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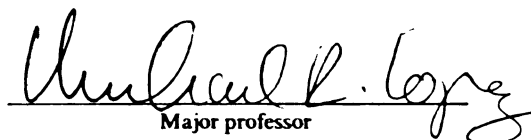
MARGARET FULLER'S SUMMER ON THE LAKES, IN 1843
IT IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH MERELY TO BE HERE

presented by

Pamela Cheetwood Sellers

has been accepted towards fulfillment
of the requirements for

Ph.D. degree in English


Major professor

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**MARGARET FULLER'S SUMMER ON THE LAKES. IN 1843
IT IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH MERELY TO *BE* HERE**

By

Pamela Cheetwood Sellers

A DISSERTATION

**Submitted to
Michigan State University
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
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ABSTRACT

MARGARET FULLER'S SUMMER ON THE LAKES. IN 1843 IT IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH MERELY TO *BE* HERE

By

Pamela Cheetwood Sellers

Summer on the Lakes. in 1843 is the record of Margaret Fuller's self-discovery and development during a pivotal summer vacation to the Midwest in 1843. By all early critical accounts Summer on the Lakes was an unusual travel journal which differed from typical travel books of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. As a direct result of this journey, Fuller was able to make major life changes following the writing of the book during the winter of 1844. Consequently, Summer on the Lakes is no mere travel journal but the record of an inner life in transition.

The so-called "digressions" lambasted by critics have relevance and purpose in revealing Fuller's state of mind at the time of the trip. She came to terms with herself, her disappointments and aspirations, her failed relationships, and her goals in life and was

able to move on with her life in a positive direction after this summer, becoming a reporter for Horace Greeley's newspaper and ultimately becoming radically involved in the Italian revolution of the late 1840's. Her growing determination to ameliorate conditions of the misunderstood and oppressed of the world is another aspect of her personality developed through her writing of this book. Writing about the downtrodden was one way to raise social consciousness about them, and this she did in her travel book.

During this summer she comprehended the design of things through her enhanced spiritual vision of a universe in which loving actions arise from the inner personal depths of contemplated truth. The summer of 1843 enabled Fuller to turn from the passivity of devotion to art and literature to the activity of political revolution. She knew without a doubt after the writing of this book that she must move on into a "full, free life," and she realized that she could not do that in Concord. Because her decisions and critical perspective following this trip exhibit a divergence from her earlier path (her alliance with Emerson and Concord), this book is an account of the important spiritual journey Margaret Fuller took during the summer of 1843.

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**In loving memory of my mother and father,
John Edward Samuel Cheetwood
and
Donna Therese Simmons Cheetwood,
who started me on my own life journey.**

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INTRODUCTION

Margaret Fuller (1810-1850) is usually remembered today as the arrogant editor of the Transcendentalist publication The Dial or as the overbearing feminist who wrote Woman in the Nineteenth Century. Aside from a handful of scholars who know of her real accomplishments, not many Americans realize that Fuller was also one of the best nineteenth-century literary critics, the first foreign correspondent for any American newspaper, and an impassioned and active participant in the Italian Revolution. Her accomplishments and talents have been eclipsed by the verbal caricature painted of her by her mentor Emerson in the Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli,¹ published after her death by drowning. Hawthorne, Poe, and Lowell also denigrated her.² Her work itself has largely been ignored while her personality, the "mountainous ME," has loomed large. For many years the portrait of the woman who supposedly announced to her friends, "I now know all the people worth knowing

in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own" (Mem. I:234), has been the one remembered.

Happily, recent criticism has begun to concentrate on interpreting her texts rather than prolonging this caricature of her personality. One of the texts often neglected, however, has been Summer on the Lakes, in 1843, a travel book of Fuller's vacation in the Midwest which led to her employment as a writer for Horace Greeley's New-York Daily Tribune.³ When the book appeared in 1844, it was a source of confusion for critics, who did not know what to make of it. Since that time most critics have considered the book a hodgepodge and have dismissed it as unimportant.

When one ignores the Emersonian caricature of Fuller and examines her works, a completely different picture begins to emerge. Thanks to Robert Hudspeth's recent publication of Fuller's letters and because of new editions of Woman in the Nineteenth Century and Summer on the Lakes, in 1843, new interest in Fuller has developed, and critical focus is beginning to be placed where it should be -- on Fuller's unexpurgated texts as evidence of her intelligence, perception, and abiding humanism and love. According to Margaret Allen in 1979, Fuller "achieved greater balance as a

thinker and human being"⁴ than either Emerson or Thoreau, yet they are read and honored while she is ignored and caricatured. Because few know her writings, Allen says, she is denied the "power to change lives, to shape minds, to destroy and create the world."⁵

Only recently has this "problem of Margaret Fuller" been recognized and dealt with somewhat. Scholars are beginning to examine Fuller's work as well as her biography to discern her contribution as American writer and literary critic. Most have concentrated on Fuller's Woman in the Nineteenth Century, her foreign correspondence, or her articles on literature and art in the Tribune as evidence of her excellence as a writer and as a thinker. Almost no one, however, has focused at length on Summer on the Lakes, in 1843 as a work of merit.

While modern critics are beginning to read Summer on the Lakes, a critical examination of the book still needs to be undertaken in order to attempt to understand Fuller's mind during the decisive summer and fall of this trip and the literary composition of the book. Summer on the Lakes is a record of Fuller's interior journey with major intellectual milestones that marked her growing dissatisfaction with the New England Transcendentalists and

Emerson's mentorship and her veering in a direction which ultimately culminated in radical political involvement in Italy. After her summer in the West and the publication during the next year of her two major books, Summer on the Lakes and Woman in the Nineteenth Century, Fuller left New England for New York and Europe, never to return.⁶ A firmer understanding of herself and a concomitant ability to make decisions about the direction she wanted her life to take were the result of this summer vacation and are discernable in her writing and in her critical approach to art and literature.

The passage of Margaret Fuller from Transcendentalist editor hovering in the shadow of Emerson to female activist and critic second only to Poe is symbolically accomplished in the critically neglected Summer on the Lakes. The activity of her later life for which she is now remembered is foreshadowed in this major transitional work. The argument in this dissertation is precisely that the activity of her later life evolved from the internal changes made during Fuller's summer on the lakes in 1843.

As a diverse work of many voices, Summer on the Lakes reveals Fuller's search for meaning, her social and literary critical stances,

her attitudes about women, education, nature, and spiritualism. Her style is varied, ranging from dramatic dialogues, description, poetry, and narrative anecdotes to autobiographical sketches. The result of her writing is a record of her interior journey in a travel book that Horace Greeley was to call "unequalled."⁷ The intent of this paper is to show Fuller's thought migration during the summer and fall of 1843 as mirrored in Summer on the Lakes. Careful attention must be paid to the text so that it will no longer seem confused or irrelevant but will reveal Fuller's thinking through of her role in the scheme of things. Because she made major changes in her life after writing this book, Fuller scholarship needs to focus on Summer on the Lakes as an early promise of the changes to come.

Fuller's journey had begun by train on May 25, 1843. Her companions on the trip west were James Freeman Clarke, a Unitarian minister who had founded the Church of the Disciples in Boston; his sister Sarah Ann, an artist who had studied for a time with the renowned Washington Allston; and Caroline Sturgis ("Cary"), one of Fuller's devoted followers and closest friends. Sturgis was to accompany the trio only as far as Buffalo on the train and would then return to Boston.⁸

After viewing Niagara Falls, the Clarkes and Fuller set out by steamboat through the Great Lakes for Chicago, where William and Sam Clarke, brothers of James and Sarah, had established a drug store. Passing Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, and stopping briefly at the Manitou Islands for fuel (wood), the group finally arrived in Chicago on June 20, after the five-and-a-half-day voyage.

At this point James, having conveyed his sister and her friend safely into the care of his brothers, returned east. The women set out with William by covered wagon for a journey of several weeks to view the Illinois prairies. Returning to Chicago on July 6 and after a few days' rest, Fuller and Sarah Clarke traveled alone to the Wisconsin territory by boat. After two weeks there, they returned to Chicago. In August, Fuller journeyed alone back to Mackinac Island in order to study the Indian tribes there. Soon Sarah joined her, and the two set out from here for home.

This, in brief, was the itinerary. Fuller added to her notes and memories remarks on the reading she had done while on the trip, namely the story of the Seeress of Prevorst, a book about a misunderstood clairvoyant. A large portion of Summer on the Lakes is also devoted to her account of Mariana, a young woman many readers

later took to be Fuller herself. Interspersed into the travel account are also poems and letters she received or wrote while she was traveling. The book was published by Little, Brown, and Co. of Boston in 1844.

Early criticism of the book was varied. It received some hearty praise and some vicious criticism, but it was the consensus of the critics that Fuller's book was not a typical travel journal. With its many asides and personal digressions, it was considered a curiosity. Caleb Stetson, a reviewer for the Christian Examiner, remarked in 1844 that he found it "difficult to account for the introduction of so many allusions to classic antiquity, to Europe and its arts, manners, and literature. . . . Tales also unexpectedly appear . . . which have no connexion with the scenes she visited, except the accidental fact that they occurred in the course of her reading or were called up from the depths of her memory by some mysterious association."⁹ Indeed, Fuller's brother Arthur, in his edition of Summer on the Lakes, published in 1856 along with her account of the European trip upon which she finally did embark, took the liberty of omitting several passages which he felt were "not connected in any regard with Western life."¹⁰

However, Edgar Allan Poe remarked in 1846 in Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book that Summer on the Lakes gave evidence of Fuller's "high genius" for precisely the reason that she introduced "touches which other artists would be sure to omit as irrelevant to the subject."¹¹ He believed that her descriptions were unrivaled for "graphicality, for the force with which they convey the true by the novel or unexpected."¹² Poe felt that the very charm of Fuller's style lay in the fact that it was conversational: "her personal character and her printed book are merely one and the same thing. We get access to her soul as directly from the one as from the other -- no more readily from this than from that -- easily from either. Her acts are bookish, and her books are less thoughts than acts. Her literary and conversational manner are identical."¹³ His summation was that Summer on the Lakes was a "remarkable assemblage of sketches."¹⁴ He believed that "the style of Miss Fuller is one of the very best with which I am acquainted. In general effect, I know no style which surpasses it. It is singularly piquant, vivid, terse, bold, luminous. . . it is everything that a style need be."¹⁵

Other contemporary reviewers gave favorable reviews to the

new book, but with reservations. Rufus Wilmot Griswold felt that Summer on the Lakes showed "considerable descriptive power, and . . . some good verses," but felt that Fuller's remarks on Indians were "very superficial" and that her criticism of Schoolcraft was unfounded and "ignorant."¹⁶ Two years later he retracted his earlier criticism: "I confess some change of opinion in her favor since writing the article upon her in The Prose Writers of America."¹⁷ His new opinion was that Fuller was "undoubtedly to be ranked among the first authors of her sex."¹⁸

Orestes Brownson wrote a scathing review of Summer on the Lakes in his Quarterly Review following the publication of the book. He felt that she was "wholly deficient in a pure, correct taste, and especially in that tidiness we always look for in woman."¹⁹ Although he admitted that the book is "marked by flashes of a rare genius, by uncommon and versatile powers, by sentiments at times almost devout," he was not able to recommend it because of her "infidelity."²⁰ She was, to him, a "heathen priestess" who had corrupted the minds and hearts of the Boston community.²¹

Fuller's friend James Freeman Clarke praised the book after its

publication. "We should do great injustice to this book in representing it merely as a pleasant book of travels. It belongs to a class of which we can rarely find a specimen. It is full of suggestion, rich in matter, to be read and read again, and to appear new with each new reading. It comes to us with the stores of a mind which has thought much and seen much and experienced much, and which can, therefore, touch no subject without conveying a thousand suggestions and incitements to thought by every word."²²

Twentieth-century critic Lawrence Buell, on the other hand, found Summer on the Lakes to be a "concoction of gossip, preaching, Platonic dialogue, and Indian lore" which Fuller dashed off to finance her summer vacation.²³ Perry Miller has also found this book "tedious," a typical nineteenth-century "potpourri" in which "reports on scenes alternate with random associations or with insertions of brazenly extraneous matter, especially with ad hoc poetic flights. Thus the real theme of the narrative -- the trip itself -- becomes miserably confused; the effect on a modern reader is that of an intolerable monstrosity."²⁴ Miller remarks later, during his discussion of Woman in the Nineteenth Century, that he

finds her feminist book, "like Summer, . . . full of wearisome digressions and excursions into fantasy and murky dreams, and the thread of the discourse is frequently lost."²⁵ He, like Arthur Fuller, believes that his own abridgement of Summer on the Lakes gives a better picture of the substance of her book, which he believes should be seen strictly as a travel book. Miller adds, however, that any abridgement of Fuller's texts is "hazardous, although motivated by the best of scholarly intentions."²⁶

Both Richard V. Carpenter in 1910 and Madeleine B. Stern in 1949 wrote interesting and detailed summaries of Fuller's sojourn in Illinois and Michigan respectively for state historical journals,²⁷ but neither attempted to analyze her inner journey. Like Miller, they saw the book as essentially travel literature by a gifted writer and well-known historical figure. Recent criticism has become more sophisticated and complex, but critics are still divided. Larry J. Reynolds declares that "prior to writing her Tribune letters from Italy, Fuller seldom achieved coherence in her writings, a common problem for the Transcendentalists as a group. . . ."²⁸ He adds that "whim and fancy played a great part" in the shaping of Summer on

the Lakes.²⁹ Ann Douglas comments that the book is not "journalism in the best sense" because it is "romanticized."³⁰ Fuller's best writing, Douglas maintains, was about current events.

While most modern critics realize that there is more than superficial meaning in Summer on the Lakes, they disagree as to what precisely that meaning is. Although Margaret Allen finds the book "self-consciously literary, episodic, and rambling,"³¹ she sees an "underlying unity" in the theme of the interaction between nature and civilization that ties the "seemingly random anecdotes and descriptions" together.³² Annette Kolodny finds an underlying theme of the captivity narrative in the voices of the wives of prairie settlers forced to move west with their husbands.³³ Albert von Frank focuses on the faults of Fuller's education, which had made her unfit for a "normal" life in America just as the education of prairie wives made them unfit for their new lives.³⁴ While Stephen Adams argues that Summer on the Lakes is "more coherent and controlled than most readers have contended," he agrees with Brownson in assessing the book as "sad" because of its overwhelming sense of loss and "disjunction."³⁵

Bell Gale Chevigny sees both Summer on the Lakes and Woman in the Nineteenth Century as a working through of a transition between reliance on Emerson as a father figure and her own independence and action, though she believes Woman in the Nineteenth Century has "fewer jarring elements and is better proportioned"³⁶ than the earlier book. Chevigny chooses to focus on the relationship between Fuller and Emerson and on Woman in the Nineteenth Century and does not go into detail about the meaning and structure of Summer on the Lakes. However, her collection of works by and about Fuller, The Woman and the Myth: Margaret Fuller's Life and Writings, is helpful in assessing Fuller's development as a writer and thinker.

Julie Ellison concentrates on Fuller's Conversations and Woman in the Nineteenth Century rather than on Summer on the Lakes. However, she raises the interesting idea that Fuller did not leave her romantic subjectivity behind when she left America, as Reynolds, Douglas, and Chevigny have suggested. She argues that "the whole range of Fuller's cultural and political commitments throughout her life operates within the dynamics of romanticism."³⁷ She also disputes the assumption that Emerson was as much of an

influence on Fuller's thinking as many assume. "Fuller would have been Fuller without Emerson."³⁸ Susan Belasco Smith, who introduces the new edition of Summer on the Lakes, suggests that the book may be seen as an interior journey, but her introduction does not give a close reading of the text.

This dissertation will demonstrate that Summer on the Lakes is no mere travel journal but the record of an inner life in transition. The so-called "digressions" actually have relevance and purpose in the precise spots where they are placed in the book and reveal Fuller's state of mind at the time. Fuller's essential spiritual condition shows her to be anything but a "heathen priestess." Her concern for the oppressed is one aspect of her essential humanity which would ultimately surface in her active participation in the human rights movement here and abroad. Summer on the Lakes in 1843 is an important book, one that has been strangely and sadly neglected as a working out of Fuller's philosophy. It is often amusing, beautifully descriptive, enthusiastic, positive, mysterious, and honest -- anything but "tedious" -- and it deserves to be examined more thoroughly as a pivotal text in the life journey of Margaret Fuller.

CHAPTER ONE

TYPICAL TRAVEL BOOKS

Like Washington Irving, who wrote in his The Sketch Book that he had always been fond of "visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners,"¹ Margaret Fuller as a child had delighted in stories of exotic and distant lands, though she did not have the opportunity to travel herself. Her father, Timothy Fuller, a United States congressman from Massachusetts, was often in Washington for extended periods, and she yearned for his letters which told her of the experiences he was having there. After Adams was elected President in 1824, Congressman Fuller expected an ambassadorship as a reward for his campaign work, and he told his daughter to prepare for a trip to Europe. She was elated. But the ambassadorship was never offered, and Mr. Fuller soon retired from Congress, weary of being away from his growing family.

Because her father was absent six months of the year and her mother busy caring for the younger children, Fuller spent a great deal of time alone, living in a world of books, most of them by foreign authors whose countries she longed to see. "There is no frigate like a book," Emily Dickinson would soon be writing. Fuller found such a concept to be true. "The romances of Goethe and Schiller had caught her up in the vague notion of 'seeking.'"2

In 1835 she was offered an invitation to accompany Harvard mathematician John Farrar and his wife Eliza on a trip to Europe, but her father died of cholera suddenly on Sept. 30, 1835, and her European trip was out of the question. "All hopes of travelling I have dismissed -- all youthful hopes of every kind I have pushed from my thoughts," she wrote in 1836 (LME 1:241). Not having the means to travel from that point on, Fuller found a substitute in traveling through her reading. When she finally had the opportunity to make an extended journey to the American West, she wished to share impressions of her trip with a public that, like Fuller herself, eagerly awaited new tales of adventure.

Margaret Fuller was not by any means the only traveler to add to the swelling market of travel books in the 1840's. Travel

literature during the nineteenth century was widely disseminated and immensely popular. Through travel books, readers were exposed to brave new worlds and sometimes exotic, even bizarre ways of life and in a real sense broadened by the reading, particularly if the writer were especially intuitive and observant, as Fuller was.

Consequently, there was a great demand for travel literature, and anyone who wrote a travel book could reasonably expect it to sell.

The travel narrative had always been popular as a genre, although the form and style of travel narratives had changed from one century to another. From ancient biblical accounts of the journey of Abraham and the Sumerian epic recounting the wanderings of Gilgamesh to eighteenth-century epistles of the peregrinations of Smollett and Johnson, the travel book had found a ready audience. For those who could not afford to travel, travel literature provided a vicarious pleasure as well as a learning experience.

Travel literature was produced for several reasons: to capitalize on the public's interest in faraway places, of course, but also to convey religious or political philosophies. No doubt one of Margaret Fuller's purposes in writing Summer on the Lakes, in 1843 was to provide additional income for her family, for she did not

wish to teach school any longer, and writing would be a more lucrative occupation as well as a way to reach a larger public. To communicate the "spirit" of the West to her reading public was another, perhaps more important reason for writing the book, but there were perhaps hidden psychological reasons for writing Summer on the Lakes of which she may not have been consciously aware, namely her "writing out" of certain problems that had been in the back of her mind for years. There were effects of the book as well that she could not have anticipated: she was able to work through her frustrating relationship with Ralph Waldo Emerson, to reaffirm her aims and goals in life, and to gain the attention of an important editor, Horace Greeley, attention which would result in a new career for her.

Aside from purpose, travel literature may be divided into categories according to several different classification systems. Travel literature is as much a topic as a form, and there are so many types of travel literature, both fiction and nonfiction, and so many primary works to be read that generalizations about the genre tend to be rather superficial. Consequently, no comprehensive history of travel literature has yet been written for precisely this reason,

although Percy G. Adams has categorized some of the many subdivisions of travel literature. Adams notes that the guidebook and itinerary were two early sub-categories of travel literature, but there are also novels about travel as well as poems, articles, journals, and diaries, collections of letters, and essays. Fuller's Summer on the Lakes, in 1843, for example, is a composite of original poetry, excerpts from letters and books, and her own observations and reflections. But travel literature as a topical genre is quite an unwieldy structure, for if interior or spiritual journeys as well as journeys into space and time are included, what literature could not be called travel literature?

Everyone was writing travel books. As travel increased in England and on the European continent, so did the travel literature. Adams provides an impressive account of the number and types of travel books the public had become accustomed to reading over the centuries, though he remarks that travel literature is very difficult to separate from other genres. "It is not even *sui generis* since it includes so many types both by form and content."³

If one classifies travel literature by content, one could list guidebooks and narrative accounts of journeys by land or sea, either

in first or third person. Guidebooks included everything from maps to itineraries to lists of antiquities to routes for the Grand Tour. There were guidebooks for travelers to the holy land, such as the Crusader's Manual in the 1300's and Informacion for Pylgrimes unto the Holy Land in the 1400's; guidebooks for England such as Holinshed's Chronicle (1577), which had a chapter entitled "Of Our Inns and Thorowfares"; guidebooks for the Continent such as James Howell's Instructions for Forreine Travell (1642) and de Varenne's Le Voyage de France (1639); guidebooks for the sea, such as those by Hakluyt or the essays published by the Royal Society in 1665, "Directions to Seamen."⁴

Narrative accounts of journeys by land and sea were written in either first or third person and gave personal anecdotes in letters, journals, or essays about their travel experiences.⁵ Adams cites the examples of the Anabasis, Xenophon's story of his leading 10,000 mercenary soldiers to the Black Sea in 401 B.C.; the wonderful journals of the Chinese Hsuan-Tang, who wandered all over Asia in early seventh century; and the travel books of sixteenth century Italian Lodovico di Varthema which went through so many

editions in Europe. Accounts of sea voyages written by eyewitnesses to history were also popular, such as Antonio Pigafetta's account of Magellan's voyage or William Dampier's A New Voyage round the World in the late seventeenth century. "And in the eighteenth century so much in demand were manuscripts of any long voyage that the British Admiralty followed the practice of confiscating all journals written on government-sponsored sailing expeditions so that an official version could be produced by careful editing."⁶

If one classifies travel literature by form, the three most predominant forms are letters, diaries and journals, and the simple narrative that provides dates, locations, and frequently includes an essay on the benefits of travel. Many famous explorers wrote letters home describing the rigors of their voyage and their discoveries in foreign lands. Columbus wrote letters to the Spanish monarch who had sent him to the New World. Mme de Sevigne wrote literary masterpieces to her daughter about her travels and sojourns in France in the seventeenth century. "In fact, the written works of almost any important person after 1550 -- Ascham, Fox, Boyle,

Locke, Buffon, Voltaire, Franklin -- may contain any number of travel letters."⁷

The second most popular form of travel literature, according to Adams, was the diary or journal.⁸ He cites Montaigne's journal about his trip to Italy in 1580-81. Some diaries focus more on one day and skip others, depending on the adventures the traveler had. Such a diary was published in 1721 by Robert Challe about his trip to the Orient in 1691.

The third most typical form of the travel book was the "simple" narrative, often in the third person, like the first part of Montaigne's accounts, which Adams suggests might have been written by the secretary who accompanied Montaigne to Italy.⁹ Great editors of travel collections rewrote journals, filling in the gaps.

As "atypical" travel literature, Adams cites travel accounts in dialogue form such as a good part of Lahontan's book about Canada; the autobiography or biography which contains summaries of journeys, such as Rousseau's stories of his walking and carriage journeys in the Confessions of 1766; and travel accounts in poetry

(including prose that contains poetry), such as John Smith's or Chapelle and Bachaumont (1656).¹⁰

Adams also categorizes travel literature, particularly in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by kinds of writers and their motives for travel.¹¹ Using this classification system, he includes the writings of traders and other businessmen (such as the account of the eighth business voyage of Captain John Saris, who sailed in 1611-13 to Japan, where he established a factory, also giving in his journal important information about weather patterns in the Far East); pirates (about whom Daniel Defoe wrote) and buccaneers (such as The Buccaneers of America published in 1685 and written by Alexandre Exquemelin and Captain Basil Ringrose); missionaries (accounts by Jesuit priests, Capuchin monks, and Franciscan friars, such as pere Louis Hennepin, whom Fuller mentions in Summer on the Lakes); pilgrims (especially those traveling through the Holy Land, like George Sandys, who published his Relation in the seventeenth century); explorers (like Champlain and LaSalle) and colonists (such as John Smith and John Winthrop).

The list continues with warriors (such as the account of

Francis Moore's Voyage to Georgia, which tells of the war against the Spanish in Florida), ambassadors and diplomats (e.g., the book by Adam Olearius, who went as secretary of a diplomatic embassy to Moscow and Persia in the 1630's from Germany, and the equally interesting journal of Everard Ysbrantz Ides, who led a diplomatic mission from Russia to China in 1692); doctors (such as Engelbrecht Kaempfer, who went as physician with a Swedish embassy to Persia, Batavia, India, and Japan and published two books on his travels in the late seventeenth century); engineers and geologists (such as J.W.G. de Brahm, a German who constructed Fort Loudoun on the Little Tennessee River in 1756 and who wrote of the Indians in the South).

Other occupations represented by travelers are cartographers (such as John Smith, who had made and published maps of Virginia); spies or secret agents (such as Daniel Defoe, who worked as an undercover man for Robert Harley while collecting information for a travel book about Britain); tutors who accompanied students on the Grand Tour (such as John Locke or Richard Lassels, who wrote The Voyage of Italy published in 1670). Representatives of many other

occupations also wrote travel books.

The list of travel writers could include visitors of spouses, relatives, and friends; those who were escaping litigation, imprisonment, religious persecution, or unhealthy climates (or those traveling for their health in general). The list should also include those who traveled purely for adventure, "lovers of travel for the sake of travel," those affected by "the Ulysses Factor,"¹² Adams' term for the wandering impulse. The list is by no means exhaustive, but only an attempt to put kinds of travelers into order.

Adams includes in his account of travel literature the books and articles that were fabricated but which managed to convince the public of the authenticity of the travel accounts. These books range from "little white lies" about facts to completely imaginary journeys. "The number of these fictitious, or partly fictitious, travel books is so great that one can merely suggest a few significant variations."¹³ Condemned by Robert Burton and Sir Thomas Browne but praised by Richard Steele in the Tatler was the infamous Sir John Mandeville (c.1356), a book about the travels of a man which "for three hundred years fooled most [people who read it] and was

even considered genuine when Marco Polo's story was not."¹⁴

As the purpose of Adams' book is to show the influence of travel literature on the development of the novel, one must also include novels of the eighteenth century that were travel accounts: Lawrence Sterne's Sentimental Journey, Jonathan Swift's Gulliver's Travels, Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, Voltaire's Candide, Smollett's Humphrey Clinker, to name a few. In the early nineteenth century authors such as Byron (Childe Harold's Pilgrimage), Shelley ("Ozymandias"), Keats ("On Chapman's Homer"), and Wordsworth (The Excursion) were influenced by the desire to travel. John Livingston Lowes has illustrated in The Road to Xanadu that Coleridge's imagination was fired by the reading of countless travel journals.

It is important to note that the style of a travel book reflected the accepted literary conventions of a particular period. Charles L. Batten, Jr., notes the often-overlooked truism that literary conventions very often govern not only the way a writer describes but often what he will describe as well. By the eighteenth century, the century whose literary style most influenced Fuller and her contemporaries,¹⁵ it was considered necessary for a travel writer

to strike a balance between the useful instruction given in a travel book and the subjective or entertaining elements. The purpose of (travel) literature was understood to be a fulfillment of Horace's dictum: "*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci/ Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo*" (Ars Poetica, 343-44). Neoclassical criticism thus demanded instruction as well as pleasure, though the vague term "utile dulce" ("useful sweetness") could be interpreted in several ways. "Pleasure" could mean happiness resulting from learning, and "instruction" could mean learning in many different areas.¹⁶

Another convention limiting eighteenth-century travel literature was veracity. Reviewers castigated writers like George Psalmanazar, who in An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa (1795) managed to convince London society that he was from the island of Formosa, when he had really been born in France. Writers could fool the public with fantastic stories, so readers began to doubt incredible tales, though some were indeed true. Batten cites the example of James Bruce, who wrote of his travels in Abyssinia, where he beheld men eating raw meat. Few people believed his accounts, which were later verified. Some writers never left home, yet wrote amazing adventure stories that were

complete fabrications. "Duped by such fireside travelers, readers often suspected the accounts of genuine travelers."¹⁷ Whereas in earlier centuries tall tales, exaggerations, and fantastic stories, such as those alluded to in The Tempest ("that there are unicorns; that in Arabia/There is one tree, the phoenix' throne" -- III,iii,22-23) had crept into travel books with little public outcry, in the eighteenth century such fabrications were frowned upon in non-fiction. Devotion to fact was imperative. If descriptions of scenes were made pleasurable, it was only to draw attention to the useful information that would "improve the understanding." The reading of travel literature was to encourage readers to study and enjoy learning. "For these reasons, reviewers and editors -- together with clergymen -- frequently recommended travel accounts, especially for the youthful or inexperienced or female reader."¹⁸

According to Batten, one essential generic convention of the travel book which effected this "pleasurable instruction" was a narrative organization of details. For this reason, in the eighteenth century travel *guidebooks* were not considered a true sub-class of travel literature, for the travel guide's divisions and classifications of subject matter were too disjointed and provided no pleasant

(*utile dulci*) chronological narrative. Such narrative organization could take the form of journals or letters, but because one clearly defined convention of eighteenth-century travel writing was that "a travel writer must not talk about himself,"¹⁹ travel books that were too autobiographical were censured; thus, if the travel narrative had the form of a diary or personal letters, then it had to avoid too many references to self.

According to the Monthly Review, any travel account that was too much like a real journal (i.e., personal) would be "long and fatiguing" to the reader and would thus work against pleasureable instruction.²⁰ Some writers thus dropped the use of "I" in favor of the more inclusive "we" or generic "you." Samuel Derrick and Samuel Ireland used the pronoun "you," while Ann Radcliffe so frequently used the pronoun "we" in her *Journey* (1795) that she felt the necessity of including an explanatory note to identify the "we" (herself and her husband).²¹ Use of the third-person singular was another way of avoiding subjectivity. Thomas Pennant's Tour of Scotland (1771) does not use the first person pronoun, for example, even though he is describing the trip that he took himself.²² Such

avoidance of the first-person pronoun could only be seen today as awkward.

Conversational style was avoided as too "vulgar" and "loose."²³ Care had to be taken to pay only enough attention to detail to give an accurate picture. Too much insignificant detail was considered trivial and uninteresting, according to critical mavens. A proper balance would have to be maintained between too little autobiographical information (which would make the writer seem forgetful or vague) and too much (which would make the writer seem egotistical), between too little factual detail about the countries visited and too much fabulous material:

Thus, the eighteenth-century travel writer tried to achieve a 'golden mean': he had to include a sufficiently detailed record of his experiences to prove that he had actually visited the countries he described, but he could not tell too much about himself and his adventures. If his narrative appeared too circumstantial, he would usually be attacked as an egotist; if it seemed to contrived, he would frequently be criticised as a writer of fiction, primarily interested in entertaining readers at the expense of their instruction.²⁴

Toward the end of the century, however, conventions began to change. Emphasis began to shift from instruction to pleasure, though "veracity" was still an important characteristic to be

expected in a travel book.²⁵ Now much more autobiographical information became acceptable in the travel book, probably because the incredible volume of travel literature being produced and read demanded a unique, personal approach to gain an audience.

According to Ahmed M. Metwalli, "almost every individual who left home -- even for a hike in the mountains -- committed his impressions and experiences to paper and inflicted them on the reading public."²⁶ Jared Sparks, nineteenth-century writer for The North American Review, remarked wryly that anyone who "happens once in his life to wander from the precincts of his own native village, thinks it his duty to enlighten the public with a narrative of his adventures."²⁷ With so much competition, writers were forced to be either extremely detailed or highly subjective if they wished to sell their books. Emerson remarked wryly that one of the interesting oddities about his time was that it was "said to be the age of the first person singular."²⁸ This new subjectivity was to emerge in the travel writing of the period.

No nation in the world seemed to have as many travelers as America.²⁹ Travel abroad was a fashionable undertaking, surely

meant to convey the impression that the traveler was well-to-do and interested in culture.³⁰ Travel to Europe was a necessary part of the educational and cultural experience of American travelers. "Eager young men for the most part, they were serious, well-educated, and equipped with the then all-important letters of introduction from prominent American achievers to their British counterparts."³¹

Travel to England and the Continent was also undertaken because of a search for a "past" which was lacking in America and which could be partially satisfied by visiting the old European cultural shrines. Washington Irving explained his reasons for foreign travel in the first chapter of The Sketch Book:

Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly-cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise; Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very ruins told the history of the times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle.³²

Emerson had remarked in his journal, "The young men complain that here in America is no past, no traditions: only shopkeeping, no ghost, no god in the landscape, no stimulus."³³ Henry James, whose

cosmopolitan father was friend of the Fullers, was in agreement with the "young men" of Emerson's journal. James was later to remark in his essay on Hawthorne that there were no such cultural artifacts in America at that time:

In the United States, in those days, there were no great things to look out at (save forests and rivers); life was not in the least spectacular; society was not brilliant; the country was given up to a great material prosperity, a homely bourgeois activity, a diffusion of primary education and common luxuries. There was, therefore, among the cultivated classes, much relish for the utterances of a writer who would help one to take a picturesque view of one's internal possibilities, and to find in the landscape of the Soul all sorts of fine sunrise and moonlight effects.³⁴

In addition to a desire for the past, many well-known American writers went abroad with the intention of meeting influential living European authors such as Wordsworth or visiting the graves and homes of other authors, acquiring souvenirs or "relics" of their "pilgrimages." Allison Lockwood recounts the story of Sophia Hawthorne's visit to Newstead Abbey, Lord Byron's ancestral home. There Mrs. Hawthorne and her son Julian tore up violets to take home and requested leaves from the oak that Byron had planted -- all this while the current owner, Colonel Wildman,

watched from an upstairs window. Aware that she and her son were being watched, Mrs. Hawthorne believed it was because of her husband's fame as an American writer and not because she was tearing up private property.³⁵

Emerson himself had traveled to Europe in 1832-33 "for the purpose of regathering the scattered fragments of his personality,"³⁶ although he did not realize this until he was ready to return. While there, he had the opportunity to meet many illustrious people, such as Carlyle, Wordsworth, and Coleridge.³⁷ Yet he came home firm in the conclusion that it was not necessary to travel in order to learn about human nature.³⁸ "His trip to the 'schoolroom' of Europe had in fact mainly served to center him in his own beliefs."³⁹ As he waited in Liverpool for the voyage home, he mused that he was glad he had not been born in England. "I am thankful that I am an American as I am thankful that I am a man."⁴⁰

Those who could not afford such a "passionate pilgrimage" to Europe as Emerson and others of means could were still able to satisfy their need for a sense of the past by reading the travel literature of those who had been fortunate enough to go abroad.

Sales of books which told of overseas adventures were healthy.

Thoreau, who had neither the means nor the inclination to travel abroad, is known to have read at least 146 travel books.⁴¹ He himself wrote several domestic travel books: Cape Cod, The Maine Woods, A Yankee in Canada, and A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers -- and even Walden can be read as an interior travelogue.

Books about travel within America could bring about the sense of national pride and self-reliance Emerson encouraged. In the early 1800's pride in America was growing, especially after the War of 1812. One did not need to go to Europe to experience beauty and grandeur. Irving noted that if he had been merely a lover of fine scenery alone, he would never have gone to Europe:

For on no country had the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright, aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine; -- no, never need an American look beyond his own country for sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.⁴²

Although travel within the United States, particularly to the unsettled West, was in the early 1800's less fashionable among the socially elite, it was nevertheless appealing to those who had the wanderlust or to those who wished to have a unique experience. Even those who lacked the temerity, energy, or financial resources were interested in seeing the American West through the eyes of those who wrote about their travels. Those who made the journey west began to discover, as Fuller did, that the United States had much beauty of its own to offer, even though the famous landmarks and cathedrals were absent.

The passion for travel in America did not take hold until the 1820's and 30's, according to John F. Sears. Before that time the colonists had been busy struggling for their independence, and the frontier towns were just being established. But in the early nineteenth century conditions were changing so that a new tourism was possible. "Tourism requires a population with the money and the leisure to travel, an adequate means of transportation, and conditions of reasonable safety and comfort at the places people go to visit. It also demands a body of images and descriptions of those places -- a mythology of unusual things to see -- to excite people's

imaginations and induce them to travel."⁴³

The revolution in modern transportation which was taking place in America in the early nineteenth century made travel and "tourism" possible. In 1825 construction on the Erie Canal in New York had been completed, providing easier access to the West. Fulton's steamboats provided faster transportation on rivers and lakes. Railroads were fanning in all directions, opening the West to the growing middle class of the East.⁴⁴ Macadamized turnpikes led to more comfortable stage-coach travel. Cost of travel was relatively low at this time as well.⁴⁵

All over America, homes were being turned into inns and taverns to accommodate the many travelers along the way and to capitalize on the growing tourism, although such places could be rather crowded and primitive, as Fuller recounts in Summer on the Lakes:

That night we rested, or rather tarried at a grove some miles beyond, and there partook of the miseries so often jocosely portrayed, of bedchambers for twelve, a milk dish for a universal handbasin, and expectations that you would use and lend your "handkercher" for a towel. But this was the only night, thanks to the hospitality of private families, that we passed thus, and it was well that we had

this bit of experience, else might we have pronounced all Trollopian records of the kind to be inventions of pure malice.⁴⁶

. . . We ladies were to sleep in the bar-room, from which its drinking visitors[sic] could be ejected only at a late hour. The outer door had no fastening to prevent their return. . . . We had also rather hard couches; (mine was the supper table,) but we yankees, born to rove, were altogether too much fatigued to stand upon trifles, and slept as sweetly as we would in the "bigly bower" of any baroness. (SL25-26)

Conditions were thus right for extensive travel by those who had moderate incomes. In the early nineteenth century, middle class tourists looked to the American landscape to provide diversion and a fulfillment of the emotional experience of the sublime that Edmund Burke had written of in his important treatise A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of Our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful (1757). Natural wonders like Niagara Falls would supposedly evoke a sense of awe, terror, and mystery in the beholder which would lead to a recognition of God's presence and power. Consequently, throngs of tourists began to swarm to Niagara Falls, which Elizabeth McKinsey calls "the Icon of the American Sublime."⁴⁷

Many of the best artists and writers in America joined the touring public to see the splendor of Niagara. The great artist Thomas Cole had written poems about Niagara as well as providing a

record in paintings of the beauty of the falls. Emerson had not yet visited Niagara in 1843, though he was to go there many times: in 1850, 1851, 1854, 1863, 1871, and 1878. Nevertheless, he had read so much about the effects of Niagara that he wrote to Fuller before her journey that he was envious of her "escape" into nature:

I rejoice in the approach of your escape into green champaign, the tunnels of mountains, the passage of streams as by cannonshot, and all the glad varieties of Western railroads with the solid joy of Niagara at the farther end. May the sun & moon & stars be on your side when you leave the East winds behind, and Niagara famed through the world for one thing,-- that it never disappoints. (LRWE III:174)⁴⁸

Cole's good friend James Fenimore Cooper had also written of Niagara Falls in The Pathfinder (1840) and would write again of the sublimity of the locale in The Oak Openings (1848). Hawthorne had published "My Visit to Niagara" (1835), in which he (as Fuller was to do) shares his initial disappointment at the Falls and then his growing recognition of its spiritual power, a change in perception which Sears calls a "conversion experience."⁴⁹

The first-person point-of-view used in many of these early nineteenth-century travel books gave a note of authenticity to the writing and added a unique personal charm. The influence of

Byron's Childe Harold, most of Wordsworth's poetry, and Coleridge's The Rime of the Ancient Mariner brought about a more "poetic" approach to travel writing. As the century progressed, the imaginative approach to travel-writing continued, impelled by the romantic movement, which "encouraged an expressivist approach to writing and an idealized view of exotic locations and the life of adventure."⁵⁰

Many of Fuller's contemporaries had written or were to write interesting travel books, both fiction and nonfiction, about real or imaginary journeys at home and abroad. Poe's Arthur Gordon Pym was the macabre tale of cannibalism and terror on the high seas. Melville's Typee and Omoo satisfied the public craving for tales of the south seas. Fuller's childhood friend Richard Henry Dana was to write the critically acclaimed Two Years Before the Mast, which gave an accurate portrayal of the life of the American sailor. Fuller's fellow traveler on the western trip, James Freeman Clarke, was later to write Eleven Weeks in Europe. It was almost expected that Fuller, too, would make her contribution to the library of travel books being amassed in America.

Other transcendentalists had emphasized in their travel

writing the importance of the individual impression and discovery of self. The experience of the mind was more important than the external journey. "Writing is worthless except as a record of a life," wrote Fuller.⁵¹ The inward journey, into what Henry James had termed "the landscape of the Soul," was the only one that really mattered. Consequently, Thoreau could write honestly, "Much have I traveled -- in Concord.") There was uncharted territory (the *Unbetretene* of Goethe's Faust)⁵² which never ended. True travel was "spiritual travel, an exploration of one's own higher latitudes."⁵³ This is the basic idea of "Self-Reliance" and the conclusion to Walden.

In addition, transcendental travelers felt the importance of relating to their readers not only what had happened to them personally on a journey, but how the travel experience "happened to the universe."⁵⁴ Fuller advised writers to "tell the world at large what you please, if you make it of universal importance by transporting it into the field of general human interest."⁵⁵ Buell finds this interest in both self and self-transcendence paradoxical. The travel writing of the transcendentalists took on both "an abstract

and subjective dimension"⁵⁶ that made it simultaneously personal and global. In transcendentalist travel writing, then, " . . . one becomes conscious of an interplay between the sequence of actual observations and the interests of a subjectively imposed mood or design. Neither dominates to the exclusion of the other; rather, the works oscillate between the two structural principles."⁵⁷

Caleb Stetson praised Summer on the Lakes for its attempt to express the inner journey. Fuller was, he felt, "much more occupied with what is passing in her own soul, than with the objective realities which present themselves to the senses."⁵⁸ If Stetson had any complaint at all about Fuller's book, it was that "she does not let her thought or emotion write itself out."⁵⁹ However, Fuller's interest in self-revelation did not extend to outright confession. Like the eighteenth-century writers, Fuller felt strongly that a writer's personal life was not appropriate material for a travel book. A writer's personal reactions to a scene were relevant, but his personal relationships and private feelings were not to be mentioned. ". . . your private griefs, merely as yours, belong to yourself, your nearest friends, to Heaven and to nature."⁶⁰

Whereas she is not hesitant in Summer on the Lakes to give her impressions of the landscape she visited, she does not feel it appropriate to reveal directly the personal impact of the trip or to be anything but oblique about what was transpiring in her own soul that summer. (Personal references and familiarities she occasionally includes in letters to close friends.) Yet her western journey as recorded in Summer on the Lakes was a milestone in her personal development as one can see from major life-changes made immediately following the trip. Consequently, one needs to read between the lines of Summer on the Lakes as well as reading her letters to determine what was transpiring in Fuller's mind during this important time.

Although her immediate purpose in writing Summer on the Lakes may have been to increase her income or to make a name for herself, and although she deliberately hid the names of friends she referred to in the book or disguised herself as one or more characters she wrote about in earnest, she nonetheless revealed more of herself and her own feelings than she perhaps realized. A careful reader can perceive Fuller's inner journey and development in Summer on the Lakes. What emerges is the record of a self in

transition.

Fuller's travel book is not like other nineteenth-century travel books, for no one had the same impressions and insights as Margaret Fuller. A key to her personality lies buried in the pages of Summer on the Lakes. Although it may be true that Fuller was a "typical restless American,"⁶¹ her travel account is anything but typical. Peering beneath the surface for the hidden meaning in her book, discovering a connection or a purpose for Fuller's so-called "episodic" or "random digressions" is like digging for buried treasure.

CHAPTER TWO

NOT A TYPICAL TRAVEL BOOK

By all early critical accounts, Summer on the Lakes was an unusual travel journal. Fuller so intended. "I trust by reverent faith to woo the mighty meaning of the scene" (SL28), she wrote. The book was to be no mere itinerary but a subjective account of her impressions in order to convey what she saw as the truth to her readers. Therefore, she does not give a moment-by-moment account of the trip with descriptions of every tourist attraction along the way. In fact, she admits that she kept no daily records of the journey. "I had no guidebook, kept no diary, do not know how many miles we traveled each day, nor how many in all. What I got from the journey was the poetic impression of the country at large; it is all I have aimed to communicate" (SL67).

Fuller's friend and fellow traveler James Freeman Clarke felt that her communication of this impression was effective. "The West is our American Romance, our unwritten Poetry, our Eldorado, our

Utopia, our Atlantis," he wrote in a review of Summer on the Lakes in 1843.¹ Clarke, certainly not an unbiased critic since he had known and admired Fuller since youth, recommended the book because it was not simply a "guide book" but "a portfolio of sketches" created by a mind that possessed "faculties of keen perception, profound reflection and constructive imagination."² It was Fuller's intent to impart to her readers this Romance of America, this Poetry of western experience.

She wrote few notes about her journey and very few letters, in spite of the fact that her correspondence was usually extremely important to her. Apparently the journey gave little time for writing. She wrote in January 1844 to her "Aunt" Mary Rotch: "I did not feel like writing letters, while travelling; it took all my strength and mind to keep moving, and receive so many new impressions" (LME III:169). In a letter to Aunt Mary's niece Maria Rotch, written Sept. 20, 1843, Fuller notes, "I have made scarce any record of it [the journey] with *my* instrument, the pen, for the days were so full of new impressions that there was not time left to tell of them but all that was seen is fresh in memory" (LME III:147). Fresh in memory, these details of her journey were the subject of

her study in the Harvard College library the entire fall and winter of that year.³ There she found the tranquillity she needed to let the summer's events and "mighty meaning" coalesce. She felt she must do extensive reading before writing her own book. As she wrote to Emerson that fall, "I am reading the books in the College library about the West, the old travellers I am reading. I like now to go over the ground with them and shall not continue my own little experiences till I have done with theirs" (LME III:160).

In a Wordsworthian act of recall, Fuller, recollecting in the tranquillity of the Harvard library that winter, wrote Summer on the Lakes, in 1843 from her own memory, from the notes she had made of the journey, and from her summer reading and the subsequent research she did after the trip. During this time she slept little and had many of her infamous headaches. "I begin to be so tired of my book!" she complained in her autumn diary.⁴ And to Aunt Mary she wrote, ". . . much writing does not agree with me" (LME III:169).

She worried that her book would not please Emerson. "Dont expect any thing from the book about the West. I cant bear to be thus disappointing you all the time" (LME III:159-60). She suffered from headaches and insomnia during this time just as she had

suffered from headaches as a child when she worried that her rigidly exacting father might not thoroughly approve of a Latin translation she had attempted.⁵ It is clear that in some respects Fuller had come to see Emerson as a father figure with many of the characteristics of her real father: "My soul," she wrote to Emerson, "in its childish agony of prayer, stretched out its arms to you as a father" (LME II:160). One might make the connection that her headaches were associated with the possibility that Emerson might not approve of her book, though they could as easily have been attributed to bad eyesight. Nonetheless, she was at this time totally focused on her book, and her perfectionism was a constant stress.

But what she wrote was not a typical travel journal. Although this was Fuller's first and only trip to the West, she knew that her reading public had already been exposed to many books about the West. Several prominent American writers had already done their part to promote an interest in the American West. James Fenimore Cooper's The Prairie (1827) and Washington Irving's A Tour on the Prairies (1835) had preceded Fuller's Summer on the Lakes, and Caroline Kirkland's A New Home--Who'll Follow? (1839) had given a

woman's point of view about life on the frontier. Thoreau's essay "Walking," which encourage "wildness" and exploration within and without, had not yet been written.

Foreign travelers had also written about the American West, sometimes arousing strong patriotic response against negative portrayals of Americans as vulgar and uneducated boors. Charles Dickens, in his 1842 American Notes, painted a picture of Americans as naive, uncouth, and barbarous. Fuller's British acquaintance Mrs. Martineau had also written her somewhat condescending Society in America (1837) after her extensive trip to the United States. Mrs. Trollope had scandalized Americans with her tales of her travels in America. Such books evoked the American patriotism which grew after the War of 1812 and put a further wedge between the British and the Americans, encouraging the development of an American literature not imitative of the English. Emerson in his controversial address of 1837 entitled "The American Scholar" ("our Intellectual Declaration of Independence," as Oliver Wendell Holmes had called it), had encouraged the young men of the United States to develop a "self-trust" and no longer to "forgo the living for the dead." He urged the young men of America to develop a literature of their own.

Emerson, of course, was not speaking merely of travel literature but of developing an essentially American literature, not dependent on European traditions. But many writers saw the travel book as one way to express the growing national pride they felt in the air.

Fuller would later write an essay on American literature which voiced the same sentiments.⁶ She expresses this pride in Summer on the Lakes when she gazes on the prairie: "it was [the morning] of the fourth of July, and certainly I think I had never felt so happy that I was born in America" (SL33).

An American travel book in the nineteenth century was not only nationalistic. It was also more subjective than travel books of the previous generation and included many personal reactions to the landscape or monuments observed by the traveler. It was just this type of travel book that Arthur Fuller praised when he came to publish the account of his sister's travels after her death. "There are at least three classes of persons who travel in our own land and abroad," he wrote in his Preface to At Home and Abroad. "The first and largest in number consist of those who, 'having eyes, see not, and ears, hear not,' anything which is profitable to be remembered."⁷

Such travelers, he added, speak of no more than what they ate and drank and where they slept.

The second class travel "more intelligently," visiting noted landmarks and abodes of art, remembering many details, and from these people much useful information can be learned.

But there is a third class of those who journey, who see indeed the outward, and observe it well. . . But they do much more than this. There is . . . a genius or guardian spirit of each scene, each stream and lake and country, and this spirit is ever speaking, but in a tone which only the attent ear of the noble and gifted can hear, and in a language which such minds and hearts only can understand. With vision which needs no miracle to make it prophetic, they . . . note the deep meaning of passing events which only make others wonder. Beneath the mask of mere externals, their eyes discern the character of those whom they meet. . . . When such narrate their journeyings, we have what is valuable not for a few years only, but, because of its philosophic and suggestive spirit, what must always be useful.⁸

It is ironic that Arthur Fuller could make such an astute delineation of travelers, yet not entirely perceive in his own sister's work the third sort of traveler. He observed that his sister was of the third kind of traveler, yet he nonetheless took the liberty of omitting several important passages from Summer on the Lakes for the sake of "reasonable size." He noted that he felt the unity of her book even gained after his omissions. He added that he omitted

portions of Summer on the Lakes "with much reluctance," but felt that it would be better to omit passages from this work, since it had already been published in its entirety, than to omit any passages from her letters of her travels in Europe which had not been published. One can see the logic in this decision, yet it is ironic that the omissions he made for the sake of "unity" in Summer on the Lakes are often passages which reveal the insight or deeper meaning that he had praised in the third sort of traveler.

Fuller's declaration that she sought to give "the poetic impression" of her journey, "to woo the mighty meaning of the scene" shows that she had decided to pursue the subjective course. Caleb Stetson's review in the Christian Examiner indicated that her objective had been accomplished. Stetson found the book pleasing because she looked upon "all things with the eye of a poet and artist" and recorded "what is passing in her own soul."⁹ He praised her work because "she writes not from without, but from within." These expressions of her mind and heart were interesting to readers, he added, because they resulted in a "sincere and earnest" book. Fuller, especially, as a woman of "extraordinary endowments," was able to convey her "reflective tendency" to her readers:

We notice this subjective tendency of the writer as a peculiar excellence. It gives to her work its most remarkable characteristic. We can never anticipate what she will say, from knowing her point of view and the objects which surround her. She throws her own being into the outward world and gives it a new character. Niagara, Superior, the log cabin, the savage chief, are not to her what they are to another person. Forest, lake, prairie, the beauty and fragrance of flowers, the music of birds, have all a significance and a language to which the mood of her own mind gives a particular interpretation.¹⁰

In this respect, Fuller's travel book was following the new imaginative standards of literature of the times. But she went one step beyond the typical nineteenth-century travel book, and this extra step confused and mystified most reviewers, including Stetson. For Fuller was not only subjective and reflective but often inscrutable -- at least to Stetson:

This reflective tendency often draws into her journal things quite unlooked for and most remote from her field of observation -- things connected by no apparent link of association with the objects which seem to fill her eye and mind. These underground associations, unintelligible to those who are not in the secret of her thoughts sometimes give an air of pedantry to her remarks. We are persuaded that she has a mind too noble to wish to display her rich stores of knowledge for the sake of display, and therefore we find it difficult to account for the introduction of so many allusions to classic antiquity, to Europe and its arts, manners and literature.¹¹

Summer on the Lakes has confused other readers besides this reviewer because of its occasionally inscrutable references and allusions. In fact, Buell finds it incredible that Fuller could receive this favorable review in the Christian Examiner simply by "dashing off a concoction of gossip, preachment, platonic dialogue, and Indian lore."¹² But it is precisely these "underground associations" that we must examine in order to understand what Fuller was about in her travel book.

What was Fuller's intent in including in Summer on the Lakes so many references to classical antiquity and to European culture as well as so many seeming nonsequiturs and digressions, some intensely personal? Part of her motivation for the inclusion of classical allusions may have lain in her circumstances at the time of the journey. Because of her father Timothy's death in September 1835, her family had been forced to appeal for financial assistance to strict Uncle Abraham, who had taken control of the family's purse strings after Timothy died intestate. Although Mr. Fuller had left about \$20,000 behind, it was "tied up,"¹³ and as the oldest of nine children, Margaret felt obligated to work to support her family, giving up any hope she had of going abroad, which had for her been a

lifelong dream. She wrote in her journal of May 23, 1836: "Circumstances have decided that I must not go to Europe and shut upon me the door, as I think, forever, to the scenes I could have loved. Let me now try to forget myself and act for others' sakes. What I can do with my pen, I know not. At present I feel no confidence or hope."¹⁴

She had lost at least one opportunity to go to Europe, where she believed she would find a cultural "home." As an unmarried woman of thirty-three with no prospect of matrimony, burdened with financial responsibilities, she leapt at the chance to go west with her friends the Clarkes, who also gave her \$50 toward the trip.¹⁵ She believed, in fact, that this was to be the last journey of any sort she would take for a good while. She wrote to Albert H. Tracy in September 1843: "For eight years I have not been able to stray far, being too much wanted in one place, and too probably this may be the case for the coming eight years" (LME III:149). She had to be content with this western excursion, for her financial situation promised to remain as precarious as ever. It is likely that she saw in this venture an opportunity to discover in the American landscape what she had heard and read existed in the European. Having never been to Europe, and likely never to go there, she idealized its culture and

sought to find in her own country the same sort of cultural artifacts.

Fuller had been offered a teaching position in Cincinnati in 1836, and she had considered taking the post. Yet there was always the nagging question of whether the West was her "spiritual home." "I have always had some desire to be meddling with the West, and have only been checked in my tendencies thitherward by the mode[s] of fancy that the *East* was not at a sufficiently advanced step of culture for my plans, how then should her younger sister be!!!" (LME I:354-55).

As a romantic, Fuller strongly believed in the power of intuition and personal reflection. As she made her way west she not only noted the outward landscape, which had been painted in so many travel journals before hers as to be almost commonplace; she also gave her personal response to the sights she took in, as well as sharing with her reading public what was transpiring in the "landscape of the Soul." During this trip she was able to balance exterior and interior landscapes, and the content of her book demonstrates what was occurring in her mind.

Repeatedly Fuller places the American landscape against a

pattern of the European, comparing and contrasting the attributes of her own country with the older civilization, as if to give it a kind of validity that it lacked on its own, as if in order to praise her own country at all she must measure its worth and beauty by the ideal standard she had equated mentally with European culture. Her tenacious clinging to the classical artifacts of Europe was an expression of what Albert von Frank calls "provincialism," a love of the old ways and forms one's European forebears had experienced and enjoyed.¹⁶ To Henry James, such clinging to past forms and traditions that had never been an integral part of one's experience except by imitation was pathetic and naive. Such imitation was bound to involve deterioration and delusion.

Fuller's source of culture had been largely the books she had read, books which gave her a knowledge of classical antiquity and art and left her unsatisfied with the actual American environment in which she lived. She felt she had been born "not in the right soil" (LME III:315). She wrote to William H. Channing during her trip, "My friend, I am deeply homesick, yet where is that home?" (LME III:142). Von Frank suggests that Fuller's sense of dislocation stemmed from her recognition that "her finest pleasures in life were all acts of art

and imagination"¹⁷ and that her environment did not support these acts. Yet during the summer of 1843 she began to synthesize the classical standards of the past and the intrinsic standards of the objects themselves. Summer on the Lakes is a record of that important synthesis.

Although she began to realize on this trip and during her library time afterward that the United States, especially frontier nature, had an intrinsic worth of its own and need not suffer by comparison with the cultural beauties she had apotheosized unseen, she nevertheless used classical allusions in her book. Although she could probably say with Emerson, ". . . why go to Europe?", something Emerson had written in his journal of that May, she still was not convinced that she should "swallow this pill of America which Fate brings you & sing a land unsung. Here stars, here birds, here trees, here hills abound and the vast tendencies concur of a new Order."¹⁸ If one so swallowed that pill, perhaps the effect was medicinal and soothing, but it only removed the symptoms. In other words, her real desire was for Europe, yet she knew she could not go there.¹⁹ Thus, she would accept and try to make the best of her trip

in America. She would see in America what she had hoped to see abroad.

Consequently, classical allusions appear throughout Summer on the Lakes. References to Shakespeare, Plotinus, Sophocles, Socrates, characters from Greek mythology -- all demonstrate her learning and her attempt to apply her classical knowledge to the western experience. "Every Caesar should be able to write his own commentary" (SL147). "As with the Greeks, beautiful legends grow up which express the aspects of various localities" (SL127). The Great Turtle of the Indians [Mackinac Island] is the "Apollo of the Indian Delphos" (SL107). "The whole scene suggested to me a Greek splendor, a Greek sweetness, and I can believe that an Indian brave, accustomed to ramble in such paths, and be bathed by such sunbeams, might be mistaken for Apollo" (SL33).

Yet Fuller sees that such references may be out of place in this new wilderness. The Illinois farm wives (like herself), she writes, "have a great deal to war with in the habits of thought acquired by their mothers from their own early life. Everywhere the fatal spirit of imitation, of reference to European standards, penetrates, and threatens to blight whatever of original growth might adorn the

soil" (SL39). She was later to write in her critical essay "American Literature":

What suits Great Britain, with her insular position and consequent need to concentrate and intensify her life, her limited monarchy, and spirit of trade, does not suit a mixed race, continually enriched with new blood from other stocks the most unlike that of our first descent, with ample field and verge enough to range in and leave every impulse free, and abundant opportunity to develop [sic] a genius, wide and full as our rivers, flowery, luxuriant and impassioned as our vast prairies, rooted in strength as the rocks on which the Puritan fathers landed.²⁰

Although she realizes that a new expression must be given to this new land, she finds herself limited in this new wilderness by her own classical education. While she uses classical imagery with which she is familiar to describe the new and unfamiliar, she realizes that it is somehow inadequate to deal with the unusual situation of prairie life.

This contradiction between the classical and romantic critical approach to both literature and experience had troubled her for several years, as evidenced by her first Dial essay of 1840, which considered critical standards for judging art.²¹ In this essay she gives no indication which approach she leans toward. But on the Illinois prairie in 1843 she sees firsthand the pitfalls of a classical

education which has rendered many of the settlers, particularly the women, unfit to deal with the new life they have:

They can dance, but not draw; talk French, but know nothing of the language of flowers; neither in childhood were allowed to cultivate them, lest they should tan their complexions. Accustomed to the pavement of Broadway, they dare not tread the wildwood paths for fear of rattlesnakes! (SL 39)

She sees that educational methods "copied from the education of some English Lady Augusta, are as ill suited to the daughter of an Illinois farmer, as satin shoes to climb the Indian mounds"(SL 39).

The pioneers carry with them pianos from the east "because it is the fashionable instrument in the eastern cities," but even there it is fashionable "merely from the habit of imitating Europe" (SL 40).

Fuller sees that guitar and voice would be much more appropriate to prairie life, but the pioneers are bound to "European standards" instead of accepting original standards growing out of the new soil.

Fuller hoped that a synthesis of the two polar approaches could be reached, according to an essay she developed after her journey west. "In the golden age to which we are ever looking forward, these two [critical] tendencies will be harmonized. The highest sense of fulfilled excellence will be found to consist with

the largest appreciation of every sign of life."²² For her, the ideal life was one in which art and life could be united. That time lay in the future. In the present was still a disjunction between the two.

In her own life there was a disjunction between her life in America and the European culture she desired. She expressed this feeling to Sam Ward:

It is now ten years, since I was forced to abandon the hope of going [to Europe]. . . . At every step I have missed the culture I sought in going, for with me it [was] no scheme of pleasure but the means of needed development. It was what I wanted after my painful youth, and what I was ready to use and be nourished by. (LME IV:192).

Fuller had always been aware of what she called an "incongeniality with my time and place" (Mem. I:149). She felt that European culture -- British, Italian, German -- was her proper milieu but was frustrated because she knew that she would likely never be able to go to the place of her "heart's desire." Her onerous familial obligations conflicted with her zeal for learning and travel. She felt locked in. There seemed to be no escape from the loneliness, the overwork, the failed relationships. To her best friend Cary Sturgis she wrote, "What a poor first sketch this life is, -- all torn and thrown aside too. Were it not for the muse who peeps in, now and

then, at the window, how lonely here at home!" (LME II:241). And to Cary she also confided her depression: "I begin to be really depressed and feel as I would not have my foe feel. The price of our grains of ambrosia is here so painfully coined, so slowly doled out. And how much, how much of this sort of pain I must look forward to in the future" (LME II:211). She had wished for love and felt that she might never know it. "Can no soul know me wholly? Shall I never know the deep delight of gratitude to any but the All-Knowing?" (LME II:171). "I have not lived my own life, neither loved my own love, my strength, my sympathies have been given to others, their lives are my aims," she wrote to George T. Davis, her distant cousin, with whom she had been in love in her late twenties (LME III:104).

She had sacrificed her own desires to care for her family. To her younger brother Richard she wrote, "It will be many years yet, before you can appreciate the conflicts of my mind, as I doubted whether to give up all which my heart desired for a path for which I had no skill, and no call, except that some one must tread it, and none else was ready" (LME III:86). But while most ordinary people might have buckled under the responsibilities and what seemed to be a depressing future because of such high hopes dashed, Fuller was

remarkably resilient. "The last leaves of October, dull, faded, drenched with black rain, yet scorn them not, for on the bank where they are strewed forlorn, the violet shall peep forth in a more genial season!" (LME II:176), she wrote to William Channing. She was ever willing to see the promise of spring. Such optimism in the face of difficulty was characteristic of Fuller.²³

Her invitation to travel in the West was an enticement she could not resist; it would provide a needed opportunity to see the world from a different perspective and to examine and alter her life. "A change of air and scene I surely need," she wrote to Sarah Clarke a few weeks before embarking on the trip (LME III:123). Her descriptions in Summer on the Lakes reflect her joy, at times even rapture, at being released from the burdens that plagued her in the East and set free in this new landscape.

Add to this the finest weather, and such country as I had never seen, even in my dreams, although these dreams had been haunted by wishes for just such a one, and you may judge whether years of dullness might not, by these bright days, be redeemed, and a sweetness be shed over all thoughts of the West" (SL23).

She had gone to the West, she wrote, "prepared for the distaste" she would feel at its "mushroom growth" (SL18) and its desecration of

the natural landscape. Some parts of the West indeed bore out her fears. But for the most part, particularly on the Illinois prairies, she felt a rebirth and a growing understanding that any new form of life, however unnatural it first might seem, must be looked at "by its own standard" (SL22) and not measured against any other. She learned on this trip to accept and adapt to that which actually exists. Thus, when she cites classical allusions to compare a new sight with an old, she is not merely attempting to "display [her] rich stores of knowledge" and give off an "air of pedantry."²⁴ She is synthesizing the images in her mind and realizing that for her both the past and the present, the actual and the ideal can be compatible.

She had come to that realization in the months before the trip when she had composed "The Great Lawsuit: Man versus Men; Woman versus Women," her well-known Dial essay, published while she was on her western journey. Her unusual title had expressed the same dichotomy: ideal (Man and Woman as two necessary halves of a whole) versus actual (men and women). While men and women must always strive for the ideal, they must see how their actions have caused them to fall short of perfection. Then they must seek to remedy their imperfections. "Whatever the soul knows how to seek,

it must attain."²⁵

With this attitude fresh in her mind, she began her journey to the West, describing with what Poe called "unrivalled . . . graphicality" the sights she took in. If she introduced into her descriptions touches that seemed irrelevant, it was because "her subjectiveness" led her "to paint a scene less by its features than by its effects"²⁶ or, as Emerson would say, to paint on the natural landscape what really existed in her own soul. Fuller admits early in the book that her own account is as valid as anyone else's. "For all greatness affects different minds, each in 'its own particular kind,' and the variations of testimony mark the truth of feeling" (SL7).

During this summer, a mixture of external stimuli, thoughts, and literature worked within her mind to create a deeper understanding of her self. Fuller was seeking self-actualization, wholeness, and integration of the disparate elements of her personality. The fact that she had separated herself from the familiar environment of the East and had gone into the natural wildness of the West, spending much time alone, allowed her to become aware of her deepest needs and feelings. The solitude of the

Harvard library the next year afforded her additional time to reflect on what had transpired during her journey. It was a time of self-discovery and self-realization leading to decisions about her career, her personal relationships, and her political beliefs. It affected her writing and her focus thereafter.

Such soul searching is necessarily lonely. "I have felt the want of companionship" (LME III:140), she wrote from Chicago in August. The quest for self-knowledge, which Harold Bloom sees as the chief goal of the romantic journey, had to be experienced alone. As Thoreau was to have the solitude of Walden, so Fuller had her time of solitude and reflection away from the pressures that had been plaguing her. She grew physically healthier, as she announced in several letters that fall, but she was mentally and spiritually refreshed as well from the experience. It was completely unlike the later hectic journey she would take to Europe, where she complained of getting little sleep in the whirlwind of social activity. Here on the Great Lakes in 1843, Fuller at last had the opportunity to get to know herself and to bridge the gap between her inner and outer worlds. Those who have the imagination to make this leap "invest the external world with meaning because they disown neither the

world's objectivity nor their own subjectivity."²⁷

Fuller's change of attitude after the trip had been facilitated by the change in scenery and by the solitude she allowed herself the following fall and winter. It had been a retreat preparing her for subsequent action, allowing her to review her accomplishments and failures and to consider her possibilities. When such a retreat is experienced, "some kind of rearrangement or sorting-out process often occurs within the mind which brings with it a sense of peace; a sense that the depths of the well of truth have really been reached."²⁸ After her trip she wrote, "I am much better able to meet out ward perplexities without violation of inner peace" (LME III:150). Her thoughts were now crystallized; she had developed the self-integrity and self-reliance Emerson had preached. Ironically, her newfound psychological integrity was to lead her away from Emerson and into a new world of ideas and action.

Evidence that such an awareness was changing her can be found in a dialogue Fuller imagines in Summer on the Lakes occurring between herself (whom she calls "Free Hope") and a thinly-disguised Emerson (whom she calls "Self-Poise"). Fuller had become increasingly dissatisfied with Emerson's inability to respond to her

passion for living, as Chevigny has demonstrated. Fuller parodies Emerson in her dialogue. Self-Poise exclaims: "all is in each" and "the ordinary contains the extraordinary." He advises benignly, "Sit at home and the spirit-world will look in at your window with moonlit eyes; run out to find it, and rainbow and golden cup will have vanished and left you the beggarly child you were" (SL81). It is wiser, he advises, to be prudent, to reject more than we accept, to hold oneself upright and do one's chores. "I think, indeed, it is part of our lesson to give a formal consent to what is farcical, and to pick up our living and our virtue amid what is so ridiculous, hardly deigning a smile, and certainly not vexed" (SL81). In Fuller's portrait of Emerson, he appears to be a moral and righteous man but certainly no risk taker. He prefers to "sit at home" in the midst of what is often ridiculous, yet he has little sense of the humor involved.

Free Hope Fuller responds that she respects his point of view but does not find in his theory or his scope "room enough for the lyric inspirations, or the mysterious whispers of life. To me it seems that it is madder never to abandon oneself, than often to be infatuated, better to be wounded, a captive, and a slave, than always

to walk in armor" (SL81). One should allow himself the freedom to "wander vagrant" and use one's fancy. Fuller indicates that Emerson wears protective emotional armor. To the man who wrote, "Write Whim on every doorpost," she was conveying the message that he needed to write the word himself and indulge in fancy. She was judging her mentor now by standards which she was developing for herself, perhaps more Goethean than Transcendentalist.

It is clear that Self-Poise is intended to be Emerson, although Fuller never identifies him as such, for this interchange between Free Hope and Self-Poise is mirrored in a letter which Fuller wrote to Emerson in July of 1844, shortly before she left New England. The letter expresses once again Fuller's frustration with Emerson's lack of involvement, his constant substitution of rhetoric for action, of exhortation for experience:

Heaven help thee, my Druid! if this blessed, brooding rainy day do not. It is a fine day for composition were it not in Concord. But I trow the fates which gave this place Concord took away the animating influences of Discord. Life here slumbers and steals on like the river. A very good place for a sage, but not for the lyrist or the orator. . . But, Waldo, how can you expect the Muse to come to you. She hovers near. I have seen her several times, especially near night. Sometimes she looks in at your study windows when she can get the chance, for they are almost always shut. . . . (LME III:213-14).

Fuller has obviously decided that Emerson does not have the wish to become as involved with life (or her) as she wishes to be. He has inspired her in the past, but he cannot live out his own theories as dynamically as she feels she must, and she is now ready to move on. Her poem of July 1844, included in her letter to him, bitterly mocks his sedate and cold attitude toward her and others. Perhaps she is attempting to jar him out of his complacency; in any case, in this verse she is venting some of her disappointment that he has not responded to her as she wished. The muse asks:

. . . "has my song,
 My most creative, poised and long
 Genius-unfolding song
 No existence of its own?--
 Have I no eternal throne
 Deeper based than Fate?
 I thought mine a state
 Permanent as Truth,
 Self-renewing Youth!"
 "It *seemed* so," quoth he
 "But there's no Eternity
 Except Identity."
 "I dont know what you mean," she cries
 "But this I feel
 At your cool replies
 On my just now so clear eyes
 Sad films steal;
 And in my dry throat
 Rises no clear note;
 And each wing
 To my cold side begins to cling;

I must away
 Where the day
 With many-colored ray
 But now an aspect gave
 To the worlds, more fair
 Than they show in this cave,
 Shut from the living air;
 Dont lure me here again with your
 sweet smile
 As the sweet herbs that on the mountain
 grow
 Allure the chamois to the path of toil
 And to the clefts beguile
 Through which he falls into the caves below
 Where in age-treasured snow buried!--
 He yields his breath,
 Quite unconvinced that life no better is than
 Death" (LME III:215-16)

Although this letter and poem were written in July 1844, two months after the publication of Summer on the Lakes, they echo the sentiments that Fuller was expressing in the Self-Poise/Free Hope debate she had been writing that winter. The July letter is a final farewell to the frustration that had been building in her for several years over this relationship. She indicates in this poem that she is like the natural creature the chamois, who might be lured to her death in frozen snow by Emerson's "sweet smile." She finds Concord stifling, not a good place for a poet. In 1844 she was to move on to New York, being resigned to the knowledge that Emerson's natural reticence and contemplative life-style were not what her soul was

craving after all. She needed more opportunity to express her natural energy and creativity than could be found in Concord. "You are intellect, I am life!" was her comment to him.

In the Summer on the Lakes dialogue she announces that experience is the great teacher. One must take risks. She contrasts the lofty position of Self-Poise, who stands on the snowy peaks, "where the atmosphere is rare, where you can see the sky nearer, from which you can get a commanding view of the landscape" (SL81), such a view as Emerson had propounded in Nature, with her own view:

I had rather walk myself through all kinds of places, even at the risk of being robbed in the forest, half drowned at the ford, and covered with dust in the street. . . . I would beat with the living heart of the world, and understand all the moods, even the fancies or fantasies, of nature. I dare to trust to the interpreting spirit to bring me out all right at last -- to establish truth through error. . . . Let me stand in my age with all its waters flowing round me. If they sometimes subdue, they must finally upbear me, for I seek the universal -- and that must be the best" (SL82).

This is Margaret Fuller's manifesto, one she is deciding upon to determine the course of her life during this transitional summer. This is an astonishingly optimistic and courageous passage, "heroic" in the romantic tradition. She wishes to "beat with the living heart

of the world"; this metaphor, used in many variations in this book, indicates her energy, vitality, power, and determination. She wishes to take risks, not just to stand on a mountaintop observing, as she perceives Emerson as doing. She wants to expose herself to danger "if need be" in order to experience nature in all its moods -- even its fancies and whims. She is confident that the life spirit will bear her up, that the truth will prevail, to bring her "out all right at last." Such a positive, impassioned declaration of purpose in the wake of disappointment was characteristic of Fuller. This is the general mood and spirit of the book and it leads one away from the conclusion that the book is "sad," as Brownson maintained. There is melancholy in Summer on the Lakes, as there is in most romantic writing, but overcoming that melancholy is a resolution and momentum that can only be seen as triumphant.

She is not bitter toward Emerson. He is "greatly wise" and "ever respected by me." Nonetheless, she must leave him behind when she ventures into the world. She is resolved to do this and declares her reasons: he stands in the way of the freedom of his followers. She believes he needs a broader understanding of others' vocations and that he needs to be more sympathetic of individual differences. She

announces in this dialogue that she would hold Self-Poise (Emerson) in complete reverence if he had "more of love, or more of apprehensive genius" (SL82). But as it is, she says, she must oppose him because he tends, by his influence, to stand in the way and exclude others from the "full, free life" (SL82). Her closing words in the dialogue with Self-Poise indicate her frustration with his aloofness and judgmental nature: "We must be content when you censure, and rejoiced when you approve; always admonished to good by your whole being, and sometimes by your judgment" (SL82-83). She is not going to be so admonished again, for she feels capable of making her own decisions independent of his censure or approval, although he will always stand for her as an example of goodness. But during this summer and the writing of the book, she has become less dependent on Emerson's reactions and influence and has decided to move on, perhaps because she knows that he cannot be what she wants him to be, that he cannot respond to her in the way she wishes him to respond. He is the good man he has always been to her, but she has come to realize that he is not as passionate or demonstrative as she is. She is petulant about this realization at times, but the important thing is that she has realized the truth of

their relationship and knows that it is time to move on. Changing Emerson was a useless cause and an unrealistic one. The dialogue in Summer on the Lakes indicates this change in attitude.

Other asides and observations Fuller makes in the course of her book also underscore the spiritual journey that underlay her decision to make a break with Emerson and Concord. Much of what she observes on this trip relates to this life-decision. What appear to be digressions, then, are actually meaningful revelations of Fuller's resolution to get on with her life, to enter a new phase, to take risks.

Another passage that reveals this new resolve can be found in Fuller's description of her visit to Milwaukee with Sarah Clarke. During her stay in Milwaukee, Fuller delights in the beautiful red roses that grow wild in this area. The redness of the roses reminds her of the story of Venus flying to the assistance of Adonis and being wounded. The story of Venus and Adonis reminds her of Titian's painting of the scene, which she remembers for its "perfect balance." She gives a description of the painting: Adonis is leaving Venus for a moment, giving "an unmeaning promise" (SL69) to return, while Venus is trying to hold on to Adonis. Fuller comments that it

is difficult to see this picture without indignation because it is "so true."

Why must women always try to detain and restrain what they love? . . . let him go; it is thy tenderness that has spoiled him. Be less lovely -- less feminine; abandon thy fancy for giving thyself wholly. . . But let him go this time; thou canst not keep him. Sit there, by thyself, on that bank, and, instead of thinking how soon he will come back, think how thou may'st love him no better than he does thee, for the time has come (SL70).

While on the surface the insertion of this story of Venus and Adonis appears to be an utter, though interesting, digression from Fuller's description of Milwaukee, it reveals her frame of mind at this time. When one is preoccupied with a thought, it surfaces easily. Fuller is at this time mulling over her relationship with Emerson and Concord. The time of decision has come: Fuller must also go ahead with her life. She describes herself as sitting alone on the banks of Lake Michigan, "to dream my dreams and watch the colors of the lake, changing hourly, till the sun sank. These hours yielded impulses, wove webs, such as life will not again afford" (SL103). Was she thinking through the advice she had given to Venus, also sitting on a bank: "think how thou may'st love him no better than he does thee, for the time has come" (SL70)? As to the meaning of the digression,

she had given her readers a suggestion: "It . . . tells its story at the first glance, though, like all beautiful works, it gains by study" (SL69).

Fuller's poetic impression of the West does provide colorful information about her external journey, and to that extent it is a "typical" travel guide. But, more significantly, Summer on the Lakes, in 1843 gives careful readers her interior itinerary as well, and her impressions were like no one else's, for, as Poe believed, "there are not more than one or two dozen Miss Fullers on the whole face of the earth."²⁹ Because her decisions and critical perspective following this trip exhibit a divergence from her earlier path (that is, her alliance with Emerson and Concord), this book is an account of the important spiritual journey Margaret Fuller took during the summer of 1843.

CHAPTER THREE

MISUNDERSTOOD AND OPPRESSED

Fuller's growing determination to ameliorate conditions of the misunderstood and oppressed of the world is another aspect of her personality developed through her writing Summer on the Lakes. Writing about the downtrodden was one way to raise social consciousness about them. According to Arthur Fuller, Summer on the Lakes is additional evidence that his sister's sympathies lay in that direction. "The friends of Madame Ossoli will be glad to make permanent this additional proof of her sympathy with all the oppressed, no matter whether that oppression find embodiment in the Indian or the African, the American or the European."¹ Because she drowned before returning to America, one can only speculate what her involvement might have been in the women's rights and abolition movements, but it is clear in Summer on the Lakes that she was making decisions about easing the pain of others.

Eventually she became involved in the Italian political

revolution as a means of alleviating the oppression of a people she had come to love. Although several critics have suggested that in order to become politically involved Fuller first had to "outgrow" her transcendentalism, Julie Ellison maintains, correctly I believe, that "the whole range of Fuller's cultural and political commitments throughout her life operates within the dynamics of romanticism."² She argues that Fuller's eventual radicalism is romantic: her romantic subjectivity "organized" her perspective on history. In other words, in her Italian political activity she was changing the focus of her romanticism from a personal to a collective enactment of her own aspirations, but she was still decidedly romantic. She had not made an uncharacteristic and sudden departure into radical socialism, as Reynolds seems to suggest;³ she had changed direction and was focusing less on art and literature, which she found increasingly to be "abstractions,"⁴ and more on national character and historical involvement as a means of working toward the ideal of brotherhood and equality. Hudspeth agrees that while Fuller's focus had changed, her philosophy of life was essentially the same. "Though it is convenient to talk of a 'progression' in

Fuller's career, in fact she made modifications of a point of view that remained remarkably constant," he notes in his Preface (LME I:46).

From an early age she had felt compassion for creatures abused by society, considered odd, or shunned for some reason. When she was nine she wrote to her father, "We have had a dreadful snowstorm today. I never look around the room and behold all the comforts with which Heaven has blessed me without thinking of those *wretched* creatures who are wandering in all the snow without food or shelter" (LME I:94). She added that she knew of a poor woman in Boston to whom she would like to give the dollar she earned for reading The Deserted Village. "I . . . desire nothing but the pleasure of giving it to her" (LME I:95). One year before her trip west she reminisced about her lonely adolescent years in Groton:

There the heart was awakened to sympathize with the ignorant, to pity the vulgar, and hope for the seemingly worthless, for a need was felt of realizing the only reality, the divine soul of this visible creation, which cannot err and will not sleep, which cannot permit evil to be permanent or its aim of beauty to be eventually frustrated in the smallest particular. (LME III:86).

She had felt loneliness, unhappiness, and frustration and thus identified with any oppressed creature. The only reality was the "divine

soul," restlessly vigilant on behalf of goodness and beauty. She needed to be part of this process.

One of Fuller's first lengthy "digressions" in Summer on the Lakes appears to be irrelevant without an understanding of her profound interest in the oppressed. She remarks in Chapter II that her thoughts had been dwelling on a story she heard from a fellow passenger on the boat off Detroit. The story told of one Captain P., a man of "fine manners and dignified character" (SL15) who had married a vulgar woman much beneath his station, probably because he was doing penance for "an hour of passion" (SL17). The man was ashamed of his wife's alcoholism and insulting behavior but did not attempt to check her. "P. sat, . . . his head bowed down and perfectly silent all through, whatever might be done or whoever be present, and always his aspect has inspired such sympathy that no person has questioned him or resented her insults" (SL17). This noble man endured his sadness with dignity and silence. Fuller's taking time to tell this story in the midst of her itinerary shows how profoundly moved she was by the silent endurance of suffering nobility. Not to complain or protest in the face of hardship or abuse was to Fuller worthy of respect.⁵

A similar story appears in the first chapter of Summer on the Lakes, where she notes her anger upon seeing an eagle chained as a pet. The bird reminds her of a tortured eagle she had seen in a museum during her childhood.

The people used to poke at it with sticks, and my childish heart would swell with indignation as I saw their insults, and the mien with which they were borne by the monarch-bird. Its eye was dull, and its plumage soiled and shabby, yet, in its form and attitude, all the king was visible, though sorrowful and dethroned. (SL6)

She remembers that upon seeing this silent, dignified bird so degraded she had been filled with "the Byronic 'silent rages' of misanthropy" (SL6). Her sympathetic comments about the abused bird and her admiration for his silence and dignity in suffering are to most readers perhaps an interesting though insignificant aside unless one sees that they reveal her tender heart, her anger at men for their cruelty, and her admiration for long-suffering and silent dignity.

Her own identification with a wounded eagle can be seen in a letter she wrote to Jane Tuckerman in 1838. Describing to Tuckerman a particularly sad time of her life when she had felt "the weight of deceived friendship, domestic discontent, and bootless

love" (LME I:347) and foresaw only "as painful a future" (LMF I:347), she compared herself with an eagle:

At this time I never had any consolation, except in long, solitary walks, and my meditations then were so far aloof from common life that on my return, my fall was like that of the eagle which the sportsman's hand calls bleeding from his lofty flight to stain the earth with his blood. (LME I:347)

Her fascination with the eagle as a symbol of nobility continued in Summer on the Lakes. The poem she had composed on the Fourth of July atop "The Eagle's Nest," a high bluff on the Illinois prairie, was entitled "Ganymede to His Eagle." It expressed the fervent prayer of Ganymede the Youth for a visitation from the noble bird of Jove, the eagle. Here the suffering narrator is Ganymede, whom the eagle seems to have forgotten. The narrator declares that he and the eagle have both been chosen as servants of Jove: the bird as the messenger of Jove and he as the servant who tends the spring "Which slakes the thirst of bards to whom 'tis given" (SL35). He bemoans the fact that the eagle has been gone too long while he has waited faithfully for its return. He prays that the eagle will bear him up to the "serene heights" where he will find "the highest ministry" and achieve rapture as a reward for his

fidelity. If Fuller is identifying with Ganymede in this poem, she then appears to be expressing her desire to be caught up into the ideal, yet she clearly sees herself as fulfilling a high office along with the eagle: as an attendant and faithful servant of God. The eagle motif touched a chord in Fuller that was often sounded: that of a noble, faithful character wounded but suffering in silence.

This same theme appears in Fuller's story of Mariana, one her brother Arthur deleted in his edition for the sake of "unity." Even Fuller's earliest biographers took this story to be autobiographical.⁶ Fuller inserts the Mariana story in Summer on the Lakes after her account of an excursion on the prairie with William and Sarah Clarke. She had just returned to the hotel in Chicago, where she claims she happened to see the aunt of an old boarding school acquaintance, Mariana, who, Fuller is sad to learn, is now deceased. Weaving together fact and fiction, Fuller describes Mariana as a "strange bird. . . , a young swallow that could not make for itself a summer"(SL81).

In boarding school Mariana, like "the spinning dervishes of the East," was always wishing to be the center of attention. Best able to express her personality in theatrical productions at the school,

Mariana often won the principal part. She found the custom of wearing stage make-up delightful and after a performance would continue to wear it. Irritated at her eccentricity and attention-getting tactics, the other girls played a practical joke on Mariana one evening: at dinner every girl at the table wore a bright circle of rouge on each cheek in mockery of the histrionic Mariana. Though during the meal Mariana pretended indifference, after dinner she went to her room and threw herself on the floor in strong convulsions.

She had ruled, like a queen, in the midst of her companions; she had shed her animation through their lives, and loaded them with prodigal favors, nor once suspected that a powerful favorite might not be loved. Now, she felt that she had been but a dangerous plaything in the hands of those whose hearts she never had doubted" (SL54).

After this incident, Mariana was a changed creature. She could not understand why all of the girls had been against her. "What, not one, not a single one, in the hour of trial, to take my part?" she wondered (SL54). In retaliation, she became a "genius of discord" among her fellow students. Eventually the girls complained to the headmistress about Mariana's calumny and falsehood, charges "alas, too well-founded" (SL56). Confronted, Mariana shut herself in her

room, unable to eat or sleep. In her soul she had begun to realize the baseness and cruelty of her lies and the loveliness of truth, but she felt that it was too late to change her ways until a compassionate teacher told her a personal experience she had never shared with anyone. The commiseration of her favorite young teacher changed Mariana's life profoundly. She was "as one who has passed through the valley of death" (SL57). She asked the forgiveness of her schoolmates and vowed never to betray the truth or resent injury again in her life.

Phraseology such as "the valley of death" may seem excessive to a modern reader and may indicate to some Fuller's overblown sense of her own worth, but it may rather indicate the spiritual change in the young woman that she could only express in traditional religious language. She had truly died to her old ways; in that sense she had been in the "valley of death" and had re-emerged a new person. If indeed such a conversion experience did occur, and it seems to have been a real turning point in Fuller's life, such language is not overdone or merely for the sake of drama. While it is true that Fuller took herself seriously, she also had a fine sense of humor and an ability to poke fun at herself if the

occasion arose. (The sober Emerson once complained, "I remember that she made me laugh more than I liked.")

The story of Mariana continues with an account of Mariana's unhappy marriage to a man who loved business more than he loved his wife.⁷ Ultimately she died from a fever brought on by loneliness and despair. Fuller includes a sentimental poem of Mariana's about the heartache of unrequited love and remarks that a man in similar circumstances would never have written such a poem:

He would not have needed to seek, he would have been called by life, and not permitted to be quite wrecked through the affections only. But such women as Mariana are often lost, unless they meet some man of sufficiently great soul to prize them" (SL64).

That this story is autobiographical is indicated in a letter Fuller wrote in January 1830 at the age of nineteen to Miss Prescott, the young headmistress of the Prescott school for girls which Fuller had attended for two years during adolescence:

You need not fear to revive painful recollections. I often think of those sad experiences. True, they agitate me deeply. But it was best so. They have had a powerful effect on my character. I tremble at whatever looks like dissimulation. The remembrance of that evening subdues a very proud, passionate impulse. My beloved supporter in

those sorrowful hours, your image shines as fair to my mind's eye as it did in 1825, when I left you with my heart overflowing with gratitude for your singular and judicious tenderness. Can I ever forget that to your treatment in that crisis of youth I owe the true life, -- the love of Truth and Honor? (LME I:160).

It is interesting to speculate about why Fuller includes this obviously autobiographical tale in her travel book, one passage cut by brother Arthur in his At Home and Abroad edition of Summer on the Lakes. The story of Mariana reveals Fuller's concern for truth. She feels it necessary at this point in Summer on the Lakes to explain the development of her personality as well as her motivation for a lifetime of dedication to the truth. Never afterward false to anyone, she told the truth, even though it might offend. After her death many friends gave moving testimony of her dedication to truth, though she also had a reputation for being somewhat blunt and occasionally tactless.⁸ Sarah Clarke, artistic companion of the 1843 summer trip, commented upon her friend's devotion to the truth:

In looking for the causes of the great influence possessed by Margaret Fuller over her pupils, companions, and friends, I find something in the fact of her unusual truth-speaking power. She not only did not speak lies after our foolish social customs, but she met you fairly. She broke her

lance upon your shield. . . . Her eye pierced through your disguises. . . . And then began the delight of true intercourse. Though she spoke rudely searching words, and told you startling truths, though she broke down your little shams and defenses, you felt exhilarated by the compliment of being found out, and even that she had cared to find you out.⁹

William Henry Channing, one of Fuller's friends and biographers in the Memoirs along with Emerson and James Freeman Clarke, wrote that Fuller at first appeared too intense to him but that soon he was charmed by her qualities:

. . . soon I was charmed, unaware, with the sagacity of her sallies, the profound thoughts carelessly dropped by her on transient topics, the breadth and richness of culture manifested in her allusions or quotations, her easy comprehension of new views, her just discrimination, and, above all, her *truthfulness*. "Truth at all cost," was plainly her ruling maxim. This it was that made her criticism so trenchant, her contempt of pretence [sic] so quick and stern, her speech so naked in frankness, her gaze so searching, her whole attitude so alert. Her estimates of men, books, manners, events, art, duty, destiny, were moulded after a grand ideal; and she was a severe judge from the very loftiness of her standard. (Mem. II:7)

The Mariana story was a thinly disguised confessional narrative which helped Fuller make sense of her youthful experience from the vantage point of time. Rather than admitting the story was about herself, Fuller constructed a narrative about a "friend"

she once knew. Such narratives help us to "assess cause and effect in a pattern of significance, to relate ourselves to a sense of purpose, to claim a shared reality with other people, and to identify a specificity and a continuity of self through memory. In short, we use the process of creating narrative shape to identify our place in the world."¹⁰

It is significant that during her summer of self-appraisal this particular story would occur to her. If as Joanne Frye suggests, one redefines the past "in order to find in it a different path to the present and hence the future,"¹¹ the Mariana story is more important than her brother or other critics and editors have realized. By narrating the Mariana incident, Fuller was assessing the importance of the event and defining herself in the process. The event was in her memory a powerful and significant one which had formed her character. Stressing once again the value of the inner journey, Fuller reached within for an appraisal of her own experience, coyly calling herself "Mariana" but fooling few.

Fuller's recollections and replays of epiphanies are extremely important if one intends to learn the inner landscape of Fuller. Memory functions "both to shape the personal paradigms by

which she orders and organizes present experience and to supply different information when she restructures her temporal paradigms for examining past experience."¹² For the Mariana story to be placed in the middle of Summer on the Lakes seemed odd to many readers, but its inclusion in the book was important to Fuller. It reveals Fuller's focus on self-discovery during this pivotal period of her life and is a promise to her public that she focused on the truth and meant to tell it always. Such an obviously unfeigned devotion to truth underscores the sincerity and veracity of Summer on the Lakes.

Fuller's addition of the fictitious outcome of Mariana's life is primarily an empathetic comment on the oppression of women. The character of Sylvain, Mariana's unattentive husband, was "only a suggested picture," she wrote to William Channing (LME III:199). The name she had taken from dancer James Sylvain, who had performed with the famous Austrian dancer Fanny Elssler in Boston in 1840 and 1841. Fuller wrote of seeing the two perform:

In the bridal dance, after movements of a birdlike joy, and overflowing sweetness, when he comes forward, she retires with a proud, timid grace, so beautiful; it said 'see what a man I am happy enough to love'. And then came forward this well-

taught dancer, springing and pirouetting without one tint of genius, one ray of soul; it was very painful and symbolized much, far more than I have expressed with Sylvain and Mariana" (LME III:199).

The pain of watching an exquisite female performer defer to a less-talented male simply because of his gender was excruciating to Fuller. In the story of Mariana, she takes the situation out of the realm of dance and puts it into the sphere of marriage. At the end of the story of Mariana and Sylvain, Mariana dies of a broken heart. It is difficult to understand why a woman with the spirit and fire of a Mariana would pine away. On the other hand, this may have been the only outcome for a woman of feeling and talent during the nineteenth century, for subordination of one's personality is a kind of living death. According to Carolyn Heilbrun, a woman's decision to die may be "the ultimate room of one's own."¹³ Death is the "quintessential privacy"; it was in the nineteenth century perhaps the only part of a woman's life she could control. She could "at least choose to die."¹⁴ This would seem a somewhat negative assertion of personality, the ultimate self-defeating behavior done under the guise of self-assertion. One thing is certain: Fuller was reminding herself and her audience of what might happen to the intelligent woman who builds her life around an independent man and subordi-

nates her will and abilities to his. It would lead to the death of the spirit if not the body.

In both Summer on the Lakes and Woman in the Nineteenth Century, Fuller continued to be troubled by this problem of the subordination and oppression of women, an oppression which she had felt herself. One change made in her "Great Lawsuit" essay following her trip west was the addition of a quotation by Madame Necker, cousin of the woman to whom Fuller was often compared, Madame de Staël:

The lot of Woman is sad. She is constituted to expect and need a happiness that cannot exist on earth. She must stifle such aspirations within her secret heart, and fit herself, as well as she can, for a life of resignations and consolations. She will be very lonely while living with her husband. She must not expect to open her heart to him fully, or that, after marriage, he will be capable of the refined service of love. The man is not born for the woman, only the woman for the man. "Men cannot understand the hearts of women." The life of Woman must be outwardly a well-intentioned, cheerful dissimulation of her real life (WNC 159).

Observations she had made on her journey about the lot of the oppressed prairie wives focused on the inequity between male and female and underscored the feeling of oppression Fuller herself had always felt. She notes that the male settlers had made the decision

to move to Illinois, not their wives, "and the women follow, as women will, doing their best for affection's sake, but too often in heartsickness and weariness" (SL38). The strength of the male settlers was greater. In addition, the men could find assistance in the fields and recreation in hunting and fishing. The lot of the women was harder. They were not fit for this difficult life. The work load was overwhelming.

The women can rarely find any aid in domestic labor. All its various and careful tasks must often be performed, sick or well, by the mother and daughters, to whom a city education has imparted neither the strength nor skill now demanded. (SL38)

When they could leave their housework, they had not learned any recreational sports. "The culture has too generally been that given to women to make them 'the ornaments of society'" (SL39). In Wisconsin Fuller made the same observations about women. She noted that while the men went off hunting and fishing, the women had to stay behind to do the "dull work" (SL72). The women "found their labors disproportioned to their strength, if not to their patience; and, while their husbands and brothers enjoyed the country in hunting or fishing, they found themselves confined to a comfortless and laborious indoor life" (SL72). She expressed the

same idea in a letter to Emerson in August:

These foreign women, however, I rejoice to see do not suffer as our Eastern women do; they have, for the most part, been brought up to work in the open air and have better constitutions, but all the Eastern women say "oh it is well for the men, who enjoy their hunting and fishing, but for us, we have every thing to bear and no time or health to enjoy or learn" (LME III:138).

She found only one woman, an English settler, who was contented, "the only one I heard of out there" (SL72). But this woman admitted that "she had seen so much suffering in her own country that the hardships of this seemed as nothing to her" (SL72).

Annette Kolodny sees in this portion of Fuller's book a "captivity narrative" of a different sort. No longer was the Indian the captor, no longer was the wilderness landscape the symbol of captivity. Now "the frontier home. . . stood as the place of imprisonment, with the small, dark, often windowless cabins isolating women from the fields without."¹⁵ These female settlers had more than likely been taken to the prairie against their own wishes to satisfy the wishes of the male. They were captives of their husbands and had no independent life or respite from their rigorous chores.

Although at this point in her life Fuller was not married and did

not expect to be, she identified with the oppression and discrimination experienced by these frontier wives, oppression she had felt during her lifetime for other reasons. Clearly a brilliant woman and far more knowledgeable than many of her male contemporaries, she nevertheless had suffered the slings and arrows directed toward women who did not follow the "normal" path in the nineteenth century. Whether she was completely aware of it or not, she was often the object of male scorn, as Marie Urbanski has noted. Since the death of her father she had spent her youth serving her family: mother, sister, and brothers were all dependent on her for financial support, encouragement, and advice. The sadness and loneliness brought about by these heavy burdens are evident in a letter to her cousin George T. Davis:

My father would often try to check my pride, or as he deemed it my *arrogance* of youthful hope and pride by a picture of the ills that might come on me, -- and all have come of which he spoke, sickness, poverty, the failure of ties and all my cherished plans. . . . I have not lived my own life, neither loved my own love, my strength, my sympathies have been given to others, their lives are my aims." (LME III:105)

She too had been the suffering servant of others. Consequently, she could and did sympathize with any other being who was

in misery. In Summer on the Lakes she reveals her compassion and understanding for women who were overworked and taken advantage of simply because of their fidelity and devotion to their husbands. Her observations that women were often unwilling captives of their husbands led her to exclaim in Woman in the Nineteenth Century,

I have urged on Woman independence of Man, not that I do not think the sexes mutually needed by one another, but because in Woman this fact has led to an excessive devotion, which has cooled love, degraded marriage, and prevented either sex from being what it should be to itself or the other (WNC175).

Much of Fuller's attention in Summer on the Lakes is focused on the oppression of the American Indians, females as well as males, as a minority group. She notes that the Indian women in particular are a sad lot. Not only are they as a native population subject to colonization and harsh treatment by an alien culture, but the women additionally, according to native custom, are taught to be completely submissive. They "accommodate themselves more or less to any posture" (SL111). Their lot is even more oppressive than that of the white prairie women, for they have little hope or education. "Perhaps they suffer less than their white sisters, who have more aspiration and refinement, with little power of self-

sustenance. But their place is certainly lower, and their share of the human inheritance less" (SL111).

Fuller quotes a British aristocrat, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who had said about Indian maidens, "Notwithstanding the life they lead, which would make most women rough and masculine, they are as soft, meek and modest, as the best brought up girls in England" (SL112). But despite her delicacy and her influence in the Indian domestic situation, the Indian woman occupied an inferior position to that of her husband. Fuller believed that the same held true for white women, who may have had moments of great power and influence in the home, but for the most part were not confident enough to assert their power on a daily basis except in very subtle ways.

Has the Indian, has the white woman, as noble a feeling of life and its uses, as religious a self-respect, as worthy a field of thought and action, as man? If not, the white woman, the Indian woman, occupies an inferior position to that of man. It is not so much a question of power, as of privilege. (SL113)

Madeleine B. Stern, an important biographer of Fuller, sees Fuller's interest in the American Indian as the primary focus of Summer on the Lakes.¹⁶ Although Fuller's interest in Indians had

indeed been longstanding, I do not see it as the "primary focus" of her book. It is rather another example of the oppression that she sees around her on her travels, and her sympathetic attitude foreshadows her later social action on behalf of the downtrodden.

In order to make a reliable statement about the plight of the Indian, Fuller did a great deal of reading before and after the trip. She includes in Summer on the Lakes critiques of the various accounts of Indians she has read, incurring the wrath of at least one contemporary critic, Rufus Griswold, who took offense at Fuller's preference for the stories of Mrs. Jameson over those of Mrs.

Schoolcraft:

The wife of the amiable and learned author [Schoolcraft] who is thus assailed, herself of the aboriginal race. . . wrote down and translated many of these myths and traditions, and it is amusing to see even her part of the work ranked on the score of fidelity below the few stories written out by Mrs. Jameson, who, however excellent as a critic of art, was here quite out of her depth -- almost as ignorant as Miss Fuller herself, who when this was composed had been about one week west of Buffalo, and had seen perhaps a dozen vagabond Indians across the streets of Detroit and Chicago.¹⁷

For many years Fuller had seen the Indian as a noble, long-suffering creature, much like the abused eagle she had admired for

his dignity and silence. Six years earlier, in November 1837, she had written a poem about the treatment of Indians. The occasion was Massachusetts governor Everett's welcome address to a deputation of Sauk (Sac) and Fox Indians from the Midwest. Fuller's poem, which she includes in Summer on the Lakes, praises Governor Everett's "dignified and courteous manner" (SL114) in receiving these "forest princes." She notes that although the Uncas were "idealized with skill" (by Cooper), people were beginning to weary of stories of "stoics of the wood" and "men without a tear" because of the many scribbling "poetasters" who had beaten the subject into the ground.

Fuller laments the fact that the Indian, once the "Samson" of the forests, had been shorn of his strength and must now beg for what was once his. She feels that the Indian is a dying breed: "His stately form shall soon be seen no more/ Through all his father's land, th' Atlantic shore" (SL115). In his "untouched grandeur" he silently stalks into the "busy cities," past "the marvels we have wrought" but is unimpressed, for he "knows the models from whence all was brought" since he had lived among the trees, "God's first temples."

Perhaps he sees that all this luxury
 Brings less food to the mind than to the eye;
 Perhaps a simple sentiment has brought
 More to him than your arts had ever taught.
 What are the petty triumphs Art has given,
 To eyes familiar with the naked heaven? (SL116)

She reports that a "well-dressed mob" turned out to see these Indians in Boston. The Indians were "majestical and calm through all" despite being a "raree show" for a "gaping crowd." The crowd could not deny their "noble forms and blameless symmetry." Condescendingly she remarks that even "If the Great Spirit their [the Indians'] morale has slighted,/ And wigwam smoke their mental culture blighted,/ Yet the physique, at least, perfection reaches" (SL117).

She seems resigned to the fact that the Indian is doomed:

An unimproving race, with all their graces
 And all their vices, must resign their places;
 And Human Culture rolls its onward flood
 Over the broad plains steeped in Indian blood.
 Such thoughts steady our faith; yet there will rise
 Some natural tears into the calmest eyes -- (SL117)

She seems at this point interested in the Indian as a "picturesque" artifact that "Shows us the fount of Romance is not wasted" (SL115).

For Fuller, the Indian was a noble savage, a romantic ruin, a

pitiful but enduring spectacle, such as the tortured eagle she had seen at Niagara. He was a creature of nature abused by a population that did not recognize his grandeur. By showing that she *does* recognize his nobility, she is setting herself apart from the "well-dressed mob." At this point she is aware of the Indians' loss of power but appears to be resigned to that loss and even somewhat in agreement with the government's stance. She does, however, believe in humane treatment of the Indian. Though the white man should divest the red man of his power, such divestment should be done with dignity and courtesy. It is Everett's manner that she is most proud of in this poem. The sound of his voice "would charm the ear,/ And lap in its Elysium all who hear" (SL117). His words were so well chosen that "we deem them spoken pearls, or radiant diamond dew" (SL117). She never until this event had admired oratorical skill so much, for Everett moved many to tears with his simple, "courtly" welcome to the Indians. She feels it was "the happiest attempt ever made to meet the Indian in his own way, and catch the tone of his mind" (SL118). "T was a fair scene -- and acted well by all" (SL118), she concludes.

In recalling this poem written six years earlier, Fuller notes

in Summer on the Lakes that she has not "found reason to change the sentiments expressed" therein (SL114). She copies the "admirable speech" of Governor Everett, a simply put welcome recognizing the brotherhood of all men. She feels that most white men do not have the capacity to put themselves into the Indians' place and understand that the Indians too had a meaningful culture. Whereas Gov. Everett was able to approach the Indians "with intelligence and tact," most white men approached them "with sordid rapacity," and the few missionaries who looked at them as "souls to be redeemed" were usually "intellectually too narrow, too straightly bound in sects or opinions" (SL119) to perceive how the Christian religion must appear to the Indian. "The Christ shown them by these missionaries, is to them but a new and more powerful Manito" [the Great Spirit of the Indians] (SL119).

Her purpose in focusing on the red man is not to plead his cause or change opinion. "I have no hope of liberalizing the missionary, of humanizing the sharks of trade, of infusing the conscientious drop into the flinty bosom of policy, of saving the Indian from immediate degradation, and speedy death," she writes (SL121).¹⁸

Yet, ere they depart, I wish there might be some masterly attempt to reproduce, in art or literature, what is proper to them, a kind of beauty and grandeur, which few of the every-day crowd have hearts to feel, yet which ought to leave in the world its monuments, to inspire the thought of genius through all ages. (SL121)

She is obviously not ready to campaign for Indian rights but is already building a memorial which can "inspire." A historian interested in the Indians should turn his eyes "to the greatness of the past, rather than the scanty promise of the future" (SL142). To that end, she hopes there will be a national institute "containing all the remains of the Indians" (SL143) so that one might have a collection of "genuine fragments, that will indicate as clearly their life, as a horse's head from the Parthenon the genius of Greece" (SL142).

Fuller's attitude toward the Indian is typical of the American romantic of the nineteenth century, who, according to Richard Slotkin, saw the Indian as a dispossessed frontier hero, the American version of Rousseau's noble savage. The American response to the Indian had undergone a change since the 1600's, when the Indian was seen as a devil-worshipping, cannibalistic destroyer. By the nineteenth century, the Indian was viewed by many as long-

suffering, noble, and in touch with nature. Slotkin notes that the plight of the Indian came to the attention of the American public only after he had been divested of most of his land and his rights, that is, when the Indian was no longer a threat to the white man's way of life. Then he could be treated with sympathy and compassion and elevated to a kind of heroic status among New England romantics. Since the Indian appeared to be "doomed," those who had read about him (but had neither had contact with him nor been threatened by him) imagined an appealingly "tragic" aura surrounding the Indian nations. Indian virtues were exaggerated, Indian vices downplayed. The red man was seen as a tragic victim of white man's greed, a symbol of a passing era, evidence that America had a "past." Speculation about the Indian "cast a charm of antiquity over a landscape bare of spectacular Roman ruins."¹⁹

The Indian thus became something of a literary device for the romantics. Whereas in ordinary life (outside fiction) writers expressed the same kind of disdain that Fuller's "female acquaintance" (probably her traveling companion Sarah Clarke) on Mackinac Island had expressed (i.e., How could Fuller "endure the dirt, the peculiar smell of the Indians, and their dwellings"? she wondered),

in their literature these writers elevated the Indian into an ideal representative of all virtues that Americans were seeking in the New World. It is clear that Fuller is doing just this in Summer on the Lakes. Though she herself expressed a repugnance for some of the habits of the Indians during her trip, she nevertheless exalts the Indian to the lofty position of wounded, silent noble throughout her book. For her the Indian became the Americanized version of the European heroic figure she had read about so often in German literature.

One of the important lessons that can be learned from the Indian, according to Fuller, is their sympathy with their natural landscape, a sympathy which she believed the white settlers filling the West did not have. Fuller compliments the Indians' selections of the proper environment for locating their settlements. They not only chose "the most beautiful sites" (SL29) but also made certain not to destroy the natural environment or change the character of the landscape. Fuller laments that most of the white settlers do not have this same sympathy with the natural landscape and foresees a day when the "natural expression" of the country will consequently be obliterated. She prophesies that anyone who does not feel the

greatness of the Indian "will never duly appreciate the majesty of nature in this American continent" (SL153). Fuller thinks of the comment of one settler who begrudged a nostalgic Indian's longing look at his former home: "They ought not to be permitted to drive away *our* game" (SL72). She responds with indignation, "OUR game -- just heavens!" What filled her with compassion had not touched the usurping settler. It was this "rapacity" and hardness of heart that had led to what Fuller saw as the inevitable doom of the red man.

In order to study the Indian, Fuller had determined to go alone to Mackinac Island, where Sarah Clarke would join her for the trip home to Boston. She was at Mackinac nine days before Clarke arrived. Each day she rose early and went to the beach to be among the Indians and study their customs. She felt that it was necessary to walk among the people, whom she calls "my Indian neighbors" (SL105), and observe them firsthand instead of merely reading about them in books.²⁰

Fuller speaks of the hatred still felt toward the Indian. White men considered Indians abhorrent because of "their dirt, their tawny skins, and the vices the whites have taught them" (SL113). It was the feeling of white men that "the savage cannot be washed out of

them" (SL113). Fuller will not venture an opinion about this.

"Whether the Indian could, by any efforts of love and intelligence from the white man, have been civilized and made a valuable ingredient in the new state, I will not say" (SL113). But she does note that the French, whom the Indians loved, had never attempted "to disturb their minds merely to corrupt them" (SL114). On the other hand, the "stern Presbyterian, with his dogmas and his task-work, the city circle and the college, with their niggard concessions and unfeeling stare, have never tried the experiment" (SL114).

Fuller firmly believes that the United States government and the people of the United States "have sinned alike against the first-born of the soil" (SL114). She says bitterly that if it is the fate of the white man to be the new leaders, they have not prayed to any god to keep them sinless while they go about their destined course of leadership. Worst of all, she says, are the hypocrites who invoke the name of God to mask their own sinfulness and decry the Indians' so-called impurity.

When the felon trader, who all the week, has been besotting and degrading the Indian with rum mixed with red pepper, and damaged tobacco, kneels with him on Sunday before a common altar, to tell the rosary which recalls the thought of him crucified for

love of suffering men, and to listen to sermons in praise of "purity"! (SL114).

Fuller feels that such religious practices are a "mockery." Better, she feels, are the honest "dog-feasts and bloody rites" of the Indians, for "the white man sacrifices his own brother, and to Mammon, yet he turns in loathing from the dog-feast" (SL114). She lashes out bitterly at the inhumane treatment afforded the Indian by the so-called "Christian" white man. "Yes! slave-drivers and Indian traders are called Christians, and the Indian is to be deemed less like the Son of Mary than they! Wonderful is the deceit of man's heart!" (SL114).

She points out the futility of the missionaries' trying to teach Indians that "a heavenly mandate" is taking their land away from them. Missionaries cannot hope to make Indians understand what even for educated white people is an abstruse theology. The Indian submits to what the white man wants, but "does not at heart acquiesce" (SL120) because what he is asked to believe does not accord with what he already knows.

The only way to "civilize" the Indian, according to Fuller, is "amalgamation" (SL120), though she believes that those of mixed blood "are not generally a fine race" and "fade early" (SL120)

because they lose what is best in both races. Slotkin notes that this is the theory behind the policy of removal of the Indians to the land beyond the Mississippi. Even Indian advocate James Hall believed that removal was necessary. "According to Hall, the Indian's virtues were his only while he remained pure."²¹ Racial hostility between the whites and Indians would always be present, standing in the way of equality. Fuller feels that the recent Chippewa petition for United States citizenship is thus vain unless the Chippewa can also "be admitted, as brothers, to the heart of the white man" (SL121). That, she believes, is impossible.

All that is left, then, given the inevitable doom of the red man in America, is to memorialize them by relating their stories. This is exactly what Fuller attempts to do in her book. She tells many formerly untold stories of the Indians and repeats some that she has read in other travel books. Her first story deals with the "superiority" of the white man to the red man, as told by McKenney in his Tour to the Lakes. Fuller herself had heard an Indian orator who perhaps put his finger on the reason for white supremacy: the difference between the white man and the red man, he said, was that "the white man looks to the future and paves the way for

posterity" (SL123), whereas the Indian cares only for the present. Fuller feels that this statement is "uncommonly refined *for an Indian*" (italics mine). She believes that the Indian, even if he understands something, "cannot make use of his intelligence" (SL123) and thus he, like Pontiac and Philip, is doomed to extinction. And the very faculties that made it possible for Indians to live only in the present and not to think of the future made it unlikely that they would keep good records of their life for posterity. "Men, whose life is full and instinctive, care little for the pen" (SL124). Thus, although Fuller had said she believed the historian of the Indians should be an Indian, she actually believes that it was not probable that Indians would keep records, given their focus on the present moment; it was up to the white man to do write chronicles of the Indians, and in particular those whites who had lived and traveled among the Indians, such as Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Jameson, and Mrs. Schoolcraft. Because Mrs. Schoolcraft's father was a white man who taught his children the white man's ways, they had "enough European culture to have a standard, by which to judge their native habits and inherited lore" (SL124). Here again Fuller is measuring one culture against another and holding up the

European culture as "the standard."

Fuller avers that she did not wish "to write sentimentally about the Indians, however moved by the thought of their wrongs and speedy extinction" (SL143). She regrets the fact that those who conquered the Indians in this country "felt themselves justified by their superior civilization and religious ideas" in taking possession of Indian lands. She feels that the conflicts of the two races might have been avoided, "but this cannot be expected in movements made by masses of men" (SL143). Many whites saw Indians as fiends instead of men acting in self-defense. The white man, "if he be really the superior in enlargement of thought" (SL144), ought to see that the Indian was simply trying to protect his land and his family. She hopes that the white man will be able to cast aside his prejudices enough to look on the Indian "in pity and brotherly goodwill, and do all he can to mitigate the doom of those who survive his past injuries" (SL144). She asks every American to avoid sinning still more deeply against the red man.

Let the missionary, instead of preaching to the Indian, preach to the trader who ruins him. . . .
 Let every legislator take the subject to heart. . . .
 And let every man and every woman . . . avoid all share in embittering, by insult or unfeeling prejudice,

the captivity of Israel. (SL144)

Fuller's attitude toward the Indians in Summer on the Lakes reveals her sensitivity to the plight of the oppressed. Although other authors such as Cooper had expressed the same view, Fuller shows more sympathy toward the Indians than the average man or woman on the street.²² She felt that she had learned much of the soul of the Indian during her summer's travels and subsequent reading. "There is a language of eye and motion which cannot be put into words, and which teaches what words never can" (SL153), she wrote. She believed that her understanding of the Indians could not have learned from books alone. She had to experience the "language of eye and motion" in order to read between the lines. "The Indian cannot be looked at truly except by a poetic eye" (SL20).

Her desire to improve the lot of the Indians foreshadows her later social action on behalf of the down-trodden. The Indian, like the white woman, the abused eagle, and all creatures not treated with equality and humanity, deserved a spokesperson. Here in Margaret Fuller, whose empathy for the misery and suffering of others was abundant because she had experienced misery and suffering herself, the oppressed of the world had found a champion.

Part of her journey into herself during the summer of 1843 was the discovery on every side of other sad and lonely creatures besides herself. The result of her observations and empathy was a determination to do something important for these people as well as for herself. For herself she would leave New England and make something positive of her life; for them she would write and perhaps at last have the opportunity to act in society on behalf of others to right the wrongs and injustices she deplored.

CHAPTER FOUR

NOT JUST A SPIRITUAL VISION

Margaret Fuller's spiritual growth during the summer of 1843 is evident in Summer on the Lakes, though this fact was not recognized by several of her critics. After he read Summer on the Lakes, Orestes Brownson, a recent convert to Catholicism, labeled Fuller "a heathen priestess." He felt that no one had done more to corrupt the Boston community than Fuller: "For religion she substitutes Art; for the Divinity who made us, and whom we should worship she would give us merely the Beautiful."¹

Brownson's assessment of Fuller's spiritual status is anything but correct. Arthur Fuller, her brother, a minister who edited the 1855 Woman in the Nineteenth Century, wrote as if in rebuttal that "God seemed nearer to her than to any person I have ever known" and that "Jesus, the friend of man, can never have been more truly loved and honored than she loved and honored him. I am aware that this is

strong language, but strength of language cannot equal the strength of my conviction on a point where I have had the best opportunities of judgment."²

The summer of 1843 was particularly spiritual for Fuller. Her experience of nature in the wilderness, her observations of the Indians, and her summer reading and meditation were healing factors that allowed her to put into perspective her past relationships and get a clearer picture of her goals and aspirations. After this summer she was able to let go of the past and, spiritually matured, move into a new professional realm. It was the spiritual and psychological healing of this summer's sojourn that allowed her to make these decisive changes in her life.

Before the vacation she had been burdened with overwork. She had conducted her famous Conversations in Boston in order to earn money. She had tutored. She had continued her writing and study in addition to caring for the large family of which she was in effect head of household. She had agreed to edit the Dial for \$200 but had given up the editorship in March 1842 because, after all her work, there had not been enough money to pay her. She was seriously concerned about her health. She had written to Emerson:

There is a perceptible diminution of my strength, and this winter which has been one of so severe labor I shall not recover fully from for two or three months. Then if I must take up a similar course next winter and have this tie upon me for the summer I think I should sink under it entirely.

I grieve to disappoint you after all the trouble you have taken. I am also sorry myself, for if I could have received a maintenance from this Dial, I could have done my duties to it well, which I never have all this time, and my time might have been given to my pen, while now for more than three months I have been able to write no line except letters. (LME III:54)

She wrote to Elizabeth Hoar in January 1843, that she had paid up the first quarter's household bills out of her mother's "quota" but still had "nine months' bread, fire light and shelter to provide" for her family. "I could not but congratulate myself that I persisted against all the people's persuasion, in doing all I could the winter previous, though it *did* hurt me" (LME III:118). She longed for a brief respite from responsibility: "I am tired now of books and pens and thought no less," she wrote to Emerson, "and shall be glad when I take wing for an idle outdoors life, mere sight and emotion" (LME III:124).

By July her trip was already having a beneficial effect, according to a letter to her brother Richard:

You will be glad to hear that I feel overpaid for coming here. Much is my life enriched by the images of the great Niagara, of the vast lakes, the heavenly sweetness of the prairie scenes, and above all by the lovely region where I would so gladly have lived. My health too is materially benefitted. I hope to come back better fitted for toil and care, as well as with the beauteous memories to sustain me in them. (LME III:133).

To Sam and Anna Ward she wrote early in August, "I am wonderfully the gainer in strength and spirit for my summer" (LME III:136). To Mary Rotch she wrote, "When in the country I have enjoyed myself highly and my health has improved day by day" (LME III:140)

Fuller's spirit was beginning to heal as well as her body. She was in her frequent solitude able to assess her life. She had written in January to Mary Rotch,

The winter has been to me a very happy one in mine own mind, giving new clues and showing many passages already partially trod of the great labyrinth lined like the others with the accumulated crystals of ages reflecting the purest light in blazes of glory. (LME III:120)

During the summer vacation she was able to examine these "new clues" and "partially trod" passages in order to find her way out of the labyrinth she felt she was in.

Two metaphors Fuller uses often to indicate her plumbing of her spiritual depths are mining for either gold or carbuncle and

digging in order to plant. Throughout Summer on the Lakes, Fuller refers to delving for underground resources that most people are too "shallow" to perceive and too timid to accept. In her January letter to Mary Rotch, she puns lightly with the pronoun *mine* and the gerund *mining*. In the mini-drama of Chapter II, she uses additional mining metaphors. Three travelers, J., S., and M., are discussing the "water, water everywhere" near Niagara.³ J. (surely James Freeman Clarke) announces that he prefers water to the other elements and would be able to bear confinement in it. He jokes that M. (Margaret) would probably like to be a salamander. "No!" she answers, "that is too equivocal a position." She would choose to be a gnome living in the depths of the earth, her favorite element:

My people work in the secret, and their works praise them in the open light; they remain in the dark because only there such marvels could be bred. You call them mean. They do not spend their energies on their own growth, or their own play, but to feed the veins of mother earth with permanent splendors, very different from what she shows on the earth.

Think of passing a life, not merely in heaping together, but making gold. Of all dreams, that of the alchemist is the most poetical, for he looked at the finest symbol. Gold, says one of our friends, the hidden light of the earth, it crowns the mineral, as wine the vegetable order, being the last expression of vital energy. (SL10-11)

When J. protests that "no really wise gnome would scoff at the water," M. responds that "the earth is spirit made fruitful, -- life. And its heart-beats are told in gold and wine" (SL11). Fuller identifies with the gnome rather than the sea spirit because she looks deep in solid substance for hidden treasure, both organic and inorganic: gold mined in the earth and the fruit of the vine which grows in the earth. What is mined "in the secret" is "very different" from what is displayed "on the surface." On the surface "all things glitter"; they are "all show and no substance."

J. fails to comprehend her interest in earth. She chastises him: "You talk as if you had always lived in that wild unprofitable element you are so fond of, where all things glitter, and nothing is gold; all show and no substance" (SL10). For Fuller the real "substance" lies beneath the surface; it is an expression of the "vital energy" which produces gold and wine. She knows that her own spirit is also full of unmined wealth.

In a letter from Fuller to Emerson that February, the same metaphor had surfaced in her writing. Depth is equated with individuality, which needs to "ferment":

The daemons are not busy enough at the births of most men. They do not give them individuality deep enough for truth to take root in. Such shallow natures cannot resist a strong head; its influence goes right through them. It is not stopped and fermented long enough.
(LME III:121)

Vegetation that takes deep root represents to her solidity, truth, and strength of character. Yet it may be, she writes in Summer on the Lakes, that even "rude or greedy miners" will unearth "some good ore" (SL79). If the new settlers, for example, have patience "to learn the new spells which the new dragons require," they "will not finally be disappointed of the promised treasure" (SL75), and a home will "grow up at last from the rich sod" (SL75). Ever hopeful in the face of disappointment and shallowness, Fuller is optimistic for America as well as for herself. Yet she realizes that most people will be satisfied with surface glitter and not "spend their energies on their own growth" -- or even on "their own play." They have no inclination to delve within and they have no sense of fantasy or adventure.

Fuller's mixing of organic and inorganic images focuses less on the surface features of the resulting treasure or plant than on the underground mine or roots that produced them. Such a concentration of interest on the hidden depths, the substance that most "shallow"

individuals cannot see, reveals Fuller's concern with her own interior development and her desire to perceive the truth by looking beneath the surface and not being satisfied with a facade. Her trip to the West opened new doors for her, for as she wrote to Caroline Sturgis a year after her trip and the publication of the book that led Horace Greeley to hire her, "Life opens again before me, longer avenues, darker caves, adorned with richer crystals!" (LME III:219).⁴

In light-hearted fashion this conversation reveals Fuller's earnest desire to mine her own inner life for the hidden gems it held. "I would now steal away over golden sands, through silent flowery meadows farther still through darkest forest 'full of heavenly vows' into the very heart of the untrodden mountain where the carbuncle has lit the way to veins of yet undreamed of diamond," she had written to Cary Sturgis in 1840 (LME II:168). "Frail [is man] indeed. -- how frail! how impure! Yet often has the vein of gold displayed itself amid the baser ores," she was to write in Woman in the Nineteenth Century.⁵ The image of gold (representing the ideal) springing from amid the baser ores (the actual) was an important one for her. It suggested an alchemy of the spirit which was possible, a serendipitous discovery within. One had only to search

for the hidden gems and precious metals: carbuncle, gold, diamonds.

"Knock and it shall be opened: seek and ye shall find. It is demonstrated; it is a maxim" (WNC19).

Fuller's empathy and identification are with the earth. Fire, wind, and water are not solid. Only the earth is firm and filled with all of the riches of life beneath the surface. Nonetheless, she admits, she has "learned to mix water with [the wine], and stamp upon [her] gold the heads of kings, or the hieroglyphics of worship" (SL11), i.e., although her primary empathy is with one element, she has conditioned herself to accept the others in order to live in society. J. calls her sentiments "shocking." "I thought that Bacchic energy of yours was long since repressed" (SL11). Fuller's speculations about "Bacchic" energy and alchemy were enough to incur the wrath of Orestes Brownson, who wrote in response to Summer on the Lakes that "her notions are crude, and the materials she has collected lie fermenting in her intellectual stomach, and generate all manner of strange and diseased fantasies."⁶

However, Fuller's spiritual vision is clear. She sees the earth as God's temple. The veil of the temple must be penetrated gradually by perceptive eyes. Then the seer may mine the depths of life for

hidden treasure: truth, fidelity, courage, and nobility. But her new spiritual vision goes beyond Emerson's contemplation of spiritual truth. Although in Nature he had paraphrased as a worthy precept Francis Bacon's maxim that "good thoughts are no better than good dreams, unless they be executed,"⁷ Emerson seemed to have no stratagem for action. For Fuller, who had a more passionate nature, the spirit absolutely had to be made concrete: "What is done interests me more than what is thought and supposed. Every fact is impure, but every fact contains in it the juices of life. Every fact is a clod, from which may grow an amaranth or a palm" (SL81).

Fuller's focus on wine, the fruit of the vine, as well as gold, the loot of the vein, indicates her interior wish to mature, to ripen, during this summer. Her interest in the fruit of the earth on this western trip is especially significant in that the West is archetypically associated with fertility. Thoreau was to develop the same idea in his essay "Walking": *Ex Oriente lux; ex Occidente FRUX*. From the East light; from the West fruit."⁸ To Thoreau, as to Emerson, the future lay in the West, "and the earth seems more unexhausted and richer on that side."⁹

The West was a garden, a paradise, a new Eden, laden with nourishing fruit in abundance. Here were few restrictions, few boundaries. "There was neither wall nor road in Eden," Fuller writes. In the West, vast prairies stretch on endlessly. "What is limitless is alone divine" (SL40), she notes. She describes one place of "singular beauty" in Illinois, "a beauty of soft, luxuriant wildness" (SL28). Her description of "a peaceful herd" (SL27), "velvet lawns," and "frequent deer" suggests a prelapsarian wild abundance and innocence. For her the journey west was an excursion into Eden, a last refreshing return to innocence and peace where she could examine her inner life. ". . . it seemed not necessary to have any better heaven, or fuller expression of love and freedom than in the mood of nature here" (SL28).

Another image Fuller uses to suggest hidden spiritual depth that must be discovered appears early in Summer on the Lakes when she is at Niagara. She observed the whirlpool beneath the falls: "the slight circles that mark the hidden vortex, seem to whisper mysteries the thundering voice above could not proclaim, -- a meaning as untold as ever" (SL5). Here again the focus is on the hidden mystery of life. She notes that from the British side the Falls are seen "in

their veils" (SL4), a much-used transcendental trope to which Emerson had also alluded in his 1836 Nature: "behind nature, throughout nature, spirit is present."¹⁰ Hawthorne, too, was to use the image of the veil that hides spirit from the naked eye in his The Blithedale Romance, which has as its center the Fuller-like Zenobia.

Although nature wears a veil, one can penetrate that veil and find the richness within. "All places like all persons I know have beauty which may be discovered by a thoughtful and observing mind," Fuller had written a year before her journey (LME III:81). On her journey she managed to look beneath the veil of nature, for after her trip she wrote, "Surely I never had so clear an idea before of the capacity to bless of mere Earth, merely the beautiful Earth, when fresh from the original breath of the creative spirit" (LME III:169). In the West she had had an opportunity to experience nature in its freshness, as though it had just been created.

Fuller's interest in the natural world as God's revelation is apparent in Summer on the Lakes. She confesses her love and reverence for God at Niagara. "Then arose in my breast a genuine admiration, and a humble adoration of the Being who was the architect of this and of all" (SL9). Her procrastination about going

directly to the falls as soon as she arrived stemmed from "a feeling of my unworthiness to enter this temple which nature has erected to its God" (SL8). Yet she felt worthy enough to enter the natural "temple" of Ross's Grove in Illinois, a gathering of large trees she had entered at sunset. The tree trunks formed "pillars for grand cathedral aisles. There was space enough for crimson light to stream through upon the floor of water which the shower had left. As we slowly plashed through, I thought I was never in a better place for vespers" (SL25).

With Emerson she could say that "all things . . . preach to us."¹¹ God is present in nature and can be perceived by one who has a true eye. He who has true vision must first look within, for "each phenomenon has its roots in the faculties and affections of the mind. Whilst the abstract question occupies your intellect, nature brings it in the concrete."¹² As one who had the true "poetic eye," Fuller discerned the spiritual meaning in nature. "That Power which daily makes me understand the value of the little wheat amid the field of tares, and shows me how the kingdom of heaven is sown on earth like a grain of mustard seed is good enough to me" (LME III: 114).

Fuller had first heard Emerson's stirring and controversial

essay Nature in 1836, the year of its publication, when Emerson himself read it to her during her first visit to his home. She did not read it herself until 1840, when she took it to the woods to consider again, but she was very familiar with its contents, for the essay expressed the essence of Emerson's thoughts. The essay encouraged the development of one's "inward and outward senses" in order to establish an "original relation to the universe," to create one's own world by purifying one's soul. "The ruin or the blank that we see when we look at nature, is in our own eye," Emerson argued. If anything in the world seems awry, it is because "man is disunited with himself."¹³ One goes to nature to seek oneself, but one cannot see all that nature has to offer unless he makes himself whole.

Nature is medicinal. It puts problems in perspective. Fuller wrote about the healing potential of the West from Chicago: "There seems to be room enough, for labor to pause, and man to fold his arms and gaze, forgetting poverty and care. . . ." (LME III:140). After the trip she wrote, "I feel much refreshed even by this brief intimacy with nature in an aspect of large and unbroken lineaments" (LME III:169).

Nature is friendly, a mother. She "stretcheth out her arms to

embrace man," wrote Emerson.¹⁴ In Summer on the Lakes, Fuller, too, uses the image of a kindly mother nature who would accept all kinds of children. "To me . . . it was delightful to look upon a scene where nature still wore her motherly smile and seemed to promise room . . . for the delicate, the thoughtful, even the indolent or eccentric" (SL38). Like a good mother, nature would comfort and heal, but one must come to an understanding of nature gradually, "for nature always refuses to be seen by being stared at" (SL17).

But he who has gone to sleep in childish ease on her lap, or leaned an aching brow upon her breast, seeking there comfort with full trust as from a mother, will see all a mother's beauty in the look she bends upon him. (SL17)

Only the person who lived in harmony with nature could comprehend nature. Emerson had said, "A life in harmony with Nature, the love of truth and of virtue, will purge the eyes to understand her text."¹⁵ Fuller believed that she had "really seen these regions" (SL17), but only after "a daily and careless familiarity" did she enter into nature's beauty.

She was concerned about the environment, lamenting that so many trees had been cut down already by the settlers, but reconciling herself to the fact. "Thus, I will not grieve that all the noble

trees are gone already from this island" (SL18), she says of Manitou. She consoled herself with believing that a sort of "Medea's virtue" would reproduce them in the form of "new intellectual growths, since centuries cannot again adorn the land with such" (SL18). Fuller accepted what she could not change, the destruction of the environment, and attempted to extract a positive lesson from the scene. She could hope that at least there would be a "new order" from this "chaos." She is celebrating the new order to come rather than merely reconciling herself stoically to something she cannot correct.

Both Fuller and Emerson are in agreement about the spiritual value of nature, but Fuller goes beyond Emerson into the realm of the supernatural in Summer on the Lakes. Whereas he expressed reservations about mesmerism and spiritualism, Fuller had always had an interest in these matters. Mesmerism was, in Emerson's opinion, "mumbo-jumbo" (JMN 9:197) or like "peeping through the keyhole." And yet, to Fuller, who was attempting during this summer to establish her own "original relationship to the universe," it was important to be open to anything that could lead her toward truth and self-knowledge.

Beneath the material surface of nature lies God's masterpiece, the spiritual core of the universe, the "mighty meaning" Fuller sought to woo. Consequently, she would leave no stone unturned in her search for meaning. God's perfect creation lay beneath a veil of materialism; one needed only to perceive rightly and one could be in tune with creation. A new way of looking at things must be found, and one could not demur at perceiving reality from angles that others might consider obscure. Thus, in Fuller's vision as in Emerson's and Thoreau's, the West, not the East, becomes the new Eden; Indians become human, not savages; angels appear unawares, and Fuller is ready to receive them. "If I sometimes entertain guests who cannot pay with gold coin," she writes, ". . . that is better than to lose the chance of entertaining angels unawares" (SL82).

The story of the Seeress of Prevorst, the lengthiest "digression" in Summer on the Lakes, has great spiritual import for Fuller. However, because she knew that many men of her day had a strong aversion to the idea of mesmerism, she felt the need to justify her insertion of the story in Summer on the Lakes.

Spiritualism and women's rights were often linked by men who wished to show how irrational women's rights advocates and other

intellectual women actually were. If these supposedly intelligent women could be interested in something as inane and ungrounded as spiritualism, how could one take seriously their demands for equality?

In 1855 Lucy Boston: Or Woman's Rights and Spiritualism: Illustrating the Follies and Delusions of the Nineteenth Century was published in New York. It was a rather vicious satire on the tendency of women's rights advocates to be mixed up in the area of spiritualism. According to the author, one "Fred Folio," a woman is powerful "in her own sphere," which, of course, is the home; she should not get involved in areas which call for logic or rationality. Women were, after all, emotional creatures who could not be understood but must be merely tolerated. Men could only humor women when they went off on tangents:

You see these fits are a part of the female constitution -- a kind of chronic, periodical *neuralgic* spasm, and when they come on, the only way is to keep still and let 'em have 'em out.¹⁶

The attitude of the author toward spiritualism and women's rights was expressed in his closing remarks:

SPIRITUALISM
AND
WOMAN'S RIGHTS!

Twins in their birth and ill begot;
Twins in their grave--there let 'em rot.¹⁷

Although this satire was written more than ten years after Summer on the Lakes, it is fairly clear that men in 1843 felt the same disdain for spiritualism and women's rights. Otherwise Fuller would not have felt defensive about including the story of the Seeress in her summer travel journal. In the face of such an attitude, Fuller was probably not doing herself and her eventual women's rights manifesto of 1845 (Woman in the Nineteenth Century) any favor by going into so much detail about the Seeress of Prevorst in Summer on the Lakes. Indeed, Emerson was disdainful about this aspect of Fuller's personality:

I observed that, with her literary riches, her invention and wit, her boundless fun and drollery, her light satire, and the most entertaining conversation in America, consisted a certain pathos of sentiment, and a march of character, threatening to arrive presently at the shores and plunge into the sea of Buddhism and mystical trances. (Mem. I:308)

Fuller's fascination with the tale of the Seeress of Prevorst reveals a side of her that is often missed or purposely ignored. It is

interesting to focus on this fanciful, supernatural side of Sarah Margaret Fuller, considered by her male friends to be a very rational bluestocking with a "masculine mind."¹⁸ In her delving into the supernatural realm Fuller reveals the intensity of her unrelenting spiritual search. Her decision to enter a realm considered illogical and ridiculous by those who honored her "with a portion of friendly confidence" (SL78) reveals her courage and risk-taking capacity as well.

She expresses her own fascination with mesmerism in Summer on the Lakes and feels that she must justify her interest, probably to counter the skepticism and scorn that Emerson would express over her mining the realm of the supernatural. Consequently, she prefaces her discussion of The Seeress of Prevorst, a book she was reading on her trip, with an imaginary discussion with Good Sense, Old Church, and Self-Poise. These voices represent various views of mankind toward the question of spiritualism and prophecy. Fuller calls herself "Free Hope" in this exchange of ideas.

Good Sense cannot believe that Free Hope would take any interest in spiritualism at all. He advises her to focus her attention on the natural world and leave the supernatural alone. Free Hope

concedes the point that the natural world is indeed of monumental importance. She underscores the point by citing the romantic creed that every day is a miracle for the human mind to observe and admire. "But how," asks Free Hope, "are our faculties sharpened to do it? Precisely by apprehending the infinite results of every day" (SL79). It is not, after all, the farmer who looks into the significance of an event, says Free Hope, but the poet and the dreamer, and there were poets and dreamers questioning the "flux and influx" of life long before any attempts were made to declare animal magnetism (mesmerism) a science.

Fuller/Free Hope announces that all her days "are touched by the supernatural," for she feels "the pressure of hidden causes, and the presence, sometimes the communion of unseen powers" (SL79). Thus, she believes she should at least give the idea of spiritualism a hearing, since "in the eyes of pure intelligence, an ill-grounded hasty reaction" (SL80) might be a "greater sign of weakness than an ill-grounded and hasty faith" (SL80). One should keep an open mind.

Old Church counters that Free Hope is "always so quick-witted and voluble" that she fails to see how often she might err "and even, perhaps, sin and blaspheme" (SL80). God did not mean us to know

everything; we violate his will by trying to speculate on the unknown. "We waste our powers" and, "becoming morbid and visionary, are unfitted to obey positive precepts, and perform positive duties" (SL80).

She responds that theologians themselves deal with the supernatural and inexplicable: the origin and nature of sin, the destiny of the soul, and the whole plan of the spirit who made mankind -- are these not in fact matters that go beyond what can be experienced by the senses? She feels that man's inquisitive spirit is good. Let man aspire as the trees aspire toward heaven. "Only let it be a vigorous, not a partial or sickly aspiration. Let not the tree forget its root" (SL80).

She feels that no inquiry into the meaning of things should be disallowed.

As to magnetism, that is only a matter of fancy. You sometimes need just such a field in which to wander vagrant, and if it bear a higher name, yet it may be that, in last result, the trance of Pythagoras might be classed with the more infantine transports of the Seeress of Prevorst. (SL81)

"I know of no inquiry which the impulse of man suggests that is forbidden to the resolution of man to pursue" (SL80). And thus she

passes into the longest "digression" in her book, the story of Frederica Hauffe, the Seeress of Prevorst. Arthur Fuller eventually deleted this entire story from his edition of Summer on the Lakes, and other critics have condemned it as "irrelevant."

Prior to the trip Fuller had announced in a letter to Emerson that she intended to read Die Seherin von Prevorst, a "really good book" (LME III:124) by Justinus Kerner. It had not yet been translated into English, but of course Fuller had translated works of Goethe and other Germans for publication and was entirely fluent in German. When she finally had the opportunity to read it, she had just returned from Milwaukee, "much fatigued." Reading would be relaxing and a change from her peripatetic schedule. She points out that the book was in "strong contrast" with the life around her. Her need to balance her physical journey with a mental excursion is clear; a trip into the natural world is balanced with a trip into the supernatural world. The story she chose to read was of another realm. "Very strange was this vision of an exalted and sensitive existence, which seemed to invade the next sphere, in contrast with the spontaneous, instinctive life, so healthy and so near the ground I had been surveying" (SL77-78).

The book had been published in Germany twelve years earlier. Fuller had only seen reference to the book two years before her trip. Her curiosity had been aroused by a sarcastic article about it in the Dublin Magazine, so she had purchased it for the first "leisure days" she would have. The author of the book, Dr. Justinus Kerner, was a physician and a mystic who had written a biography of Franz Mesmer.

Ann Douglas's suggestion that Fuller was only interested in reporting about history and politics does not take into account Fuller's sense of the fantastic and her delight in romance. Fuller herself freely admits that she has this side to her personality and is proud of it. Even Socrates had a sense of romance on his deathbed, Fuller notes, "when he bade his disciples 'sacrifice a cock to Aesculapius'" (SL80). Although her father had forbidden her to read novels when she was a child, thinking them too frivolous for a serious student, Fuller nonetheless read as many as she could, sometimes making "deals" with her father if he would allow her this privilege. "You will let me read Zeluco? will you not and no conditions" (LME 1:94). Even on this summer vacation her interest in novels was evident. She admits that she and Sarah Clarke retired to their staterooms aboard ship "to forget the wet, the chill and

steamboat smell in their just bought new world of novels" (SL12).

She had a vivid imagination and a delight in fancy.

Although the story of the Seeress of Prevorst is supposedly a true account, it has all the earmarks of a novel. Its opening sentence has an almost fairy-tale quality, not unlike the stories of Irving: "Aside from Lowenstein, a town of Wirtemberg, on mountains whose highest summit is more than eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, lies in romantic seclusion, surrounded on all sides by woods and hills, the hamlet of Prevorst" (SL83). This long periodic sentence sets the scene for the story of mystery and the supernatural which follows.

That Fuller identifies with this young Seeress must be obvious to anyone who knows Fuller's biography. Like the Seeress, Fuller suffered from eye strain, myopia, and severe headaches. Like the Seeress, she had a "more intellectual nature" (SL84) which distinguished her from other girls of her circle. Like the Seeress, Fuller was known to have somnambulated and may also have displayed some of the "high nervous excitement" that was characteristic of the German girl (SL78). The book must have appealed to her because she recognized much of herself in the Seeress.

Fuller recounts the Seeress's life history. After the young woman's marriage to a laboring man, "she was obliged to forsake her inner home, to provide for an outer, which did not correspond with it" (SL86). Fuller, too, had often sacrificed or postponed an examination of her own spiritual needs because of the necessity to provide a home for her family. There is a sense of anomaly in this story: the outer shell does not correspond with the inner core.

The Seeress began falling into trances from which she would shout orders to those around her. She had strange revelations and the power of discerning spirits, though Fuller believes that "the ghosts she saw were projections of herself into objective reality" (SL94), just as man projects himself into nature. One amazing power of the Seeress, whom Fuller calls a "half enfranchised angel," was her ability to see different sights in each eye. In her left eye she saw the body of the person she observed; in her right, his "real or destined" self. She saw the future in mirrors and cups of water -- even in soap bubbles.

Here in a nutshell is Fuller's own interest in seeing the world in a new way -- by means of a new spiritual vision -- and then communicating the vision to others. Michael Lopez has suggested

that there is a certain "double vision" in the works of Transcendentalist authors¹⁹ -- in this case, double vision is literally true. The Seeress's ability to "see" the "real" person beneath the facade parallels Fuller's own interest in what lies beneath the surface. But the ability to communicate the experience of correct vision is also important. Fuller comments that we all live in life-circles, such as the ones the Seeress drew:

. . . all who observe themselves have the same sense of exactness and harmony in the revolutions of their destiny. But few attend to/ what is simple and invariable in the motions of their minds, and still fewer seek out means clearly to *express* them to others" (SL95-96).

The "fashioning spirit" of the universe did not intend to destroy man's fitness for this world by introducing into consciousness the condition of the next world. Rather people were meant to develop all aspects of their personality, even their supernatural capabilities: "[Man] was meant to be the historian, the philosopher, the poet, the kind of this world, no less than the prophet of the next" (SL 98). All aspects of the personality are part of life and none should be discounted, even the more mystical side.

Oh who can say
Where lies the boundary? What solid things

That daily mock our senses, shall dissolve
 Before the might within, while shadowy forms
 Freeze into stark reality, defying
 The force and will of man. (SL49)²⁰

Fuller's awareness of the vacillations between spirit world and physical world presented no problems for her. Both poles provided learning experiences, and she was determined to take advantage of all learning opportunities to clarify her spiritual vision and so improve the condition of her own psyche. As a truth-seeking romantic writer interested in sharing her personal experiences with her readers, she was determined to tell others of these vacillations -- not only between spirit and physical worlds, but all vacillations the human mind experienced. She knew that disparities and disappointments as well as joys were part of the human condition. Disparities may be dealt with in a variety of ways: one can become a skeptic and discount the ideal; one can ignore the existence of evil, as many have erroneously accused Emerson of doing; or one can acknowledge the disparity and express both the ideal and the actual in one's writing.

Modern criticism of the romantics is focusing more on this internal vacillation between poles as a kind of honest "writing out" of the problems of the human condition. Julie Ellison has pointed out

that "romantic texts are now regarded as philosophically unstable, psychologically ambivalent, and ideologically mixed,"²¹ precisely because of the vacillation in the texts of romantic writers. Yet it is just such tension between opposites that the astute modern critic must take into account. The contrasting voices of affirmation and doubt, each necessary to the existence of the other, are important to recognize as aspects of self. "Romantic literature is better seen as a literature involved in the restless process of self-examination," according to T. Rajan.²² Self-examination necessitates searching all facets of the personality ranging from despair to happiness. It commands an acceptance of self as divided nature. As Lopez notes, "the skeptical and integrative impulses are both deeply human and only a criticism sufficiently attentive to *both* impulses can be fully humanized."²³

In Summer on the Lakes, Fuller recognizes the conflict between ideal and actual and is quick to assure the reader that she will not be one who sugars over the actual in order to present a rosy picture of the world she visited. "I will not . . . laud and be contented with all I meet, when it conflicts with my best desires

and tastes" (SL18). Neither will she have the "stupid narrowness to distrust or defame" (SL18) what she sees. Rather she will "woo the mighty meaning" of each scene and try to discover how a "new order" can come from any chaos she observes. This seems to me to be a very positive and healthy response. Consequently, those who, like Stephen Adams, see Summer on the Lakes as a "sad" book because it deals with "disjuncture" fail to grasp Fuller's positive and active response to the disparities she observes and experiences in life. Fuller's attention to both poles of experience is an honest recognition of the human condition in her new spiritual vision. Yet her preference appears to be redemption: in her writing she poses a situation of despair and then makes an affirmative statement, not to be simplistically contented with all she sees, but to recognize a purpose or a "new order" in creation.

Such searching after the true meaning of existence can be seen in every aspect of Summer on the Lakes. Fuller learns from experience, both temporal and spiritual; she learns from her own observations and the testimonials of other's observations; and she learns from her reading. In Summer on the Lakes she tells what she has learned, hoping perhaps to have an influence on others or to

change viewpoints. In that sense, the book has a didactic edge, reflecting the belief that writing about a subject will raise social consciousness and lead to social change. However, the book also has a self-reflective quality that demonstrates her concern with understanding her own life, her fluctuations, and her goals for the future. In this respect, the act of writing Summer on the Lakes was primarily redemptive and affirmative, not disjunctive.

Fuller's interest in "flux," as Emerson called this vacillation, stemmed from her own experience of fluctuation. She wrote about homelessness and despair in her personal letters, but she also experienced great joy in the realms of nature and the arts, which for her were closest to the ideal. She focuses on both despair and joy in her travel book: the loneliness and solitude of the prairies and Mackinac Island and the joy of various natural scenes she takes in and memories she has of various paintings, musical compositions, and books.

For her the human spirit has within it powers of regeneration or resurrection, resilient powers that allow one to be defeated and then to rise again renewed. "The good knight may come forth scarred and maimed from the unequal contest, shorn of his strength and

unsightly to the careless eye, but the same fire burns within and deeper ever, he may be conquered but never subdued" (LME III:86). She saw the same restoring powers reflected in nature. At Niagara, "there is no escape from the weight of a perpetual creation; all other forms and motions come and go, the tide rises and recedes . . . an indefatigable motion . . . it is in this way I have most felt the grandeur -- somewhat eternal, if not infinite" (SL1).

Her own vacillation is rhetorically reflected in Summer on the Lakes in metaphors of "flux." For example, Fuller compares Chicago to a cardiovascular valve. Both Chicago and Buffalo open and shut "as the life-blood rushes from east to west, and back again from west to east" (SL19). Earlier near Cleveland on Lake Erie, she noted that land and water "meet to mingle, are always rushing together, and changing places; a new creation takes place beneath the eye" (SL 12). She had felt the same way at Niagara Falls, where she saw that "mutability and unchangeableness were united" (SL 9). There the echoes of the thundering falls give the effect of a "spiritual repetition throughout all the spheres" (SL4).

Margaret Fuller's spiritual renewal during the summer of 1843 enabled her to make major decisions about her life when she

returned to New England that fall. Because of the summer's healing solitude in a different environment, she had been able to examine her life and her goals. Her spiritual vision included nature and nature's God as well as supernatural elements together in a healing role for those perceptive enough not only to seek the depths of truth but also to act upon them.

After writing Summer on the Lakes and Woman in the Nineteenth Century in quick succession, she left New England to work for Horace Greeley as a critic for the New York Daily-Tribune. She became increasingly interested in social issues. She visited a women's prison in New York during the summer of 1844. She wrote sympathetically of the Indians in her Tribune articles. And in Europe, where she went in 1846 as a foreign correspondent for the paper, she became increasingly involved in political issues, ultimately committing herself to the revolution for Italian independence from Austria.

The summer of 1843 had enabled Fuller to make this pivot from the passivity of devotion to art and literature to the activity of political revolution. She had pierced the veil of nature with her steady and truth-seeking eye and seen into the core of her own life.

She had mined the labyrinths of gold within and found her own wealth and treasure. But she realized this summer that she could no longer be content to stay in Concord with Emerson and her other Transcendentalist friends. She must move on into a "full, free life" (SL82) to stand in her own age "with all its waters flowing round" and "beat with the living heart of the world." She had come to realize that she could not do that in Concord.

Many people might ask about Margaret Fuller: "Were her moral qualities, her beneficent life, the results of a renewed heart?"²⁴

Arthur Fuller answers the question in this way:

Surely, if the Saviour's test, "By their fruits ye shall know them," be the true one, Margaret Ossoli was preeminently a Christian. If a life of constant self-sacrifice, -- if devotion to the welfare of kindred and the race, -- if conformity to what she believed God's law, so that her life seemed ever the truest form of prayer, active obedience to the Deity, -- in fine, if carrying Christianity into all the departments of action, so far as human infirmity allows, then . . . [we] must feel her to have been a Christian."²⁵

Both before and after this summer's journey, Fuller did devote herself to the betterment of mankind. She was "the angel of the sick chamber"²⁶ to her brothers as a child and a ministering angel to the dying in Italy, a devoted friend, daughter, wife, and mother.

However, during the summer of 1843 she moved ahead spiritually, turned her back on Concord in order to "beat with the living heart of the world" (SL82), trusting in "the interpreting spirit" to bring her out all right at last. "Whether this be the best way is of no consequence, if it be the one individual character points out."

For one, like me, it would be vain
 From glittering heights the eyes to strain;
 I the truth can only know,
 Tested by life's most fiery glow.
 Seeds of thought will never thrive
 Till dews of love shall bid them live. (SL 82)

Her life was a testimony to this commitment to the law of love.

"Whatever is, is right, if only men are steadily bent to make it so, by comprehending and fulfilling its design" (SL82). During this summer she had comprehended the design of things through her enhanced spiritual vision of a universe in which loving actions arise from the inner personal depths of contemplated truth. Now she was to move on to implement that design through her writing and her life.

CHAPTER FIVE

CONCLUSION – IT IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH MERELY TO *BE* HERE

Summer on the Lakes, in 1843 is a record of Margaret Fuller's self-creation. As she wrote down the highlights of her summer's journey, both interior and exterior, she came to know herself better and shared this knowledge with her readers. "Since you are to share with me such footnotes as may be made on the pages of my life during this summer's wanderings, I should not be quite silent as to this magnificent prologue to the, as yet, unknown drama" (SL1). The drama of her life was still to unfold; if this summer were but a "magnificent prologue" to the rest of her life, what a grand life that was to be.

Here is no "sad" book, as critics like Brownson were to suggest, but a tale of great expectations, for what happened on that journey to herself during the summer of 1843 led her toward a brilliant future. She came to terms with herself, her disappointments and aspirations, and was able to move on with her life in a very positive

direction.

She announces in the first paragraph that the only comment she feels capable of making about the "spectacle" of Niagara Falls is "It is good to be here." This seemingly modest statement, which is most likely a reference to Luke 9:33, recalls St. Peter's remark following the Transfiguration of Jesus on the mountaintop. Although the Transfiguration, a profound spiritual change impossible to explain, is always associated with Christ, it is nonetheless neither presumptuous nor blasphemous to use the term to refer to Fuller's self-discovery during the summer of 1843, for her transformation that summer was profoundly spiritual. To her, and to any careful reader, the record of her journey is not an ordinary travel book but a spiritual itinerary writ loud and clear.

According to Bell Gale Chevigny, both Summer on the Lakes and Woman in the Nineteenth Century must be seen in the context of Fuller's ultimate revolutionary action in Italy. "Without this framework they sometimes seem either self-indulgent or padded with material of little relevance."¹ Chevigny believes that Summer on the Lakes "reveals the insights of a swiftly maturing social realism."² It must be noted, however, that Fuller's ultimate

revolutionary activity in Italy was a natural outgrowth of her early character and transcendental belief system rather than a completely new turn for her. It was a step in a more concrete direction but nonetheless a direct manifestation of her lifelong interest in assisting suffering humanity.

It had been Ralph Waldo Emerson who had encouraged Fuller to examine her own spiritual life, but she was during the summer of 1843 to grow beyond his influence, although she would always be grateful for his mentorship.

His influence has been more beneficial to me than that of any American, and from him I first learned what is meant by an inward life. Many other springs have since fed the stream of living waters, but he first opened the fountain. That the "mind is its own place," was a dead phrase to me, till he cast light upon my mind. Several of his sermons stand apart in memory, like landmarks of my spiritual history. It would take a volume to tell what this one influence did for me. But perhaps I shall some time see that it was best for me to be forced to help myself. (Mem. I,195)

Fuller was indeed forced to mine within herself for a spiritual vision all her own during the summer of 1843. Although by 1841 Fuller had realized that Emerson and she were temperamentally ill-matched, she had not entirely given up hope that there could be a

special bond between them. Her resolution early in their relationship had been to be "his only friend."³ She believed that a close friendship with Emerson would both ennoble her and comfort him. "There is enough of me would I but reveal it. Enough of woman to sympathize with all his feelings, enough of man to appreciate all thoughts I could be a perfect friend and it would make me a nobler person."⁴

However, by 1840, four years after she had met Emerson, Fuller was evidently frustrated with what Chevigny calls Emerson's "ambiguous signals" which were "alternately inviting her to approach with her vision and her society and withdrawing with chill, lofty complacency."⁵ In 1843, the summer of her western journey, she came to grips with the fact that however much she admired and respected Emerson, he was far too abstract and apparently passive for her. She realized once and for all that she must live a life of action well grounded on earth while he existed in the rarified atmosphere of the "snowy peaks" (SL81) of abstraction. Emerson himself had already decided that Margaret Fuller had too much "force of blood," too much vitality. "She lived at a rate so

much faster than mine, and which was violent compared with mine" (Mem. I:228). He had been bewildered by her vivacity and sometimes "shocking familiarity." In his response to an apparently frank letter from Fuller which he later destroyed, he wrote on October 24, 1840:

. . . but ask me what I think of you and me, and I am put to confusion. . . . There is a difference in our constitution. We use a different rhetoric. It seems as if we had been born and bred in different nations. You say you understand me wholly. You cannot communicate yourself to me. I hear the words sometimes, but remain a stranger to your state of mind. (LRWE II: 352-53)

And he wrote in his Journal in 1841:

I would that I could, I know afar off I cannot, give the lights and shades, the hopes and outlooks that come to me in these strange, cold-warm, attractive repelling conversations with Margaret, whom I always admire, most revere when I nearest see, and sometimes love--yet whom I freeze, and who freezes me to silence, when we seem to come nearest. (JMN VI: 87).

Although he said sadly after her death, "I have lost in her my audience," he nonetheless never was a sympathetic audience for her because, as he wrote, "she remained inscrutable to me" (Mem. I:228). Consequently, the two seemed destined to a parting of the ways.

She finally realized that he was not as compatible a friend as she had earlier believed he would be, for he would not leave his

lofty mountaintop to walk as she wished to walk: "through all kinds of places, even at the risk of being robbed in the forest, half drowned at the ford, and covered with dust in the street" (SL 81-82). He walked "where I shall never take a step" (LME III:209), she wrote to him during the summer after the completion of her book. "You are intellect, I am life" (LME III:209), she wrote with resignation. Emerson wished to remain in Concord, where "life . . . slumbers and steals on like the river," and she needed "the animating influences of Discord" (LME III:213). He, like the Greeks, "polished . . . marbles," but Fuller would only be content to be "in a state of unimpeded energy" and express herself in a way he could not. She had learned much from him, but his "excellence" was "wholly unattainable" (LME III:209) to her.

It will be eight years next week since I first came to stay in your house. How much of that influence have I there received! Disappointments have come but from a youthful ignorance in me which asked of you what was not in your nature to give. (LME III:209)

"Ultimately," writes Chevigny, "his [Emerson's] refusal to comprehend her 'wholly, mentally and morally' enabled her to understand herself in a more meaningful way, with her mental and emotional gifts joined in real historical action."⁶ Fuller had not

been understood or read correctly by one whom she had sought to call her dearest friend, and her sense of isolation had increased. Nor had she read Emerson entirely correctly. She had idealized the relationship and by 1844 realized the error of this perception

She had come to see during this summer and the writing time afterward that she must leave Emerson and Concord behind to pursue her own desire to become actively involved in social reform. One sees that Fuller was thinking out this imminent parting of the ways as she journeyed in the West and afterward while she was writing Summer on the Lakes. What Emerson had misunderstood or misperceived in her was a passion for life that few could equal. Another friend of Fuller's summed up this zeal: "Every deep observer of character would have found the explanation of what seemed vehement or too high-strung, in the longing of a spirited woman to break every trammel that checked her growth or fettered her movement" (Mem. II:21).

It is clear from her letters that she made her final and somewhat bittersweet farewell to Emerson during the summer of 1844, right after the completion of her travel book. Chevigny maintains that Fuller's realizations about Emerson were made

several years earlier and that in 1844 she was "blithe" and "calm" in regard to the relationship with Emerson. I believe that her final emotional break with him was in the summer of 1844, after the previous summer's trip and after a winter of solitude and writing.

Her summer's transformation was the realization that it was not, to paraphrase St. Peter, good enough merely to *be* here. One must be *doing* something; one must be in the process of *becoming*. During this summer she focused on her own spiritual renewal and committed herself to a future of active involvement, although at this point she was not yet aware of what that involvement would entail.

Chevigny observes that Woman in the Nineteenth Century, which Fuller wrote immediately after Summer on the Lakes, shows "two sorts of advances" in Fuller's development: "a quickened sense of independence and of psychological integrity and a new attention to the claims of society and politics."⁷ She had gained her independence from Emerson, detaching herself from his influence during her writing of Summer on the Lakes, and with this detachment came a certain psychological integrity. She had only herself to count on, and she knew who she was. With the confidence inspired by her new

spiritual vision, she was able to turn her attention, then, to the oppressed and downtrodden of the world, people she saw as needy, people who needed her to help right (write) the wrongs she observed.

Such oppressed people included American Indians, lonely and over-worked wives of white settlers, abused and wounded animals, and others wounded in body or spirit. Her empathy with the oppressed stemmed from her own sense of homelessness and isolation, perhaps underscored this summer by her being alone in a new environment away from all she knew. There she had met nature face to face, reading all its lineaments; there she had delved deep into the veins of her own spiritual richness and made decisions that would affect the rest of her life.

After her trip she was much refreshed both physically and spiritually:

Now my health is almost restored, if not to its native tone, yet to one that enables me to walk forward with some energy. Some objects have been attained, others willingly given up, and I am much better able to meet outward perplexities without violation of inner peace. (LME III:150)

There was a calm that had not existed before the trip, and yet there was a new energy to "walk forward" and meet difficulty.

On May 23, 1844, her thirty-fourth birthday, she wrote the last line of her book "just before dinner time" (LME III:197). It is significant that after her first major creative endeavor she chose to walk among the dead in the stillness of Mt. Auburn cemetery. "Then I went to Mount Auburn, and walked gently among the graves" (LME III:202). It may have been that she knew that her life in New England was drawing to a close. It is clear from a letter to Emerson that fall that she had been thinking about her own death, for she had begun to send Emerson all of her poems for safekeeping:

I enclose a little poem written here which I wish you would have put with the Fourth July ones; you will then have a complete inventory of my emblems and trappings "*in case of death*." Have you safe those I gave you of the All Saints Day etc? I cannot find my copy and though I presume it is only mislaid, feel uneasy lest they should pass out of existence, for to me they are the keys of dear homes, in the past. (LME III:244)

Her Fourth of July poem from Summer on the Lakes, the Ganymede poem, and other poems from her travel book she considered "keys" and "emblems." Emerson was the keeper of the keys. Clearly they were representative to her of her spiritual growth and development which she did not want lost.

Such focus on death might appear to be morbid, but it reveals

several rather interesting features about Fuller's interior development. First of all, she was able to plan for the future, for a time when she would not be around. It reveals a desire for control of her own created works. It reveals the trust she has in Emerson (which was unfortunately unfounded, for after her death he did not print the things she had entrusted him with and thus defied her wishes). It also reveals the same sort of idealism and experience of perfection that Keats must have had when he wrote "for many a time/I have been half in love with easeful Death." On her journey she must have felt moments of such rare joy that she deplored the thought of returning to the tensions and cares of her New England life.

Several of the poems she wrote for Summer on the Lakes were good enough to win the praise of Poe, who commented after reading her book that her poetry was "brimful of the poetic *sentiment*."⁸ If one examines her poems in Summer on the Lakes, one can find that they do reflect her state of mind during the trip. Several have already been examined in this paper: her Ganymede poem and her Indian poem. But Summer on the Lakes is full of the original poetry of Margaret Fuller, and it is interesting to see how the poems

reflect her summer's spiritual growth.

Although her poem "To Edith, On Her Birthday" is perhaps dedicated to Emerson's child Edith, who had been born in November, the poem seemsto be to Emerson himself.

If the same star our fates together bind,
Why are we thus divided, mind from mind?

Emerson's birthday was two days after Fuller's; they had been born under "the same star," and yet their minds were divided.

Our aspiration seeks a common aim,
Why were we tempered of such differing frame?
--But 'tis too late to turn this wrong to right;
Too cold, too damp, too deep, has fallen the night.

There was no hope for reconciliation of differences. Too much had happened; there was no going back. And yet Fuller seems to have some hope for the future:

And yet, the angel of my life replies,
Upon that night a Morning Star shall rise,
Fairer than that which ruled the temporal birth,
Undimmed by vapors of the dreamy earth;

It says, that, where a heart thy claim denies,
Genius shall read its secret ere it flies;
The earthly form may vanish from thy side,
Pure love will make thee still the spirit's bride.

Love that transcends the earthly will be hers. She wishes for her friends, she says, that they may "see, and do, and be more" (SL148),

especially those friends "who have before them a greater number of birthdays," and especially those "of a more healthy and unfettered existence." Although this poem is dedicated to "Edith," Fuller has also just said that August 30 is "the birth-day of a near friend" (SL148). One could think that she means anyone, yet several verses in the poem indicate that she was thinking about her relationship with Emerson.

Immediately following this poem to Edith, Fuller inserts another poem about parting lovers:

When no gentle eyebeam charms;
 No fond hope the bosom warms;
 Of thinking the lone mind is tired--
 Nought seems bright to be desired;

Music, be thy sails unfurled,
 Bear me to thy better world;
 O'er a cold and weltering sea,
 Blow thy breezes warm and free;

By sad sighs they ne'er were chilled,
 By sceptic spell were never stilled;
 Take me to that far-off shore,
 Where lovers meet to part no more;
 There doubt, and fear and sin are o'er,
 The star of love shall set no more.

She reveals a great deal about herself and her longing for love and companionship in these poems. She was thinking of parting with

Emerson and with much that she had loved in her past, and in a romantic way she was wishing for "that far-off shore" where there would be no goodbyes and no sadness. As she sat alone near Lake Superior at Mackinac Island "by the faint moonshine" (SL149), she felt melancholy and lonely. "It was a thoughtful hour" (SL148), she writes.

Summer on the Lakes contains at least ten poems by Margaret Fuller, some utterly lovely, such as the ballad "of love and sorrow" that Poe praised, very Coleridgean in its simplicity. A lonely maiden dreams of a hunter striding out of the woods to offer her love:

He takes her hand, and leads her on;
She should have waited there alone,
For he was not her chosen one.

He leans her head upon his breast,
She knew 'twas not her home of rest,
But ah! she had been sore distressed.

She wakes from the dream realizing that she has been disloyal to the knight for whom she was waiting. If one cannot endure suffering and loneliness, one should not expect a royal reward:

Yet though of day makes dream of night:
She is not worthy of the knight,

The inmost altar burns not bright.

If loneliness thou canst not bear,
 Cannot the dragon's venom dare,
 Of the pure meed thou shouldst despair.

Clearly Fuller was admonishing herself in this poem to endure her loneliness and be true to her inner dream of "the knight in shining armor" who would be her soulmate if she but waited for him. Her romantic expectation of some good future for herself as a reward for her loneliness rings out in this poem. The poem reveals her fanicful nature, her love of ballad and romance, and her hope that true love will come her way if she is faithful to her inner nature, to the voice within.

As many of these poems and some of the autobiographical prose of Summer on the Lakes were intensely personal, one can understand why Fuller was somewhat hesitant about publishing the book:

The printing is begun, and all looks auspicious, except that I feel a little cold at the idea of walking forth alone to meet that staring sneering Pit critic, the Public at large, when I have always been accustomed to confront it from amid a group of "liberally educated and respectable gentlemen." (LME III:196)

As she had written in her poetic epigraph to Summer on the Lakes, "those to whom a hint suffices" might be able to read between the

lines and see the real Margaret Fuller, one whom she had intended to keep hidden somewhat from the public eye. Consequently she places over her deepest feelings a thin veil that only an astute reader may lift. Beneath this veil can be seen the lonely, fanciful Sarah Margaret Fuller, a woman full of love to give with no one man as yet to whom she might give it, no one who would receive it as freely as she gave. And so she sublimated: her love would go to others who were misunderstood and oppressed, and she would bolster this love of others with action so that it was not a vague romantic dream but a life of energetic, passionate commitment.

Summer on the Lakes may thus be read not as a typical travel journal but as a journal of Margaret Fuller's search for her self. According to Janis P. Stout, the journey in literature often involves a quest for self-knowledge:

The quester moves through an unfamiliar landscape toward a guessed-at but still astounding token; the introspective venturer finds new awarenesses at every turn of thought and may at last reach the hidden treasure of full self-knowledge, an integrated personality.⁹

In the unfamiliar territory of the Midwest in 1843, Fuller found what she was looking for: the hidden gems of her own wonderful

personality and the courage to act upon the things she saw there. She awakened to the new possibilities in her and decided that if she were not to go to Europe as she had dreamed, she would make this life in America worthwhile; if she were not to marry, as she had hoped, she would nonetheless live a life of love and devotion to others. Criticism and misunderstanding she had to bear when she decided to break with New England, but she understood her motivation for the change. "In an environment like mine," she wrote, "what seemed too lofty or ambitious in my character was absolutely needed to keep the heart from breaking and enthusiasm from extinction" (Mem.II:111-112). In order to maintain her zest and passion for life, she knew that a change was necessary. A new sense of power came from her ability to give up the script she had written for herself (or that society had written for her) and begin to look at new options for herself.

A year following her journey on the lakes, Fuller made a professional decision to leave behind all that was familiar to move to New York City and work for Horace Greeley's newspaper as a literary critic. This decision took tremendous courage and affirmative power on Fuller's part. She left behind her entire family and all of

the friends of her young adulthood. Although she had worked in Providence, R.I., for two years in the Greene Street School in her late twenties,¹⁰ Providence is not far from Boston. That had not been a major change of environment or career. New York City, on the other hand, was a completely alien way of life to a New Englander.¹¹ In New York she visited female inmates at Sing Sing prison, encouraging them to read good literature to improve their minds; she wrote articles about Indians, abolition, prostitution, and women's rights and abilities for her Tribune column, believing that "her readers had only to be told of injustice and suffering and inevitably these ills would be eradicated."¹² In 1846 she at long last had the opportunity to go to Europe, and in 1848 she became a wife and mother also passionately committed to the Italian revolution for independence from Austria, risking her life and her son's in order to help the Italian resistance movement.

Larry J. Reynolds contemplates Fuller's socialism in Europe: "Exactly when and where Fuller acquired the socialism that became such a firm and intense part of her thought have never been determined."¹² He suggests that it may have been in Paris in 1846-

47, where she made the acquaintance of a number of socialists, who may have "converted" her to socialism.¹³ She did not simply become a socialist overnight, however, as Reynolds seems to suggest.¹⁴ Fuller's natural sympathy for the oppressed was responsible for her involvement in social movements. As we have seen, she had been empathetic from childhood. But it was during the winter of 1843-44 after her trip west that Fuller came to grips with her desire to help others in a more concrete manner than she had ever done before. She had grown tired of rhetoric that existed merely for itself; she was restless for a life of action on behalf of the poor, the abused, the misunderstood. After her travel book, in which she reveals to the astute reader all aspects of her personality, she wrote her women's manifesto, which was used as an important document at the first Women's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, New York.¹⁵ But writing on behalf of the poor and miserable of the world was not even enough in the long run; she eventually became involved in revolution herself, keeping careful records of the event that she would have published in her account of the Italian fight for independence had she not drowned on her way back to America in

1850.

Summer on the Lakes becomes, then, a very valuable document, not only in the life history of Margaret Fuller, American romantic, but also in the intellectual history of humanity. It reveals the importance of solitude and environment in effecting growth and development of the personality. On both the trip and the year following the trip, Fuller was essentially alone: during the trip she was able to be alone in the company of one friend in a completely new environment; after the trip she needed the solitude of her study and the Harvard library to "let the mighty meaning coalesce" so that she could write her travel book.

Her book is a record of her development. In Summer on the Lake she was able to get in touch with her deepest feelings, to come to terms with the loss of relationships she had not allowed herself adequate time to grieve about. She was able to mine the past for its influence in autobiographical stories such as the Mariana tale. Through imaginary dialogues with significant people in her life, such as the Self-Poise/Free Hope dialogue, she was able to sort out her ideas about the direction she wanted her own life to take. During the year following the journey we know that she was able to

contemplate her own death and, in so doing, recognize the significance of her life. In a story such as *The Seeress of Prevorst* she was able to bridge the gap between supernatural fantasy and external reality, using her imagination to enable her to accept both objectivity and her own unique subjectivity. Her solitude enabled creative imaginative juices to flow: she wrote at least ten poems during the journey and the year following the journey as well as the two books for which she is best known. And ultimately, after a year's gestation period during which the ideas she had mulled over on the trip had time to incubate and combine, she was able to leave New England and in her late thirties change her profession, her marital status, and her political commitment. Such changes were all precipitated by her *annus mirabilis* beginning with the summer of 1843.

"That solitude promotes insight as well as change has been recognized by great religious leaders, who have usually retreated from the world before returning to it to share what has been revealed to them."¹⁶ Fuller gained insight into herself during her time alone. Her solitude was not complete any more than Thoreau's was at Walden Pond; there were others with whom she interacted.

But the solitude she experienced on her journey and in the year following enabled her to fuse all of the influences of her life and make sense of the pattern.

Consequently, what appears to be a disjointed narrative turns out to be a revealing study of the development of the mind and soul of Margaret Fuller. Every element of Summer on the Lakes has meaning if it is viewed in the light of Fuller's interior development during this important period in her life. In her final poem, "The Book to the Reader," she admits that while a journey to the wilderness is impossible to experience vicariously, she will in this book attempt to convey this "dish of homely sweets" for the reader to sample.

Bring a good needle for the spool of thread;
Take fact with fiction, silver with the lead,
And at the mint, you can get gold instead;
In fine, read me, even as you would be read. (SL156)

Metaphors of alchemy again reveal the alchemy that was taking place in her own soul during this period. She had delved into her own spirit in search of meaning and coherence, and what she had found would surprise her. "I dare to trust to the interpreting spirit to bring me out all right at last," she had written in Summer on the Lakes. Her journey of 1843 had led her to herself, and her quest had

been fulfilled through the writing of the travel book. She had been transformed -- even transfigured -- by the experience. It was important to be in the process of becoming and acting; she had learned that it was not good enough merely to *be* here.

NOTES

Frequently used works are cited in the text using the following abbreviations:

<u>JMN</u>	<u>The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson</u>
<u>LMF</u>	<u>The Letters of Margaret Fuller</u>
<u>LRWE</u>	<u>The Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson</u>
<u>Mem.</u>	<u>Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli</u>
<u>WNC</u>	<u>Woman in the Nineteenth Century</u>
<u>SL</u>	<u>Summer on the Lakes. in 1843</u>

INTRODUCTION

1. See Bell Gale Chevigny's account of the desecration of Fuller's manuscripts: "The manuscripts are literally mutilated by scissors or, with the scrawled laconic explanation 'Private,' by a purple crayon which, according to a librarian at the Boston Public Library, resists penetration by ultra-violet light." See "Growing out of New England: The emergence of Margaret Fuller's radicalism," Women's Studies, V(1977), 98-99, note 3.

Marie Urbanski analyzes the rationale for the mutilation of Fuller's texts in Margaret Fuller's Woman in the Nineteenth Century, Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1980. One reason for the bowdlerization may have been to cover up and mollify Fuller's belated revelation to her friends in America that she was married and had a son, news that caused some calumnious speculation and gossip. In addition, one Emerson scholar admits that Emerson was reluctant to edit the Memoirs because he at first believed that "Margaret had not been an important enough figure to require a

detailed memoir" (Rusk, The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson, 378). Urbanski believes that Emerson was masking an ambivalence of feeling for Fuller that he found uncomfortable. It is interesting to note that "the meticulous Emerson, who carefully preserved his letters, did not keep Fuller's letters written to him during the climactic period of their relationship in the fall of 1840" (Urbanski 10).

2. Nathaniel Hawthorne seems to have disliked Fuller intensely, if one judges from his private journals and letters to his wife Sophia, whereas in letters to and conversations with Fuller herself he is most tactful and polite. Fuller must never have known how Hawthorne felt about her.

To Sophia on one occasion he wrote, "Would that Miss Margaret Fuller might lose her tongue!" (Sophia was about to attend one of Fuller's famous Conversation sessions at Sophia's sister Elizabeth Peabody's that evening.) And in 1841 writing to Sophia (then his fiancée) about Brook Farm, where both he and Fuller had sojourned briefly, Hawthorne is disturbed that Fuller's "transcendental heifer" has invaded the placidity of the eight Brook Farm cows, seeming "very fractious" and "apt to kick over the milk pail." In these traits, he added, "she resembles her mistress." See Nathaniel Hawthorne: The Letters, 1813-1843, ed. Thomas Woodson, et al. (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1984), 527. The Brook Farm cow problem really nettled Hawthorne, for in several other letters to Sophia he persists with this bovine saga and adds the important news that Miss Fuller's cow has actually "made herself ruler of the herd, and behaves in a very tyrannical manner." Eventually, he is proud to announce, the herd rebels against "the usurpation of Miss Fuller's cow." Amusing as it is to note that Hawthorne pays exaggerated attention to these bovine herd dynamics, it is also revealing that he makes a point of singling out the one "tyrannical" cow as "Miss Fuller's," as if the cow absorbed its personality by osmosis from its owner. One may thus take "Miss Fuller's cow" in these letters to be a metaphor for Fuller herself, and one may also assume that Hawthorne wished to see Fuller subdued or suppressed in much the same way that her heifer had been.

Despite his obvious animosity toward Fuller, Hawthorne continued to be fascinated by this woman, using her as a model for his dark ladies in The Scarlet Letter, The Blithedale Romance, and The Marble Faun. And yet the journal published posthumously by his son Julian sets forth a particularly vicious attack on Fuller, uncalled

for and "malign," according to Fuller's biographer Mason Wade in Margaret Fuller: Whetstone of Genius (New York: The Viking Press, 1940). The "complete falsity of Hawthorne's attack on a dead friend" (Wade, 282) stunned all of her American friends and family. One wonders what it was that set Hawthorne so against Fuller, since she had always been cordial to him. Her request at the beginning of Hawthorne's marriage to Sophia that Fuller's sister and brother-in-law Ellery Channing be invited to reside temporarily at the Hawthornes' has been given as a reason for Hawthorne's rancor, although he was able to refuse the request in a very gracious letter to Fuller, revealing no annoyance.

Edgar Allan Poe was only acquainted with Fuller as a fellow critic with whom he occasionally conversed in literary salons after she had moved to New York. He admired her work in Summer on the Lakes and believed that her literary criticism in the Tribune was courageous and candid. However, after he had written his favorable review of Summer on the Lakes in 1846, Fuller interfered in one of Poe's personal relationships, when at the request of Frances Osgood she and Anne Lynch went to Poe's cottage in Fordham to ask him to return Mrs. Osgood's love letters. Interestingly enough, Fuller herself had a problem in this regard. She had made a request of James Nathan, with whom she had become involved in New York City in 1845, for the return of her love letters. He never sent them, much to her dismay and disgust, though he ungallantly offered to return them for money. Later the letters were sold by his son, who learned that he could capitalize on Fuller's fame after her death. The Prefatory Note to this book, written in the summer of 1873, is by none other than one sixty-two-year-old James Nathan, who at this point in his life calls the letters the "motherless offspring of our spiritual intercourse" and claims to have "deeply loved" Fuller. See Love-Letters of Margaret Fuller 1845-1846, ed. Julia Ward Howe (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1903). Consequently, by January 1848 Poe was referring to Fuller as "an ill-tempered and very inconsistent old maid" and advising a friend to "avoid her." See The Letters of Edgar Allan Poe, ed. John Ward Ostrom (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1948), 538.

James Russell Lowell satirized Fuller (in her acknowledged persona "Miranda") in his well-known Fable for Critics. Poe alluded to the diatribe in a letter to Frederick W. Thomas in February 1849:

I suppose you have seen that affair -- the "Fable for Critics" I mean. Miss Fuller, that detestable old maid -- told him, once, that he was "so wretched a poet as to be disgusting even to his best friends". This set him off at a tangent and he has never been quite right since: -- so he took to writing satire against mankind in general, with Margaret Fuller and her protege, Cornelius Matthews [sic], in particular (Letters of E.A. Poe, 602).

Fuller had written in her "American Literature" essay in the Tribune that Lowell's verse was "wanting in the true spirit and tone of poesy," and had added that "posterity will not remember him."

3. Greeley was careful to add in the Memoirs that it had been Mrs. Greeley who had suggested offering Fuller a position in the literary department of her husband's newspaper. Fuller was invited to live at the Greeleys' home near the East River in Manhattan, where she became very closely attached to the Greeleys' little boy "Pickie."

An interesting hypothesis is developed in Helene G. Baer's The Heart Is Like Heaven: The Life of Lydia Maria Child (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1964), 181-186, concerning the relationship between Horace Greeley and Margaret Fuller. According to Baer, Mrs. Greeley suspected that her husband had fallen in love with Fuller. Baer maintains that Mrs. Greeley was jealous of Fuller because "Margaret had captured the heart of the Greeleys' son Pickie, as well as his father's" (186).

4. Margaret Allen, The Achievement of Margaret Fuller (University Park, Pa.: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1979), 179.

5. M. Allen, Achievement, 179.

6. As she was returning to America with her husband and son Fuller drowned within sight of shore off Fire Island, New York, on July 19, 1850, thus never touching American soil again. Her husband, Count Ossoli, and their son Angelo also drowned, and Fuller's manuscript account of the Italian revolution was lost. Emerson sent Thoreau to search for the manuscript, but there were no remains. Angelo's body was washed ashore, but Fuller's and Ossoli's were not recovered. Today a monument to Fuller may be found in the Mt. Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, although, according to Laurie James, Margaret Fuller's name is not on the Mt. Auburn Cemetery List of Noted Persons nor is the monument easy to find. Susan B. Anthony

searched but could not find it. See Laurie James, Why Margaret Fuller Ossoli Is Forgotten (New York: Golden Heritage Press, Inc., 1988), 26-27.

7. Greeley remarked that Summer on the Lakes was "one of the clearest and most graphic delineations, ever given, of the Great Lakes, of the Prairies, and of the receding barbarism, and the rapidly advancing, but rude, repulsive semi-civilization, which were contending with most unequal forces for the possession of those rich lands. I still consider 'Summer on the Lakes' unequalled, especially in its pictures of the Prairies and of the sunnier aspects of Pioneer life." See Recollections of a Busy Life (New York: J. B. Ford and Co., 1869), 175. It was Greeley's reading of Summer on the Lakes that led to Fuller's employment the following year on Greeley's Tribune, so although she made very little money from the book, she gained a new career with its publication.

8. Caroline Sturgis's father apparently had reservations about his daughter's traveling with two other women, although James Freeman Clarke was to accompany them to Chicago. Fuller wrote to Sarah Clarke in early May 1843, "I fear Cary will not go, if she is to have no guardianship, but ours. Mr. S, perhaps, may not prize that as it deserves" (LME III:123).

9. Quoted in Joel Myerson, ed., Critical Essays on Margaret Fuller (Boston: G.K. Hall & Co., 1980), 4.

10. Arthur Fuller, "Preface," At Home and Abroad, ed. Arthur Fuller (Boston: Crosby, Nichols, 1856), x.

11. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 36.

12. Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 36.

13. Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 39.

14. Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 35.

15. Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 37.

16. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 32.

17. Griswold, The Female Poets of America (Philadelphia: Carey and Hart, 1848), 251.

18. Griswold, 251.

19. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 5.

20. Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 5.

21. Brownson does not make clear exactly what he means by "heathen priestess." He may have been referring to Fuller's well-known interest in Goethe and German culture. "She has no faith, no hope. She now reminds us of the old Euripides, now of the modern

skeptic, Byron, and finally, of the cold indifferentism of Goethe. . . . All she needs, to be the ornament of her sex, and a crown of blessing to her country, to be at peace with herself and the world, is the firm, old-fashioned Catholic faith in the Gospel" (5). Brownson had recently converted to Roman Catholicism and had become more pious and critical of the religious beliefs of others.

22. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 2.

23. Buell, Literary Transcendentalism: Style and Vision in The American Renaissance (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1973), 204.

24. Miller, "Introduction," Margaret Fuller: American Romantic (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, 1963), 116.

25. Miller, 134.

26. Miller, 136.

27. See Richard V. Carpenter, "Margaret Fuller in Northern Illinois," Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society, II (Jan. 1910), 7-22 and Madeleine Stern, "Margaret Fuller's Summer in the West (1843)," Michigan History Magazine, XXV (Autumn 1941), 300-330.

28. Larry J. Reynolds, "The 'Cause' and Fuller's Tribune Letters," European Revolutions and the American Literary Renaissance (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1988), 63.

29. Reynolds, 63.

30. Ann Douglas, "Margaret Fuller and the Disavowal of Fiction," The Feminization of American Culture (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1977), 281.

31. Allen, Achievement, 118.

32. Allen, Achievement, 118.

33. Annette Kolodny, "Margaret Fuller: Recovering Our Mother's Garden," The Land Before Her: Fantasy and Experience of the American Frontiers, 1630-1860 (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1984).

34. Albert J. von Frank, The Sacred Game: Provincialism and Frontier Consciousness in American Literature, 1630-1860 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985).

35. Stephen Adams, "That Tidiness We Always Look for in Woman": Fuller's *Summer on the Lakes* and Romantic Aesthetics," Studies in the American Renaissance, ed. Joel Myerson (Charlottesville: The University Press of Virginia, 1987), 248.

36. Bell Gale Chevigny, "Growing out of New England: The emergence of Margaret Fuller's Radicalism," Women's Studies, 5 (1977), 91.

37. Julie Ellison, Delicate Subjects: Romanticism, Gender, and the Ethics of Understanding (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1990), 222. Robert Richardson echoes this stance: "The increasingly active side of the last ten years of her [Fuller's] short life was not so much a reaction against her earlier beliefs as it was in important ways a natural outgrowth of them." See "Margaret Fuller and Myth," Prospects, 4(1979), 169-84.

38. Ellison, Delicate Subjects, 220.

CHAPTER ONE

1. Washington Irving, The Sketch Book, Rev. ed. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1848), 1.

2. Robert N. Hudspeth, "Introduction," The Letters of Margaret Fuller (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1983-88), 1:40.

3. Percy G. Adams, Travel Literature and the Evolution of the Novel (Lexington: The University Press of Kentucky, 1983), 282.

4. P.G. Adams, 39-40.

5. P.G. Adams, 40-42.

6. P.G. Adams, 42.

7. P.G. Adams, 43.

8. P.G. Adams, 44.

9. P.G. Adams, 44.

10. P.G. Adams, 44-45.

11. P.G. Adams, 57-60.

12. P.G. Adams, 70.

13. P.G. Adams, 73.

14. P.G. Adams, 73.

15. "The Romantic experience was based to a much greater extent than is generally realized on the content of the eighteenth-century experience, to which it added a new brand of enthusiasm, vehemence, and style." Herbert Barrows, "Convention and Novelty in the Romantic Generation's Experience of Italy," Literature as a Mode of Travel (New York: The New York Public Library, 1963), 70.

16. M. H. Abrams, The Mirror and the Lamp: Romantic Theory and Critical Tradition (New York: Oxford University Press, 1953), 14.

17. Charles L. Batten, Jr. Pleasurable Instruction: Form and Convention in Eighteenth-Century Travel Literature (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978), 61.
18. Batten, 28.
19. Batten, 13.
20. Batten, 40.
21. Batten, 40.
22. Batten, 40.
23. "Dr. Moore's View of Society and Manners in France used a style that was in many parts loose and careless, sometimes even vulgar." Batten, 45.
24. Batten, 63.
25. Jared Sparks, North American Review, 5(1817), 391 quoted in Lawrence Buell, Literary Transcendentalism: Style and Vision in The American Renaissance (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1973), 193.
26. Ahmed M. Metwalli, "Americans Abroad: The Popular Art of Travel Writing in the Nineteenth Century," America: Exploration and Travel (Bowling Green, Ohio: Bowling Green State University Popular Press, 1979), 59.
27. Jared Sparks, "Riley's Narrative," North American Review, 5 (1817), 390, quoted in Buell, 189.
28. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Emerson in His Journals, ed. Joel Porte (Cambridge, Mass.: The Belknap Press of Harvard University, 1982), 90.
29. Adams discusses the claims of many countries to have produced the most travelers. See P.G. Adams, 59-70.
30. The round trip fare to England by ship in 1818 was approximately \$318, according to Allison Lockwood, Passionate Pilgrims (New York: Cornwall Books, 1981), 32. Consequently, usually only those who had means went to Europe.
31. Lockwood, 27.
32. Irving, 3.
33. Emerson in His Journals, 307.
34. Quoted in The Shock of Recognition, ed. Edmund Wilson (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1955), 7.
35. Lockwood, 65.
36. Porte makes this psychological assessment in his chapter introduction of Emerson in His Journals, 90.
37. He wrote that Wordsworth and Coleridge were disappointing. But he began a friendship with Carlyle which would last for nearly

fifty years. See The Correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle, ed. Joseph Slater (New York: Columbia University Press, 1964).

38. "If I have had a good indignation and a good complacency with my brother, if I have had reverence & compassion, had fine weather & good luck in my fishing excursion & profound thought in my studies at home, seen a disaster well through; and wrought well in my garden, nor failed my part at a banquet, then I have travelled, though all was within the limits of a mile from my house." (JMN VIII:18).

39. Porte in Emerson in His Journals, 90.

40. Quoted in Emerson in His Journals, 116.

41. Buell, 190. Perry Miller has suggested that Summer on the Lakes influenced the writing of A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, but Buell disputes this suggestion as "conjecture."

42. Irving, 2-3.

43. John F. Sears, Sacred Places: American Tourist Attractions in the Nineteenth Century (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989), 3.

44. By 1840 track had been laid in all but four states, though train travel was still uncomfortable. As one traveler complained, "If one . . . were not locked up in a box with 50 or 60 tobacco-chewers; and the engine and fire did not burn holes in one's clothes . . . and [one] were not in danger of being blown sky-high or knocked off the rails -- it would be the perfection of traveling." Donald W. Oliver and Fred M. Newmann, The Railroad Era (Middletown, Conn.: Xerox Corporation, 1977), 12.

45. F. J. Turner cited the costs of a trip of 300 miles in 15 days in 1835 as 33 cents per person. See Francis S. Philbrick, The Rise of the West 1754-1830 (New York: Harper and Row, 1965), 312.

46. Frances Trollope visited the United States from 1827-31, writing upon her return to England her infamous Domestic Manners of the Americans, which appeared in print in 1832. She became at once well-known and hated all over America for her unflattering anecdotes which infuriated Americans. "She was lampooned in prose and poetry and on the stage; she was travestied in cartoons. She became a folk character," according to Donald Smalley, "Introduction: Mrs. Trollope in America," Domestic Manners of the Americans (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1949), ix.

47. Elizabeth McKinsey, Niagara Falls: Icon of the American Sublime (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985).

48. Emerson goes on to say that if we knew where to look for the Spirit, "we should never need to go to the high places, crags,

cataracts, & seas . . . " (LRWE III:174). He is confident that she will tell him all about the Falls, and he wishes the weather were better for "so rare spectators" as she and Sarah. "Whatever they [the Falls] gave you, you will on day give me, O most bountiful of friends" (LRWE III:179).

49. Sears, 16.

50. Buell, 196. Buell adds that "all the Transcendentalist authors . . . were well aware that they were going over ground already covered many times before, and that their own contribution, such as it was, would consist in suplying new points of view -- in deploying the resources of their wit, descriptive ability, capacity for original reflection, and eye for the out-of-the-way detail" (191).

51. Margaret Fuller, Life Without and Life Within (Boston: Brown, Taggard and Chase, 1860), 26.

52. John Livingston Lowes used this epigraph for his remarkable book on Coleridge: "Faust. Wohin der Weg? Mephistopheles. Kein Weg! Ins Unbetretene." Emerson noted that "nowhere did Goethe find a braver, more intelligent, or more sympathetic reader" than in Margaret Fuller (Mem.I:243). Frederick A. Braun calls Goethe's influence on Fuller more important than Emerson's. See Braun, Margaret Fuller and Goethe (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1910).

53. Buell, 197.

54. Henry David Thoreau, The Writings of Henry David Thoreau (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1982), I:348.

55. Fuller, Life Without and Life Within, 69.

56. Buell, 198.

57. Buell, 198.

58. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 3.

59. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 4.

60. Fuller, Life Without and Life Within, 69.

61. Hudspeth, "Preface," LME I:40.

CHAPTER TWO

1. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 2.

2. Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 2.

3. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a contemporary and family friend and one of Fuller's best biographers, recalls: "I can well

remember to have seen Miss Fuller sitting, day after day, under the covert gaze of the undergraduates who had never before looked upon a woman reading within those sacred precincts, where twenty of that sex are now employed as assistants." See Higginson, Margaret Fuller Ossoli (New York: Haskell House Publishers, 1884), 194.

4. Higginson, 194.

5. Fuller's father had been a strict taskmaster, requiring that his oldest daughter stay up late studying until he came home to check her assignments, correcting her letters sent to him in Washington, and forbidding her to read certain novels that he felt were too fanciful. As a teenager she kept up the grueling work: "The stoic work schedule followed by the fifteen-year-old Margaret Fuller included in the mornings before Cambridgeport Private Grammar School and in the afternoons after school: Walking 5-6; Pianoforte Practice 6-7; Breakfast 7-7:30; Readings in Sismondi's Literature of the South of Europe 7:30-8; Readings in Brown's Philosophy 8-9; Pianoforte 1-2; Dinner 2-3; Italian 3-5." "Introduction," Summer on the Lakes (facsimile edition) (Boston: Nieuwkoop, 1972), ix, note 3. She developed terrible headaches and nightmares, even at times somnambulating. Later in life she felt that her health had been forever ruined by the academic stress of her childhood.

6. Her essay, "American Literature," which appeared in Greeley's Tribune, expressed the Emersonian belief in the importance of developing an indigenous American literature not dependent on European for form or content. Before such a literature can exist, she says, an "original idea" must "animate this nation."

7. Arthur Fuller, "Preface," At Home and Abroad (Cambridge, Mass.: John Wilson and Son, 1856), iii.

8. A. Fuller, "Preface," iv-v.

9. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 3.

10. Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 3-4.

11. Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 4.

12. Buell, 204.

13. Mason Wade, Margaret Fuller: Whetstone of Genius (New York: The Viking Press, 1940), 25.

14. Wade, 26. Her letter to Eliza Farrar of April 17, 1836, expresses her desolation: "If I am not to go with you I shall be obliged to tear my heart, by a violent effort, from its present objects and natural desires. But I shall feel the necessity, and will

do it if the life-blood follows through the rent. Probably, I shall not even think it best to correspond with you at all while you are in Europe." (LME I:247).

15. James Freeman Clarke had written her July 10, 1843: "When I asked you how long you proposed staying in Illinois, you said, 'till my money is gone.' Now I should be very sorry to have you miss the Lake Superior expedition or abridge your visit in Chicago for the want of a few dollars, and I therefore write to request that you would gratify me by accepting fifty dollars, so that you may not be hurried by want of means. I wish it were fifty thousand. . . . I have . . . requested my brother Sam. to hand you the money with this letter." John Wesley Thomas, ed., The Letters of James Freeman Clarke to Margaret Fuller (Hamburg: Cram, de Gruyter, 1957), 142ff.

Fuller's friend and student Sarah Shaw had also sent her some money for the trip. "The inclosure [sic] you sent me before I went was three times what I should have thought of. . . . I thought best to appropriate the small fortune you sent, and you will be glad to know that it puts me entirely at my ease about my journey. I shall not be obliged to hurry home or trouble myself too much about details to keep within a certain sum" (LME III:127).

16. Albert J. von Frank, "Life as Art in America: The Case of Margaret Fuller," Studies in the American Renaissance, ed. Joel Myerson (Boston: Twayne, 1981), 1-26.

17. von Frank maintains that "of all the circumstances that contributed to the shaping of Margaret Fuller's mind and career, perhaps none was more fatally decisive than the provinciality of her environment" (1).

18. Emerson in *Porte*, 307.

19. Ultimately, when Fuller did arrive in Europe, she realized that it was indeed all she had dreamed of: "I find how true was the lure that always drew me towards Europe. It was no false instinct that said I might here find an atmosphere to develop me in ways I need," she wrote to Emerson in 1847 (LME IV:315). She called Italy the "dream of my life" (LME IV:275) and wrote to thank the Springs from Italy for their enabling her "to satisfy that long abandoned but secretly fervent desire to see Europe, especially Italy" (LME IV:311).

20. Reprinted in Art, Literature, and the Drama, ed. A. Fuller (Boston: Brown, Taggard and Chase, 1860), 299-300.

21. See von Frank, 15-16.

22. Quoted in von Frank, 20.

23. Higginson writes, "The complaint is constantly made that all her attainments and her self-culture did not bring her happiness. It is asking a great deal of any single woman to be positively happy in the presence of tormenting ill-health, poverty, and a self-sacrificing habit that keeps her always on the strain. It is even something to ask of a person, under such circumstances, that she should be habitually cheerful and hopeful. That this last was the predominant tone of Margaret Fuller's daily life is proved by all her more familiar letters and by the general testimony of those who knew her best. No doubt, in her diaries, there are passages which record depression and sometimes almost morbid periods of self-inspection and self-reproach. That is what diaries are made for; they exist in order that imaginative and passionate natures may relieve themselves by expressing these moods, and may then forget them and proceed. The trouble comes when sympathetic biographers elevate these heights and depths into too great importance and find the table-lands uninteresting. There never was a year of Margaret Fuller's life, after her precocious maturity, when the greater part of it was not given to daily, practical, common-sense labor, and this usually for other people" (304).

24. Caleb Stetson quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 4.

25. "The Great Lawsuit," The Dial, IV (July 1843), 4. Thoreau called Fuller's essay "a noble piece, rich extempore writing, talking with pen in hand" (Writings, VI,94).

26. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 36.

27. Anthony Storr, Solitude: A Return to the Self (New York: The Free Press, 1988), 69.

28. Storr, 22.

29. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 36.

CHAPTER THREE

1. Arthur Fuller, "Preface," At Home and Abroad, v.

2. Ellison, Delicate Subjects, 222.

3. Larry J. Reynolds maintains that Fuller acquired "the socialism that became such a firm and intense part of her thought" during the winter of 1846-47 when she was in Paris. "It was in Paris . . . that intellectual discussion of Associationism was flourishing, and it was there that the Fourierists apparently made a

convert of her" (60). Fuller had rejected Fourierism in America, not joining the Brook Farm experiment, although she agreed with his views on women, but Reynolds believes that the "timing" of Fuller's visit to Europe changed her views on socialism. See Chapter Five notes for a further discussion of Fuller's socialism.

4. She wrote to Emerson from Europe, "Had I only come ten years earlier! Now my life must be a failure, so much strength has been wasted on abstractions, which only came because I grew not in the right soil" (LME IV:315).

5. This attitude may appear to contradict Fuller's later commitment to civil activism in the Italian revolution. Yet one can understand her admiration for patient suffering. She had patiently suffered with few complaints. Gradually, however, she would begin to speak out on behalf of others, if not for herself.

6. Higginson, 198-99.

7. Although the story of Mariana appears in the Memoirs, the Sylvain conclusion is omitted.

8. While she was visiting Harriet Martineau and her aged mother in England, Fuller is supposed to have "discoursed at length on 'the unloveliness of old age.' 'Alas!' the old woman exclaimed, astonished. 'The poor creature is stark mad!'" In Lockwood, 64. Higginson also writes that Fuller "wanted tact" (305).

9. Bell Gale Chevigny, The Woman and the Myth: Margaret Fuller's Life and Writings (Old Westbury, New York: The Feminist Press, 1976), 87.

10. Joanne S. Frye, Living Stories. Telling Lives (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1986), 19.

11. Frye, 57.

12. Frye, 57.

13. Carolyn Heilbrun, Reinventing Womanhood (New York: Norton Press, 1979), 183.

14. Heilbrun, 183.

15. Kolodny, 123.

16. See Stern's Introduction to the facsimile edition of Summer on the Lakes. in 1843.

17. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 33.

18. One assumes based on her devotion to truth that Fuller is sincere in this lack of hope and not attempting with conscious irony to suggest the solution to the problem, as Swift had done in "A Modest Proposal."

19. Richard Slotkin, Regeneration Through Violence (Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, 1973), 361.

20. Sarah Clarke joined Fuller after nine days and made some sketches of the island (included only in the second printing of Summer on the Lakes) before the two women departed for home. On the island Fuller stayed at a boarding house owned by the Indian widow of a French trader. She had expected her own room but found that she had to sleep in the common parlor and eating room of the boarding house, accommodations which guaranteed her early rising each day. From the boarding house she could see the beach, where the Indian lodges were clustered like honey combs. More than two thousand Indians were encamped on the island, ready "to make a long holiday out of the occasion" (SL 105).

"The occasion" was one that Fuller had known about in advance. Her sojourn on Mackinac had been timed for the last week in August, when representatives from both the Chippewa and Ottawa tribes came to the island to receive their annual payments from the American government. These annuities had been established after the War of 1812, in which the Ottawa and Chippewa had fought under the great Indian leader Tecumseh on the side of the British, whom the Indians did not perceive as a threat to their lands. The British had lost the war, and the Indians in the Northwest Territory were now under American, not British jurisdiction. According to an arrangement with the Americans, the Indians were to be given cash and various goods and services in return for their land. Indians, who were accustomed to sharing with their neighbors, were duped into believing that these goods and services (without which they had done for centuries quite well) were a fair trade for the land on which they had lived.

Because Michigan was interested in statehood in the early 1800's and because there was a land dispute between Michigan and Ohio that needed to be resolved before statehood was granted, in 1835 pressure was put on the Ottawa Indians in Michigan to cede their Michigan lands and move west of the Mississippi. One of the Indian experts Fuller had consulted in preparing for her trip to the West, Henry Schoolcraft, a good friend of Secretary of War Louis Cass, was in favor of this relocation of Indians. In the negotiations for the Treaty of Washington, a final arrangement between the Indians and the federal government established that the Indians would cede their land to the government but retain hunting and fishing rights

and the right to live on any unsold government lands. Major portions of land near the Grand Traverse Bay were reserved for these Indians, who naively believed it would be many years before American settlers came north to buy land, though even in the early 1800's the Erie Canal had made possible a major westward movement and the white man's civilization was rapidly encroaching on the Indians' territorial rights.

Assured by Schoolcraft that they would not be forced to relocate, the Indians ratified the Treaty of Washington. Michigan could then become a state (1837). But United States promises to the Indians were short-lived. Motivated by the desire to gain control over the rich timber and mineral resources in the northern Michigan area, the U.S. government did not wait long to move Indians onto reservations. See James A. Clifton, et al., People of the Three Fires: The Ottawa, Potawatomi and Ojibway of Michigan (Grand Rapids, Mich.: West Michigan Printing, 1986) and James McClurken, "Strangers in Their Own Land," The Grand River Valley Review, VI (1985), 2-25.

Probably most of the preparatory reading Fuller did before her trip involved books about the Indians. Following her trip she spent many weeks in the Harvard library reading books by the great Indian explorers.

21. Slotkin, 355.

22. Fuller's attitude toward the Indians parallels that of Emerson, who saw in the Indian the noble savage close to nature. See his lecture on "Manners" in The Early Lectures of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Stephen E. Whicher et al. (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1966-72), II. In April 1838 Emerson had been asked by the citizens of Concord to write a letter to President Van Buren to protest Cherokee removal from Georgia. Gay Wilson Allen describes the letter as "nearly two thousand words of moral outrage" full of "invective, sarcasm, and satire one would hardly have expected of him. . . ." in Waldo Emerson: A Biography (New York: Viking Press, 1981), 314. Nevertheless, after writing the letter Emerson felt a "private agony" over having to make a public stand. See Floyce Alexander, "Emerson and the Cherokee Removal," ESQ, 2(1983), 127-37.

CHAPTER FOUR

1. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 5.

2. Arthur Fuller, "Preface," At Home and Abroad, 9. However, Fuller's Christianity was hardly conventional, to judge from her own religious creed of 1842, donated to the Boston Public Library by Thomas Higginson. She believed, she wrote, that Jesus was "a messenger and son of God"; she believed in the story of Christ's life on earth and in the miracles. "But when I say to you, also, that though I think all this really happened, it is of no consequence to me whether it did or not, that the ideal truth such illustrations present to me, is enough, and that if the mind of St. John, for instance, had conceived the whole and offered it to us as a poem, to me, as far as I know, it would be just as real. You see how wide the gulf that separates me from the Christian Church." Quoted in Braun, 253-54.

Christ, like Apollo, was another "modification of the same harmony. . . , a part of the All. . . . I will not loathe sects, persuasions, systems, though I cannot abide in them one moment. I see most men are still in need of them. To them their banners, their tents; let them be Platonists, Fire-worshippers, Christians; let them live in the shadow of the past revelations" (Braun, 256). She believed that another manifestation of the Word would come on earth. Christianity was only one form -- an important one -- of the spiritual truth she worshipped.

Thus, while Fuller could be called a Christian because of her Christian deeds, there might be orthodox Christians who would call her a "heathen," as Brownson did. Arthur Fuller, a minister, was undoubtedly in his edition of his sister's book smoothing over the reputation of his deceased sister, painting a picture of her as a pious Christian.

3. It is interesting to note that Dickens had included a similar dramatized conversation in his American Notes, which Fuller had read.

4. Fuller would eventually visit a mine when she traveled to England. Although she expressed much pity for the horses below ground who "see the light of day no more once they have been let down into these gloomy recesses," she was unable to see the men at their mine work, since "it meant a walk of a mile and a half underground" (Lockwood, 55).

5. WNC 15. Fuller continued to use mining imagery in her later

life. From Europe she wrote to Marcus Spring: "What would I not give that my other two brothers, R.W.E.[Emerson] and W.H.C.[Channing], could see him [Mazzini, leader of the Italian revolution]! All have in different ways the celestial fire, all have pure natures. They may have faults, but no base alloy" (LME V:201).

6. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 5.

7. From Emerson's Nature in The Collected Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Vol. I (Cambridge, Mass.: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1971), 24. See also the note on p. 250 which identifies the source of Emerson's quotation from Bacon.

8. Henry David Thoreau, "Walking," The Natural History Essays (Salt Lake City: Peregrine Smith, Inc., 1980), 109.

9. Thoreau, "Walking," 105. Emerson wrote Fuller on June 7, 1843, "I would gladly be your companion in much of the way. I envy you this large dose of America; You will know how to dispose of it all. We have all been East too long. Now for the West" (LRWE III:180).

10. Emerson, Nature, 38.

11. Emerson, Nature, 26.

12. Emerson, Nature, 44.

13. Emerson, Nature, 43.

14. Emerson, Nature, 16.

15. Emerson, Nature, 23.

16. Fred Folio, Lucy Boston: Or Woman's Rights and Spiritualism: Illustrating the Follies and Delusions of the Nineteenth Century (New York: J. C. Derby, 1855), 29.

17. Folio, 406. It is only fair to add that many of the men of this era were also interested in spiritualism and mesmerism. Horace Greeley, Albert Brisbane, George Ripley, George Bancroft, James Fenimore Cooper, William Cullen Bryant, Rufus Griswold, and William Henry Channing all participated in seances. See Guarneri, 349-53.

18. Fuller remarks on this tendency of men: "When they admired any woman, they were inclined to speak of her as 'above her sex'" (WNC 41). "Let it not be said, wherever there is energy or creative genius, 'She has a masculine mind'" (WNC 43). "There is no wholly masculine man, no purely feminine woman" (WNC 116).

19. Michael Lopez, "De-Transcendentalizing Emerson," ESQ 34(1988), 86.

20. Fuller kept up her interest in mesmerism after this summer,

and in fact when she moved to New York had some relief from the famous Dr. Leger, whom she consulted regarding her frequent backaches and headaches. According to Georgiana Bruce, who described Leger's methods in treating Fuller, after two months under Dr. Leger's care, Fuller could walk the four miles from Horace Greeley's house, where she was living in New York City, to Dr. Leger's office. After five months Fuller reportedly grew three inches taller and was able to discard the horsehair pad she wore on one shoulder to give the impression of equality (LME IV:61). It is interesting to speculate about what actual physical ailment Fuller had suffered since childhood that would that would make her shoulders so unequal, that precipitated headaches and spinal discomfort. Could it be that Fuller's habit of craning her neck, so often alluded to in biographical sketches, was the result of this ailment rather than an affectation, as has often been suggested? She may have been an early victim of scoliosis .

She wrote that Dr. Leger entertained her a great deal during her consultations: "I have a very entertaining time with this. Nothing wonderful happens to me. I have no sleep, no trance, but seem to receive daily accessions of strength from this *insouciant* robust Frenchman, and his local action on the distended bones is obvious. During this part, which occupies about twenty minutes, he talks to me, and as his life has been various, full of experience and adventure, entertains me much. He has lived ten years in Mexico, and if I wanted to write dramatic novels, I should get materials enough from what he tells me. Going to him takes a great part of my morning . . . but my passage too [sic] and fro and what I meet at the Mesmeric apartments affords a new view of life" (LME 111:59).

It is interesting to note that Edgar Allan Poe had read the book by 1845, the year he wrote "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," the horrifying ending of which was based on Kerner's ending of The Seeress of Prevorst. The book was translated into English in 1845 by Catherine Crowe, though Fuller had said in 1843-44, during the writing of Summer on the Lakes that "it may not be translated into other languages." For that reason among others, she had gone into such detail about the book. We know that Poe had read Summer on the Lakes by the time he wrote his review of Woman in the Nineteenth Century in August 1846, for he alludes to Summer on the Lakes in this review, calling it a mark of Fuller's "genius." It is possible that Poe's first awareness of the book The Seeress of

Prevorst came from his reading of Fuller's account of it in her travel book, and that consequently Summer on the Lakes was a major influence on the writing of "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar."

21. Ellison, "The Edge of Urbanity: Emerson's English Traits," ESQ 32(1986),107. Ellison adds in Delicate Subjects, "Surely we have gone beyond the point where romantic discourse generally and Fuller's curiously structured and multiple voices in particular can be dismissed as simply incoherent" (222, note).

22. Quoted in Lopez, 93.

23. Lopez, 109.

24. Arthur Fuller, "Preface," WNC, 8.

25. Arthur Fuller, "Preface," WNC, 8.

26. Arthur Fuller, "Preface," WNC, 7.

CHAPTER FIVE

1. Chevigny, "Growing Out of New England: The emergence of Margaret Fuller's Radicalism," Women's Studies 5(1977), 87.

2. Chevigny, "Growing," 88.

3. Chevigny, "Growing," 77.

4. Chevigny, "Growing," 77.

5. Chevigny, "Growing," 77.

6. Chevigny, "Growing," 81.

7. Chevigny, The Woman and the Myth, 215.

8. Quoted in Myerson, ed., Critical Essays, 37.

9. Stout, The Journey Narrative in American Literature: Patterns and Departures (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1983), 16.

10. See the account of Fuller's experiences as a teacher in Rhode Island in Laraine R. Fergenson, "Margaret Fuller in the Classroom: The Providence Period," Studies in the American Renaissance, ed. Joel Myerson (Charlottesville: The University Press of Virginia, 1987), 131-42. Fuller had also taught in Bronson Alcott's school in Boston but ultimately decided that teaching was too exhausting because it did not allow her time to devote to her first love, writing, which would reach a larger audience.

11. "I like being here; the streams of life flow free," she wrote to Aunt Mary from New York on Jan. 15, 1845 (Quoted in Higginson, 212).

12. Margaret Allen, "The Political and Social Criticism of

Margaret Fuller," South Atlantic Quarterly, 72 (Autumn 1973), 564.

13. Karl Marx had been expelled from Paris in January 1845, about the time that Fuller moved to New York City to work for Greeley. By the time she arrived in Paris during the autumn of 1846, Paris was "a unique cauldron of novel ideas, feelings, and activities. The French capital was a magnet for a whole galaxy of European intellectuals, poets, writers, painters, and musicians, as well as an endless number of theoretical reformers. . . ," according to Joel Carmichael, Karl Marx (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1967), 89. It was in New York that Fuller began to be more interested in social reform in addition to literary matters, but it was not until she went to Italy that she became a socialist. There she wrote to Marcus and Rebecca Spring, with whom she had traveled to Italy and who had returned to America: "I have become an enthusiastic Socialist; elsewhere is no comfort, no solution for the problems of the times" (LME V:295). The Springs would eventually establish their own Fourierist community at Raritan Bay, New Jersey.

14. Fuller had had several opportunities in America to join social movements. She, Emerson, and Hawthorne had all declined invitations to join the Brook Farm Fourierist phalanx, although several of their friends, including George Ripley and William Henry Channing, were members. Fuller's brother Lloyd also lived at Brook Farm for a time, and Margaret visited him there often. She, like Emerson, however, felt that social change would come from self-culture and self-reliance. She wrote in her journal during this time, "My hopes might lead to Association, too, -- an association, if not of efforts, yet of destinies. In such an one I live with several already, feeling that each one, by acting out his own, casts light upon a mutual destiny, and illustrates the thought of a master mind. It is a constellation, not a phalanx, to which I would belong." (Quoted in Urbanski, Woman, 58).

But in 1848 she wrote to Aunt Mary Rotch from Italy that she had become "as great an Associationist as W. Channing himself, . . . as firm a believer that the next form society will take in remedy of the dreadful ills that now consume it will be voluntary association in small communities" (LME V:71).

15. According to Marie Urbanski, Woman in the Nineteenth Century "generated the impulse to feminists to call the first woman's rights convention" (146). Several months after Fuller's death in 1850, at the national women's rights convention of Oct. 23-24 in Worcester,

Mass., President Paulina Wright Davis wrote: "One great disappointment fell upon us. Margaret Fuller, toward whom many eyes were turned as the future leader in this movement, was not with us. The 'hungry ravening sea,' had swallowed her up, and we were left to mourn her guiding hand--her royal presence. To her, I at least had hoped to confide the leadership of this movement." (Urbanski, 159).

16. Storr, 33-34.

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