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THE TRUE ROMANCE OF ANNA HAZARD BARKER AND SAMUEL GRAY WARD

Eleanor M. Tilton

PROLOGUE

IN 1850 WHEN THE MANUSCRIPTS OF MARGARET FULLER came into his hands, Emerson wrote on 17 November to Caroline Tappan of the thoughts they evoked:

> I grieve to find in them so much grief, belief in a bitter destiny, & which her clear mind & great heart should not have admitted, though the head ached & the knees shook. But she used her gifts so well & against so much resistance, that almost none has the right to blame her.—Yes, it is too obvious that all her estimates of men, books, pictures, were distorted a little or much by her highly refracting atmosphere, & therefore her statement is never catholic & true. (MH)

The story of Anna Barker and Samuel Gray Ward has been told for the most part in footnotes to works about Emerson or Margaret Fuller. The principals have not been called upon to speak for themselves. This article proposes to let them do so in the hope that fictions created by Margaret Fuller will not be indefinitely perpetuated. What we lack is first-hand knowledge of what in fact happened, and that story I give here. My hope is not only to eradicate fictions but also to demonstrate the danger in reliance on the testimony of only one witness and that witness not altogether independent, though guiltless of any sin more grievous than that common human failing—self-deception.

Margaret Fuller was not the confidant of either of the principals: Ward's confidant was his father; Anna Barker's was her brother Thomas. Late in the course of events, it was to Emerson not Miss Fuller that Anna Barker con-

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fided. A sharp observer was Professor George Ticknor; and knowledgeable, if not always accurate, were the Wards of New York. But it is correspondence in the family papers of the Wards of Boston that gives us a straight story and illuminates ambiguous passages in Emerson's journals. From their own letters we can extract the order of events and the characters of the principals.[1]

The heroine is not accurately described as a "southern belle." Her parents were New England Quakers: her father out of Nantucket and her mother out of Newport.[2] The Barker children were all born in New York City where the family lived until 1834. In that year, Jacob Barker moved his family to New Orleans; his fifth child and first daughter Anna was then twenty-one years old. Her father had just lost a fortune, not the first he had won and lost.

Jacob Barker dearly loved a profit and was proud of his early "predisposition to commercial pursuits." He made his first profit—of two cents—at the age of fourteen.[3] Quite rightly he called himself an "adventurer." He was always very much in the public eye; he put himself there. He admitted cheerfully to being impetuous and vain. In the prolonged "Conspiracy Trials" of 1826–28, employing no counsel, he defended himself with vigor and persistence and even brought four of his sons into the courtroom with him, the oldest twenty-five (Thomas) and the youngest fifteen.[4] He had the unwavering loyalty of his employees, chief among them the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck whose scurrilous "Billingsgate McSwell," circulated in manuscript, attacked the district attorney who had made certain of Barker's indictment for fraud.[5]

An ardent democrat, Barker had supported the War of 1812 and vigorously raised money for it. Needless to say he was *persona non grata* in Federalist Boston. His democratic principles did not prevent him from suing the government to recover the losses he suffered in that war; he had been a large ship-owner at the time.

In New Orleans, Barker was quick to defend free blacks abused by the police, and he challenged in the newspapers those who would limit the rights of citizens of foreign birth.[6] He bragged of being related to Benjamin Franklin through their common descent from the Folgers of Nantucket. It pleased him to believe that he resembled his famous and patriotic ancestor.

It is fortunate that Anna Barker had the good looks of her mother. The shadowy figure of Anna's mother is made a little clearer by Fitz-Greene Halleck who remarks upon her looks, her bearing, and her taste in clothes, these of Quaker simplicity but nevertheless elegant.[7] With nine surviving children and a husband constantly on the go, she must surely have been well-occupied at home. What effect the fluctuating fortunes of her husband had we cannot know, but her son Thomas and her daughter Anna were known to be "spiritually-minded." No hint of scandal touches any of her children. Mr.

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Barker, pursuing his flamboyant way, was resiliant and pugnacious, but discretion was no part of his valor. His career and reputation were facts Samuel Gray Ward would have to take into account.

Very different was Ward's father the circumspect Boston banker Thomas Wren Ward (out of Salem) whose honor would never be impugned. He was known and respected, but he kept out of the newspapers, seeking no publicity by word or deed. The elder Ward was well-to-do, but the pursuit of riches was not all-in-all to him. Though "at times severe," he was an affectionate and devoted father. He bequeathed to his oldest son the habit of reticence. The younger Ward would be chided by a friend as the "incarnation of secretiveness."[8] No more than his father could he ever be described as impulsive. Both were given to taking forethought, carefully setting down points to be considered before decision and action.

Mrs. Ward, also of Salem, is even more shadowy than Mrs. Barker. There is reason to believe that her time was much taken up by her first-born child Martha, who, never strong, was very ill for more than two years and apparrently never fully recovered.[9] It appears to have been a close-knit and stable family in which responsibilities were affectionately shared. The second child and first-born son of four took his middle name from his maternal grandfather. Both the Grays and the Wards were a good deal less peripatetic than the Barkers, and very much more discreet.

Well-educated at the Round Hill School in Northampton, Ward acquired there a taste for German and Italian literature. The school was experimental, founded by Joseph Green Cogswell and George Bancroft, Cogswell the prime mover. Both had studied at Göttingen, along with George Ticknor and other Americans inspired by Mme. de Staël's *De L'Allemagne*. From this school, Ward entered Harvard as a sophomore in 1833 shortly before his sixteenth birthday. For all three years he lived at the home of Professor John Farrar whose second wife Eliza (Rotch) Farrar was Anna Barker's cousin.

And at the Farrars' Margaret Fuller met Anna Barker. After the move to New Orleans, Jacob Barker followed the southern practice of sending the women-folk north to escape the worst heat of a southern summer. As northerners, Mrs. Barker and her daughters were "unacclimated" and therefore, it was thought, the more susceptible to yellow fever. With relatives in New York City, Philadelphia, Newport, and Cambridge, the ladies need not wear out their welcome in any one place. The visits were usually brief.

The friendship between Miss Fuller and Miss Barker had to have been maintained chiefly by correspondence. In 1835 Margaret Fuller was only briefly in Newport and Miss Barker did not visit Cambridge; in 1836 "there was little chance for . . . conversation" (1:261). From May 1837 through December 1838, Anna Barker was in Europe; it was there she met Ward. In

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1839 she did not come north until October. By October 1839 it was public knowledge that Samuel Gray Ward was courting Miss Barker. Margaret Fuller would see even less of Ward, if less is possible. Absence may indeed make the heart grow fonder but perhaps only because absence may leave it fertile for fantasy.

In 1836, it was known that Ward carried on a "brisk correspondence" with Miss Fuller; the friend who used the phrase thought it a joke; he was clearly not among those who took Miss Fuller seriously.[10] Emerson would not meet either of the principals until 1839; he merely heard about them from Margaret Fuller. What he heard was what she imagined. In vain, Emerson would often warn her of the dangers of the "Superlative."[11]

In 1835 Miss Fuller anticipated with excitement a trip with the Farrars up the North River and across to Trenton Falls. Her letter to her father about her desire to make the trip has a tone of disconcertingly girlish rapture (1:230). At the end of the seventeen-day journey,[12] she wrote her parents a hasty summary of the events of the last week. In New York she stayed at the home of Sigourney Barker, her friend's brother, and learned that Anna was at Newport. "My disappointment was great—but Mr Ward, (who has been all kindness throughout) offered to stay with me at Newport as long as I pleased" (1:232–33). Well-brought up, "Mr Ward" would know that ladies did not travel alone. Miss Fuller read more into the boy's kindness and courtesy than could have been there. He was seventeen; Miss Fuller was twenty-five. Margaret Fuller would all her life remember the excursion of 1835, her first meeting with Ward. She would call it the "last period of tranquillity in my life." The letter quoted is of 25 February 1850, written from Florence, to Samuel Gray Ward (MH).

In 1835 when Mrs. Farrar invited Margaret Fuller to accompany the Farrars to Europe in 1836, she was looking for companionship. She was not match-making. As a seasoned traveller (this would be her fourth trip) Mrs. Farrar knew that the Atlantic crossing on a sailing vessel depended on one's having good company, the more varied the better. Young Ward, to be graduated in August, was going in any case on something like the Grand Tour and hoped to continue his study of German in Dresden or wherever Professor George Ticknor, already in Europe, might advise. Mrs. Farrar was assured of the company of Harriet Martineau who with her companion would be returning to England. It was reasonable that they all sail in the same ship. Mrs. Farrar, I suspect, wanted a hedge against being limited to the companionship of the lady with the ear-trumpet; Miss Fuller's conversational gifts would make her good company, reason enough for Mrs. Farrar to suggest that she sail with them. Margaret Fuller did not conceal her acute disappointment when she found she could not make the longed-for journey. Ward

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was sympathetic; again she may have read more into his kindness than was there.

As it turned out, the passengers were more than usually disagreeable, and the voyage was more than usually long. The travellers, however, found two welcome additions to their party. One of them, welcome particularly to the professor, was Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, at that time head of the Department of Charts and Maps, and preparing his famous exploring expedition. The other was welcome to Mrs. Farrar and Ward; he was an elderly Scot whose extensive acquaintance with English poets and painters gave them pleasure. Miss Martineau obliged the party with a lecture on Kant.[13]

Ward's letters from England, where his trip began, are not those of a young man deprived of the company of a woman he regarded with more than admiration. With a letter to his sister Mary he sends sketches and gives her permission to show them to "my friend Miss Fuller" (8 November 1836, MHi). He values them chiefly as a "faithful" record of his travels. He has heard that Miss Fuller is to give classes, and he urges his sister to attend them and to follow her guidance in reading. Miss Fuller has read more than anyone else he knows. Before he left home he had spoken to his father about providing someone to take charge of Mary's education. It was for her knowledge of books that the young man valued Miss Fuller and was happy to repay her by teaching her something of art.

In Paris in early 1837 Ward fell in with young Bostonians who had joined with him to hire a teacher that they might study—Animal Magnetism.[14] By April he was in Rome now travelling with the Ticknors. By July the Ticknors were in Munich, the professor giving thought to Ward's plan for study. On 20 July, Ticknor wrote Thomas Wren Ward that his son would need a quiet winter in Germany to master the language (MH). The young man's health has improved but might be improved still further if he spent the summer in Switzerland. "He is certainly an excellent, well-principled young man, whom you may wholly trust." Ticknor hopes Ward will be able to join the Farrars so that he will be with a family and not travel alone; Ward hopes so too, and for the same reason. This is "a sign of right feeling" that Ticknor hopes the father "will not overlook." A postscript calculates the slight additional expenses staying longer will entail.[15]

When young Ward reached Interlaken early in August, he found that the Farrars had acquired a charming young companion, Miss Anna Barker. Mrs. Farrar would later print an account of the miracles attendant on travelling with a beautiful enchantress. A customs officer would ignore their luggage; a prospective landlord would lower the rent; the best seats at the opera were available to them; and doors ordinarily closed were opened. The sculptor Thorwaldsen would give Miss Barker a medallion portrait of himself. The

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American sculptor Hiram Powers asked to take her bust. Considerations of modesty and propriety made her hesitate, but Mrs. Farrar was persuasive. Miss Barker sought her brother Thomas' approval. He gave it with delight, and her brother Sigourney concurred. Miss Barker was beautiful to the young sculptor's eye. As a man, Powers found her sympathetic as well and wrote her of his joy in the birth of his son and his grief at the baby's death.[16]

In the early spring of 1837, Mrs. Farrar had invited Miss Barker to join her in Europe. Her letter from Paris of 29 April is a delighted acknowledgement of a "winning" letter from Miss Barker and repeats the invitation:

> Whenever I have spoken of it to Mr Farrar, he has sympathized with my longing for your companionship & then a fit of prudence has come over him & he has said, "but should you like the responsibility of chaperoning such a belle. I am afraid I should not be able to protect her sufficiently against the knight errantry of Europe" but today after reading to him your sweet effusions of affection, he exclaimed, "dear child, let her come, & I will get a pair of pistols & begin practicing at once." (MH)

This charmer would have an instant and permanent effect on young Ward, and he was not unpleasing to her. From Interlaken on 21 August, Anna Barker wrote her brother Thomas: "Mr. Ward joined us here, a very agreeable acquisition to our party" (MH). Mr. Ward had already written Ticknor of what a good time he was having in Interlaken, but Ticknor would not hear again for a disturbing number of weeks nor could inquiry at likely banks produce a forwarding address.[17] The young man was indeed having a good time.

For this interlude there are no surviving letters from Ward, but Anna Barker helps us out. On 12 September still from Switzerland, she writes her brother: "Mr Ward and I went out to gaze at this wondrous place by moonlight. It was almost too fearfully wild . . . . " The place was the Hospice on the Great St. Bernard Pass. Evidently Miss Barker admired the dogs. The letter, continuing the next day, reports that "Mr Ward bought a young son of this intelligent race to whom I have given the name of 'Alp.' Our affections today having been divided between the wild and affecting scenery that has burst upon us at every step & this young saint who is particularly interesting" (MH). Apparently the antics of a Saint Bernard puppy provided as useful a topic of conversation as the sublimity of the landscape.

More than a month later Anna Barker wrote her brother Thomas on 19 October: "Our charming friend Sam Ward has left us last Monday for Dresden where he goes to study German through the winter & to return to America in the Spring. He may pass through Antwerp & has promised to see you if he can. Draw him out dear Tom and you will find a great deal in him after your own heart & that will interest you much" (MH). It is safe to infer that Ward and Anna Barker had found topics more serious than the grandeur

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of the scenery.[18] She is writing her favorite brother, the serious Thomas. Whether Ward got to Antwerp or not, we do not know.

On 1 November he is in Dresden, relieved to find letters, the more so that they tell him Martha is slowly recovering. He tells Mary nothing of his studies but has a good deal to say about hers. A letter of 29 November to him from Ticknor complains of not hearing from him, but he has heard from Ward's father of "his satisfaction at your staying in Europe. But where are you and what are you doing? I doubt not that he has later news from you . . . than I have." Even the Paris banker finds his silence "inscrutable" (MH). With a secret to keep, Ward may not have trusted his pen.

Ward was back in the States early in 1838. After a reunion with his family in Boston, he began at once in the New York office of Jonathan Goodhue to make himself a business man. The choice was his own and surprised his father who perhaps supposed that his son with his taste for art and literature might pursue a different course. Not until 1839 would the father learn that his son's effort to learn a business was calculated as a necessary step for a young man who already had marriage in his mind. Independence was his object, but with banking he was not at all happy.

On 10 April 1838, he wrote Mrs. Farrar of finding more "vexation" in the life he had chosen than he had ever expected, but he does not wish to write a dreary letter (MH). "My *propects* as they call them are bright—as to my life that is rather my death—I do not care to speak of it." He allows himself to imagine the Farrars in Rome. It is Holy Week, and he can summon his recollections of the city and follow them in imagination to the places he had seen. Miss Barker is certainly a figure in his revery. He breaks out in exclamation: "The bust—I long to see it—must this too be denied me—But o what can a bust be?" When at the conclusion of his letter, he crosses his first page, he exclaims again: "Remember me Remember me—oh why should I repeat it to all that are dear to me and again to all to whom I am dear." Miss Barker is surely included in the first "all."[19]

His letters to his sister Mary are somewhat bleak. He wishes it were feasible to have Alp with him. He neither reads nor sketches; he can only hope his sister does. He hears some good music at the New York Wards; the sisters all sing, and so does Emily Astor, Sam Ward, Jr.'s wife. (So did Anna Barker.) He goes rowing on the bay and so does their father, often in New York on business. He enjoins Mary to see that "Alp is taught manners." The letters reflect not merely the trying probation he has put upon himself and his constant thought of Miss Barker but the anxieties of the times. On 23 April, he is more cheerful. He writes to his sister Mary:

> It is a busy day, and if Commerce be really the goddess they say she is this is the proudest day in her annals—and the two steam ships that have come up this morning will change her whole face sooner or later—

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> We were on board the Sirius this morning and have been watching the Great Western come up; she is four-masted & bigger than a frigate and it is a curious sight to see her move along so steadily through the water, all sails furled—the more that at a distance she looks like a sailing vessel—
>
> Mr. King is in—we dined with him yesterday and all that my father has been labouring so hard for seems to be coming right—and the world coming back to honesty—(MHi)[20]

In Munich in 1837, Ticknor and young Ward had talked of the disastrous panic of May when banks suspended specie payment and some states repudiated their debts. Both were aware that the elder Ward was in for much anxiety as well as hard work. It was in this atmosphere of continuing alarm and uncertainty that young Ward had begun his effort to be independent. Of course he had heard of nothing but banks and banking. *The Great Western* on this her maiden voyage had brought the gold that would stave off further disasters. The elder Ward had worked hard to secure a saving loan from Baring Brothers. In New York, the twenty-third of April 1838 was a day of great excitement and relief. Young Ward looked more happily to the future. For all his distaste for business, he could see in the maiden voyages of the two steamships, as others did, the prospect of great changes in commerce.

In the summer after an excursion in the Berkshires with his mother and his sister Martha and a visit to the New York Wards in Newport, he returned home to Boston late in July, as Miss Fuller reported to Caroline Sturgis (1:339). From Providence, Miss Fuller went to Boston in August. A fragment of manuscript clearly of August 1838 is telescoped and quoted in the *Memoirs*, and a proper name appearing twice is heavily deleted in the manuscript.[21] It appears to be "Raffaello," the name Miss Fuller and, after her, Emerson used in referring to Ward. The whole passage is revealing of her state of mind. She has apparently seen nothing of Ward since his return from Europe. If he paid her a visit in Providence, as he could easily have done from Newport, there is no record of it. The manuscript passage reads:

> I left for Boston in August. How wearied I was, how tossed to and fro what an agonizing conflict between duty and my nature. At such times my only way is to seek some influence which might draw me from myself—I am in a state of sickly unresisting sensitiveness such as I do not remember in myself before—I despise but cannot conquer it. I want to lean my head on some friendly bosom . . .
>
> I went to the Athenaeum [to meet Raffaello] He had not yet come—I sat down in the gallery, looked at the Judith, a Madonna (called a Carlo Manetti) beautiful but not to my taste, though brightly tender beyond compare. But its beauty may all be seen at a glance. I did [not] however, feel in a critical mood. I sank into soothing reverie and felt the [blessed in]fluence of the ideal world once more. I am surrounded by records of lives which were passed in embody-

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> ing thought not in laboring for clothes, furniture, and houses. I breathed my proper atmosphere and preened my ruffled pinions. [Raffaello] when he came did not seem to be more disposed to observe than myself. But I had not the benefit of his exquisite taste. But perhaps there was nothing worthy of its exercise.
>
> What a drive we had that afternoon! It was one of those soft gloomy times the sun is wearied out, he is asleep; and you feel a right to rest also. Gleams of [brassy] light succeeded a gently pattering shower and we sped homeward by the palest starlight. Nature seemed to sympathize with me today. She was not too bright, she was not too wild and I was with the only person who ever understood me at once in such moods.

Romantic reveries and the ride with the sympathetic Ward could apparently assuage but not cure the "sickly . . . sensitiveness." On her way to Groton and her family, Miss Fuller visited the Emersons (1:340). From a letter she writes to Lidian Emerson, it can be inferred that a chance word evoked again the pain and melancholy (1:340). The visit occurred shortly after she had seen Ward; she brought with her a portfolio of engravings belonging to him (*JMN*, 7:46). Encouraged by Miss Fuller, Emerson invited Ward to Concord.[22] Failing to secure the visit, he wrote a second time in hopes of seeing Ward in Cambridge on Phi Beta Kappa Day, a gathering time for friends. Ward evidently did not show up, but Miss Fuller did and talked with Emerson of her despondency.[23] Her responsibility to her family and her obligation to return to school-teaching in Providence gave her less time in Boston than she'd have liked. The little that she saw of Ward must have shown her that three years had changed the boy she had met in 1835. On 3 October he would come of age.

On the nineteenth of that month, Ward consulted Amos Lawrence on the best way to travel to the western cities in Pennsylvania and Ohio and then south to New Orleans.[24] He could not have known when Anna Barker was to return home. His principal source Mrs. Farrar did not know; a letter of October to Anna from Mrs. Farrar shows that the date is still uncertain (MH). Miss Barker is in Paris with her brother Thomas. Mrs. Farrar teases her young friend on the gaiety of her life in Paris, hopes she is not leaving a trail of broken hearts, and warns her away from a particular "pet" the medical student George Cheyne Shattuck. Mrs. Farrar need not have worried; Miss Barker would go to Antwerp for a quiet two months with her brother before returning to the States in December. She was in New York by the twenty-third. Ward had arrived in New Orleans on the seventeenth.

His letters recounting his journey make good reading.[25] He is genuinely interested in all he sees and hears. The crowded Pennsylvania canal boats brought him in touch with a variety of fellow countrymen to whom he talked readily. From his travels in Europe he had acquired the habit of close obser-

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vation of everything from wayside flowers to social conditions. New Orleans was very different from smoky Pittsburgh, grimier than any English city, and different too were the southern cities of Nashville and Mobile where there was no need to be "energetic" as one certainly had to be in New Orleans.

The liveliness of that city was striking whether one went to a ball or the cotton market. He is there to learn the business of being a cotton broker and to consider what occupation is best for him. To his surprise he finds that business begins to be exciting. His letters to his father show him to be thoughtful, cautious, and bent on being well-informed. In February 1839 Thomas Wren Ward would write happily about his son to his friend and partner Joshua Bates: "I shall not be surprised if he should prove to be a clever man" (MHi). The young man for his part had rarely had such feelings of exhilaration as in the sight "of the wonderful fertility and promise of some parts of this Western valley!" He recalls Thomas Biddle's saying: "You can't over-estimate the vitality of America." He thinks his father would feel years younger if he made a visit to the lively city of New Orleans.

In a letter to his sister he is sorry that Alp has run away, but does not give him up entirely—"I should be able to recognize him again at any distance." In one happy letter he chides her for not reporting on "Assemblies"; he confesses to a delight in dancing and thinks New Orleans may be gayer than Paris (MHi). Miss Barker is surely home. In December in New York she had sampled the opera; it seemed a "burlesque" she wrote her brother and added sensibly: "It is sad to be spoiled but I suppose we will all be spoiled back again" to become content with American versions of opera (MH).

On 1 March, Ward writes a letter to his sister that clearly shows he had never seriously considered being a painter, a myth propagated by Miss Fuller:

> I am very glad you draw—and that you put your standard high—I don't value drawing as an accomplishment any more than any other mere accomplishment, but as a means of cultivation. The man who can use his pencil like an artist has acquired a new sense—The sight becomes more acute; we notice a thousand beautiful things, harmonies of color & forms that would have escaped our notice otherwise—then, you learn to appreciate much more the work of other minds —He who has never painted a tree does not know how the mind of the artist has dwelt on and studied every part—there is a natural appreciation of beauty—if you have it, cultivate it, and it will be to you the most valuable acquisition you can make—But this must come about by studying the great works there are in the world, seeing how and why they are beautiful, and not by dwelling upon our sensations till they become morbid—which is perhaps the fault of the modern school—And remember too that it is a false beauty if it does not appear in our actions and everyday life, and among people, just as much as in our thoughts and pursuits—

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For her reading he recommends biography and autobiography. "As I grow older I like infinitely better to read the lives of actual people than romances" (MHi). He begins to find the truth more interesting than over-heated romantic fiction.

Ward would paint and sketch all his life, suggest the design for his own house, and try his hand at landscape gardening, but he did not think of himself as an artist. Miss Fuller is of the "modern school" as he describes it here. Ward has outgrown this earlier mentor who is meanwhile asking Caroline Sturgis to make a pretty box that she may put in all she has and may have from her friend "Raphael"—poems, letters, and sketches (2:49).

On 4 March, from New Orleans Ward writes his father a letter marked "Private." He can no longer keep a secret from his father especially on "a subject more interesting to me than any other" and announces that the subject is a lady to whom he has been "long attached":

> This lady is Miss Anna Barker daughter of Jacob Barker & formerly of New York. I first became acquainted with her in Europe, where she was travelling with Mr. & Mrs. Farrar at the time I joined them in Switzerland—I was then with them about two months, and in the freedom of travelling companions soon became intimate with Miss Barker. You will excuse my awkwardness in speaking on the subject of my feelings toward her, and I will only say that from the first I loved her, and that every day added to my happiness in making me acquainted with a character that more than met all my hopes and wishes. You will not be surprised to hear that when I left her it was with the hope of being in a few years able to establish myself independently, and to have earned the right of asking her hand in marriage. Having these feelings and knowing that a long time must pass at any rate before I could look to my hopes being fulfilled, I did not think it right to seek to enter into any engagement or that the intimacy should continue till the fit time arrived—Besides that I shall always want your full knowledge in whatsoever I may do, and that you be hand in hand with me in this as in all other things. (MHi)

This confidence seems to have been prompted by his seeing Anna Barker again and finding that his feelings for her have deepened and that his wish to marry her is more firmly fixed. He continues this letter, now clearly anxious that the reputation of her father may be a barrier. No young man was less inclined to precipitous action than Samuel Gray Ward. He was perhaps more acutely aware of his youth than anyone else was.

> Most unexpectedly to me, after I had been here some time I heard that Miss Barker was expected home this winter—And in spite of the pleasure I had in seeing her again and with even stronger feelings that before, I would rather it had not occurred till I felt established and independent—As circumstances are

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> now I have thought it right to follow the same line of conduct I had marked out before for myself, and to avoid both the appearance and the reality of more intimacy than in the usual intercourse of society—and I shall continue to do so till you become acquainted with Miss Barker and until I have your full & entire approbation. That you should find in her all that you could desire or wish for in your daughter and your son's wife I have never had a moment's misgiving. But I have had much anxi[ety] knowing the opinion you have of Mr. Barker, thinking that there would be anything in such an alliance that would not be agreeable to you—and I can not tell how far this may affect your feelings—Tell me plainly your whole mind—I write you as my best friend, not to seek your permission or concurrence in any thing, for I am not yet prepared to do anything, and I shall continue in the same course which I am sure is all you could expect or ask, and which my own feelings and sense of right dictate but to possess you fully of my ⟨most⟩feelings and conduct, in a subject deeply interesting to me—Have no anxiety on my account but be assured I shall do nothing you would not entirely approve . . . I need not add that what I have said is of course only for yourself & my mother.

He sends his letter by Express Mail.

In Havana on 12 April, he received his father's reply of 18 March forwarded from New Orleans, and answered at once, happy that he has in his father "a friend toward whom I need have no reserve." He had been silent before because he had known "that it must be long before intimacy could be renewed & that so many things might occur meantime that it would have seemed like speaking of a mere imagination" (MHi).

Not returning to New Orleans, he came home from Havana to wait patiently for Miss Barker's visit to the north. It was a long wait. In the interval we hear a good deal of Miss Fuller's feelings and Emerson's, but nothing of Ward's. As Emerson's letters to Miss Fuller show, Anna Barker is expected in June, in July, in August, in September. She did not appear until October. There is no record of any anxiety on Ward's part, but he asks his sister to inquire at the Newport post office for a letter from Mrs. Farrar marked "Private" (MHi).

The tenor of Ward's letters to his father shows him to be cheerful. The friendship with the Wards of New York had grown with the engagement of Mary Ward to Henry Ward of New York. Mary Ward is spending a good deal of the summer in Newport where her brother visits to go boating and riding with his prospective in-laws. Ward is certainly waiting, but in a hopeful state of mind, perhaps from having told his father what he has so long wanted. He is not however seeking company that might demand more of him than he is prepared to give.

In July Miss Fuller with characteristic hyperbole would charge him with neglecting her (2:80–81). In late August avoiding Phi Beta Kappa day again,

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Ward made a solitary journey to the White Mountains, where by accident Emerson met him. In September Miss Fuller wrote Ward an extravagant letter. It exists only in a partial copy she made and kept. One would like to think that she had the wit not to mail it or that this portion of it did not get into the final letter. It begins: "You love me no more—How did you pray me to draw near to you! What words were spoken in impatience of separation! How did you promise me, ay, and doubtless to your own self too, of all we might be to one another . . . ." Ward had never regarded her as anything but an older woman; if far from being Eliza Farrar's contemporary, still like her, a surrogate mother. He so addressed them both. Miss Fuller finds little comfort in the "sacred name" of mother (2:90–91).

Miss Barker's visit in October made all clear. Emerson met her at Margaret Fuller's on 4 October and enjoyed "the frank and generous confidence of a being so lovely, so fortunate, & so remote from my own experience." The visit entailed his driving Miss Barker to Newton and back, and on that drive, Miss Barker confided in him. What she said he never repeated. A year later he would tell Miss Fuller just that in a firm letter of 8 July 1840 (*Letters*, 2:313) after she had charged him with betraying Anna Barker's confidence in talk with Caroline Sturgis (2:147). The ride to Newton he refers to in the reply to the charge could have taken place only in 1839 and only on 4 or 5 October. A long eloquent journal passage is a record of this meeting with Anna Barker (*JMN*, 7:260). It concludes:

> She does not sit at home in her own mind as my angels do, but instantly goes abroad into the minds of others, takes possession of society, & warms it with noble sentiments. Her simple faith seemed to be that by dealing nobly with all, all would show themselves noble, & her conversation is the frankest I have ever heard. She can afford to be sincere. The wind is not purer than she is.

Something of what Miss Barker confided to Emerson is inferable from Ward's October letters to his father, then in New York. Shortly after the Barkers (mother and daughter) left for New York, Ward wrote on 8 October: "My relation to Miss Anna Barker has not changed—yet her stay here and the renewal of our old intimacy has given me great happiness in confirming all my early feelings, and in convincing me that it is not a vain hope nor an ideal object I pursue" (MHi). Ward had never been looking for the blue flower of Novalis. He joined Miss Barker in New York for the remainder of her visit to the north. From New York, he writes on the thirty-first: "My time has been spent with Miss Anna, whom every day has made me love better, and not only love but respect and esteem." He has a message for his father; she is "glad" that the elder Ward in sending her his love "had given her the right to return it—" (MHi).

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Missing his father in New York, he missed him again in Boston and wrote a longer letter on 1 November (MHi). His mother had given him the impression that his father is worried about him. There had been talk of the couple as "engaged" and perhaps the gossip had been troubling.[26] In his letter of the thirty-first Ward had left the question of his "prospects" for later discussion. "My mind has been very much occupied, not frivolously, but most seriously, about this affair with Miss Anna Barker which has been the boundary of my hopes and exertions for so long a time." And he reminds his father of his two-year probation, motivated by no "sickly or sentimental feeling." In his "conduct" toward his father, he has "endeavored that there should be nothing unworthy of so honourable a passion." Miss Barker had given him for the first time "permission to correspond with her." He assures his father that there was never an engagement between them, "but we understand each other completely. She knows how entirely my strong affections are hers, and her feelings for me are deep and strong in return—I wish that her longer stay had made me quite sure, but the next time we meet will, I am confident, solve the question, and make us one, or else say that it can never be." Ward was never in any danger of confusing fact and fiction.

At the end of October Miss Barker returned to New Orleans by the overland route, stopping in Louisville where she received a gift that attests to her magic. The giver was George Keats who inscribed it: "Original manuscript of John Keats' Poem to Autumn—Presented to Miss A. Barker by the poet's brother Nov. 15, 1839."[27]

In Boston, in the interval between October 1839 and Ward's departure for New Orleans on 24 March 1840, relationships shifted and the supporting characters altered roles. Recovering in part from the shock of the truth, Margaret Fuller seems to be assuming an air of mature wisdom, and the acquaintance between Emerson and Ward grew to friendship. Miss Fuller's letter of 15 October to Ward is radically different from the dramatic letter of September (2:96). She revises the text of the story so that it now appears that if the boy of 1835 had loved her, she had known all along that he would change. Presumably quoting Ward, she begins a paragraph: "'the world has separated us as intimates and may separate us more'—'tis true, but no more than I expected though you, dear friend, were most hopeful as became the sweetness of your earlier years." The tenor of the whole letter rests on the assumption of her superior wisdom and disinterested affection.

Six days later she visits Emerson and tells "a tale of sweet romance, of love & nobleness which have inspired the beautiful and the brave." The tale was "for his ears alone" (*JMN*, 7:273). Emerson has, however, second thoughts. He has heard this tale with "joy mingled with discontent." Although he cannot "doubt the sterling sincerity of the mood & moment" described and is "cheered" by "these dear magnanimities," he cannot "believe that a mood so

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delicate can be relied on like a principle for the wear and tear of years" (*JMN*, 7:274–75). What her story had been about was her own feelings and in manner and matter possibly like her October letter to Ward. It is only in her version of the story that there is room for "magnanimities." Her air of detachment is carried over to her letter of 24 November with which she sends Emerson passages from her journal: "I thought this . . . poetical journal might interest you now all the verses . . . bear some reference to Anna, W. and myself. . . . I see the journal is very sickly in its tone. Now I am a perfect Phenix compared with what I was then and it all seems Past to me" (2:98–99).

Meanwhile in this interval, Ward saw a good deal of Emerson. Emerson awakened his original desire for the life of a literary man. What he saw in Concord he wished for himself. When he left for New Orleans on 24 March, he had much to think about. He chose to go by a sailing ship. The voyage was comfortable, but, delayed by unfavorable winds and calms, took twenty-seven days. He had ample time to reflect and to prepare his proposal.

News was eagerly awaited in Concord. Emerson inquires of Miss Fuller who replies on 25 April, leaving a blank for Ward's name (2:123). By the twenty-eighth of May, Emerson knows that Miss Barker has refused Ward's proposal and that the rejected lover is travelling home by an overland route that will bring him to Crystal Lake where he hopes to find Ellery Channing in his new prairie home (*Letters*, 2:297–98). In a letter of 31 May, Margaret Fuller writes: "I cannot write down what the southern gales have whispered" (2:135). Either Emerson received the news before she did or she is referring to some other letter. She would receive one from James Freeman Clarke, written 24 May and reporting that Anna Barker and her mother are on their way to Niagara, and have passed through Louisville on the twentieth without stopping.[28] She would have a letter also from Ward written from Springfield, Illinois.[29]

From New Orleans on 1 May, Ward had written two letters to his father, one marked "Private" (MHi). In this letter he says: "I no longer have any expectation of making Anna Barker my wife," and says he has known the answer from the moment of his arrival. He is departing immediately. The rejected lover is a good deal calmer than the spectators of this little drama. Ward goes about his travels with characteristic observant eyes, taking in a part of the country new to him, encountering a hurricane on the Mississippi River, finding in Illinois that his "bird has flown," the restless Channing already en route east. In a letter of 30 May from Chicago he writes his mother: "I have nothing to do but get home as fast as I can which I shall do—. I long to be home among you . . . ." (MHi). He arrived in Boston in early June, ill and feverish, "ague" is Emerson's diagnosis. Presumably Ward talked to his parents. To his friends he was silent. Jonathan Goodhue wrote on 13 June: "I hope your late jaunt has had its share of agreeableness & made up for dis-

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agreeables which appear to have befallen you—of a long passage out and hurricane on the river and I know of what else besides" (MH). On 3 August Edward Austin, from whom Ward had learned the cotton trade, enjoined him—"don't shut yourself off in your shell so entirely" (MH).

It is only from Ward's long letter to his father on 2 December 1843 that we learn that in New Orleans Ward had told Anna truly that the life he preferred was that of a scholar and literary man; that is, a life like Emerson's (MHi). And it is only from Jacob Barker's letter of 28 September 1840 to Thomas Wren Ward that we learn that Barker has told all his children that they had no expectations of a fortune and that married life required that a husband have an occupation (MHi). Perhaps for Anna Barker this knowledge and her father's history would be considerations; she was old enough to have known of the scandals of 1826–28 as well as of the failure that had brought the Barkers to New Orleans. All her sisters had married; she may have thought that duty to her parents required her to remain single. Her father admits to Mr. Ward that he had hoped she would.

What was in Miss Barker's mind while she lingered on her way to Boston we cannot know. The only clue is in a passage Miss Fuller quotes in a letter to Caroline Sturgis of 12 July. Miss Barker had written that she is giving all her time to her brother Tom:

> "We will hope to detain him a little longer—life seems to me all adieus, this last will be grief indeed—I love him very much; there is something so deep and stern about him. Once I wanted you should know each other, now I am careless about it . . . could you be together as we are here . . . looking on the mountains that have become to me most beloved and blessed friends—so calm, so majestic, as if waiting God's word."

Of Ward Miss Fuller reports that he has written; she had not seen him, however, until this week:

> I never saw any one so reduced . . . he is even emaciated. . . . he has lost all his beauty for the present, but was the more dear. I had a most happy time with him. He was most happy, leaning on his own thoughts, gentle, celestial, not hopeful, but faithful. He was delighted to find me in so quiescent a mood. He begged me to stay so, as long as he did. May our relation remain as sweet and untroubled as at present!

Margaret Fuller's juxtaposition of these two portraits leaves a curious impression. It is hard to believe that all parties to this romance are in such a state of celestial tranquillity.[30]

What is clear is that Anna Barker and Samuel Gray Ward are not engaged. The letter and all the correspondence of July 1840 call attention to a puzzling

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entry in Emerson's Journal E (*JMN*, 7:383) which would seem to be of July 1840, but it ends with the impossible name Anna Ward. In the manuscript the entry appears at the top of p. [187]; it falls between entries dated 13 (manuscript p. [184]) and 17 (manuscript p. [188]). The editors of the printed journal supply the month "July" and Emerson had inserted "1⟨4⟩5". The entry simply could not have been written in July. In July Emerson is sending the ailing and rejected lover a copy of St. Augustine's *Confessions* and hoping to send him the manuscript of the essay on Friendship (CU–SB). It is in July that Margaret Fuller is allowed to call on him. The oddity of the journal entry cannot be explained as a slip of the pen and the name does not appear to have been added later. The whole entry must have been added later.[31]

The spacing on the page as printed does not represent the manuscript page. In the manuscript there is a clear space between the entry at the top—the entry we are concerned with—and the entry at the bottom of the page. The latter is plainly a continuation of a topic begun on p. [186] and continued, after a note on the weather, on p. [188]. In Emerson's journals, dated entries cannot be relied on to give us a date for matter falling between them. In this case, it can be established beyond any doubt that Anna Barker, who would not arrive until the sixth of August, did not become engaged until after 16 August when she left Margaret Fuller's to go to Mrs. Farrar's in Cambridge.

There on the twenty-second of August Emerson, who had already collected Margaret Fuller and Caroline Sturgis, called for Anna Barker to bring the trio to Concord. The plans for this visit had been made before the sixteenth. Emerson did not hear of the engagement until after the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa cermonies on 27 August when Miss Barker told him privately. He was flabbergasted. He concludes a letter of 28 August to Caroline Sturgis with "I only hasten to write admonished by the strange news I found at Cambridge" (MH). On the sixth of September he explains his astonishment: "I thought the whole spirit of our intercourse at Concord implied another solution" (MH). The rest of the letter is another story, but it is plain that he had been completely taken aback by the news, the more so when he learned at Mrs. Farrar's the next day that the two had become engaged the week before the Concord visit. He reports: "There was no compunction in either of their brows."[32] Why should there be? Apparently even Emerson could entertain "a mere imagination" and an absurd one: that his four friends Miss Fuller, Miss Sturgis, Miss Barker, and Mr. Ward would remain forever celibate, devotees of "Celestial Love," perhaps.

Quite properly Miss Barker had said no word of the engagement at Concord; nothing was said until relatives and friends at a distance had been notified. She wrote her grandmother, Anna Hazard, on 25 August (MH). As propriety required, Miss Barker and Ward would have to write her father before

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the public announcement could be made, as it was, at Mrs. Farrar's on the twenty-eighth. Apparently on that date Thomas Wren Ward wrote Jacob Barker (MH). The few letters of acknowledgement that survive are dated between 27 August and 2 September (MH).

In the last week of September, the couple went to New York. Mary Ward's fiancé Henry Ward, of the New York Wards, was seriously ill.[33] But Ward wrote his father very firmly that his wedding "must" take place on 3 October (his birthday) whatever happened. "Our wedding will not be an occasion of gaiety—but private and solemn—and even under the saddest circumstances must take place" (MHi). He has said the same to Anna and her mother. The invitations must go out to the family. Emerson was invited; Miss Fuller was not.

Ward carried his bride off to the White Mountains, not much like the Alps but having their own beauty on clear October days. In an affectionate letter to her father-in-law, Anna Ward would describe her happiness and the beauty of the season, concluding: "The sky will not always be blue."[34] Neither Samuel Gray Ward nor Anna Barker was inclined to cherish "a mere imagination." Miss Fuller cherished a great many.

Epilogue

On 11 August 1882, replying to a letter from James Elliot Cabot, Samuel Gray Ward wrote of Margaret Fuller:

> Her literary insight and power of assimilation were something astonishing (& based on a solid classical learning her father gave her). I have never known a woman her equal in these respects & as so much of it lay in the direction of my interests it was a great stimulus to me & I have no doubt it was so to Emerson. We have yet to look at Emerson's works with reference to its effect on him & not to its abstract value (though I do not mean to diminish her real value. She never had a fair chance) . . . . (CU–SB)

NOTES

1. Manuscripts from the Thomas Wren Ward papers in the Massachusetts Historical Society are noted in the text by MHi; those in the Ward papers in the Houghton Library by MH; and those in the Ward–Perkins papers in the University of California at Santa Barbara by CU–SB. Quotations from *The Letters of Margaret Fuller*, ed. Robert N. Hudspeth, 3 vols. to date (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1983–), are noted in the text by volume and page number. Emerson's letters to Caroline Sturgis are in the Tappan papers at MH. Quotations from *The*

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Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson, ed. Ralph L. Rusk, 6 vols. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1939), and *The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, ed. William H. Gilman, Ralph H. Orth, et al., 16 vols. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1960–82), are noted in the text.

2. Information about Jacob Barker comes largely from his own rambling *Incidents in the Life of Jacob Barker of New Orleans, Louisiana . . . from 1800 to 1855* (Freeport, N.Y.: Books for Libraries Press, 1970 [1855]). His name did not appear on the title page for 1855, but the matter in the book has to be his. Other sources are James Grant Wilson, *The Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck* (New York: Appleton, 1869), and Nelson Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1930).

3. Barker, *Incidents*, p. 11.

4. Barker, *Incidents*, pp. 150ff.

5. Wilson, *Fitz-Greene Halleck*, pp. 313–19; Adkins, *Fitz-Greene Halleck*, pp. 162–72.

6. Barker, *Incidents*, pp. 221, 244.

7. Wilson, *Fitz-Greene Halleck*, p. 109.

8. Edward Austin to Ward, 3 August 1840, MH.

9. Martha Ward's severe illness is referred to in several letters of 1837–38, MHi.

10. Henry Lee to Ward, 21 February 1837, MH.

11. Her friend James Freeman Clarke would warn her against "extravagance" of language.

12. Ward's letter to his father of Tuesday, 28 July (MHi) is dated from West Point as they go up the river on the first leg of their journey. The letter shows that the trip began a week later than originally planned. It took altogether seventeen days.

13. Eliza Rotch Farrar, *Recollections of Seventy Years* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1866), pp. 257–69, tells the story of this fourth of her trips, the most interesting of the nine voyages.

14. The tone of this letter of 10 January 1837 (MHi) is noticeably lighter than his letters from England had been; he tells his sister of Mary Appleton's presentation at court, where Louis Philippe, mistaking her for a married woman, actually talked to her. He even describes Miss Appleton's dress. He is still giving her advice about reading, but apologizes for giving in to his "itch" to do so. Perhaps the company of Miss Appleton's witty brother Tom may be having an effect.

15. Ticknor is answering questions Thomas Wren Ward had put to his son. There is no direct evidence that Ward had heard that Anna Barker was travelling with the Farrars, but Ticknor in September 1840 would claim he had thought so at the time. Miss Barker arrived in Liverpool early in July escorted by her brother Sigourney; she was to join the Farrars in England or in Antwerp where her brother Thomas was the American consul.

16. Farrar, *Recollections*, pp. 273–75. Mrs. Farrar does not name her but the allusion to Hiram Powers identifies her. Powers would ultimately do it all over again when Ward wished to acquire it; the marble of the original turned out to be defective. Powers' letters to Anna Barker are in the Ward papers, MH, and include his request for a life mask. The doors were opened by churchmen to whom she had letters of introduction from the Ursuline convent near New Orleans where she had been a student. She wrote her brother Tom that they saw her as a prospective convert, as ultimately she was.

17. ALS, MH. Ticknor, from Heidelburg, 21 August, says he has received "this morning" Ward's letter of the tenth from Interlaken and that he had written Ward on 5 August, care of a Geneva bank (MH). It is in a letter of 6 November to Ward's father that he complains of not having heard from Ward since 11 September (MHi).

18. Ward had travelled with the Farrars and Miss Barker for at least eight weeks, possibly nine, long enough certainly for them to become well acquainted.

19. He imagines that the travellers may be exploring the outskirts of Rome with "my Interlaken papers for your guide." The last portion of the letter is written "Some days later."

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20. Of the two steamships *The Great Western*, starting out later than the *Sirius*, made the Atlantic crossing in the shorter time. James Gore King was the banking partner of Samuel Ward, Sr., in the New York firm of Prime (Nathaniel), King, and Ward.

21. *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, ed. William Henry Channing, James Freeman Clarke, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, 2 vols. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson, 1852), 1:189. The passage as printed has been revised as well as drastically cut. The manuscript is in the Fuller papers, MB.

22. There is no record of any kind that Ward accepted this invitation. It seems clear that Emerson did not meet Ward until the summer of 1839 and then twice by accident. See *JMN*, 7:221, for his seeing Ward and others at the Allston Gallery. The second meeting, also accidental, was at the end of August or beginning of September in the White Mountains. The tone of a letter of 9 July to Margaret Fuller is suggestive; the letter begins: "It occurs to me that from what you said at the Allston Gallery I may look for the descent of Mr Ward on mere Concord earth one of these Sundays" (*Letters*, 2:208). Their friendship cannot be said to have begun until October 1839.

23. See Emerson's letter to her of 1 September, *Letters*, 2:155.

24. Lawrence's directions are at MHi.

25. He wrote every fourth or fifth day (MHi).

26. The source of the gossip could have been Francis Marion Ward of New York who was then a student at Harvard.

27. A facsimile of the manuscript appears in *The Odes of Keats and Their Earliest Manuscripts*, ed. Robert Gittings (Kent: Kent State University Press, 1970), pp. [57, 59]. Mrs. Ward presented it to her granddaughter Elizabeth Ward, 14 May 1896 (see notes, p. 74). Amy Lowell subsequently acquired it.

28. *The Letters of James Freeman Clarke to Margaret Fuller*, ed. John Wesley Thomas (Hamburg: Cram, de Gruyter, 1957), pp. 137–38.

29. Margaret Fuller prints this letter in *Summer on the Lakes* (Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown, 1844), pp. 74–76, 78–79. The date and the terrain described make it certain that this letter is from Ward. She has used what is plainly a letter from Channing before it and makes the transition by referring to the one as a poet and the other as a painter.

30. In the letter the passages are interrupted only by a sentence reporting a caller's interruption (2:150).

31. Although the name does not look as if it alone were added later, and such a supposition doesn't help much; there is, however, another oddity to be observed. In a letter of 27, 28 July, Emerson would use of Margaret Perkins Forbes who visited the Emersons in July virtually the same phrase. Of Miss Forbes he writes: "There is blandishment in her naming of your name" (*Letters*, 2:320). If the journal passage had no name, or if the name could be provided to have been added later, it could be assumed to have been written with Margaret Forbes in mind. Whatever explanation the reader accepts, the passage cannot be used as evidence.

32. Emerson may have read Drayton's sonnet, echoed here, in 1831, when he borrowed from the Boston Athenæum volume three of Dr. Robert Anderson's *Works of the British Poets*; the volume contains poems by Drayton and probably this one, the best known of his sonnets, no. LXI, "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part." The whole sonnet is certainly appropriate to our story.

33. Henry Ward died on the second. The wedding took place as planned on the third at Mrs. Farrar's.

34. Since it had rained and Mr. Ward knew it from his son's letter of 14 October, he would know that she writes figuratively here. In her postscript to the letter of the fourteenth, she had said "reality is the better part of romance."

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