with politicians themselves, seems to have been considered seriously by Hawthorne; but "The Virtuoso's Collection" is not a satire as a whole,---tho there are some rather clever take-offs on a number of the author's contemporaries. In the museum he sees "a humblebee which had been presented by Ralph Waldo Emerson," and among the flowers famous in literature and history he finds "a wind flower and a columbine from a poet whose voice is scarcely heard among us by reason of its depth." In mentioning "the wooden head of General Jackson, which was stolen a few years ago from the bows of the Constitution," he verges nearest to political satire.

Two years later---July 13, 1839---several pages were written in The American Note-Books, describing a wax-show of notorious individuals connected with a murder trial. One sentence is quoted:

....A political or other satire might be made by describing a show of wax-figures of the prominent public men; and by the remarks of the show man and the spectators, their characters and public standing might be expressed....10

The wax-figures immediately connected themselves with the idea of the museum already in the author's mind. No doubt wax suggested an easy medium of expression for carrying out his vaguely formed ideas. The remarks made by the show man and the author,---as the spectator viewing the museum---seem founded on the latter part of the above sentence.

paragraph in the story.

Benvenuto Cellini saw a Salamander in the household fire. It was shown him by his father, in childhood.11

1839. To make a story of all strange and impossible things,—as the Salamander, the Phoenix.12

In Hawthorne's museum the original fire stolen by Prometheus burns in a chafing dish, and in its midst the same salamander seen by Benvenuto Cellini in his father's fireplace. Hawthorne moralizes somewhat here by having the spectator remonstrate with the virtuoso for letting a reptile sport in the sacred fire, and then by coming to the conclusion that "the sacred fire of man's souls is often given over to as foul and guilty a purpose," by cherishing a loathsome sin. A catalog list of the famous birds found in an alcove of the museum, names a live phoenix.

In June, 1842, this note was written:

In my museum, all the ducal rings that have been thrown into the Adriatic.13

Evidently a positive idea had now been formulated in the author's mind, concerning the plan of the museum. He seems to have lost sight of the original notion for a political satire with its setting in a museum. Nothing is developed from ducal rings; the only ring shown in the collection is one sent by Essex to Queen Elizabeth.

The next note and one of those given above, present a mystery. They are supposed to have been written in the journals in December.

1850.

For the virtuoso's collection,—the pen with which Faust signed away his salvation, with a drop of blood dried on it.\footnote{14}

In the same paragraph that deals with Essex's ring in "A Virtuoso's Collection," is found this concluding sentence: "And here was the blood-encrusted pen of steel with which Faust signed away his salvation." No note is incorporated in the finished piece of fiction with more entirety than is this one. There is no change of idea and only a slight change of words. When compared with the use made of other notes in the stories based on their substance, it seems untenable that this note and the other 1850 note should so nearly voice the words of a story written eight years before. Could it be possible that in transcribing his journals other mistakes of ten years were made by Hawthorne's heirs? George Parsons Lathrop points out one such error in time, in his preface to the \textit{American Note-Books}.\footnote{15} And the two notes questioned, would have fitted in very nicely with the trend Hawthorne's thought had taken on the museum subject about 1840.

The following note, without date, is taken from \textit{Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife:}

\textit{A disquisition, or a discussion between two or more persons, on the manner in which the Wandering Jew has spent his life,—one period, perhaps, in wild carnal debauchery; then trying over and over again to grasp domestic happiness; then a soldier; then a statesman, etc.; at last, realizing some truth}.\footnote{16}

The discussion between other persons was discarded but the spectator-author, just as he is about to leave the museum, discovers the curator to be the Wandering Jew. The gamut of human experience thru which the

\footnotetext[14]{14}{American Note-Books, p. 395.}
\footnotetext[15]{15}{Ibid., p. 10.}
\footnotetext[16]{16}{Ibid., Vol. I, p. 495.}
Jew has passed is only hinted at in the story, and is not unfolded as the note suggests it might be. If there is a realization of any truth by the Jew it is not the usual Hawthornian ideal of truth;—rather it is a worldly sophistication expressed in the Jew curator's last speech: "My destiny is linked with the realities of earth."

A number of articles, of interest because they are important elsewhere in Hawthorne's works, are found in this museum. The Wandering Jew offers a drink of the Elixir Vitae from a sepulchral urn; the Philosopher's Stone hangs on the wall; and the Great Carbuncle of the White Mountains gleams close by.

"A Virtuoso's Collection" contains such a hodge-podge of material, that the story reminds one of an unlabeled collection of some kind. Classical and mythical articles are jumbled in with historical, scientific, and literary ones with a generous addition of local and contemporary elements. It is impossible to say if Hawthorne consciously jumbled things together to give the reader the same impression that a museum often gives, or if the subject matter would not yield itself readily to the usual artistic shaping.

We find the following under the date, 1840, in the American Note-Books:

To make a story out of a scarecrow, giving it odd attributes. From different points of view, it should appear to change,—now an old man, now an old woman,—a gunner, a farmer, or the Old Nick.17

The first sentence of this note gives the idea for "Feathertop", a short story, published in 1852—twelve years after the note was written.

The scarecrow is a creation of Mother Rigby's, a dexterous witch; his attributes simulate those of a human coxcomb so closely, that only two of the many adults who meet Lord Feathertop ever see beneath the surface and discover the absence of the human spark. These are Master Gookin whose former connection with Witch Rigby forces him to tolerate the humbug, and his pretty daughter who catches a glimpse in a mirror, of the real scarecrow stripped of all his witchery. There may be a hint in the different points of view in the last sentence, for the disillusion of these characters. But a note without date given in "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," shows a clearer conception of the scarecrow character, the plot, and the theme of "Feathertop."

A modern magician to make the semblance of a human being, with two laths for legs, a pumpkin for a head, etc., of the most modest and meagre materials. Then a tailor helps him to finish his work, and transforms this scarecrow into a fashionable figure. At the end of the story, after deceiving the world for a long time, the spell should be broken, and the gay dandy be discovered to be nothing but a suit of clothes, with these few sticks inside of it. All through his existence as a human being, there shall be same characteristics, same tokens, that, to the man of close observation and insight, betray him to be a mere thing of laths and clothes, without heart, soul, or intellect. And so this wretched old thing shall become the symbol of a large class. 18

The discovery by Polly Gookin that the "gay dandy" is nothing but a thing of sticks and straw comes as the denouement of the story, but this is not owing to her being a keen observer. So also Master Gookin's discovery is due to his alignment with the Evil One. But all the others who are introduced to Lord Feathertop, lend his polished manners and his wisdom; and thus he becomes the symbol of the empty-headed, spoiled, social

feathertop. Hawthorne becomes almost satirical in denouncing false social pretenses and the trite phrases of the dandy, which are mistaken for brilliance of intellect. Feathertop ends by becoming the thing he was created to be—a scarecrow; and Hawthorne implies that many of his human brethren, if stripped of all their pretenses, might not be worthy of so lofty a vocation.

A note for January, 1839, is a quotation credited to Sir T. Browne, and was probably copied verbatim, into the _American Note-Books_, by Hawthorne.

"A story there passeth of an Indian king that sent unto Alexander a fair woman, fed with aconite and other poisons, with this intent complexionally to destroy him." 19

The poisoned woman motive is the basis of "Rappaccini's Daughter." Into this story the poisonous flower idea again twines itself,---the flower becoming the source of the deadly poison which Beatrice absorbs into her being. The note seems to have contributed to the story only the theme---a fair poisonous woman---altho Baglioni in trying to save his friend's son, Giovanni, from the wiles of Beatrice and her father, tells this story of Alexander, adding that a sage physician had discovered the woman's true nature and so had prevented the catastrophe. Baglioni leaves a phial for Giovanni to administer to Beatrice to cleanse her system of poison,---making himself an ectype of the sage physician of his story. Doubtless the Indian king suggested the character of Rappaccini whose intent was not to destroy, but whose soul was so sold to science that he ruthlessly sacrificed

everything to his mania.

Another note tucked in among excerpts of letters bearing the dates of 1850, seems also to have offered suggestions for setting and characters. With this note, too, the question may be raised as to the authenticity of the date; it seems improbable that information contributing to a story should have been taken down six years after that story was published.

December, 1850(?) Ladislaus, King of Naples, besieging the city of Florence, agreed to show mercy, provided the inhabitants would deliver to him a certain virgin of famous beauty, the daughter of a physician of the city. When she was sent to the king, every one contributing something to adorn her in the richest manner, her father gave her a perfumed handkerchief, at that time a universal decoration, richly wrought. This handkerchief was poisoned with his utmost art, ... and they presently died in one another's arms.20

When first published, "Rappaccini's Daughter" appeared as a translation of an Italian story by one Aubepine. The Italian atmosphere of the story was doubtless suggested by the cities of the above note. Hawthorne's scene is in Padua; and the idea of subtle poisoning of any kind is usually connected, in his mind, with Italy. (The Italian acquainted with the methods of the Medici poisoners, in "Dr. Grimshaw's Secret," is an example.) Beatrice is "the famous beauty, daughter of a physician of the city." The idea of a father wilfully poisoning his daughter for a cause which to him is worth any price, is gleaned from the above; so also, is the perfume that pervades the story, wherein it becomes the alluringly sweet, but fatal breath of the young heroine.

The nebulous suggestions and fancies which Hawthorne gathered from these

notes, were subjected to a sort of melting pot process in his imagination. An interesting sidelight on the mental processes of the author while in the throes of creating this artistic piece of fiction, is given by Julian Hawthorne in Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife. When Hawthorne was writing "Rappaccini's Daughter" in the "Old Manse" he read the yet unfinished manuscript to his wife. 'But how is it to end?' she asked him, when he laid down the paper; 'is Beatrice to be an angel or a demon?' 'I have no idea!' was Hawthorne's reply, spoken with some emotion. However, we know,---know that the Puritan was even stronger than the artist. "Art for art's sake" was outweighed by art for the moral's or the soul's sake. The author could not permit Beatrice's moral nature to be tainted by the baleful poisons of her physical body; she sacrifices her own life rather than her lover's.

Among the notes for 1835,---the first year for which a published record is given, the following written on September 7, is found:

A change from a gay young girl to an old woman; the melancholy events, the effects of which have clustered around her character, and gradually imbued it with their influence, till she becomes a lover of sick-chambers, taking pleasure in receiving dying breaths and in laying out the dead; also having her mind full of funeral reminiscences, and possessing more acquaintances beneath the burial turf than above it.

Two stories, "The White Old Maid" and "Edward Fane's Rosebud," both published in Twice-Told Tales in 1837, can be traced to this note for characters and theme. The first clause gives the general motive for both stories, but the latter ideas expressed in the note, seem to have had only a hazy shape in the author's mind; and hence the opportunity for

In "The White Old Maid" there is a greater element of mystery than in the other story. The two beautiful girls who vow over their dead lover to keep a tryst many years after, are shrouded in denser shadows than is the heroine in "Edward Fane's Rosebud." Especially is the last meeting between the old maid and her one-time rival fraught with the supernatural. The fair frail girl, after the death of the lover grows into "The Old Maid in the Winding Sheet" touched with an insane mania to follow every funeral cortège of the community; but nothing as earthy or practical as ministrations to the sick or dying, comes within the range of her activities. Her prouder rival—who really has no connection with the note, but who forms a link between the old maid and Nurse Toothacher in the other story—instead of being crushed as is the old maid, buries her grief; marries again; and at the weird death tryst is a stately widow.

Nurse Toothacher seems to be a realistic combination of the two ghostly women in the first story. In the Unfinished Romances the longer the author wrestled with a character-idea, the more clear-cut and crystalized did the character become. Basing one's judgement on this knowledge, and on the order sequence of the two stories in Twice-Told Tales, one might conclude that while writing the first story Hawthorne had visualized a character combining the practicality of the widow and the melancholy of the old maid. Such is Nurse Toothacher whom Edward Fane once called his Rosebud. The melancholy event in her life was the falsity of her lover, not his death. Like the proud girl of the former
story she marries again; her husband becomes an invalid and after
his death the nurse's only ambition is "to watch at death-beds and
weep at funerals." She becomes one "who has breathed the atmosphere
of sick-chambers and dying breaths these forty years." The events
of the last mentioned story seem built more completely on the ideas
in the note than do those of the other. The utilization of this
note in less than two years in two stories, naturally allowed the
author less time for the mental assimilation of theme and the shaping
of plots; then when longer spaces of time elapsed between journal
memoranda and finished products. It must also be remembered that
these stories were written in the earlier part of Hawthorne's litera-
ary career.

We find the following note written for December; 1837:

Some very famous jewel or other thing, much talked of all
over the world. Some person to meet with it, and get
possession of it in some unexpected manner, amid homely cir-
cumstances.23

The story called "The Great Carbuncle" is based on the "famous jewel"
mentioned here, and follows out the note-idea rather completely. The
young rustic couple who find the carbuncle seek for it as earnestly as
do the Cynic who is blinded by its brilliance, and the old man known
as the Seeker who dies upon the attainment of his lifelong desire. When
the young married pair stand in the blinding blaze of the carbuncle they
declare that their homely cottage cannot stand the glare of the great
jewel, and return home without it. It seems that this Carbuncle of the
White Mountains is to Hawthorne the symbol of some ideal, or youthful

ambition, similar to that embodied in the Great Stone Face. In
"The Great Carbuncle" and in "A Virtuoso's Collection," he hints that
the mighty gem which once lured him, no longer seems so brilliant.
A footnote appended to the title of this story mentions vaguely an
Indian legend as the source of his subject matter "Earth's Holocaust"
published in 1844, is based on this note written in 1840:

A bonfire to be made of the gallows and of all symbols of
evil.24

Hawthorne carried the motive in the story far beyond the suggestion
of the note. After he had the reformers burn all instruments of tor-
ture and other things of evil, they were carried away by their own
enthusiasm and burned every symbol of civilization in order to create
a new and better world free from all vestiges of sin. An old bystander
remarks that all is of no avail; since the human heart still embodies
evil, the world rebuilt will be the same old world. Hawthorne makes
use of much moral symbolism here, but the reader is not left in doubt
as to his meaning. Many unrelated things are thrown together into the
fire, and one is reminded of the museum hodge-podge in "A Virtuoso's
Collection;" however, "Earth's Holocaust," in spite of the fact that it
had a shorter period of development, and very meager aid from the notes,
is better organized, and has a more definite moral purpose.

In October, 1836, the following note was written:

A snake taken into a man's stomach and nourished there from
15 to 35 years, tormenting him most horribly. A type of envy
or some other evil passion.25

25. Ibid., p. 34.
How tenaciously the same idea recurred to Hawthorne at widely separated times is shown by another note written six years later.

This fact becomes more significant when we know that he often kept his journals in small pocket note-books which were laid aside when filled, until such time as he might have recourse to them for data or inspiration.

1842. A man to swallow a small snake,—and it to be a symbol of a cherished sin.26

These notes form the foundation of "Egotism; or the Bosom-Serpent" published a year after the last note was jotted down. Hawthorne hints that a fountain may have been the source of the serpent which tormented Elliston, the snake possessed character of his story. The cherished sin of the sufferer is a selfish egotism which gives him a kind of insane sense of detecting the cherished sins of those he meets. When Elliston forgets himself in those of another individual he is freed from his tormentor. While in an appended footnote the author vouches for the physical fact on which this story is based, he makes it the symbol of hidden sin for which his Puritan mind inevitably condemns his characters.

In "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," Colcord accuses the old doctor of having a snake in his bosom; and in "Thevaertop" Hawthorne likens the old witch's nature to a snake in her bosom. To use the idea over again in these later works, after having written a story on the subject shows

how intricately interwoven with his mental fabric, a certain subject

A note of 1836 gives a faint hint of "The Minister's Black Veil" published in *Twice-Told Tales* in 1837.

The dying exclamation of the Emperor Augustus, "Has it not been well acted?" An essay on the misery of being always under a mask. A veil may be needful, but never a mask. Instances of people who wear masks in all classes of society, and never take them off even in the most familiar moments, tho sometimes they may chance to slip aside.27

The only parts of this note that can be safely traced to the story are the two short clauses: "a veil may be needful..." and "people who wear masks in all classes of society, and never take them off even in the most familiar moments,..." In Hawthorne's treatment of this theme, he throws out several vague allusions as to the cause of Person Hooper's sudden donning of the black crepe curtain over his face. Like the serpent that always ferreted out the sins in other men's bosoms, the black veil hiding the minister's face, always accused sinners of their own guiltiness----be the guilt what it might. The author left his figures and symbols dangling in a more nebulous state in this story than in "Igotism." The last phrase quoted from the note above is carried out in the story when the minister refuses to lift his veil even at the request of his betrothed.

This short note is given under the date of October, 1835:

To make one's own reflection in a mirror the subject of a story.28

The fantastic piece, "Monsieur du Miroir", is based on the above. In it

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he can not touch, may not prove that space is inhabited with innumerable beings too ethereal for our senses to perceive. He ends with the rather flippant remark that Monsieur du Miroir seems none the wiser tho his whole existence is given to the business of reflection. This is one instance in which the note gives merely the matter of fact theme; it must have taken a great deal of that end reflection on the part of the author to clothe the note in its weird imaginative covering. As with many of Hawthorne's other themes, the mirror motive is found as a less dominating note in a number of other productions. And another note with the very definite date of December 6, 1837, suggests a more fantastic treatment of the same subject.

An old looking-glass. Somebody finds out the secret of making all the images that have been reflected in it, pass back again across its surface.29

The secret of recalling past reflections in the looking-glass is attributed to old Esther Dudley in "Legends of the Province House." Hawthorne has his story-teller hint that after the evacuation of the governor's mansion by Governor-General Howe, when the old Loyalist devotee was left in sole charge, she never knew loneliness because the ghosts of all the dignitaries who had ever gazed into the mirror stepped forth from its frame at old Esther's call. Here we have the theme given with a very slight suggestion of a character. In old Esther Dudley we see one of those ancient personages to whom Hawthorne loves to attribute some half supernatural power. Tho he always cleverly lays the responsibility for anything uncanny at the feet of some rumor, or leaves it half buried in

the mists of an old legend. In the short story, "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," we find mention made of this same idea: "it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its (the mirror's) vange, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward." But that is all; no further use is made of the mirror in that story. However, the word, "fabled," illustrates the point made above concerning the source of supernatural elements.

Another note—-one written in 1840—-gives the motive for "Howe's Masquerade," one of the legends of the Old Province House.

A phantom of the old royal governors, or some such shadowy pageant, on the night of the evacuation of Boston by the British.

While General Howe entertains with an elaborate masked ball to convince himself and his followers that there is nothing to fear from the colonial forces, a decrepit old democrat, Colonel Joliffe, calls up or introduces phantoms of Endicott, Winthrop, Bradstreet, and other governors of old Massachusetts. The colonial army has surrounded Boston, and Howe's surrender is demanded. Hawthorne leads the reader to conclude that the colonials have sneaked into the festive ball as maskers, then hints that the ghostly pageant is repeated on every anniversary of the British evacuation.

Another of the earlier notes—-October, 1836,—suggests the theme of the "Snow Image," published fifteen years later.

To describe a boyish combat with snow balls, and the victorious leader to have a statue of snow erected to him. A satire on ambition and fame to be made out of this idea. It might be

a child's story.  

There is no evidence that Hawthorne that this subject over and over as he did many of his others for we find no other stories embodying this theme. The first idea of a snow-ball fight between boys was probably supplanted by the author's sympathetic interest in his own children's play. The ages and personalities of his eldest daughter, Una, and his son, corresponded so nearly with those of Violet and Peony at the time the story was written, that the original idea of a snow-ball fight between boys was no doubt superseded by some incident in the play of his children. Exchanging the snow statue for the snow fairy was doubtlessly due to the little girl's influence. The ideas of the last two sentences are carried out in the story to a certain extent; but instead of satirizing fame or ambition, Hawthorne ridicules common sense—the self righteous kind whose way is the only way—embodied in Mr. Lindsey. "It might be a child's story", and is often included in readers, and classics for children, but Hawthorne's language and subtlety hold "The Snow Image" somewhat aloof from children's comprehension.

The following note, also dated October, 1855, gives the plan of a story that was published just one year later. The pleasure-house motive is also found in The Blithedale Romance.

Two lovers to plan the building of a pleasure-house on a certain spot of ground, but various seeming accidents prevent it. Once they find a group of miserable children there; once it is the scene where crime is plotted; at last the dead body of one of the lovers or of a dear friend is found there; and instead

52. George Parsons Lathrop in House of Seven Gables & Snow Image, p. 381.
of a pleasure house, they build a marble tomb. The moral,—
that there is no place on earth fit for the site of a pleasure-
house, because there is no spot that may not have been saddened
by human grief, stained by crime, or hallowed by death. It
might be three friends who plan it, instead of two lovers; and
the dearest one dies. 33

The opening sentence of "The Lily's Quest" is: "Two lovers, once upon a
time had planned a little summer-house, in the form of an antique
temple, which it was their purpose to consecrate to all manner of re-
fined and innocent enjoyments." As the lovers wander about in their
quest for a spot that has never been polluted by sorrow, they are
followed by a gloomy, half-demented relative of the girl, who relates
a melancholy tale of grief of every location chosen by the lovers for
their dwelling. Finally he remains silent upon their choosing a knoll
on which a lily was growing, as the site of their temple of happiness.
After the structure is completed Lilias Fay is found dead on its marble
floor. At the lover's request her grave is made in their marble temple.
In digging her grave the sexton discovers an old sepulchre under the
floor of the pleasure-house, and the insane Walter Gascoigne taunts the
lover with having built his happiness on a grave. At this juncture in
the story when the logical moral aimed at——the one suggested in the
note——has been reached, the author goes beyond his point and makes the
lover in an unexpected vision of immortality, declare joyously: ".....
and now our happiness is for eternity!" This is one of the early
stories in which Hawthorne's method leads the reader into a maze of fig-
urative things so slightly connected, that the reader's mind may find

its way out in either of several directions or, may be unable to
find any way out. But then, perhaps the relationship of the major
and minor morals of a story as handled by a literary artist should
not be judged by any law of logic.

In "Ethan Brand", an excerpt from a contemplated romance,
but published in 1851 as a short story, we find long descriptive
notes of places, and people from "The American Note-Books", taken
bodily into the story. The following note of September 7, 1833,
gives the entire setting of "Ethan Brand", with several faint suggest-
ions of plot and incident.

Remote from houses, far up on the hillside, we found a
lime-kiln, burning near the road; and, approaching it, a
watcher started from the ground, where he had been lying
at his length. There are several of these lime-kilns in
this vicinity. They are circular, built with stones, like
a round tower, eighteen or twenty feet high, having a hill-
lock heaped around a great portion of their circumference,
so that the marble may be brought and thrown in by cart-
loads at the top. At the bottom there is a doorway, large
enough to admit a man in a stooping posture. Thus an ed-
ifice of great solidity is constructed, which will endure
for centuries, unless needless pains are taken to tear it
down. There is one on the hillside, close to the village,
wherein weeds grow at the bottom, and grass and shrubs too
are rooted in the interstices of the stones, and its low
doorway has a dungeon-like aspect, and we look down from
the top as into a roofless tower. It apparently has not
been used for many years, and the lime and weather-stained
fragments of marble are scattered about.

But in the one we saw last night a hard-wood fire was
burning merrily, beneath the superincumbent marble,—the
kiln being heaped full; and shortly after we came, the man
(a dark, black-bearded figure, in shirt-sleeves) opened the
iron door, through the chinks of which the fire was gleam-
ing, and thrust in huge logs of wood, and stirred the immense
coals with a long pole, and showed us the glowing limestone,—
the lower layer of it. The heat of the fire was powerful,
at the distance of several yards from the open door. He talked
very sensibly with us, being doubtless glad to have two visitors to vary his solitary night-watch; for it would not do for him to fall asleep, since the fire should be refreshed as often as every twenty minutes. We ascended the hillock to the top of the kiln, and the marble was red-hot, and burning with a bluish, lambent flame, quivering up, sometimes nearly a yard high, and resembling the flame of anthracite coal, only, the marble being in large fragments, the flame was higher. The kiln was perhaps six or eight feet across. Four hundred bushels of marble were then in a state of combustion. The expense of converting this quantity into lime is about fifty dollars, and it sells for twenty-five cents per bushel at the kiln. We asked the man whether he would run across the top of the intensely burning kiln, barefooted, for a thousand dollars; and he said he would for ten. He told us that the lime had been burning forty-eight hours, and would be finished in thirty-six more. He liked the business of watching it better by night than by day; because the days were often hot, but such a mild and beautiful night as the last was just right. Here a poet might make verses with moonlight in them, and a gleam of fierce fire-light flickering through. It is a shame to use this brilliant, white, almost transparent marble in this way. 34

The night watchman with whom Hawthorne talked is Bertram, the lime-burner in the tale. The incidents of climbing the hill in order to gaze down into the fiery furnace, and of asking the man whether he would walk across the glowing kiln, are woven into the plot. The man, Ethan Brand, who has sought the world over for the Unpardonable Sin, comes back to fling himself—the unpardoned—into the lime-kiln which he once tended. It is interesting to note how a simple matter-of-fact note of a wholesome experience,—not the usual idea—gave the setting for a weirdly gruesome story. Another evidence that no matter how clear the sunshine might be, Hawthorne must write of the shadows; no matter how simple the subject, he must interpret it in terms of human sin! The notes furnish two other very minor characters for this story,—or, if a dog may be counted a character, three—who are shown in the light thrown

from the open furnace door when Bartram's son returns with the villagers to meet the long absent Ethan Brand. These characters are the maimed lawyer who has become a soap maker, and the old Dutchman with his diorama of pictures, and the crazy dog continually circling after his own tail. Since almost the exact pictures given of these characters in the notes, are transferred to the story, no discussion of the notes need be given.

July 29, 1837. A disagreeable figure, waning from middle age, clad in a pair of tow homespun pantaloons, and a very soiled shirt, barefoot, and with one of his feet maimed by an axe; also an arm amputated two or three inches below the elbow. His beard of a week's growth, grin and grisly, with a general effect of black; altogether a disgusting object.

This man was formerly a lawyer in good practice; but, taking to drinking, was reduced to the lowest state. Yet not the lowest; for after the amputation of his arm, being advised by divers persons to throw himself upon the public for support, he told them that, even if he should lose his other arm, he would still be able to support himself and a servant. Certainly he is a strong-minded and iron-constitutioned man; but looking at the stump of his arm, he said that the pain of the mind was a thousand times greater than the pain of the body. "That hand could make the pen go fast," said he. Among people in general, he does not seem to have any greater consideration in his ruin because of his former standing in society. He supports himself by making soap.

1838. We heard a voice, in a strange, outlandish accent, explaining "Diorama." It was an old man, with a full, gray-bearded countenance, and Mr. Leach exclaimed, "Ah, here's the old Dutchman again!" And he answered, "Yes, Captain, here's the old Dutchman."—though, by the way, he is a German, and travels the country with his diorama in a wagon, and had recently been at South Adams, and was now returning from Saratoga Springs. We looked through the glass office of his machine, while he exhibited a succession of the very worst scratches and daubings that can be imagined,—worn out, too, and full of cracks and wrinkles, dimmed with tobacco-smoke, and every other wise dilapidated.

There were none in a later fashion than thirty years since, ex-

cept some figures that had been cut from tailors' show-bills. There were views of cities and edifices in Europe, of Napoleon's battles and Nelson's sea-fights, in the midst of which would be seen a gigantic, brown hairy hand (the Hand of Destiny) pointing at the principal points of the conflict, while the old Dutchman explained. He gave a good deal of dramatic effect to his descriptions, but his accent and intonation cannot be written. He seemed to take interest and pride in his exhibition; yet when the utter and ludicrous misherability thereof made us laugh, he joined in the joke very readily. When the last picture had been shown, he caused a country boor, who stood gaping beside the machine, to put his head within it, and thrust out his tongue. The head becoming gigantic, a singular effect was produced.

The old Dutchman's exhibition being over, a great dog, apparently an elderly dog, suddenly made himself the object of notice, evidently in rivalry of the Dutchman. He had seemed to be a good-natured, quiet kind of dog, offering his head to be patted by those who were kindly disposed towards him. This great, old dog, unexpectedly, and of his own motion, began to run round after his not very long tail with the utmost eagerness; and, catching hold of it, he growled furiously at it, and still continued to circle round, growling and snarling with increasing rage, as if one half of his body were at deadly enmity with the other. Faster and faster went he, round and roundabout, growing still fiercer, till at last he ceased in a state of utter exhaustion; but no sooner had his exhibition finished than he became the same mild, quiet, sensible old dog as before; and no one could have suspected him of such nonsense as getting enraged with his own tail. He was first taught this trick by attaching a bell to the end of his tail; 36 but he now commences entirely of his own accord, and I really believe he feels vain at the attention he excites.

...... The old Dutchman bestowed on everybody the title of "Captain," perhaps because such a title has a great chance of suiting an American. 36

October, 1838. A tombstone-maker whom Miss B----y knew, used to cut cherubs on the top of the tombstones, and had the art of carving the cherubs' faces in the likeness of the deceased. 37

The above note contains the idea of "Chippings with a Chisel" published in Twice-Told Tales, which is merely a character sketch of an old tombstone-maker in Martha's Vineyard, without even the artistry mentioned in the note.

The only connecting link between note and sketch is "here and there a winged cherub to direct the mourner’s spirit upward."

Another of the early notes—1836—gives the entire theme of the sketch, "The New Adam and Eve", in *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

The race of mankind to be swept away, leaving all their cities and works. Then another human pair to be placed in the world, with native intelligence like Adam and Eve, but knowing nothing of their predecessors or of their own nature and destiny. They, perhaps, to be described as working out this knowledge by their sympathy with what they saw, and by their own feelings.  

Hawthorne endows his Adam and Eve with such native intelligence that they sense the meaning of the church spire pointing upward, but the gloom of the interior of the church drives them out into the open to pray. The author follows the note-idea closely, trying to free these two characters from every phase of the artificial system into which human beings are born, and making them feel a natural abhorrence toward those things of civilization which he considers wrong. Eve’s innate sympathy with what she sees, makes her grasp a broom and apply it to its rightful use. Adam’s mind feels a mysterious kinship with the queer objects (books) which they find in the deserted library. The characters are abandoned by the author before they work out the full understanding of the things they find, as the note suggests might be done.

1836. A Thanksgiving dinner. All the miserable on earth are to be invited,—as the drunkard, the bereaved parent, the ruined merchant, the broken-hearted lover, the poor widow, the old man and woman who have outlived their generation, the disappointed author, the wounded, sick, and broken soldier, the diseased person, the infidel, the man with an evil conscience, little orphans or children of neglectful parents, shall be admitted to the table, and many others. The giver of the feast goes out to deliver his invitations. Some of the guests he meets in the streets, some he knocks for at the doors of their houses. The

description must be rapid. But who must be the giver of the feast, and what his claims to preside? A man who has never found out what he is fit for, who has unsettled aims or objects in life, and whose mind gnaws him, making him the sufferer of many kinds of misery. He should meet some pious, old, sorrowful person, with more outward calamities than any other, and invite him, with a reflection that piety would make all that miserable company truly thankful.39

The main theme of the above lengthy note was utilized in "The Christmas Banquet." The title of the story indicates that the feast was changed from a Thanksgiving dinner to the later holiday. The second sentence of the note provided the social roll of those invited at one time or another to the banquet. Instead of having the originator of the feast preside, Hawthorne, in the story, has a fund established by an eccentric, old man whose stewards carry out his plans after his death. The latter part of the note seems to have been discarded for the character sketch of a young man who, instead of sitting at this gloomy board but once in his lifetime, as do the other characters, comes year after year, until he grows old. Outwardly successful, he is one of those peculiarly Hawthornian creations whose claim to being the most miserable of the miserable, lies in the fact that his heart is devoid of human warmth or sympathy. His death ends the story without any sign that the other guests are rendered more thankful thru their association with him.

The following significant little note was written in October, 1838.

Pandora's box for a child's story.40

This is the only published note discovered bearing directly on those delightful groups of juvenile stories, The Wonder-Book, and Tanglewood Tales. The

latter volume was completed just prior to the author’s appointment to the consulate in Liverpool. In his preface to the first volume he states that he had long held the opinion that the classical myths could be turned into excellent reading for children. That the six stories in this first volume were written in as many weeks proves that the author had his material well thought out before beginning to write.

Hawthorne calls his story based on the above note, "The Paradise of Children"; in it Pandora and Epimetheus are childish playmates. The little boy is to keep the box safely, but Pandora’s peevish curiosity brings about the stock catastrophe. The author spiritualizes Hope, but there is less moralizing than one might expect.

One of Hawthorne’s best known stories and one which has a greater claim to humor than most of his productions have, is "Dr. Heidegger’s Experiment", based on the eternal Elixir motive.41 In this the idea of renewed youth is treated more lightly than in any other work. Even "Fanshawe" published the next year considers the subject solemnly and seriously. But Dr. Heidegger’s cordial instead of being some gloomy bewitched brew, is water from the Fountain of Youth of Ponce de Leon fame. Neither the good doctor nor his four old friends show any deep seriousness in the matter of renewing their youth; in fact, only the giddiest phases of youthful foolishness return upon them; and the reader, too, can sigh in relief with old Dr. Heidegger, when the fluid is spilt so that the characters can become no more foolish. Yet this first attempt of the author’s on the elixir theme, is the most successful;—perhaps, because it is treated in a humorous vein.

Three notes penned within the space of as many years, and all

41. See Chapter II.
contributing to the same story, show how the glimmering light of random
that falling on different aspects of a subject, emphasizes first one
thing, then another, until the finished story may be built on some phase
of the subject, the direct opposite of that suggested in the note.

The first two of these notes bear the date, 1837.

A young man and girl meet together, each in search of a person
to be known by some particular sign. They watch and wait a
great while for that person to pass. At last some casual cir-
cumstance disclosed that each is the one that the other is wait-
ing for. Moral,---that what we need for our happiness is often
close at hand, if we knew but how to seek for it. 42

The moral of this note is the same, without the slightestest change, as that
in the story, "The Threefold Destiny". But Faith Egerton, the modest
heroine, is not searching for anyone—least of all for the hero; she
waits patiently for him, and "a great while". Ralph Cranfield is the rest-
less searcher, seeking signs. He travels around the world to find the
three signs on which hangs the destiny of his youthful dreams. The word,
Effode—dig—shall point him to hidden treasure; three venerable men
shall instate him in a position of influence over his fellows; and the
maid who shall complete his happiness, shall be known by the jeweled heart
on her bosom. Feeary and unsuccessful he returns to his mother's cottage.
There carved on an old tree by his boyish jackknife, was Effode, pointing
to his mother's garden; three of the village fathers offer him the position
of schoolmaster; an old playmate wears a heart which he had made for her
out of an arrowhead. So his dreams are fulfilled thru the signs he sought,
but in a commonplace way.

Half of the other 1837 notes, gives a very exact description of
42. American Note-Books, p. 86.
the ornament used in the story. But the very opposite application of that suggested in the last sentence is made in the story. The jeweled heart brings forth happiness instead of poison.

An ornament to be worn about the person of a lady,—as a jewelled heart. After many years, it happens to be broken or unscrewed, and a poisonous odor comes out.45

The last of this trio was written in 1839.

A young man in search of happiness,—to be personified by a figure whom he expects to meet in a crowd, and is to be recognized by certain signs. All these signs are given by a figure in various garbs and actions, but he does not recognize that this is the sought-for person till too late.44

"A young man in search of happiness", is Ralph Cranfield. This note, as the first one of the group, suggests signs that are not recognized until many years have passed. And like the second note, it has a tragic tone at the last, which is abandoned in the story, for a happy ending.

The following is the first sentence of a long note of 1835, and the only part that gave anything to the story, "The Man of Adament".

The story of a man, cold and hard-hearted, and acknowledging no brotherhood with mankind.45

Richard Digsby, the Man of Adament, is a narrow religionist who seeks his own salvation at the price of neglect of his fellows. In time his heart becomes stone and he has no longer any point of contact with human sympathy.

For 1837 we find the following:

Distrust to be thus exemplified: Various good and desirable things to be presented to a young man, and offered to his acceptance,—as a friend, a wife, a fortune; but he refuses them all, suspecting that it is merely a delusion. Yet all to be real, and he to be told so, when too late.46

44. Ibid. p. 209.
45. Ibid., p. 24.
46. Ibid., p. 88.
There may be a question as to the above note's relationship to the sketch, "David Swan"; but since the two touch at several points, it seems wiser to include, than to exclude, it. In the story, as the young man sleeps by the wayside, fortune—as an elderly couple gaze upon him and almost waken him to make him their heir—passes him by; love—a maiden—looks at him but modestly refrains from making her presence known. Two thieves plot his murder but are dispatched by a dog. This last element displaces the friend in the note. The idea of distrust is discarded; all is real; but passes by the youth as he sleeps and he never knows either the danger nor the fortune that passed while he slept. The whole theme of the story was changed from the original note-idea.

It is difficult to give a unified summary of the thirty-nine notes used in the twenty-six pieces considered in this chapter. Everything from complete outlines of stories, to the merest suggestion of a character, an incident, or even a single object, are found in Hawthorne's notes, and have been incorporated in stories of all degrees of literary worth.

Some of the notes were utilized within a year after they were inscribed in the journals, for stories or articles; some seem to have been left untouched by that or pen many years before their author sought them again; still others acted as magnets to draw into the journals more memoranda on the same or related subjects over a long period of time.

We find contributions from as many as seven notes in one story; then in others we can find but a fragment of one note, and that fragment
treated in a method often the direct opposite of the suggestion in the note. Sometimes the tale is more fantastic than the note upon which it is based; but usually a symbolic idea inspired the notes which served as repositories until the author could make some human or psychological application of them in a story or article.
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