According to Pascal, all of man’s misfortune comes from one fact, namely, that he is a restless animal who cannot bear to remain shut up in his room and feels an irresistible impulse to roam about the world. Hawthorne apparently was an exception to this rule. Save a sally into Connecticut, an expedition to Niagara and Detroit, and a trip to New Hampshire, for nearly twelve years, between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-three, when men usually are most restless, he spent the greater part
of his time in almost total seclusion in the "owl's nest" of his room at Salem, seldom venturing abroad before dark. He probably was the most sedentary of all American writers and as little interested in terrestrial as in celestial railroads. The first forty-eight years of his life (or five-sixths of it) were spent exclusively in New England; and it is worth noting that, before his forty-eighth birthday, he never set foot in New York, that beachhead of the Old World in the New.

This does not mean, however, that he was completely immersed in New England. True, he was deeply read in New England history. He had devoured all the books on the subject which he was able to borrow from the Salem Athenaeum\(^1\) and had reveled in Cotton Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible World* and *Magnalia Christi Americana;*\(^2\) but, contrary to what Van Wyck Brooks claimed and Matthiessen tried to prove in *American Renaissance,* he was never "deeply planted" in New England soil.\(^3\) He only floated over it. According to Matthiessen, the elegance of Hawthorne's diction gives a misleading impression. It has an admirable limpidity, but no tang or raciness. Yet, Matthiessen asserts, Hawthorne had "quite as good an ear for speech-rhythms as Thoreau had, or Melville."\(^4\) He, too, loved the sensuous world and had a keen eye for picturesque details, as his notebooks testify; but he believed in rhetoric and refinement, and he imposed on his occasionally coarse and rustic materials "the style of a man of society," as he called it—which, even so, was not always refined enough for the taste of Sophia Hawthorne. But this interpretation will not do: every writer has the style he deserves, and no style worth the name is a strait jacket. Hawthorne did not deliberately and painstakingly suppress the rank flavor of the New England soil from his style. He simply had no use for it in his tales and romances, which ignored everyday reality. There was a pre-established harmony between his manner and his matter, and the former was per-
fectly adapted to the latter. His elegant, non-sensuous language was the medium best suited to his etherealized fiction. So his imagination was not really rooted in New England soil, it actually grew like an orchid, feeding on thin New England air through its aerial roots. When he wandered physically in the forests of Maine or Massachusetts, he was still lingering in fancy about the thick woods haunted by wizards and witches whose description he had read as a child in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, or in the wilderness through which John Bunyan's *Christian* had traveled before him.

Thus, from the start, he tried, by reading, to escape "the dryness and meagreness" of New England and to fill that terrible emptiness of America of which he later complained in his preface to *The Marble Faun*. Henry James deplored that in his notebooks there is no mention of his reading, no literary judgments or impressions, "almost no allusion to works or to authors." In fact, it has been proved that Hawthorne was a voracious reader. But, by necessity, his reading was almost exclusively in English literature or New England history. However, he also read some French books—in translation. He was acquainted with Montaigne's and Voltaire's works, had dipped into Corneille, Racine, and Molière; and, when Elizabeth Peabody met him about 1837, she discovered that he had read everything of Balzac that had appeared in America. He must have been attracted in particular by Balzac's interest in mesmerism. But apparently the French book that he liked best of all was Rousseau's *Eloisa* (*La Nouvelle Héloïse*), which he found "admirable" when he was about fifteen. Later, when he visited Clarens on the Lake of Geneva, he noted: "I read Rousseau's romance with great sympathy, when I was hardly more than a boy; ten years ago, or thereabouts, I tried to read it again without success; but I think, from my feeling of yesterday, that it still retains its hold upon my imagination."
this did not amount to much, though, and Hawthorne's knowledge of French literature actually was rather scanty. He knew still less of Italian and German literature. During the first years of his marriage, he tried to master German with the help of his wife, but he never progressed very far. He translated Bürger's "Lenore" and read some of Hoffmann's tales, but that was the sum total of his experience.  

So, on the whole, Hawthorne's culture was provincial and even parochial. He had been fed on the skim milk of a theological rather than humanistic tradition. Contrary to Emerson and Thoreau, he was hardly acquainted with ancient classical literature. His works show no trace whatever of the influence of Greek or Latin writers. He was the product of a narrow local culture which corresponded to only one small part of European civilization: Calvinistic protestantism—a "half-civilisation," as Paul Elmer More has called it. One of the results of this limited "education"—in Henry Adams's meaning of the word—was his complete indifference to the plastic arts. At Bowdoin College, as Norman Holmes Pearson points out, he could have visited the very fine Bowdoin collection, but he never took the trouble to do so. His New England training, hardly modified by his personal reading, allowed him only a very partial—though intense—vision of the world. He went through life with blinkers on, a Puritan of the fourth generation with no religious faith worth speaking of, but with an exclusive concern in sin and purity, and an obsession with evil, "that pit of blackness that lies beneath us, everywhere." In short, to take up Henry James's phrase, he was not in the least "Europeanised in advance." 

Hawthorne suffered from this state of affairs. He missed something. He felt cramped and stifled, and dreamed of escaping to distant countries. "The time has been," he wrote in an early tale, "when I meant to visit every region of the earth, except
the Poles and central Africa. I had a strange longing to see the Pyramids. To Persia and Arabia, and all the gorgeous East, I owed a pilgrimage for the sake of their magic tales. And England, the land of my ancestors!" In July, 1855, he confided to Ticknor: "Well—I am sick of America.... I shall need a residence of two or three years on the Continent, to give me a sense of freedom."

However sedentary his mode of life may have been, Hawthorne was thus tormented by the same wanderlust as his father and his grandfather before him, and, by one of time's revenges, so to speak, he eventually returned, in 1853, to that England on which one of his ancestors had turned his back in 1635. "I sometimes feel as if I myself had been absent these two hundred and eighteen years," he noted. It was a very long absence, however, and rather late in the day for such a pilgrimage. Hawthorne was forty-eight when he landed in Europe for the first time as American consul at Liverpool. All his major books were written; and except for The Marble Faun and a few undistinguished books of travel, his stay abroad added very little to the list of his works. "The soul needs air; a wide sweep and frequent change of it," he had made Clifford exclaim in The House of the Seven Gables, but in his case the change could no longer be beneficial. His arteries were too much hardened by the time he decided to travel, and his features were already set. Nothing could alter his literary physiognomy any more.

Yet, in several ways, this late trip was a passage to more than Europe in search of answers to a number of questions which had troubled him for years. He was torn between his love of solitude and idleness—of the solitude and idleness to which his singleness of purpose had condemned him—and his duty, as an American, to lead an active and useful life among his fellow citizens. He suffered from his isolation, as an artist,
in the middle of a new country where all his neighbors were engaged in practical pursuits. He felt like a drone in a beehive. In "The Devil in Manuscript," he described the hero Oberon (and this was the very nickname by which Hawthorne was known to his closest college friends) as drawn "aside from the beaten path of the world, and led . . . into a strange sort of solitude,—a solitude in the midst of men,—where nobody wishes for what [he does], nor thinks nor feels as [he does]."19 "Like all other men around whom an engrossing purpose wreathes itself, he was insulated from the mass of human kind."20 Or, to put it differently, like Wakefield, another of his heroes, he had stepped aside for a moment and lost his place among his fellow men forever. He must have craved for lands where no such divorce was imposed on writers and where idleness was not considered so sinful—or so aristocratic and such an anachronism in a democracy. He also felt estranged by his engrossing love of the past in America, a country where all the inhabitants' energies were bent toward the future. He was an expatriate in time. In Europe, he thought, things would be different; there would not be the same tension and the same rush.

Hawthorne's belated pilgrimage was also, to some extent, a search for identity, for his identity as an American. Like all his compatriots, he was still puzzled by St. John Crèvecoeur's query: "What is an American?" He felt intensely American, but in what way did he differ from his English ancestors whose language he still used, whose books he still read? Was there a difference in kind or only in degree between America and Europe? He confusedly wanted to find out what it meant to be an American after half a century of political independence. One of his more or less conscious goals was the discovery of America through Europe—rather than the discovery of Europe for its own sake.

Such were the data of the problem when Hawthorne landed
at Liverpool. But his four years' stay in the land of his fore­
fathers did not provide any solution at all. Though he entitled
his book about his English experiences Our Old Home, and
wrote, for instance, "I never stood in an English crowd without
being conscious of hereditary sympathies," on many other
occasions he did not actually feel at home. He even went
so far as to note once: "... In this foreign land [italics
added] I can never forget the distinction between English and
American." A rootless dreamer, he craved for roots in England,
but called his craving "this diseased American appetite for
English soil" and "a blind, pathetic tendency." In short,
England acted upon him like a magnet with a pole of attraction
—her past—and a pole of repulsion—her present. He loved her
ivy and her lichens, her wallflowers and her ruins. He loved
her cathedrals and her castles (his own list), but, like a good
democrat, he hated her aristocratic institutions, cursed the class
structure which had made England what she was, and looked
forward to the time when she would be "a minor republic
under the protection of the United States." Thus what he
found in England increased rather than resolved his former
perplexities. There, too, he felt both accepted and rejected,
and his nostalgic love for the past of England conflicted with
his American desire for change and progress; for there were
times when "his delight at finding something permanent"
yielded, as he admitted himself, to "his Western love of
change." In the last resort, he sided with his ancestors and
preferred "his dear native land" for all its "commonplace pros­
perity" to the "old home" from which his Puritan forefathers
had fled. In spite of all racial and cultural ties, he decided,
there was an unbridgeable gap, "an essential difference between
English and American character"—in other words, a difference
in kind between the two countries—and he decided not to stay
in England after resigning his consulship.

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Nevertheless, he did not return immediately to America, but undertaken instead to explore France and Italy with his family. This was an entirely different kind of experience. It was impossible for him to feel at home any more. For the next three years, he was an exile in *partibus infidelium*, and the language barrier constantly reminded him of it. He could read French, but the way the natives spoke it baffled him, and he complained of this bitterly and rather amusingly: "If they would speak slowly and distinctly I might understand them well enough, being perfectly familiar with the written language, and knowing the principles of its pronunciation; but, in their customary rapid utterance, it sounds like a string of mere gabble." This discouraged him from the start, and he immediately gave up trying to establish contact with such strange people. The scenery disconcerted him too. In England, he was on familiar ground; "...History, poetry, and fiction, books of travel, and the talk of tourists, had given [him] pretty accurate preconceptions of the common objects of English scenery. ..." On the Continent, on the contrary, everything was new except when he trod in Byron's footsteps, as when, for instance, he visited the Coliseum—and then reality disappointed him: "Byron's celebrated description is better than the reality," he concluded; and he preferred to behold the scene "in his mind's eye, through the witchery of many intervening years, and faintly illuminated ..., as if with starlight...."

Such letdowns were constant. Nothing that Hawthorne saw during this trip fully came up to his expectation and really satisfied him, because everything was different from what he had been accustomed to in America or England. He admired French architecture, but objected to the absence of grass and trees in French cities. He missed the harmonious combination of art and nature which constitutes the charm of English towns. Paris seemed to him a desert of stone and dust. In
Italy, Renaissance architecture left him cold. He preferred English Gothic. Moreover, wherever he went, he found landscapes unsatisfactory. In his opinion, nothing could equal English or American scenery; and he thought Lake Thrasimene, for instance, quite inferior to Windermere, Loch Lomond, and Lake Champlain. So far as the people were concerned, since he could not understand their language, he judged them from the outside without the least sympathy or indulgence. He was repelled by the French. "Truly, I have no sympathies towards the French," he noted, "their eyes do not win me, nor do their glances melt and mingle with mine." He found them superficial, too talkative, and definitely lacking in spirituality. It was the fault of their cooking, he thought, for he wondered "whether English cookery, for the very reason that it is so simple, is not better for men's moral and spiritual nature than French." So he certainly was not one of those "good Americans" who, according to Oscar Wilde, "go to Paris when they die." Instead, he would have approved of Mark Twain's variation on this theme: "Only trivial Americans go to Paris when they die."

The Italians, to Hawthorne's mind, were no better than the French. They were sluggish, lazy, and dirty, he thought. It seemed to him that in Italy "the gait of the people has not the energy of business or decided purpose. Everybody appears to lounge, and to have time for a moment's chat, and a disposition to rest, reason or none." Besides, they were so deficient in practical sense that they allowed their waterpower to play in useless fountains instead of employing it "to turn the machinery of a cotton-mill," for instance. But what shocked him most of all was the Italians' indifference to physical cleanliness and their repugnance to performing ablutions. Their monks positively stank. Universal dirt had similarly roused his indignation at Marseilles: "There is dirt in the hotel, and everywhere else; and it evidently troubles nobody,—no more than if all the
people were pigs in a pigsty." There was no escaping "the bad odor of our fallen nature," and he hated this constant reminder of man's innate corruption. As a Puritan, he instinctively equated hygiene with spiritual purity and was satisfied with nothing short of perfection. In sum, Continental Europe failed to win his heart. He was even repelled by traits whose absence in America he most deplored, since, far from approving of the Italians' sense of leisure, he condemned it as sinful sloth. There was an incompatibility of temper between him and the Latin races. He was exasperated by their liveliness and exuberance, and this blinded him to their more serious qualities. He was further prevented from perceiving anything but surfaces by his linguistic limitations and his inability to come into contact with the people. He traveled as a tourist with his nose in his guidebook. Instead of visiting Europe, he kept reading his Murray and paraphrasing it in his notebooks.

In a letter to Sophia Peabody, he once boasted of being "a most unmalleable man," and, on the whole, this was true. None of the impressions he received during his European journey seems to have appreciably altered him. They were skin-deep experiences. His essence was left unchanged. He remained a staunch New Englander to the end, and in no way was this more evident than in his attitude toward statuary. Unlike Mark Twain, he could never reconcile himself to nude figures under the pretext that "nowadays people [being] as good as born in their clothes . . . an artist . . . cannot sculpture nudity with a pure heart, if only because he is compelled to steal guilty glimpses at hired models." And what is still more ludicrous, Hawthorne was more interested in the works of American sculptors living in exile in Italy than in the statues carved by the greatest Renaissance artists. This was parochialism with a vengeance.

Except for this, in Continental Europe as in New England
and England, he was as usual more attracted by the past than by the present. The problem of Italian unity is never discussed in his notebooks; the presence of French troops in Rome is mentioned, but no reason for it is given. What was this "visionary and impalpable Now" compared to the "threesifold antiquity" of Rome, "the city of all times?" To the facts he could ascertain, he preferred the fancies his imagination could conjure up. And he was appalled at the thought of the tremendous accumulation of corruption and evil which made up the history of Rome: "... What localities for new crime existed in those guilty sites, where the crime of departed ages used to be at home, and had its long, hereditary haunt! What street in Rome, what ancient ruin, what one place where man had standing-room, what fallen stone was there, unstained with one or another kind of guilt!" This, for him, explained why Roman ruins were haunted by such horrible lizards and the air had become so foul and pestilential. Hawthorne's reaction to all this corruption was ambivalent. There were times when he felt that "all towns should be made capable of purification by fire, or of decay, within each half-century. Otherwise, they become the hereditary haunts of vermin and noisomeness, besides standing apart from the possibility of such improvements as are constantly introduced into the rest of man's contrivances and accommodations." But there were times, too, when he reached the conclusion that "as the sum of all, there are recollections [there] that kindle the soul, and a gloom and languor that depress it beyond any depth of melancholic sentiment that can be elsewhere known." On leaving Rome, Hawthorne even wrote: "... We felt the city pulling at our heartstrings far more than London did. ... It may be because the intellect finds a home there more than in any other spot in the world, and wins the heart to stay with it, in spite of a good many things strewn all about to disgust us."
Now Catholicism may well have been one of the things which puzzled and fascinated Hawthorne's intellect during his stay in Rome. It was a novel experience for him. He had never been exposed to anything like it before. Many of his reactions, of course, were the standard reactions of an American Protestant of his time. The apparent lack of seriousness with which the Italians treated their religion baffled him: "... In Italy religion jostles along side by side with business and sport, after a fashion of its own, and people are accustomed to kneel down and pray, or see others praying, between two fits of merriment, or between two sins."

He noted with amusement some of their more naïve superstitions: "An inscription," he wrote, for instance, "promises ... seven years of remission from the pains of purgatory, and earlier enjoyment of heavenly bliss, for each separate kiss imprinted on the black cross. What better use could be made of life, after middle-age, when the accumulated sins are many and the remaining temptations few, than to spend it all in kissing the black cross of the Coliseum!" "... Scarlet superstitions," he called these when he felt in a more militant mood and shared the horror of his ancestors for the Scarlet Woman. But the Catholic church had ceased to be dangerous, he thought. It was dead. It used to be "a true religion," but "now the glory and beauty have departed." The Italian cathedrals were nothing but fossils, empty shells "out of which the life has died long ago." Italy, however, was still "priest-ridden," preyed upon by "sluggish, swinish" monks and led into error by crafty Jesuits who knew how to provide cordials in abundance and "sedatives in inexhaustible variety"; but such a faith, "which so marvellously adapts itself to every human need," is not the true faith, Hawthorne concluded, and such a church is the work of the devil rather than of God. Yet there were times, too, when he wondered whether, in spite of the indignity of its clergy, the Catholic church did not still
reflect its divine origin after all. "If its ministers were but a little more than human, . . . pure from all iniquity, what a religion would it be," he exclaimed. And in his notebooks he admitted: "It is my opinion that a great deal of devout and reverential feeling is kept alive in people's hearts by the Catholic mode of worship."

No wonder, then, that in *The Marble Faun* he made Hilda, that immaculate, incorruptible, fair-haired New England maiden go to confession at St. Peter's and unburden her soul and receive the blessing of her confessor "with as devout a simplicity as any Catholic of them all." As a matter of fact, the whole book is pervaded by a spirit which radically differs from that of his other works. It expresses a new attitude toward evil. True, Hilda still declares: "If there be any such dreadful mixture of good and evil . . . which appears to me almost more shocking than pure evil,—then the good is turned to poison, not the evil to wholesomeness." But eventually all the characters reconcile themselves to this "dreadful mixture" instead of being crushed and plunged into gloom by the discovery of its existence, like Young Goodman Brown. The passage from innocence to experience is no longer destructive. On the contrary, it enriches. Man is no longer required to be an angel; and his intermediary status, halfway between angels and beasts, is invested with new dignity. Sin—even original sin—is now considered a blessing in disguise; and Kenyon wonders whether sin which was deemed "such a dreadful blackness in the universe" is not "like sorrow, merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained." Who knows? Perhaps Adam fell "that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his." So Hawthorne discovered in Europe that the Fall was necessary and prelapsarian purity a rather unenviable form of innocence, which there was no point in trying to recover. These were most
un-Puritan theories, and he probably absorbed them unconsciously in Italy while he was exposed to Catholic influence and was enjoying a more relaxed life than in his native New England. The *Marble Faun* appeared in England as *Transformation*. It was a most appropriate title, for the book depicts the transformation, not only of the Faun, but, in a way, of the author himself.

In the last analysis, therefore, Hawthorne's stay in Europe to some extent modified his Weltanschauung and helped him to solve some of the philosophical problems which obsessed him. But his personal problems remained. He was still torn between the past and the present, between his dreams and reality, between solitude and society; and he felt as solitary as ever—even in the midst of his own family. Shortly after his death in 1864, his wife wrote to a friend: “The sacred veil of his eyelids he scarcely lifted to himself—such an inviolated sanctuary as was his nature, I his inmost wife, never conceived nor knew.” He thought sometimes of staying in Europe and settling in England, but he fully realized the dangers of permanent expatriation, which he compared to sitting between two stools. He decided, therefore, to return to America, even at the cost of once more becoming an “isolated stranger” in the “unsympathizing cities of [his] native land,” because he did not want to share the fate of those American artists he had observed in Italy whose originality gradually died out or was “polished away as a barbarism.” His seven years' exile had in some subtle way unsettled him, however. He was now out of touch with New England and its past, and had been struck with intellectual impotence. Despite all his efforts, he was never able to finish *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret* and *Septimius Felton*. He had gone to Europe too late to renew himself and had “lost his native country without finding another.”
HAWTHORNE ABROAD

HAWTHORNE'S WORKS ABROAD

As a rule, there must be a secret temperamental compatibility, a sort of pre-established harmony, between a writer and his potential public if he is to be accepted by foreign readers in spite of national differences. Thus it was that Poe found in Baudelaire an ideal interpreter and through him became a god in the literary Pantheon of the French symbolists from Mallarmé to Valéry. Hawthorne did not have the same luck.

In France, his reception began under the best auspices. He was introduced to the public through two articles in the _Revue des Deux Mondes_ as early as 1852. In the first one, Emile Forgues, after comparing Hawthorne to Charles Nodier and Rodolphe Töpffer, concluded: "... There is more philosophical sincerity in Hawthorne's tales." Eight months later, in the same very influential review, Emile Montégut, in his turn, devoted an article to Hawthorne in which he praised him as "the most American writer that America has produced since Emerson," but added: "There is something unhealthy about his writings which one does not notice at first, but which, in the long run, will work upon you like a very weak and very slow poison." Translations soon followed these introductions. _The Scarlet Letter_ was translated by Forgues himself as _La Lettre rouge_ as early as 1853, but it was an incomplete and amateurish version; and it was only in 1945 that a complete and competent translation by Marie Canavaggia at last appeared. _The House of the Seven Gables_ knew a similar fate—though it was very successful in Forgues' translation. _The Tales_ were translated by several hands in turn. _The Marble Faun_ alone was translated by only one translator, and it had to wait for that until 1949. Hawthorne was never particularly fortunate in his French translators and, unlike Poe, never found an alter ego who identified himself wholly with his works.
His books, as the number of their editions indicate, sold reason­ably well, but they never attracted the attention of any major writer or critic. Curiously enough, only Zola seems to have been influenced by Hawthorne. And, even then, though re­semblances between Therèse Raquin and The Scarlet Letter have been pointed out, no definite influence has been proved.78 Julien Green, who, as an American by birth and a puritan Catholic, has deep affinities with Hawthorne, has devoted only a brief biographical sketch to him.79 Only two books of criticism have been written in France on Hawthorne’s works, but they are doctoral dissertations and have reached only a very limited public.80 At an interval of some thirty years, their authors insist both that Hawthorne’s books “are unfortunately too little known in France”81 and have failed “to arouse the same deep interest” as Poe’s and Emerson’s works.82

This relative failure can be explained in several ways. First of all, however impressed most French readers may be by the cleverness of Hawthorne’s artistry, they generally object to the slow pace of his narratives and to the tenuity of their contents. This, for example, was André Gide’s reaction: “Rather dis­appointed by a re-reading of The House of the Seven Gables,” he noted in his diary in 1943, “less sensitive to the poetic halo with which Hawthorne knows how to adorn our external world than to the often exasperating slowness of his narrative. . . . Moreover: he deals only with shadows. And what I like most about modern American literature is the direct contact with life.”83 François Mauriac, too, though “fascinated” by The Scarlet Letter, has also passed strictures on Hawthorne’s art. The Scarlet Letter, according to him, is not a great novel. It already shows signs of age because its characters are all of a piece and do not develop freely. But what most repels him is the “puritan Pharisaism,” “the falsification of the Gospel” which it depicts, though he finally concludes that the book is
“a tour de force, a cruel caricature of Christianity which subtly becomes an apology of it and debouches on the problem of evil.” In short—and his reaction is representative—he takes exception to the puritanical stiffness and narrowness of Hawthorne and to his naive, one-sided conception of the human condition. Of all Hawthorne’s works, it is held, only The Marble Faun contains a mature vision of life, and it was translated too late to be widely known in France. Besides, the psychology of the characters is so childish and the Gothic plot so comically unbelievable that it is almost impossible for a French reader to take the book seriously.

In Italy, as in France, the translations of Hawthorne’s major books went through several editions: ten for The Scarlet Letter, and seven for the Tales, which appeared much later. Except for a few tales, none of his writings was translated into Italian before 1923, when a very free translation of The Scarlet Letter by Gino Cornali was published under the title of La Lettera rossa. It was only in 1938 that a faithful and reliable version by Augusta Guidetti at last appeared under the more accurate title of La Lettera scarlatta. In spite of all these translations, however, Hawthorne does not seem to have been accepted or assimilated by Italian any more than by French readers. And the very fact that so many of these translations were adaptations rather than faithful translations shows the difficulty there was in adopting him in Italy. It is equally symptomatic that his influence never fecundated any Italian writer. The fact that Giovanni Pascoli in Digitale Purpurea owes something to “Rappaccini’s Daughter” is merely accidental. Hawthorne always remained an extraneous body, the strange product of an alien civilization.

From the beginning, Hawthorne’s style was greatly admired in Italy, however. Enrico Nencioni, who was the first Italian critic to write about him, gushed lyrically over it in 1890: “And
what a style! Magnetic, incomparable. A book [he was referring to *The Scarlet Letter*] as sad and as fascinating as sin—very dark, with here and there brilliant and dazzling colors like a bird of paradise." Italian critics have always been loud, too, in their praise of the acuteness of Hawthorne's psychological analyses. "His method," wrote Federico Olivero in 1913, "consists in revealing little by little with clever reticences the mystery of a character, until it stands out against a background of darkness." Augusto Guidi later described him as "a writer addicted to an analytical and introspective method which sometimes reminds the reader of James Joyce. . . ." Other Italian critics have been interested in Hawthorne because of his description of the Italian scene in *The Marble Faun*, or because they have, like Agostino Lombardo, seen in him essentially a very profound and moving analyst of human solitude.

But for all the subtle and poignant charm of his romances, Hawthorne has always been regarded in Italy as a foreign tourist and the queer representative of an outlandish and antiquated way of life, a member of, as Cesare Pavese defined it, that "race of tired and misanthropic searchers for the secrets of the heart and the dilemmas of moral life."

The history of Hawthorne's reputation in Germany follows much the same lines as that in France and Italy. Harold Jantz, in his essay "Amerika in deutschen Dichten und Denken," comments on the slight effect that Hawthorne's works have had in Germany, a situation he attributes to the fact that German readers probably thought they had enough fantastic stories and romances in their own literature.

There is only one country in Europe which fully adopted Hawthorne and took him to its bosom, and that was his "old home," England. He was a popular writer there from the beginning. In 1851, for instance, there appeared five London editions of *Twice-Told Tales*, three of *The Scarlet Letter*, and
two of The House of the Seven Gables; most of them were cheap editions in the "Railway Series" or "Shilling Libraries." In 1860, an anonymous contributor to the North British Review concluded: "The grave sympathy, the homely insight, the classic Puritanism, the rich and meditative intellect, have commended their owner to a multitude of admirers." And this popularity has never declined. In 1929, such an indefatigable champion of all avant garde movements as Herbert Read could still praise the intensity of Hawthorne's art, for "the capacity... which he has for putting an emotional emphasis into subjects so dispassionately conceived."

A crucified innocent from the land where men had dreamed of creating a new Garden of Eden but had soon found to their dismay that the old serpent had reappeared by a sort of spontaneous generation, Hawthorne was thus never wholly accepted in Europe, the land of experience, except in the country of his ancestors, where the dream originated. He had turned his back on Europe, and Europe in her turn refused to acknowledge him, to see in his tales and romances anything but beautiful—and rather awkward—illustrations in black and white of the problems, and pseudo-problems, which had tormented his Puritan forefathers. It was a case of imperfect sympathies on both sides—which means that there was communication as well as incomprehension; for, after all, as Roy Harvey Pearce has so happily phrased it, Americans are but "Western Europeans in extremis," and contrary to what Hawthorne himself thought, there is no difference in kind, only in degree, between Europe and America—a discovery which another innocent abroad named Mark Twain made a few decades after Hawthorne when he very wisely reached the conclusion, after several trips to the Old World, that "there is not a single human characteristic which can be safely labeled as 'American.'"