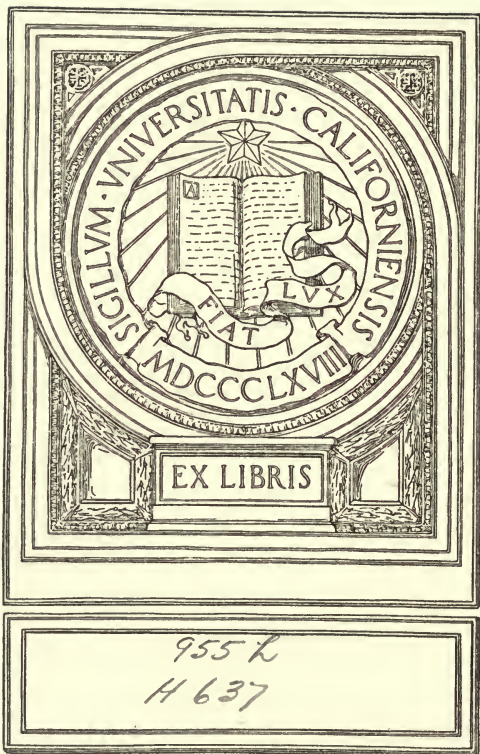


THE HAWTHORNE CENTENARY
AT THE WAYSIDE
CONCORD 1904



EX LIBRIS

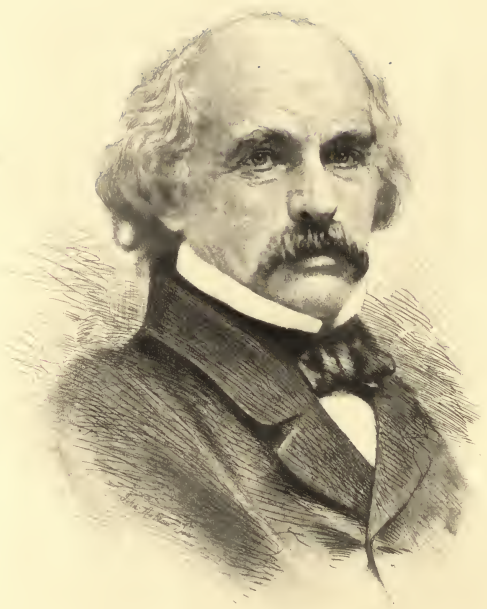
955 L
H 637

1
102
My dear old friends
Dr. and Mrs. H. Rushton Fairclough
with the affectionate regard of
Mrs. Daniel Lothrop

Rome, Italy
March 7th 1911

THE
HAWTHORNE CENTENARY
AT THE WAYSIDE

Small decorative perforated area on the left side of the page.



THE
HAWTHORNE CENTENARY
CELEBRATION

AT
THE WAYSIDE
CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

JULY 4-7, 1904



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1905

COPYRIGHT 1905 BY HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Published February, 1905

THE
HUGHTON MIFFLIN & CO.
PUBLISHERS

THE WAYSIDE, Concord, Massachusetts, was the only home ever owned by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who gave it that name when he purchased it, in 1852, from Amos Bronson Alcott. It passed, in 1883, from the possession of George Parsons Lathrop and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, his wife, into the ownership of Daniel Lothrop, the publisher, whose family residence it became.

It seemed, therefore, to be of logical fitness with the spirit observed by the present owners through all these later years of residence, in which the estate has been safeguarded and perpetuated by Mr. Lothrop, and afterward by his widow, as Hawthorne left it, that an observance of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth should here be celebrated.

The Centenary exercises, as planned and arranged by Mrs. Lothrop, were memorial addresses and reminiscences, with the unveiling of the bronze tablet set in a boulder on the path leading to the

hill, where Hawthorne daily paced to and fro in solitary communion with his work ; these exercises to take place on the birthday, July 4 ; to be followed on the mornings of July 5, 6, and 7, by addresses at the Hillside Chapel (the chapel of the Concord School of Philosophy, next The Wayside) ; these addresses to be given by eminent men and women peculiarly fitted to bring tribute to the great Romancer.

Acknowledgment is made to Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson for his kindness in editing and preparing this volume for the press.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FIRST DAY, JULY FOURTH	
Address of Thomas Wentworth Higginson	3
Unveiling of the Tablet	12
Letter from Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop	14
From Concord to Concord in Hawthorne's Life, by Charles T. Copeland	15
Letter from Edmund Clarence Stedman	21
SECOND DAY, JULY FIFTH	
The World in which Hawthorne lived, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe	30
Hawthorne's Place in Literature, by Charles Francis Adams	42
THIRD DAY, JULY SIXTH	
Hawthorne in Italy, by Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott	80
Hawthorne's Last Years, by Julian Hawthorne	105
The World set in Hawthorne's Heart, by Moncure D. Conway	118
Letter from Dr. Richard Garnett	134
FOURTH DAY, JULY SEVENTH	
Reminiscences, by Hon. John S. Keyes	139
Letter from Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop	146
Hawthorne and Transcendentalism, by Frank Preston Stearns	150
The Friendships of Hawthorne, by F. B. Sanborn	158

Letters from Miss Beatrix Hawthorne	199
Hon. John D. Long	200
Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge	201
Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford	201
Hon. Robert S. Rantoul	202
Judge Robert Grant	203
Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward	204
Dr. Edward Everett Hale	205
Hon. John Hay	206
Mrs. James T. Fields	207

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE <i>Frontispiece</i> From a photograph.	
HAWTHORNE'S PATH	2
From a photograph by Herbert W. Gleason.	
UNVEILING OF THE TABLET BY MISS BEATRIX HAWTHORNE	12
From a photograph by Herbert W. Gleason.	
THE MEMORIAL TABLET	26
From a photograph by James Tolman.	
THE WAYSIDE	38
From a photograph by Herbert W. Gleason.	
HAWTHORNE'S STUDY IN THE TOWER	112
From a photograph by Herbert W. Gleason.	
HAWTHORNE'S PATH (ON THE HILLTOP) . . .	148
From a photograph by Herbert W. Gleason.	



FIRST DAY

JULY FOURTH



HAWTHORNE'S PATH
(Showing The Wayside and the Boulder)

FIRST DAY

JULY FOURTH

THE exercises were held at The Wayside, in the pine grove and on the terraces. The large audience sat facing Hawthorne's favorite path, where had been placed, between two pines, a granite boulder, rough-hewn and massive, as it came from Concord's soil. The bronze tablet inserted in its face was veiled by a large flag hung from the two trees, completely enveloping the boulder, the folds of the national emblem being caught up with branches of laurel and pine.

The presiding officer of the day was Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Cambridge.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am desired to introduce this meeting, the object of which is a further commemoration of one of our two great American authors. It is for the citizens of Concord, in the first place, to rejoice over the memory of Hawthorne and of Emerson; while those born elsewhere in Middlesex County — among whom I myself am happy to be classed — may also rejoice as neighbors. I learned from Worcester's Geography in

my youth, and was much impressed by the discovery, that in Middlesex County in Massachusetts there were two half shire towns, and those two towns were Concord and Cambridge. Let me speak for that other half shire town.

No one can tell how it is that great authors come in pairs — come in doublets: we speak of Shakespeare and Milton, Homer and Virgil; but it is a great thing if they are willing to come at all, and if they can come in pairs, so much the better for us! Even the little time that has passed since the birth of these two great men, Emerson and Hawthorne, has so tested the traditions and the claims of the other leading authors of the country that we can already admit, without a blush, — wherever they came from, — the leadership that is commemorated in Concord by these two memorial meetings coming at so short an interval. While they were writing, what multitudes of other men seemed great, sometimes as great as they; now that they have written, what multitudes of those other men seem small, or are forgotten! And we who live and live to write — write because we cannot help it — must go on writing because we cannot get our bread and butter without it, or perhaps even because we cannot quite get that provision with it.

Such gatherings as these are for those who can claim something more than that. I forget what English noblemen it was — Mr. Conway is here

and can tell us by and by, and if he cannot give us the right names, he can give us the wrong ones, which is the next best thing to it—I forget what two it was in the East Indies who went out shooting with a native or whatever they call him to guide them. They came home at last without any especially visible result from their afternoon's sport, and the basha bora or basha pasha, or whatever it was — this man who went with them — said in his gracious Eastern way that the two English noblemen shot to admiration, but it pleased the Almighty to be very gracious that day to the birds! We who shoot after fame have to accept that as our probable result, and it is fortunate that, as it is so, there stand here before us two permanent names, and we are to pay our tribute to those.

The more serious part of my little tribute I have written down, — it is always the worst part, — but if you saw, as I do, hands going up behind ears, and saw what a dreadful position this really is to speak from, — to have to speak against the wind, — not only of coming fame, but of actual Concord, you would have more sympathy with me than you probably do.

Perhaps it always appears to men, as they grow older, that there was rather more of positive force and vitality in their own generation and among their immediate predecessors than among those left on

the stage. I do not know when I have been more surprised, for instance, than on being once asked whether Hawthorne was not physically very small. It seemed at the moment utterly inconceivable that he should have been anything less than the sombre and commanding personage he was. Ellery Channing well describes him as a

“Tall, compacted figure, ably strung,
To urge the Indian chase or point the way.”

One can imagine any amount of visible energy — that of Napoleon Bonaparte, for instance — as included within a small physical frame. But the self-contained purpose of Hawthorne, the large resources, the waiting power, — these seem to the imagination to imply an ample basis of physical life; and certainly his stately and noble port is inseparable in my memory from these characteristics.

The actual Hawthorne was five feet ten and one half inches high, broad, but of light athletic build, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. His eyes were large, dark, and brilliant, as his son tells us. Bayard Taylor said that they were the only ones he had seen that really flashed fire. Charles Reade said he never saw such in human head. People in London compared him to Burns, while in college an old gypsy woman asked him, “Are you a man or an angel?”

Vivid as this impression is, I yet saw him but twice, and never spoke to him. I first met him on

a summer morning in Concord, as he was walking along the road near the Old Manse, with his wife by his side, and a noble-looking baby-boy in a little wagon which the father was pushing. I remember him as tall, firm, and strong in bearing; his wife looked pensive and dreamy, as she indeed was, then and always; the child Julian, then known among the neighbors as "the Prince." When I passed, Hawthorne lifted upon me his great gray eyes, with a look too keen to seem indifferent, too shy to be sympathetic — and that was all. But it comes back to memory like that one glimpse of Shelley which Browning describes, and which he likens to the day when he found an eagle's feather.

Again I met Hawthorne at one of the sessions of a short-lived literary club; and I recall the imperturbable dignity and patience with which he sat through a vexatious discussion, whose details seemed as much dwarfed by his presence as if he had been a statue of Olympian Zeus. After his death I had a brief but intimate acquaintance with that rare person, Mrs. Hawthorne; and with one still more finely organized, and born to a destiny of sadness, — their elder daughter. I have stayed at "The Wayside," occupying a room in the small tower built by Hawthorne, and containing his lofty and then deserted study, which still bore upon its wall the Tennysonian motto, "There is no joy but calm," — this having been inscribed, however, not by him-

self, but by his son. But I do not want to dwell upon these things. Hawthorne had what Emerson once described as "the still living merit of the oldest New-England families;" he had, moreover, the unexhausted wealth of the Puritan traditions, — a wealth to which only he and Whittier have as yet done any justice. The value of the material to be found in contemporary American life he did not always recognize; but he was the first person to see that we truly have, for romantic purposes, a past; those hundred years being really quite enough to constitute antiquity. This was what his "environment" gave him, and this was much.

But, after all, his artistic standard was his own; there was nobody except Irving to teach him anything in that way; and Irving's work lay rather on the surface, and could be no model for Hawthorne's. Yet from the time when the latter began to write for "The Token," at twenty-three, his powers of execution, as of thought, appear to have been full grown. The quiet ease is there, the pellucid language, the haunting quality: these gifts were born in him; we cannot trace them back to any period of formation. And when we consider the degree to which they were developed, how utterly unfilled remains his peculiar throne; how powerless would be the accumulated literary forces of London, for instance, at this day, to produce a single page that could possibly be taken for Hawthorne's; — we see

that there must, after all, be such a thing as literary art, and that he must represent one of the very highest types of artist.

Through Hawthorne's journals we trace the mental impulses by which he first obtained his themes. Then in his unfinished "Septimius Felton"—fortunately unfinished for this purpose—we see his plastic imagination at work in shaping the romance; we watch him trying one mode of treatment, then modifying it by another; always aiming at the main point, but sometimes pausing to elaborate the details, and at other times dismissing them to be worked out at leisure. There hangs before me, in my study, a photograph of one of Raphael's rough sketches, drawn on the back of a letter: there is a group of heads, then another group drawn on a very different scale; you follow the shifting mood of the artist's mind; and so it is in reading "Septimius Felton." But in all Hawthorne's completed works, the penciling is rubbed out, and every trace of the preliminary labor has disappeared.

One of the most characteristic of Hawthorne's literary methods is his habitual use of guarded under-statements and veiled hints. It is not a sign of weakness, but of conscious strength, when he surrounds each delineation with a sort of penumbra, takes you into his counsels, offers hypotheses, as, "May it not have been?" or, "Shall we not

rather say?" and sometimes, like a conjurer, urges particularly upon you the card he does not intend you to accept. He seems not quite to know whether Arthur Dimmesdale really had a fiery scar on his breast, or what finally became of Miriam and her lover. He will gladly share with you any information he possesses (nothing mean about him! he would not keep back anything for the world!), and, indeed, he has several valuable hints to offer; but that is all. The result is, that you place yourself by his side to look with him at his characters, and gradually share with him the conviction that they must be real. Then, when he has you thus in possession, he calls your attention to the profound ethics involved in the tale, and yet does it so gently that you never think of the moral as being obtrusive.

All this involved a trait which was always supreme in him, — a marvelous self-control. He had by nature that gift which the musical composer Jomelli went to a teacher to seek, — "the art of not being embarrassed by his own ideas." Mrs. Hawthorne told me that her husband grappled alone all winter with "The Scarlet Letter," and came daily from his study with a knot in his forehead; and yet his self-mastery was so complete that every sentence would seem to have crystallized in an atmosphere of perfect calm. We see the value of this element in his literary execution, when we

turn from it to that of an author so great as Lowell, for instance, and see him often entangled and weighed down by his own rich thoughts, his style being overcrowded by the very wealth it bears. Hawthorne never needed italic letters to distribute his emphasis, never a footnote for assistance. There was no conception so daring that he shrank from attempting it; and none that he could not so master as to state it, if he pleased, in terms of monosyllables.

Having so much, why should we ask for more? An immediate popularity might possibly have added a little more sunshine to his thought, a few drops of redder blood to his style; thus averting the only criticism that can ever be justly made on either. Yet this very privation has made him a nobler and tenderer figure in literary history; and a source of more tonic influence for young writers, through all coming time. The popular impression of Hawthorne as a shy and lonely man gives but a part of the truth. When we think of him as reading "The Scarlet Letter" to his sympathetic wife, until she pressed her hands to her ears, and could bear no more; or when we imagine him as playing with his children so gayly that his elder daughter told me "there never was such a playmate in all the world," — we may feel that he had, after all, the very best that earth can give, and all our regrets seem only an honest impertinence.

MR. HIGGINSON: The original plan of the meeting was that the whole proceedings of the meeting should take place this afternoon out here. It has now grown so very breezy, however, that it would be well, after the unveiling of the stone, to have the later proceedings take place in the chapel, where the other meetings are to be.

I have here a copy of the inscription on the tablet, and I will say that we are honored in having the first look at it. What is dearest and best for a man's memory is always unveiled, if possible, by his personal posterity, and so it is fitting that this tablet should be unveiled by Hawthorne's grandchild. If she will kindly do this, I will read the inscription.

(Miss Beatrix Hawthorne then unveiled the tablet.)

THIS TABLET PLACED
AT THE CENTENNIAL EXERCISES
JULY 4, 1904
COMMEMORATES NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE
HE TROD DAILY THIS PATH TO THE HILL
TO FORMULATE
AS HE PACED TO AND FRO
UPON ITS SUMMIT
HIS MARVELOUS ROMANCES



UNVEILING OF THE TABLET BY MISS BEATRIX HAWTHORNE

10 24 25
11 24 25

MR. HIGGINSON: It is proposed that the meeting should now adjourn to the Hillside Chapel, which is so well known in Concord that you merely have to shut your eyes and your feet will take you to it! An opportunity will be given to examine the inscription first, as you go along, if you wish.

(The company gathered about the Tablet and then passed on to Hillside Chapel.)

MR. HIGGINSON: We will now resume our proceedings, and as we last saw the charming spectacle of one of Hawthorne's race removing the veil which covered the inscription, I cannot bear not to introduce a further suggestion of that race, in an earlier generation. I have not with me the paper I published this week in the "Outlook," upon my dear friend, Una Hawthorne, the oldest, and perhaps most gifted, of the daughters; but I will bring before you the absent image of the younger daughter, who has shown herself able to lead where few women could have equaled her; and I will ask that the letter of Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop be read by the daughter of our hostess of this afternoon.

(Miss Margaret Lothrop then read the letter.)

LETTER FROM MRS. ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP

ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.,

June 9th.

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP: Your most interesting letter and kind invitation have just reached me, in our country home for cancerous poor. I am so glad that you are all to gather together to give my father so much honor. But I have no prospect whatever of being able to be present. I have tried very hard for a couple of years to leave my work among the poor, to go to Concord, or its neighborhood, but have been prevented very imperatively. This is usually because taking care of the dying, and few of our patients living beyond expectation for some months or years, we are constantly thrown into extremely arduous situations, when every one must join in watching, laying out the dead, and seeing to the last rites; and, too, new patients are to be received, which entails much preliminary work, until they are refreshed and settled. We do all our housework as well. When I have more members of our band of women for both Homes, I shall expect to get away occasionally for journeys in several directions. I am so glad that my brother will be present, and I wish with all my heart that I could be, and could add any words of interest to the commemoration. That, however, I could not do, as I am not used to addresses,

such as will be given. But I am, I think, a good listener, and grieve that I must lose the interesting experience.

Gratefully and cordially your servant,
M. ALPHONSA LATHROP, O. S. D.

MR. HIGGINSON : I shall now have the honor of introducing to you as the next speaker of the afternoon a gentleman who, although comparatively young in years, has achieved for himself the high position of being one of the recognized leaders in the teaching of English literature among the colleges of America. So far as Harvard College sustains the high position which it has long maintained, it has never, I think, had a tone of more judicial and critical authority on all matters of pure literature than it now possesses, and the fact that this inspires a profound interest among the students is a thing to which I, living in Cambridge, can testify. I have the pleasure of introducing as one of the special sources of that peculiar interest, Mr. Charles T. Copeland, instructor in English literature in Harvard University.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES T. COPELAND

I am very much ashamed to have made you move from that grove, but it was, after all, a whispering gallery, and when you had no longer an orator to listen to, as in Colonel Higginson, and only a teacher

and a speaker not used to distinguished occasions indoors or out, it seemed to me you might not be listening to me, but rather to the pine-trees ; so I asked Mrs. Lothrop to arrange the move.

If, in this spare summary of a part of Hawthorne's career, which — by the way — might be called, "From Concord to Concord in Hawthorne's Life," the student of biography misses much of what seems to him important, it is because my sole endeavor has been to point the relation between the author's experience and his work. In the case of this particular author, the difficulty of seeing the man is only less than that of seeing the artist. Yet from the little really known of this New Englander of genius, a few illuminating facts easily disengage themselves. No one now thinks of the apparent connection between the campaign life of Pierce and the Liverpool consulship as leaving the slightest stain upon Hawthorne's unblemished honor and manliness. He wrote the book without thought of the consulship, to do his best for his friend. And it is due to Pierce — although not one of the most disinterested persons in history — to say that he would have done his best for Hawthorne if the book had never been written. A few words in the "Italian Note-Books," more touching than dithyrambs for print or from a more self-expressing man, sufficiently exhibit the tenderness of Hawthorne's life-long affection for Pierce.

A devoted son, he was the most admirable of fathers, and the rare sort of husband who remains a lover. Democratic, though conservative, he was far enough from the thorough-paced reformer, who too often takes for his motto that whatever is, is wrong. And this ingrained habit of mind conspired with loyalty to early training to keep a son of the Puritans from ranging himself with all other American writers of note, "on the side of the angels," in the burning question of his later years. Hawthorne's way of sticking to a political position, in which it is hard to visualize a Northern man of his intellect, is subtly explained, it may be, by Emerson's constant impression of a strong feminine element in his friend, and by Curtis's word that talking to Hawthorne was like talking to a woman. Neither — it says itself — doubted for a day his essential manliness: both, we may hazard, perceived some mingled trait of mind and temperament on which Francisque Sarcey has since put his finger in the delphic saying, "Every artist is a woman." But being an artist did not keep Hawthorne from being an exemplar of his own fine remark, apropos of Burns and Scottish scenery, that "a man is better than a mountain." People made way in a crowd for the gentle Titan, without his lifting hand or voice. Fields, a genius among publishers, and an especially good genius to Hawthorne, tells of him: "I happened to be in London

with Hawthorne during his consular residence in England, and was always greatly delighted at the rustle of admiration his personal appearance excited when he entered a room. His bearing was modestly grand, and his voice touched the ear like a melody." Charles Reade said of him, using almost exactly Sir Walter's words about Burns, that he had never seen such an eye in any human head. And here is an anecdote communicated to Mr. Conway by Dr. Loring: "Placid, peaceful, calm, and retiring as he was in all the ordinary events of life, he was tempestuous and irresistible when roused. An attempt on the part of a rough and overbearing sea captain to interfere with his business as an inspector of customs in charge of his ship, was met with such a terrific uprising of spiritual and physical wrath, that the dismayed captain fled up the wharf and took refuge in the office, inquiring, 'What in God's name have you sent on board my ship as an inspector?'"

In truth, neither as a servant of the public nor as master of himself, did Hawthorne know the name of fear. He loved beauty everywhere in Nature only less than he loved it in fair women. He loved books — in youth, particularly Spenser and Bunyan, the English masters of allegory; the Bible throughout his life. He was a lover of flowers, pets, the sea, friends, family; yet, whatever else

he loved, with the stern probity of all his forbears he loved honor more. Churches, parsons, dinner parties, literary men (as a class), and his "equals" (as a rule) appear not to have pleased him; but he was at his ease with sea captains, cabin boys, longshoremen, children, and other beings who come to close quarters with Nature or deal with her at first hand. Most persons who encountered Hawthorne had poor Mr. Howells's "half hour of silence" with him. With a friend or two, however, — especially with a sole friend, he talked beguilingly and much. When public speaking was forced upon him, he could, though often shy unto death before no more than three fellow creatures, wring triumph from the occasion; and there are memorable records extant of these successes in talk with the few and in speech to the many. What Hawthorne got from his life may be known from what he wrote in the last year of it to Mr. R. H. Stoddard, on receipt of that writer's verses, entitled "The King's Bell:" "I sincerely thank you for your beautiful poem, which I have read with a great deal of pleasure. It is such as the public had a right to expect from what you gave us in years gone by; only I wish the idea had not been so sad. I think Felix might have rung the bell once in his lifetime, and again at the moment of death. Yet you may be right. I have been a happy man, and yet I do not remember any one moment of such

happy conspiring circumstances that I could have rung a joy-bell for it."

Here is a fairly complete description. Let any painter who is skilled at deriving likenesses from passports evoke a speaking likeness of the person designated. Or let some magician who has what the stage calls a "practicable" cauldron, set it over the fire of his imagination, stir together in it these diverse elements of identity, and bid an apparition rise. The shadow is as likely to be Banquo as to be Hawthorne, and however good the charm, will be no more keenly limned than the remembrance of a dream of one whom we have never known. Hawthorne unconsciously mystified all but a very few of those who thought they understood him best; and even in the case of those few — such were his honest evasions, so undesignedly elusive was he — we cannot be sure that they perceived more than a certain phasis of the man who charmed them, or that they really knew more of him than Kenyon knew of Donatello. He had the strangest and, on the whole, I think, the most original imagination of his day, in any language. That the possessor — or the possessed — of such an imagination could harness himself to his heavy load in custom house and consulate, is only a heightening of the recurrent miracle which binds artist and man in one body. It would have been a more wonderful miracle than ever yet was worked, if Hawthorne's

creating mind had not often strayed, even from those close at hand and heart, to the phantoms that "startle and waylay" his readers. Like every rare being that walks this earth awhile, he seemed to keep step to a march very different indeed from the treadmill measure that sets the pace for poor humanity. And when the baser rhythm broke in upon the airy music to which his feet kept time, he lost the beat, and, perforce, fell out. *Console Hawthorne*, there were no romances.

MR. HIGGINSON: After this charming tribute by a critic we should like, I think, a little direct testimonial from a contemporary of Hawthorne's, or a younger contemporary in the world of poetry, and I will ask one of the young gentlemen who have kindly offered to assist us, when our own voices gave out, if he will read a letter received from Mr. Stedman, the well-known New York poet and critic as well.

(Mr. Charles Everett then read the following letter.)

LETTER FROM MR. EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

LAWRENCE PARK, BRONXVILLE, N. Y.,

June 26, 1904.

MRS. H. M. LOTHROP, The Wayside, Concord.

MY DEAR MADAM: When your letter of the 20th came, I was ill with a fever, and I am to-day

for the first time able to write you. Meanwhile, I now have received your second letter, and very much regret that it will be impossible for me — in my rather helpless state — to go to grand old Concord and reverently listen to the tributes paid to the memory of New England's great romancer and literary artist, at the spot where he wrote "The Blithedale Romance," and where he rode so well, as Emerson said, his "horse of the night." None of the Concord Pleiad was more distinctive than he, for he was among them, yet not wholly of them. Yet, like each of them, though following the line of mystery and beauty, he was a moralist ingrained. I am glad to be remembered at Concord, where my personal associations were so brief that the memory of them is all the more precious. There I lived for a day and night at "The Wayside," the guest of Hawthorne's daughter and her husband. There, I know, Sanborn piously still keeps burning the sacred lamp — faithful to the manes of the departed bards and seers. And Higginson, too, is left, to lead your exercises — and my picture of the Hillside Chapel, now before me as I write, is not so vivid as that which my mind conceives of the little platform as it will appear on Independence Day. I hoped to write this note before you would receive the little volume with the Hawthorne poem. It was mailed to you to show that I had already paid the fullest metrical tribute within

my power to the genius of Hawthorne, and that I could not write another poem upon its theme — even if you had given me more than ten days' notice. For the same reason, a month ago, I received similar requests from Salem and from Bowdoin. But if I had had my choice where to go, as one of a reverent gathering, it would have been to Concord, and it is a deprivation that I cannot be with you on the Fourth.

Very truly yours,

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

MR. HIGGINSON: I think it is only just to Mr. Stedman and to Mr. Hawthorne to call your attention to a poem by the one upon the other, which Mr. Stedman read before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa, at Harvard University, in 1877, and some of his touches seem to me so singularly fine that I am sure you will pardon me if I read you two or three stanzas from that. He says of Hawthorne :

“ Two natures in him strove
Like day with night, his sunshine and his gloom.
To him the stern forefathers' creed descended,
The weight of some inexorable Jove
Prejudging from the cradle to the tomb;
But therewithal the lightsome laughter blended
Of that Arcadian sweetness undismayed
Which finds in Love its law, and graces still
The rood, the penitential symbol worn, —
Which sees, beyond the shade,

The Naiad nymph of every rippling rill,
And hears quick Fancy wind her willful horn.

“What if he brooded long
On Time and Fate, — the ominous progression
Of years that with Man’s retributions frown, —
The destinies which round his footsteps throng, —
Justice, that heeds not Mercy’s intercession, —
Crime, on its own head calling vengeance down, —
Deaf Chance and blind, that, like the mountain-slide,
Puts out Youth’s heart of fire and all is dark !
What though the blemish which, in aught of earth,
The maker’s hand defied,
Was plain to him, — the one evasive mark
Wherewith Death stamps us for his own at birth !

“Ah, none the less we know
He felt the imperceptible fine thrill
With which the waves of being palpitate,
Whether in ecstasy of joy or woe,
And saw the strong divinity of Will
Bringing to halt the stolid tramp of Fate;
Nor from his work was ever absent quite
The presence which, o’ercast it as we may,
Things far beyond our reason can suggest:
There was a drifting light
In Donatello’s cell, — a fitful ray
Of sunshine came to hapless Clifford’s breast.”

It is a pleasure to feel that while Hawthorne himself used the vehicle of prose to bring his deep rich thought to so high a point of utterance, it also was echoed in a manner by a contemporary, and

by one of the highest, certainly among the younger contemporaries, and to give strains so rich and delicate as those.

Friends, we have had a pleasant afternoon. There are some things about it, at any rate, that have been pleasant. My sympathy still goes out to those hapless beings whom I saw converting the human hand into an ear-trumpet, in the grove, and I know that it will gratify you if I say we have no further literary tribute this afternoon, whatever to-morrow may bring forth, — you need not think you have got through with us. I am authorized by our kind hostess [Mrs. Daniel Lothrop] of to-day to say what she herself would gladly have said before we left the Hawthorne house, — but I am glad she did not, for if she had we should have wished to accept her invitation, — that she would be very glad if there are any here who have never happened before to be in the neighborhood of that historic mansion, and would like to go over it and through it; if any of the company would like to do that this afternoon, and will take the trouble to walk the short distance back, that opportunity will now be given.

For the meeting to-morrow I have only to say it will be held here at ten o'clock. There will be morning meetings only, but they will turn our mornings into such pleasure that it will seem always afternoon. I will mention the speakers for to-

morrow. A paper by Mr. Julian Hawthorne will be read, he having been prevented by circumstances from attending. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will speak, and Hon. Charles Francis Adams will also speak, and such a combination as that I think will draw us all here.

This meeting is adjourned.



THE MEMORIAL TABLET

SECOND DAY

JULY FIFTH

SECOND DAY

JULY FIFTH

THE exercises of the second day were held at Hillside Chapel, Mr. Moncure D. Conway presiding. His opening remarks were as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The eventualities of life have brought wonderful changes. Fifty years ago he who was a crude young Virginian, born down on a farm adjacent to the Washington one, and who had spent his early life devouring all the cherries on the Washington farm that Washington had spared, was brought here, summoned by the literature of Concord, awakened from his slumber in old Virginia, and now has the honor of presiding at a meeting and in the presence of literary people who are classic to all of us.

You may be sure that I do not intend to take up your time by any remarks of mine, and shall during this fitful fête, which the generosity, tact, and exquisite taste of Mrs. Lothrop have enabled us to enjoy on this centennial—I shall have my chance to say my say to-morrow, and at present shall only have the very grateful privilege of introducing my friend, Mrs. Howe. I have known her, I may say, all my life—that is, I may say all

my spiritual and intellectual life; I have known her as you have known her, as the guide and inspirer of our earnestness in days of storm and stress. I therefore shall simply for the present try to efface myself as chairman, and introduce to you our beloved and noble JULIA WARD HOWE, who will address us on "The World in which Hawthorne lived."

ADDRESS OF MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE

MR. PRESIDENT AND DEAR FRIENDS: I will say what I can to-day about the world in which Hawthorne lived. I shall ask your permission to remain seated.

Much has been written, and mostly mis-written, regarding Hawthorne's social surroundings. Mr. Henry James, who supposed Salem to have been for such a man "the abomination of desolation," was evidently not well versed in the history of the ancient town, the town of the Devereux and Crown-shields, Silsbees and Peabodys, very prosperous before the day when Old Billy Gray quarreled with its selectmen, and carried its business to Boston.

Captain Hawthorne, the father of the great romancer, died of fever in a foreign land. His widow, unable to withstand the weight of her sorrow, secluded herself even from her family, and ate her bread in the solitude of her own room. Her home

then afforded but a sombre background for the life picture of her young son and daughters. It is said that Hawthorne once, speaking of himself and his sister, said, "We have been frozen together."

The Salem of that time had society enough of the usual sort, youths and maidens, lordly seniors and stately dames. But it was not among this goodly company that Nathaniel Hawthorne lived and moved. In a weird atmosphere of his own, his imagination shaped and draped the companions of his early manhood.

In the heart of Boston he erects a pillory, whereon, in the blazing heat of the summer afternoon, stands Hester Prynne, with her babe on her arm, a living monument of shame and disgrace. There, at a corner of the street, suddenly appears her husband, spellbound with horror, a prey to heat more fierce than that of the summer sun. Hidden on the breast of the saintly young minister burns the red letter which matches that fastened upon the partner of his offense.

How palpitating with life are the personages of this romance! Even the young minister's youthful catechumen, who, encountering him in a moment of unconcealed discomfort, fancies that she has done him some offense, her conscience being, like her workbag, full of harmless little articles. Even the ancient dame who openly cherishes her familiar

spirits, and dreams of whirling in the dance with a wizard from Lapland. It all hangs together, is a region of imagination all compact, and those who people it walk logically to the crisis of their fate; the head criminal to agonized confession, the innocent child to a calm and happy career, the discredited mother to who shall say what lonely and unconsoling penitence?

And out of all Salem's stately mansions he shows the one he can best fill with the nebulous luminous atmosphere which seemed to be his true element. Here crime and cruelty have the upper hand, but the weird touch also is present. Alice's posies blossom on the housetop, while she, the hapless maiden, comes and goes in unwilling obedience to a force which she cannot understand, the compelling will of the man whose suit she has rejected and who thenceforth hunts her after this fashion.

"*Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" Hawthorne goes to Italy, and sojourns there long enough to become penetrated with the charm of that lovely land. But even there he is so far master of the situation as to make the sculptor of ancient Greece his tributary, and endue the fame of Praxiteles with a life of his own.

Art criticism is not his *forte*. He contemns Crawford and admires without stint Miss Hosmer and Mr. Story. But what a throne does his fancy build for us! Fair Hilda with her doves is his ideal

of maiden innocence. Miriam is the glorious guilty woman of passion and impulse who also belongs to his artistic family. Here, as elsewhere, crime goes to its bitter end. From this Hawthorne saw no escape. But what a wonderful light has he thrown upon the details of the eternal city! The grim, gloomy catacombs, the Capuchin Convent, the magnificent church itself, a world wonder, all come into position at his bidding, and form a life picture never to be forgotten.

Undoubtedly, the time in which Hawthorne produced his most important works was one of deep moral and religious questioning. The cast-iron Puritan rule involved so much that was not in accordance with man's noblest nature, that a rebellion and readjustment of moral values was imperatively called for. With the doubt of religious dogma came to many minds doubts regarding the true interpretation of the moral law. With the polemic controversies of the hour Hawthorne gave himself little concern. Were there not Parker, Phillips, Garrison to fight the real battle of ethics? Yet our friend in his opaline mirror made show of the evils which could lurk beneath the cloak of outward sanctity, of the dire temptation which could even assail a man of saintly disposition. The deep pathos and instruction of this portrayal are beyond words.

The bud of the new order did indeed have a

bitter taste. The tides in opposition ran high, and wrecked much casual fellowship, perhaps some friendships which had been accounted real. Brother lifted up his voice against brother. The fathers of the church were unfatherly to its younger sons. Parker was Anathema Maranatha; the same bitterness may have been felt when Hawthorne wrote a life of Frank Pierce. But the bud had to unfold. I think that it fulfilled Cowper's prophecy,

"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

I remember my own first knowledge of this great author. I was not out of my teens when an admiring elder read me the strange story of the minister's black veil. Although I honored the fine reserve of the lady who declined to withdraw the veil from the face after death, I could not help wishing that she had withdrawn it, so strong is curiosity in the daughters of Eve. In those days I heard that a Miss Peabody had made a drawing illustrating Hawthorne's story of the Gentle Boy. When, years afterwards, I heard that Hawthorne had married this same Miss Peabody, it did not seem strange.

Allow me one more glimpse of the Hawthorne family. On a Fourth of July in the late forties, I had gone with Dr. Howe and a lady friend to see the display of fireworks on Boston Common. The

lady friend fainted, and Dr. Howe carried her into the historic West Street house where the Peabodys still abode. The grandmother received us, holding in her arms a beautiful boy baby, perhaps eighteen months of age. He was struggling and crying vociferously. The grandame explained that the young people had gone to see the fireworks, and that she was doing her best to quiet their son. And this baby was Julian Hawthorne.

Hawthorne does much to redeem our literature from the charge brought against it in recent days, namely, that it mostly follows the trend of old world culture, and contributes to the world's knowledge little which may be called distinctively American. Our critics on the other side perhaps forget that the great inheritance of the English tongue naturally brings with it many of the traditions handed down in its literature. And yet, methinks, the criticism just cited has little foundation. To go as far back as Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker*, we have a work which could hardly have been produced elsewhere than in New York. His tales of *Rip Van Winkle* and *Sleepy Hollow* are full of the atmosphere of the region to which they are assigned. Time would fail me to follow this vein further, but I cannot but remember Tom Appleton's saying that in Mr. Emerson's pages you have the music of the pines. Cooper has preserved for us the romance of the early hunters and pioneers,

.

Bret Harte has given to us pictures of California life which will live. But Hawthorne in his writings shows himself above all a child of the new world. The thrill of the tales that fascinated his childhood follows him in his mature manhood. He makes us believe what he himself believed in his nursery.

In my own youth I was well acquainted with one who called Hawthorne friend. This was John Lewis O'Sullivan, a figure well known in the New York of his time. The two men were akin in politics in so far as Hawthorne had any. O'Sullivan was a man of partly Irish descent, of much, over much sentiment, and an ardent humanitarian. Some sixty years ago he took up the topic of capital punishment, and published an arraignment of it which called forth bitter condemnation from orthodox divines. These personages then held that the sentence "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," was a divine sentence, binding for all time.

O'Sullivan once called upon me after visiting Hawthorne at Brook Farm. He brought back the impression that the ways of the rural community were little to the liking of his friend. O'Sullivan was at the time editor of the "Democratic Review," for which Hawthorne had already written several stories. He seems to have relied somewhat upon his engagement with this magazine for lasting

employment. But the periodical, if I remember rightly, turned out to be little more than a campaign document, and its immediate end being accomplished, it ceased to appear.

Some personal remembrance must add whatever it can to this very fragmentary tribute. More than fifty years ago, Dr. Howe and I drove out to Concord to visit Horace Mann and his wife, who had found a summer boarding place next door to the Manse, where the Hawthornes were installed. We brought with us our little daughter of about the same age as Una Hawthorne. In the course of the day, we found our way into the Hawthorne residence, where Mrs. Hawthorne received us very graciously. She promised that we should see her husband. Just then a male figure descended the stairs. "My husband," she cried, "here are Dr. and Mrs. Howe." What we did see was a broad hat pulled down over a hidden face, and a figure that quickly vanished through an opposite door.

I think that Mrs. Hawthorne made some excuse about an appointment which called her husband to go upon the river with Thoreau.

The Mann couple had a son of the age of Una and my Julia. The three little creatures prattled and played together under the trees in front of the house, while Mrs. Hawthorne kindly showed me the bedroom furniture which she had adorned

with pen and ink outline. At the head and foot of her bedstead were Thorwaldsen's Night and Morning. On the washstand was outlined Venus rising from the Sea, from Flaxman's Illustrations of Homer.

Those three dear children, Una, Horace, and Julia, all lived to attain maturity, and all left the world too soon. The memory of the one last named binds me ever to Concord with a debt of gratitude, for she, my dearest child, fed upon its philosophy, and grew radiant in its atmosphere.

So, the first time that I saw Hawthorne, I did not see him, but I was yet to have that pleasure. Years after the time already named, Mrs. Mann, who was residing in Concord, invited me to spend a day or two with her, and also invited some friends for the evening. Among these were the Hawthornes, who were at that time domiciled at Wayside. After a while, Mrs. Mann told me that she wished to make me acquainted with Mr. Hawthorne. I replied, "Oh, no! I know too well how he hates to meet strangers." She insisted, saying that since his residence abroad he had changed much in this respect. Accordingly, we met, and I encountered the beauty of those eyes, which I could compare to nothing but tremulous sapphires. The next day I had his company on the train, returning to Boston. We talked a little of "Blithedale Romance," and I said, "Mr. Hawthorne, you were cruel to say that



THE WAYSIDE

Handwritten text in the top left corner, consisting of approximately 30 lines of cursive script. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and the angle of the page, but appears to be a list or a set of notes.

Zenobia would never have drowned herself if she had known how unsightly her appearance would have been when found."

"Was it not true?" he asked, with some mischief in his look, presently adding, "I had to go out in my boat to look for her."

We met once again at a familiar dinner at James T. Fields's house, where Anthony Trollope, Edwin Whipple were, with myself, the other guests. Of this occasion I can only remember that it was most delightful, and that Hawthorne seemed at ease and well pleased.

Hawthorne's use of the supernatural in his tales has truly a historic value. It preserves for us the fantastic melancholy of the Puritan imagination. Those forbears of ours everywhere perceived the influence of the bodily devil. He was as real to them as flesh and blood are to us. Their belief in witchcraft and demoniac possession was the logical outcome of their merciless theory of religion. Theirs was the terrible Jehovah of the Hebrews; to the Christian revelation of a God of love and pity, they had not attained.

The works which show most of this element were written in the author's unsocial days. We must deem the isolation fortunate in which these seeds of terror ripened into blossoms of power and beauty. Would Hawthorne have accomplished things more marvelous if he had had the run of the London

clubs, or the *entrée* into the fashionable world of the world's metropolis? Truly, he needed them not.

What, then, was Hawthorne's world? I answer that he lived in a palatial region all his own. No occasion had he for page or butler, for tricky spirits, fine as Ariel, served him at will. With a magician's power, he stood at the entrance of his airy abode, where all who entered must see and believe as he willed. He was not of Salem, nor of Boston, nor even of Concord :

“ Instead of any upon earth,
The civic heavens receive him.”

MR. CONWAY : It is a sweet and pleasant thing, in the joy of closing years, for some of us, that we have lived long enough to listen to and appreciate these words of Mrs. Howe concerning her best contemporary, or at least the one to whom she looked up in her youth, and I can congratulate the young people here that they will be able to carry through their lives this sweet and charming souvenir.

I shall now have the pleasure of presenting a study of Hawthorne's place in literature from the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, who has looked into the study of history with broad and critical acumen, and made discoveries in the most interesting eras of this country. I might speak particularly of the

great analytical power with which he has treated the characters and figures who have determined the history of this country. Partly Mr. Adams's excellence in all these matters is hereditary. For my part, having been brought up in the Jeffersonian region, in the region of the Randolphs and of the triumphant democracy, who regarded federalism as wearing horns of a peculiarly sharp and ugly character, and a great number of cloven hoofs, namely, old John Adams, my first impression I think in history was when I discovered in a happy moment that it was old John Adams, the man I had been trained to hate down in Virginia, who saved us from a war with France, which would have been the worst and ugliest in all the ugly history of our wars ; and when I first got to love and venerate old John Adams for sending that commission, confronting in the matter even George Washington, who was prepared to draw his sword again — when I found that all my old theory of John Adams was an effigy and a mistake, then all sorts of impressions in historical matters came. I found I was deceived in regard to that President, and might be with regard to other things ; and I have been assisted in subsequent studies, like many other students of history, by the gentleman I have now the pleasure of introducing, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who will speak to us on "Hawthorne's Place in Literature."

ADDRESS OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

The audience need not be disturbed. The bundle of material I am laying on the table is not to be inflicted upon you in its entirety. It contains matter for brief reference only. But Mrs. Howe, in the course of the charming paper she has just read, in a voice and with intonations more charming even than the paper's contents, interjected the remark that she understood discursiveness was on this occasion permissible. At the very beginning let me say that discursiveness will in what I am about to say, be, not the exception, but the rule.

In the first place, however, let me explain my being here at all, — the how and why of it; for I chance not to be a transcendentalist, — neither, for that matter, was Hawthorne! — nor do I belong to what is known as the Concord school of thought. Mrs. Lothrop will bear me out to the letter when I tell you that, some time ago, she wrote asking me to contribute to this occasion, and I at once replied that so doing was quite out of the question. Hawthorne I knew merely as that writer of fiction who, in my estimation, stood distinctly first among purely literary men by America yet produced; and were I to comply with her request, — a thing not convenient in itself, — I could only say as much, repeating, in words slightly varied, perhaps, what had been often said before. Not satisfied with

this reply, Mrs. Lothrop again addressed me, pressing her request even more urgently, and on the ground that the preëminence I assigned to Hawthorne as a literary artist was in itself enough, and eminently fitting to be set forth on this, the centennial of his birth. And so she begged me to reconsider my decision.

There were reasons why I felt it to a degree obligatory on me not to persist in my refusal. I do most unfeignedly dislike to talk when I feel that I am in no way peculiarly qualified to throw light on the topic under discussion, and am also conscious that, generally speaking, I have nothing in particular to say. The talking-in-public habit I hold to be an objectionable habit. But it so chances that, so far as Concord is concerned, I am a very near neighbor. Indeed, I might say a resident; for while my house is in Lincoln, the line between Lincoln and Concord runs across "the old Baker farm" on which the house stands. Thus in closest way a neighbor, I feel myself under obligation to perform neighborly acts; and if there is one act more neighborly than another, — altruism, I might almost put it, in its most etherealized form, — it is to contribute freely whatever one may be thought able to contribute on an occasion such as this. Hence my being here. It recalls to me in a certain way the familiar reply made by Dr. Holmes to the anxious mother's inquiry as to the proper time for

a child's education to begin. He answered, you remember, that the proper time for a child's education to begin was about one hundred and fifty years before it was born. So with this address of mine. Lincoln, you may remember, was part of Concord until the 23d day of April, 1754; and with a proper sense of obligation, we of Lincoln acknowledge the maternity. On behalf of Lincoln I am here; and accordingly an address for to-day may be said to have been foreordained for me eighty and odd years before I was born.

On the other hand, I have come with nothing prepared. What I may say will accordingly be said in a purely conversational way; it is a talk about Hawthorne. As such, it will be largely made up of the utterance of thoughts which suggest themselves as I, so to speak, meander on from point to point.

Personally, and as a living entity, I know nothing of Nathaniel Hawthorne. I say this with a distinct sense of mortification at finding myself compelled to confess such remissness. But all through life I have failed to avail myself of my opportunities. I never exchanged a word with Emerson! After all, however, I was, perhaps, in the case of Hawthorne, not so very remiss. How could I have met him? He, a morbidly shy and very retiring man, lived here at Concord, — then a remote country town, — rarely visiting the city; and in the summer of

1853, he went to Europe, not returning until 1860. In that same summer of 1853 I entered Harvard College ; and shortly after the famous writer's return to America, a wave of the great Civil War swept me into the army. Never again were he and I in the same neighborhood even ; and so, had I so much as laid eyes on him, it would have been by chance. In his later years he was a member of the somewhat famous Boston Saturday Club, — one of the few forms of social entertainment he seems to have really enjoyed. But when my own time came to be chosen into that circle, though many of his famous contemporaries still gathered about the table in the familiar room at the Parker House, — hardly one of them is now left ! — Hawthorne had long since passed away.

But in connection with that club and Hawthorne's membership, there is one anecdote pleasant to recall, which has furnished me food for reflection. There were giants in those days ! The Saturday Club met once a month, — its last Saturday always, — dining at two o'clock. Three of its members lived here in Concord, — Mr. Emerson, its central figure, to meet whom, indeed, on his Saturday comings to Boston the club was originally formed ; Judge Rockwood Hoar, and, after his return from Europe, Mr. Hawthorne. Talking of the olden time and former gatherings, Judge Hoar afterwards told me that in those days there was no convenient even-

ing train to Concord; so if they sat a little late at table, it was not easy to get there betimes. They did not like to cut the dinners short; consequently it was his custom, on those monthly occasions, to have his son drive to Waltham, there to meet the later suburban train, and take home the Concord contingent. As he described those winter drives, he dwelt on the fact of Emerson and Hawthorne, side by side, on the back seat of that modest carry-all, and wondered where and how another such seat-load could have been obtained. As he told me, I could not in my own thoughts help including the judge himself. What an extraordinary freight it was for a one-horse country carriage, — Emerson, Hawthorne, and Rockwood Hoar! As I just now remarked, — There were giants in those days! None of us here will live long enough again to see three men so well worth knowing — so memorable in our country's annals, so replete with philosophy, fancy, shrewdness, and wit — as were those three, packed together in one small vehicle, driving in the winter evening darkness from Waltham to their homes in Concord.

I have said that I never met Hawthorne. If my recollection is correct, he died on the 19th of May, 1864. When he died, and, indeed, for some years before, I was far away, living in a different environment. The gentleman who introduced me spoke of Virginia. The 19th of May, 1864, came about in the

midst of the carnage of that awful march of the army of the Potomac from the Rappahannock to the James. Losing thousands of men each day, Grant was gradually grinding away the Confederate force before him. The 19th of May fell between Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor—halfway between the two; and looking back, I find that the day Hawthorne died was one of the gloomiest of that gloomy period. On the 18th Grant's plan of campaign had been roughly shattered; Sigel had been badly worsted in the valley of the Shenandoah; Butler had been defeated on the James; Banks had met with reverses in Louisiana; and now, on the 19th, there was heavy fighting in the army of the Potomac's front. Lee had taken the aggressive. I well remember at that time reading in the papers of Hawthorne's sudden death; but we in Virginia were then taking part in too rich a harvest of death to take much note of the passing of any individual. It was merely one more gone, when many daily went.

Knowing Hawthorne individually not at all, I have further no grounds upon which to base the claim of any particular insight in respect to him as an author. Indeed, it is years since I have read his writings; and of them I must needs speak from the recollection and impressions of long ago. I am, also, naturally inclined to be otherwise minded, and a bit iconoclastic; and in what I am about

to say there may be opinions expressed in which some of those here will not be inclined to concur. In such case, permit me to suggest it would add greatly to my own interest in the occasion, and might to the general interest, were I to elicit a spirit of contradiction, — some impulse to set me right.

What then *do* I know of Nathaniel Hawthorne? I have told you what I do not know. Curiously enough, Nathaniel Hawthorne was the subject of the first production of mine I ever saw in print. Seeing one's self for the first time in type marks an epoch in life; that epoch is with me inseparably associated with Nathaniel Hawthorne. Possibly my friend Mr. Sanborn here may recollect something about it, for he and I were in college together; and, if my memory serves me right, he was one of the editors of the "Harvard Magazine," as the undergraduate periodical of that day was called. Indeed, I vaguely seem to remember him as one of the originators thereof.

MR. SANBORN: Don't press the question, please.

MR. ADAMS: The first paper I ever wrote for print was one for that college magazine, and the title of it was "Hawthorne." It was forty-nine years ago; I was a youth on the verge of twenty, — still in my teens! and the other evening, — be-
thinking myself of it in this connection, — I hunted up the copy of that paper I had chanced to pre-

serve, and read it. I doubt if I had read it before since it appeared, in July, 1855. I found it dreadfully funny —

MR. SANBORN: It was at the time.

MR. ADAMS: So you also, alone with me probably among those now living, actually recall that utterance! As I just now said, I found my paper of forty-nine years back awfully funny reading; but none the less, in it was one sentence applicable to the present occasion, — indeed, it might serve me as a text. It is this: “Among American writers of fiction, with us at least, Hawthorne stands forth preëminent.” And that conclusion at least is one I have since seen no occasion to revise! Otherwise, my paper was delightful; the editorial “Us” and “We” rang out in every line. I began with a quotation from “A distinguished British essayist,” through which form of speech I made reference to the late lamented and much bequoted T. B. Macaulay; and, with a gravity truly comical, I seated myself in the Harvard tribunal of the period when, as Thackeray would have put it, that particular Plancus known in history as “Frank” Pierce was consul, and proceeded to pass judgment on Nathaniel Hawthorne, indicating my approval of this, as my condemnation of that. None the less, on what I may refer to as the nub of the matter, I was even then right. I will not disturb the oblivion which covers my other utterances; but in 1904, as in

1855, I hold Nathaniel Hawthorne easily first among American writers, — preëminent in what has since become a lengthened roll. Looking back through half a century of ever-shifting conclusions, that judgment I to-day confirm.

A week or so since, I chanced in some literary paper across a reproduced list of Lord Avery's one hundred books in all languages, not, as he takes care to say, "the best," but "of the best;" and as such recommended to readers. Recently revised, the famous list had been brought out afresh. I have just given it as my judgment that Hawthorne is preëminent among American writers; and yet in that list of a hundred best books, I do not find the name of one of Hawthorne's. But I do find here several to which, I fancy, no well-qualified critic would assign a preference to Hawthorne's masterpieces. For instance, here is Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii;" Kingsley's "Westward Ho;" the "Self Help" of Samuel Smiles; George Eliot's "Adam Bede;" Cook's "Voyages;" Lewes's "History of Philosophy;" Greene's "Short History;" — all good books, nearly all classics. But surely, making no mention of the "Scarlet Letter," the "Marble Faun" is, even as a tourist's guide, — much more as a work of art and literary masterpiece, — scarcely to be omitted from a list in which "The Last Days of Pompeii" is admitted to a place!

Now, undeterred by the authority of Lord Avery, I propose here to demonstrate, if so doing is in my power, that Hawthorne ranks far and away first among American literary men ; and, further, that he alone among them is worthy to be included in that memorable body of luminaries of whom Shakespeare, De Foe, Addison, Swift, Fielding, Goldsmith, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray are the shining lights.

So far, all I have said is preliminary. Let me now address myself to my task. In the first place, analyze — we must distinguish the elements. Hawthorne was essentially a writer of stories and of works of fancy, in other words, a literary artist. He pictured with the pen. Looking over that constellation, just enumerated, of those who also so pictured, what are the elements which constitute recognized greatness therein? Subjected to a rough analysis, those elements reduce themselves, I submit, to five: first, delineation of character, — portraiture; secondly, story-framing, — sequence of the tale, and the skillful development of its plot; thirdly, the philosophy of life and passion; fourthly, style, — skill in clothing thought in language; and, fifthly, that fancy which decorates narrative and thought. This premised, let us take up Hawthorne's work, assigning him in each respect his proper place among the immortals grouped in Fame's Temple.

First, as respects delineation of character, — pen portraiture. In that respect I feel disposed to say that Dickens is supreme, — first among all artists in English speech, even Shakespeare not excepted. This may sound like exaggeration, — heterodox, if not paradox. Yet after briefly reviewing our list of literary Titians, Velasquezes, and Rembrandts, — the Holbeins, Van Dykes, and Reynoldses of letters, — perhaps you may come to think in this respect with me.

Begin with Shakespeare! Until the time of Shakespeare, I question whether any writer since Homer had developed distinct and universally accepted types of men. It is a little strange, but in the gallery of portraiture we do have to jump from Ulysses and Ajax and Hector and Helen across twenty-five centuries of utter barrenness to Pantagruel, Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza; Hamlet, Othello, and Falstaff. During the whole intermediate period I cannot recall a single delineation of a type, of which you would say, as you might say of any living man, that he was a regular Don Quixote or Touchstone; and, when you said it, any moderately well-informed person would at once know exactly what you meant, — the resemblance would be recognized, or denied. It is the same power of pen-delineation which Rembrandt and Franz Hals had with the brush; and of it there have been perhaps a dozen great natural masters.

In power Shakespeare is probably, among these, supreme, with his Hamlet, his Lear, and, above all, his Falstaff; but in ease and wealth of production, — the lavishness of outpouring, — Dickens indisputably ranks first. These two apart, as you run the list over, how few they are, and how little each of those few has contributed! Who is there after Rabelais, Cervantes, and Shakespeare, until you come to De Foe, with his one creation, — “Robinson Crusoe”? Swift introduced into the world Captain Lemuel Gulliver, that famous, as well as veracious, voyager. Molière I leave out of the account. Next, in English, comes Addison, with Sir Roger de Coverley, — his portrait is ever before our eyes. After him came Fielding, with Tom Jones, Blifil, and Parson Adams. Richardson at the same time invented Sir Charles Grandison. Is Sheridan entitled to mention because of Mrs. Malaprop with her immortal “allegory on the banks of the Nile?” or Mrs. Shelley, for Frankenstein, — scarcely a bit of portraiture, but certainly a name suggestive? Sir Walter Scott would, I hold, as respects productiveness of types, rank third, after Dickens and Shakespeare. Captain Dalgetty, Dominie Sampson, Edie Ochiltree, Andrew Fairservice, and Caleb Balderstone are creations not made to die. Yet when we think how universally Scott is read, it is rather surprising how few characters he developed which have passed

into familiar speech, embodying types. Thackeray I should say created seven, — Becky Sharp, Major Pendennis, and Morgan, masterpieces all, with Colonel Newcomb, Captain Costigan, Barry Lyndon, and Esmond, in the second rank.

But finally, Dickens — how he did outdo them all! A very Rubens among literary artists, what prodigality in production! Take the first four or five of his stories. They teem with types. Pickwick, for example — every one of us has our Pickwicks in actual life; and Tracy Tupman; and the two Wellers, “Mr. Tony” and “Sam;” Jingle, the Rev. Stiggins, Potts, of the “Eatonswill Gazette,” Serjeant Buzfuz, Mr. Justice Stareleigh, and Mrs. Leo Hunter. Do we not meet Mrs. Leo in every society all our lives, and at once classify her, and place her, and mentally address her as Mrs. Hunter? Next came “Oliver Twist.” There are Bumble, of Beadledom, the “Artful Dodger,” Noah Claypole, Bill Sykes, and Fagin. “Nicholas Nickleby” follows. Who does not know Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboy’s Hall? — and little Wackford? Smike also is a tolerably well-known type. Immediately afterwards, the “Old Curiosity Shop” produced its array of portraits: Richard Swiveller, Little Nell, Sampson and Sally Brass, Quilp and Mrs. Jarley. Finally, “Martin Chuzzlewit.” Here we have Pecksniff and Mark Tapley, and both names are to-day in conventional use.

“What a regular Pecksniff the man is!” or, “He is a veritable Mark Tapley!” convey just as clear an idea of two types of men as to say of one that he is an out-and-out Shylock, or of another that he is Dogberry to the life! As for Betsey Prig and Sarah Gamp, I most confidently asseverate that Jack Falstaff and Dame Quickly themselves are not greater creations, nor more true to nature. You may never have seen the originals, but you recognize them at once. They are old acquaintances.

Why! not two days ago I chanced to be reading my morning paper, — this copy now in my hand of the Boston “Herald,” — the “Herald” of July 2, and in the lowest right-hand corner of the editorial page my eye caught the name “Sairey Gamp.” It headed the following familiar words, utilized as an advertisement: —

“If it was n’t for the nerve a little sip of Sandford’s Ginger gives me I never could go through with what I sometimes has to do. Mrs. Harris, I says, leave the bottle on the chimney-piece, and don’t ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am dispoqed, and then I will do what I am engaged to do according to the best of my ability.”

Now that, I submit, is enduring fame; if it is not in itself immortality, it foreshadows immortality. The current acceptance of a book or character for half a century after its publication or appear-

ance makes a classic of it. It has won its permanent place in literature or speech. It is just sixty years since Dickens brought Sarah Gamp and Mark Tapley before the world; and to-day I turn the editorial page of the Boston "Herald," and in one place I see a certain gentleman referred to as "the Mark Tapley of political candidates," while in another place I find "Sairey Gamp" figuring as the head of an advertisement for a beverage,—though not exactly that to an indulgence in which the immortal Sarah was so prone!

And now, before considering Hawthorne as a delineator of character,—the originator of accepted types,—I will so far digress again as to put a question to this Concord audience. How many types in all, accepted as such and current in speech and writing, has our American literature contributed to the collection?

I have referred to Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens as prolific creators of such. Dickens, I have shown, threw them off with an ease and profusion, an accuracy of insight and expression,—the attributes of true genius. His fecundity was like that of Rubens among artists. In all, since Shakespeare wrote, there may have been some fifty or perhaps seventy-five such portrait types produced; and to-day they hang there, in the gallery of English speech, each with its name a proverb,—Shylock, Falstaff, Sir Charles Grandi-

son, and Sir Roger de Coverley; Major Pendennis and Sarah Gamp. Which, and how many, of them, are of American origin? Since I agreed to take part on this occasion I have been meditating that problem, — trying to formulate an answer to the query. Hawthorne I am sure has not contributed; but I will come to that presently. Meanwhile, what American has contributed? In all, after best reflection, I can think of but three creations the mere mention of which by name calls up a figure and a thought, — and those three even would be more or less open to criticism. So far as I can summarize it, our contribution is at best meagre. “Rip Van Winkle” comes first, — the one creation of Washington Irving. Rip Van Winkle has certainly passed into speech; and, as personified by Jefferson on the stage, the mention of the name calls up a familiar figure representative of a situation and a thought. But, after all, is Rip a character delineation like Falstaff and Sir Roger, except as interpreted by Jefferson? Giving Irving the advantage of the doubt, we will, however, accept his portrait, and disallow the criticism. Next, we have Mrs. Stowe’s creation of Topsy, in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” Topsy is unquestionably a type, — not a type of the first class, perhaps, but still a type. Apply the test! If at this moment a little negro girl in rags, and with unconscious freedom of act and speech, were to pass before that door, and

some one were to exclaim, — “What a regular Topsy!” every other person here would know at once what was meant, and mentally compare the actual with the ideal. My third instance is of more recent origin, — the famous and familiar Colonel Starbottle, the creation and contribution of Bret Harte. Like the Heathen Chinee, Colonel Starbottle, I am inclined to think, has come to stay; he is recognized, and as such accepted. We have all seen him; some of us have had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him. Indeed, Sir Roger de Coverley is by Americans far less generally known, stands scarcely less in need of an introduction. Beyond these three who here can aid me to a name?

Coming back to Hawthorne, no one will claim, as I have already said, that as a delineator of character Hawthorne has contributed to the gallery any universally accepted bit of portraiture. Hester Prynne, Aunt Hepzibah, Phœbe, Judge Pyncheon, and Hilda are all distinct and well drawn; but it can hardly be asserted that any one of them has passed typically into familiar speech. On this point, however, something yet remains to be said. In character delineation absolute truth to nature is not always, nor even generally, either the surest or the quickest passport to success or fame. Even in work of the highest genius a certain touch of exaggeration — a skillful heightening of light and

shade — adds to the result, leading to a quicker and even more lasting recognition. Take, for instance, the masterpieces of Shakespeare and Dickens, — Falstaff and Dogberry in the one case, and Sam Weller and Sarah Gamp in the other. In all these creations there is a very agreeable, but none the less apparent, element of the grotesque, something remotely suggestive of Thomas Nast and the best cartoons in “Punch.” Nature is slightly improved upon; its complexion is artistically heightened, so to speak. On the other hand, Sir Roger de Coverley and Major Pendennis I hold to be higher as works of art, because absolutely true. Yet they are not so popular as those first named, nor so immediately recognized. To Sir Roger and the Major, however, recognized places are conceded in the gallery of accepted portraiture, while no such general recognition and acceptance have been extended to any creation of Hawthorne’s. Yet his work is in this respect of a very high order, — higher, I think, by far than that of any other American. He belongs artistically to the class of Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope, and George Eliot, — all character painters of the first class, and yet not one of the three has contributed a type universally accepted, as, for instance, Dogberry and Mark Tapley are accepted. Perhaps, though, in Trollope’s case a claim might be put in for Mrs. Proudie. And so I am inclined to think that, as a

skillful portrait painter is entitled to artistic preference over a cartoonist — even the most ingenious, prolific, and generally accepted — as a delineator of character, taken at his absolute best, as in “The House of the Seven Gables” and “The Scarlet Letter,” truth to nature, real power, and delicacy of touch being the tests, — I am inclined, I say, to believe the world is likely to see another Dickens before it sees another Hawthorne.

The next element in the analysis was story-framing, — the skill with which the work is put together and developed to a moral or an end. Again, my judgment may excite surprise; not improbably, dissent. In this respect I do not consider Walter Scott or Dickens as entitled to rank particularly high. Their imaginations were prolific, they were great as story tellers; but as craftsmen they were careless, and not unseldom clumsy. The best general workman in this field I know of, the most skillful framer of a story in all its mechanical and imaginative parts, was one I have not as yet mentioned, — Wilkie Collins. Trollope also, as a sketcher of English life, while careless in his plots, put his material together with marvelous instinctive skill. This you will remember excited the notice and admiration of Hawthorne, who thereon expressed himself in words and similes which the brother artist did not receive in a spirit of unqualified delight.

But taking these two, — Anthony Trollope with his “Barchester Towers” and “Small House at Allington,” and Wilkie Collins with his “No Name,” “Woman in White,” and “Moonstone,” — I am again inclined to think that taking Hawthorne at his best, — throwing out for purpose of this comparison the “Blithedale Romance,” “The Marble Faun,” and the “House of the Seven Gables,” and confining ourselves to his climax in story-framing, “The Scarlet Letter,” — I am inclined to think that nothing done in that line by Trollope or Collins — much less by Scott or Dickens — indicated a higher order of skill in workmanship than what Hawthorne developed as he dreamed in the port-surveyor’s chair at the Salem Custom House. Compare this effort with the “Legend of Montrose” or the “Fortunes of Nigel.” In all three the atmosphere and personages of a remote historical period were worked into a romance; and there can, I think, be no sort of question that in the conception and framing of the story what Hawthorne did was far and away superior to the work of Walter Scott.

Next, philosophy; and by philosophy I mean the study of the passions, and of the problem of life; so to speak, the tearing out the heart of the mystery. Here again, I am confident Hawthorne will find his rank in the first class. We no longer compare him with Trollope or Collins, or with Dickens

and Thackeray ; we ascend at once to the supreme, — the pride and ample pinion that the Theban eagle bear, sailing with supreme dominion through the azure deep of air. Goethe produced one great drama ; so doing seemed to exhaust him. “Faust” turns on one of the passions ; and the poet developed his plot and philosophy over the ruin of a girl. Shakespeare poured out half a dozen Fausts, and, having done so, had enough left for a world of other creations. Running the whole gamut of the passions, he exhausted the philosophy of life. In “Macbeth” he struck the chord of earthly ambition ; in “Lear,” paternal affection and filial ingratitude ; in “Othello,” conjugal love ; in “Hamlet,” filial devotion. Having premised thus much, what can be claimed for Hawthorne ? Again, we must take him at his best, and by his highest judge and classify him. So doing, and speaking from the mental impression surviving the passage of years, I should venture to assert that as respects imagination, insight, passion, and power, — the unveiling of a human soul amid the temptations and trials of earth, “The Scarlet Letter” is worthy to be named with the masterpieces of even Goethe and Shakespeare. At his loftiest flight Hawthorne also touched the zenith ; he too soared in those azure depths of air !

Pass on to the next element, — style. We have noted delineation of character, the mechanism of

the tale, and the study of life and nature involved in it; now consider the medium through which the narrative is revealed, and in which the philosophy is clad. Let us take, for purpose of example and contrast, some half dozen or so of those to whom a natural mastery in English is conceded. Shakespeare, when he gets fairly down to prose, as, for instance, in "Hamlet," is supreme. Shakespeare is always supreme! Next, Addison — Addison as he appears, not in his robes of critical state, where he acts as a sort of Mrs. Jarley to Milton, but in those "Spectator" papers where, in dressing-gown and slippers, he tells us of Sir Roger's visits to the theatre and Westminster Hall. It is the perfection of English! Then Swift, with his clean-cut, trenchant expression, as sharp and tempered, and about as hard, as a butcher's cleaver. Goldsmith, who made the commonplace forever fascinating by the mere play of fancy and control of words. Both Dickens and Scott are careless writers, saying what they have to say in the words and way which suggest themselves, and letting it go at that. Great natural masters, they were not conscientious workmen. Not so Thackeray; naturally great, he was also labored. His English seems to me perfection, as perfect as that of Addison; and yet I do not prefer it to Hawthorne's. Again, take Hawthorne at his ripest and his best, — in the "Transformation" and "Our Old Home;"

take, for instance, in the last that exquisite description of Warwick Castle, or his trip down the Thames, — and I do not believe skill in expression and use of language ever did or ever can go further. It will bear comparison with the best English literature affords.

And here let me again digress, for I have come to the last element in my analysis, — fancy. There is one thing in Hawthorne I am unable to explain : in the course of his work he never sought or found expression in verse. In this respect I take him to have been somewhat peculiar among imaginative writers of the first class. We know what Scott did in that line, not only in his longer poems, but in his romances, — such lyrics as the “ Song of Rebecca,” and jingles still as popular as the “ Health to King Charles.” Dickens not only wrote a volume or so of verse, but among his early indiscretions he gave us the “ Long Ballad of Lord Bate-man,” and in “ Pickwick ” he broke forth in the “ Ivy Green.” Thackeray not only indited that familiar “ Chronicle of the Drum,” but his ballads of “ Bouillabaise,” the “ Cane-Bottom’d Chair,” and the “ Age of Wisdom ” were fifty years ago in the mouths of every college student, and I sincerely hope they are also in the mouths of their successors still. But I am not aware that Hawthorne ever turned a couplet. If anything of the kind is to be found in his writings I fail to recall it. I

wish I could recall it, for the absence thereof is suggestive of a limitation.

Yet while verse and Hawthorne do not seem to go together, Hawthorne was in no way devoid of fancy. Swift, for instance, with abundance of imagination in a way, — bear witness Gulliver, — had no delicacy of fancy, and yet he turned off endless verses, though no poetry. Hawthorne apparently never felt any call that way. Yet Hawthorne's fancy was delightful, finding its expression even among the realistic New England surroundings, and actually burgeoning into life in an English or Italian environment. In Rome and at Warwick it is as delicate in its expression as the tracery of December's frost-work on a window-pane.

I have now passed in review those elements which to my mind most enter into what constitutes eminence in literature as art. Now let me speak of recognition. As respects general recognition, how does Hawthorne stand? Let me premise; recognition and popularity are two very different things. Hawthorne never was, nor is he now, a popular author. And this suggests one more discursion. A good many years ago, at a dinner of one of those clubs in which Boston abounds, — not this time the Saturday Club, — a gentleman startled the company — and it was a company of prominent literati, lawyers, physicians, and clergymen — by suddenly asking if any of those present thought

he could name any one of the three most popular writers of the day, as judged by the test of demand at the desk of the Boston Public Library. The guessing at once began, and every well-known name in English literature was suggested from Shakespeare to Scott, Dickens, Cooper, and Longfellow to Tupper. The mention of each was met by a negative, and a call to guess again. Finally the conundrum was given up in despair, and its solution demanded. Its propounder then proceeded to inform the astonished company that the English writers far and away the most in demand in Boston — in comparison with whom Shakespeare and Walter Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, and Wilkie Collins simply “were not in it” — were Mary Jane Holmes, Caroline Lee Hentz, and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth! — names not one of which had any member of that company ever heard before. Now, in matters of art, taste, and literature many rules and canons have, first and last, been laid down, and some of them have stood the test of time while others have not; but one of those rules I take to be indisputable, and as such eternal: it is that in matters of literature, taste, and art the majority is always wrong! In this democratic *vox populi, vox Dei* community of ours this may sound at first somewhat heterodoxical, to apply to it no harsher epithet; but none the less it must in the nature of things be so, and not otherwise. Hawthorne is a case in

point. He represents probably in a more complete degree than any other American writer the most perfect art in literature. That he is popular, in the usual sense of the term, no one will claim; he is, however, more and more appreciated among those whose judgment counts most on questions æsthetic, those whom Shakespeare denominates "the judicious," the applause of one of which should outweigh the censure of a whole theatre of others. As I have already said, fifty years' acceptance constitutes the classic's test. "The Scarlet Letter" was published four and fifty years ago. Passing the limit, it has borne the test. It is forty years since Hawthorne died. No one, I think, will be likely to say me nay when I assert that Hawthorne's fame, perhaps even his vogue, has risen with the passage of every year since he ceased to be.

Victor Hugo, it is said, was once remonstrated with for writing so much. There was in his reply a certain force. "My business," he is reported to have said, "is to write; it will be the business of posterity to decide what of my writings is worth preserving." The great difficulty I now find with authors is the amount of literary rubbish they thus dump, so to speak, at the feet of posterity. How does Hawthorne stand in this regard? Let us look at the others. We will pass Shakespeare and the classics, including Voltaire, bowed under the weight of his hundred volumes, and come at once to the

moderns, — the nineteenth century culprits. The situation, bad at best, is sorely aggravated by what may not unfairly be described as the scavenger publication methods now in vogue, — the “only Complete Edition” mania. The periodical and magazine chiffonier permits no pot-boiling rag to escape his hook! Take, for instance, Byron. Could Byron be consulted, I have little doubt he would, in his better advised conditions, pray that nine tenths of all he ever wrote might, on the ground of quality alone, be permitted to lapse into a merciful oblivion. It is turgid stuff — mere melodramatic mouthing. Yet to-day they are with infinite editorial research and skill bringing out a new and enlarged edition of Byron in which everything he ever penned is unburied, and put in type. Only the other day I came across an elaborate review of this last publishing disinterment, and at its close I read this summary: “Whatever our individual tastes and proclivities may be, to ignore the pre-eminence of Byron in the literature of last century is to write ourselves down — well, we need not say what.” I am sorry to so write myself down in the opinion of the “Athenæum’s” critic; but after a somewhat careful recent reading of Byron’s masterpiece, “Childe Harold,” — and that fresh from Greece, — I must confess to having felt amazed as well as disgusted at the small residuum of true poetry I found in it. Of its five hundred stanzas not

fifty were free from empty posing for effect. The world would, I concluded, sustain no appreciable loss were the poet's dozen volumes reduced to one.

So of Wordsworth — the Showman of Nature. I recently read the "Excursion" while journeying in the Westmoreland country. It was Wordsworth, not Byron, who in my judgment was in influence preëminent in the last century's literature. But I also with confidence assert, life is not long enough for the full reading of Wordsworth now. But could I do so, I would allot to him two volumes for Byron's one.

And Walter Scott! Do you realize how the world's stock of "classics" is accumulating? I will not ask if any person here has ever read through that famous novel, "Sir Charles Grandison," for I know in advance no one has; how can such a book become other than a name? The other day I set a familiar spirit of mine at work to approximate the amount of certain writers' works, and to estimate in some degree the proportions they bore to each other. The result was little short of appalling. Cooper, I found, was responsible for some seven millions of words; Scott was a good second with six and a half millions; and Dickens, Thackeray, and Irving followed with some four to five millions each. Five familiar authors representing some five and twenty millions of words! The existence of that familiar and often referred to

personage usually known as "every well-read man or woman" is in the future undeniably disheartening!

I will not enter into any computation as to the proportion of the enormous output of the five authors just named the world could well afford to spare; but I can hardly imagine any one of the five contemplating, as life closed, such an unwieldy bulk of baggage without infinite sadness. For example, take Thackeray, a man who had a full sense, I believe, of the responsibility of authorship. They have recently been industriously disinterring what may best be described as his early pot-boilers, — matter he wrote in his immature period in order to get the wherewithal to sustain life. Gladly would he forget it, — as he believed it forgotten! The so-called "Biographical Edition" of his writings is in thirteen very solid volumes, — edited by members of his family; yet when Thackeray laid down his pen at the last line of "Henry Esmond," he had delivered his full message to mankind. In "Barry Lyndon," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "Esmond" he had told all he had to say; the rest is hardly more than repetition, in words slightly varied. The thirteen volumes had better have been five. Dickens might almost equally well have died when he finished "David Copperfield." He afterwards added much to his works, but little to his fame.

In this respect, it is otherwise with Hawthorne. His work is in bulk less than half that of any of the others I have named; nor did he ever write himself out. Passing away betimes, I think the world would sustain a distinct loss were any material portion of what he wrote obliterated. Of course, "Fanshawe," the "Life of Franklin Pierce," and the two incomplete romances published after his death, I do not include. "Our Old Home" was practically his last production; as also it was that one of his productions which the world would least willingly let die.

And speaking of "Our Old Home" reminds me of two little incidents connected with its publication which, at the time, afforded me amusement and gratification, and which I have since recalled with unusual distinctness. They occurred in London. "Our Old Home" was, you will remember, published in the summer of 1863,—in the midst of our Civil War, and when the British Philistine maintained towards the American—especially of the North—an attitude of superiority, and an aspect of sanctimonious arrogance which would, to use a strong simile borrowed from my friend the late Sir Leslie Stephen, have been offensive if assumed by God Almighty to a black beetle. I chanced shortly after to be in England,—an army interlude of mine. Simultaneously with the publication of "Our Old Home" an English writer of much

vogue at the time, Mr. George Augustus Sala, was bringing out through the columns of the "Telegraph" a series of letters from America, which he a few months later published in permanent form under the title, "My Diary in America in the Midst of War."¹ The letters, certainly nothing to be proud of, were of course very severe on America, and all things American. The commotion excited in Great Britain by "Our Old Home" when first it came out is not yet forgotten; it still faintly echoes from the past. The British female was especially incensed at certain references to her own physical attributes. One day I was discussing the matter with the first Duchess of Argyll, an excellent friend of America, and expressed my surprise at the sensitiveness her country people seemed to show under Hawthorne's bantering criticism; and, in doing so, I referred to what we had to un-

¹ In this book there is a passage (vol. ii, pp. 23-25) referring to Hawthorne. Sala says: "In one of my earlier letters home I had animadverted somewhat strongly (but with a loving admiration of the man's genius and character) on the curious strictures he had passed on English women." He adds: "He was certainly a very eccentric person. Nobody ever saw him read; no one knew where he had studied his characters or gathered his incidents; yet he could scarcely have evolved the 'Blithedale Romance' or 'The House of Seven Gables' from his own internal consciousness, as the German critics evolved the camel. A friend who knew him well told me that on his shelves Hawthorne had not twenty volumes, and that these even were of the most ordinary kind. Yet was he as great a writer of pure and sounding and nervous English as Dryden, and Swift, and Tillotson."

dergo in that line, specifying a peculiarly offensive letter of Sala's which had appeared in that very morning's "Telegraph." But, I said, we bore it all with equanimity; perhaps because we were used to it! Never shall I forget the keen sense of satisfaction I derived from her Grace's reply; it was so simple, so evidently expressing what she really felt:—"Yes," she said, "but really, in considering our feelings, you ought to take into some account the very different calibre of the two men!" That difference was indeed very much in evidence,—more so now than then; but at the time, and under the circumstances, this outspoken admission that the weight of metal was obviously on despised America's side was as balm to my sorely lacerated soul. I saw Hawthorne in a new and very surprising light, as our champion bruiser in the international literary prize ring! And to him the belt was conceded!

The other incident, also in connection with "Our Old Home," was characteristic, as well as amusing. I was again talking with an elderly lady of rank and prominence, and certain French authors constituted our theme. Suddenly I was paralyzed by the remark that, "You in America have one delightful author who seems to me very French—your Mr. Hawthorne!" I simply gasped, as I silently pondered. What my British matron had in mind was plain enough. The remark was strictly

insular. What was not English, was foreign ; and what was foreign, must needs be French. But that Nathaniel Hawthorne, of all men on earth native to New England, and of the soil racy, should be characterized as "French" did overcome me as a summer cloud, exciting silent as well as special wonder.

There is a comparison possible to be made between two men, which I do not remember ever to have seen drawn — both New Englanders, both artists, the one of the brush, the other of the pen, and each the most eminent in his field America has even yet produced. Hawthorne was of course one ; the other was John Singleton Copley. Both were born and grew up amid New England surroundings, — its thin, sharp air, its inartistic, conventional life. For either literature or art the atmosphere was arid ; it lacked the nutritious element. Copley went from Boston to Europe in 1774, at the age of thirty-seven ; Hawthorne in 1853, at forty-nine. It is most suggestive to note the effect of the new and older environment on each. Every one is familiar with the difference between Copley's earlier and his later style. His American portraits were stiff, formal, and almost wooden. They reflected the conditions in which he was born, had grown up, and wherein he wrought. In Europe he burgeoned out, and his great canvases representing the Death of Major Pierson, the Repulse of the

Spanish at Gibraltar, and the Attempted Arrest of the Five Members, were the result. He worked under more stimulating, more sympathetic conditions. It was exactly the same with Hawthorne; and I know of few records of deeper significance than this passage from the preface to "The Marble Faun:" "No author, without a trial, can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my own dear native land. . . . Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers need ruin to make them grow."

And now for my resumé. The most magnificent compliment ever to my knowledge paid to a writer of fiction was that familiar one paid by Gibbon to Fielding,—by the historian of the "Decline and Fall" to the author of "Tom Jones." "Our immortal Fielding," he wrote, "was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburg. The successors of Charles V may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of humor and manners, will outlive the Palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria."

So in closing my contribution here at this cen-

tenary, I say of Nathaniel Hawthorne what I said forty-nine years ago, and at my beginning to-day, that in my judgment he stands preëminent among American literary artists; and his name may well challenge enrollment in that galaxy of great luminaries in which are included Shakespeare and Addison, Defoe, Fielding and Goldsmith, Scott, Thackeray and Dickens. Thinking this, I also think that what Edward Gibbon wrote of Henry Fielding might more truly be changed, and thus applied to Hawthorne:—The legend of the Scarlet Letter, that exquisite picture of an earlier time with its manners and morals, will, even more than the romance of “Tom Jones,” “outlive the Palace of the Escurial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria.”

THIRD DAY

JULY SIXTH

THIRD DAY

JULY SIXTH

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE presided over the exercises of the third day, which also were held in the Hillside Chapel.

MRS. HOWE: I am very glad to have the honor and pleasure of presiding over the exercises of to-day, and when I came here to the chapel yesterday my first thought was, "What can I say here that will be as eloquent as this chapel is to me," remembering those delightful days of the Summer School of Philosophy, remembering the august faces that we saw then and shall see no more, and remembering the words of wisdom that we heard, some of which, I dare say, abide with us still. Traveling all over this United States, I have found in very distant places people, particularly women, who had attended a meeting or meetings of that school of philosophy, and who were harking back to it as a great source of inspiration and instruction. And I trust that the people of Concord will always keep this as a sort of sacred temple. Having once been consecrated by the presence of Emerson, Alcott, and so many others, it ought never to

be allowed to fall either into decay or disuse. That is what I have to say about this place. Mr. Hawthorne never saw this temple, but I am sure he would have been pleased to be spoken of here as he has been, as you all remember Mr. Adams spoke of him yesterday.

I now have the pleasure of introducing to you Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, who will give you some account of "Hawthorne in Italy."

ADDRESS OF MRS. MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT

When Hawthorne arrived in Rome in January of the year 1858, "the French soldiers were prominent objects everywhere about the city." He tells us in his journal that "they make up more of the sight and sound of the city than anything else that lives." Hawthorne's first impressions of Rome were unpleasant. The weather was detestable, one of those cold wet winters the Romans sometimes have to endure. To the stranger who cannot guess how short a time, compared to most other places, the bad weather lasts, such a season is particularly depressing. The Hawthornes arrived at midnight on the 24th of January, and were uncomfortably housed at Spillman's, the only hotel where they could gain admittance. Here they stayed until they found their apartment at the Palazzo Larazani, Via Porta Pinciana, not far from the Villa Malta. If Hawthorne could have looked forward a few months to the

third week of April, when the great wall of the Villa Malta, rising high above the street, is one splendid blushing precipice of roses, he might have been somewhat comforted, but he had not yet made friends with the genial Roman Americans, of whom he later became so fond, any one of whom might have cheered him with prophecies of "the good time coming." He sat in the corner by the fireside with more clothes on than he had ever worn before, his thickest great-coat over all, getting what comfort he could out of the tiny blaze coaxed from the penny fagots swallowed up in the vast chimney of the Palazzo Larazani. No wonder he sighed for the great logs of New England to feed the fire!

Nobody who has not experienced what Hawthorne went through in those first Roman weeks can quite understand the feeling of distaste, almost of despair, that Rome aroused in him. It is impossible for a person who feels the motion of the steamer which is carrying him over the heaving ocean to appreciate the immense splendor of water and sky spread before his dizzy eyes. It is just as impossible to feel the golden charm of Rome while one is pinched by the cruel cold of a first winter here. The poor pampered American body, accustomed to furnace-heated houses, is tortured with cold and chill; for a time it masters the most valiant spirit. When one's chief occupation is stoking a sulky fire with green fagots, and one's

chief preoccupation how to warm feet chilled by marble or tiled floors without raising chilblains upon them, it is useless to try to lift one's soul to better and higher things.

Side by side with the Giant Cold stood the Giant Dirt. Cold and Dirt, the two giants who seemed to bar the path of the new arrivals, to keep them from the rich enjoyment that all the time was waiting for them — Cold and Dirt, two hard things for a Puritan to accept, — all through Hawthorne's Italian journals and letters we find constant protests against them.

Soon, very soon, things began to improve. On the 7th of February he writes, "I have been four or five times to St. Peter's, and always with pleasure, because there is such a delightful, summer-like warmth the moment we pass beneath the heavy padded leather curtains."

On the 12th of February Hawthorne makes a note of having called "at the Palazzo Barberini, where William Story has established himself and family for the next seven years or more in apartments that afford a fine outlook over Rome and have the sun in them most of the day. Mrs. Story invited us to her fancy ball, but we declined."

A few months before, the Storys had moved into their splendid apartment in the Palazzo Barberini, of which Mr. Story wrote to Mr. Norton, "The Principe (Barberini) has shown very good will to

have us come, and will put the whole apartment in complete order and let it to us for two hundred and fifty dollars less than the rent we receive for our little house in Bussey Place. I never saw anything more rambling than the upper rooms above the apartment, which are included in the lease. They are legion in number, and crop out at every new visit. I should think there were some twenty at least, of every kind and shape going oddly about, up little stairs, through curious holes, into strange lumber rooms, and then suddenly opening into large and admirable chambers."

In these large and admirable chambers, Hawthorne was to gather materials for one phase of that many-sided book, "The Marble Faun." If the fancy ball was declined, many other invitations were accepted. All through the Italian journals constant reference is made to William Story, at that time the most prominent figure of the American colony at Rome. The Hawthornes came to Rome at a tremendously interesting moment, veritably in the golden age of the American colony, then almost exclusively made up of artists, men and women who were a real power in the place, and whose influence on things Italian and American has yet to be fully recognized. The Palazzo Barberini was one of the favorite meeting grounds of the English and American artists and of the travelers of the same nationalities, who in those days came to Rome to spend

the winter, who made friends with the artists, and few of whom left Rome without ordering a statue or buying a picture from their countrymen. Hawthorne notices in his diary, on the staircase leading to the Barberini, "the ancient Greek bas-relief of a lion from whence Canova is supposed to have taken the idea of his lions on the monument in St. Peter's." It is of this bas-relief that the familiar witticism was made, that it was the only lion in Rome that had never gone up Mrs. Story's staircase.

Hawthorne meets Mr. C. G. Thompson, the painter whom he had known in Boston, and takes more pleasure in his pictures than in the old masters, in whose work he was at first bitterly disappointed. He goes to the Villa Negroni, then a sad place to visit, for Crawford had lately died; and though Hawthorne did not like him, and did not do justice to his talent, he is touched at seeing the unfinished work. He says, "It is rather sad to think that Crawford died before he could see his ideas in the marble, where they gleam with so pure and celestial a light as compared to the plaster. There is almost as much difference as between flesh and spirit."

He dines with Mr. T. B. Read, the poet and artist, with a party composed of painters and sculptors, the only exception being the American banker, Mr. Hooker, and an American tourist who had given Read a commission. Hawthorne sat next to Gibson,

the English sculptor, who he supposes "stands foremost in his profession at this day." Later on, when he has the opportunity of judging, Hawthorne seems to disagree with this popular verdict, as he more than once inveighs against Mr. Gibson's nudities and his habit of tinting his statues, which Gibson held was the custom of the Greeks. We now know that he was right, but at that time most connoisseurs hooted at his theory. Hawthorne speaks of Gibson's dislike to any reference to his age. When the old sculptor, who had then been in Rome thirty-seven years, went to England, he was invited to dine with the Queen at Windsor. Stories of that royal dinner are still told in Rome among the English painters. Gibson, an inveterate old bachelor, and used to the manners of the Roman *trattoria*, when he was seated at the Queen's table, absently took up his napkin and polished his glass, spoon, and knife, running the tines of his fork through the royal damask napkin. The Queen, who had heard of his extreme sensitiveness on the matter of his age, had made a wager that she would find how old he was; so she bluntly asked him. The canny old fellow made a deep bow and answered, "That, marm, is something that I have never told any lady."

Hawthorne meets Hamilton Wilde, *di memoria benedetta*, of blessed memory, as the Italians say, and waxes enthusiastic about his paintings and about those of another American, George L. Brown. He

visits the studio of one Müller, a Swiss painter, and frankly confesses to preferring the pictures by this trio of moderns to any of the old masters, and we like him all the better for saying so. "I suppose," Hawthorne writes, "Claude *was* a greater painter than Brown, but I should prefer one of the latter's pictures. Mr. Brown showed us some drawings from nature done with incredible care and minuteness. We complimented him on his patience, but he said, 'Oh, it's not patience, it's only just love.'"

In the room where I write these words hangs a drawing of two stone pines on an Italian roadside, with a glimpse of the sea beyond, suggesting the neighborhood of Porta d'Anzio. It is signed G. L. Brown, Rome, 1852. Perhaps it is one of the drawings Hawthorne saw and admired. It has stood the test of time, and deserves to-day all that Hawthorne said about Brown's work. On the 25th of March Hawthorne has breakfast with Story, and writes him down as "one of the most agreeable men I know in society." April 22 they make their first visit to the Capitol. "We afterwards went into the sculpture gallery, where I looked at the Faun of Praxiteles, and was sensible of a peculiar charm in it; a sylvan beauty and homeliness, friendly and wild at once. The lengthened but not preposterous ears, and the little tail which we infer, has an exquisite effect, and makes the spectator smile in his very heart. The race of fauns

was the most delightful of all that antiquity imagined. It seems to me that a story, with all sorts of fun and pathos in it, might be contrived on the idea of their having intermingled with the human race, . . . the pretty hairy ears should occasionally reappear in members of the family; and the moral instincts and intellectual characteristics of the faun might be most picturesquely brought out without detriment to the human interest of the story." This is the first hint that we have of the advent of Donatello, the last descendant of the Monte Benes, and one of the most insistent of the ghosts of Rome.

They have tea with Miss Bremer, "the funniest little old fairy you can imagine." April 27 they visit Castellane, the jeweler, and see his wonderful treasures, both the reproductions and the originals of ancient Etruscan and Roman jewels. On the 8th of May Hawthorne again lunches with the Storys to meet Mrs. Jameson; but that lady being absent on account of a headache, he goes in the course of the afternoon to call upon her, in company with his wife and Mrs. Story, and finds her "on the first piano of an old palazzo in the Via di Ripetta, nearly opposite to the ferry-way across the Tiber, and affording a pleasant view of the yellow river and the green bank and fields on the other side." "She began to talk with us with affectionate familiarity, and was particularly kind

towards myself, who on my part was equally gracious towards her. In truth, I have found great pleasure and profit in her works, and was glad to hear her say that she liked mine." On the 9th of May, Hawthorne goes for a long drive, apparently alone with Mrs. Jameson, whom he finds a sensible old lady. They drive past the tomb of Cecilia Metella and along the Appian Way. "We drove homeward, looking at the distant dome of St. Peter's, and talking of many things,—painting, sculpture, America, England, spiritualism, and whatever else came up."

As the journal goes on day by day, its tone softens, Hawthorne finds more and more to admire and enjoy, less to criticise and condemn. Rome, the old enchantress, is getting him in her toils as she has us all sooner or later. We feel the amelioration of his opinions, the broadening of his view, a tremendous growth and unfolding of the social side of his nature. He speaks of one conversation where the talk has been rarely free and intimate for him, and says, "I have never really talked with anybody six times in my life." So the sunshine creeps into the journal, as it crept into the cold rooms of the Palazzo Larazani; and it is only when the miracle has been accomplished that Hawthorne begins to suspect the truth, that he is the last and one of the most passionate lovers of the old enchantress, Rome. One day he goes to Story's studio

and finds him "at work on a sitting statue of Cleopatra now only fourteen days advanced in the clay, a grand subject, and he is conceiving it with depth and power, and working it out with adequate skill."

There are many references to the Cleopatra in the journal, but it is most fully described in "The Marble Faun," that chapter when Miriam goes to Kenyon's studio. "'What a woman is this!'" Miriam exclaimed, after a long pause. 'Tell me, did she ever try, even while you were creating her, to overcome you with her fury or with her love? Were you not afraid to touch her as she grew more and more towards hot life beneath your hand? My dear friend, it is a great work! How have you learned to do it?'

"'It is the concentration of a good deal of thought and emotion, and toil of brain and hand,' said Kenyon, not without a perception that his work was good. 'But I know not how it came about at last. I kindled a great fire in my mind, and threw in material — and as Aaron threw the gold of the Israelites into the furnace — and in the midmost heat up rose Cleopatra as you see her!'"

The thing that Hawthorne felt in Story's work, and by which he was profoundly moved, was really there, — the quest of the ideal. In the large building Story erected in the Macao, where his son, Waldo, now has a large and prosperous studio, one

wing or gallery is still sacred to the statues of the elder Story. There they stand, rows and rows of marble men and women. You can find the very statues that Robert Browning admired so intensely that, as judge of the sculpture at the first world's fair, held at the Crystal Palace in the year 1854, he awarded to Story, not only the first, but the second medal for sculpture. From that time Story's success in England was established. Lingered among these statues, it is not difficult to realize what it was in them that so impressed not only Browning, but Hawthorne, Motley, Lowell, Sumner, and other strong men of that generation as well, — it was their ideality.

To-day the pendulum of taste has swung far in the other direction. Technique is the god the connoisseurs set up, and accordingly the technicians are to the fore, their names are in every mouth; but there are already symptoms of a change. In the future we must look for both the ideal of beauty and the technical skill to produce it. It is only when that union takes place that we have the great moments of art, and the things are produced which mankind cannot afford to lose. "One accent of the Holy Ghost the heedless world hath never lost." Hawthorne always had a deep sympathy for pioneers. No nobler picture of them survives than the description in the Main Street of the early settlers of Salem. In Rome he found a group of pioneers

of art, and his imagination responded to the ideal that had brought them across the seas.

If to-day we have the beginnings of an American school of art, we have to thank these pioneer artists for it. At a time when questions of expediency absorbed the public mind and conscience, a few men who believed in the high mission of art devoted themselves to it. In many cases it seemed to the friends at home nothing short of madness for the young neophyte to turn his back upon the bread and butter of business that lay ready to his hand, and depart on a wild-goose chase after the golden honey of art. Rome was at that time the Mecca of the American artists ; and when Hawthorne arrived there they had already overcome the first difficulties of the pioneers, and formed a compact and delightful group, from whose interesting lives Hawthorne was to find the material for his great romance. I spent an hour, the other day, among the works of some of those pioneer artists in the entrance hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, where a collection of the works of the early American sculptors has been arranged. Some of the statues, and nearly all of the sculptors who made them, are mentioned by Hawthorne. While we cannot feel as he and some of his contemporaries felt about our pioneers, — they freely compared their work to the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, often to the detriment of the Greeks, — it is

impossible to look at the marbles of an outworn taste without a certain emotional understanding — if for no other reason, on account of all they stood for to the older generation.

On the 24th of May the Hawthornes left Rome and started on their memorable drive to Florence. People nowadays make the trip by train and give six hours to it. The Hawthornes drove over the fine route, giving ten days to the journey, which cost them one hundred dollars, food and lodging included. Hawthorne notes in his journal something of his feelings on driving out through the Porta del Popolo and along the Via Flamminia, after his four months' stay in Rome. "I begin to find," he says, "that I have a strange affection for it. It is very singular, the sad embrace with which Rome takes possession of your soul." They stopped at the chief points of interest on the way, all of which are described with more of humor and affection and less of conscience and labor than in the first weary notes made in Rome, where we feel fatigue and impatience in the accounts of the sights so conscientiously studied. They see Perugia and Assisi, Foligno and Spoleto. The visit to Arezzo, where they saw the house of Petrarch, was one of the most enjoyable.

"Right opposite Petrarch's birth-house," Hawthorne says, — "and it must have been the well whence the water was drawn that first bathed him, —

is a well that Boccaccio has introduced into one of his stories. This well whence Petrarch had drunk, around which he had played in his boyhood, and which Boccaccio has made famous, really interested me more than the cathedral. As I lingered round it, I thought of my own town pump in Salem, and wondered whether my townspeople would ever point it out to strangers, and whether the stranger would gaze on it with any degree of such interest as I felt in Boccaccio's well. Oh, certainly not, but yet I made that town pump the most celebrated structure in the good town. A thousand and a thousand people had pumped there merely to water oxen, or fill their tea-kettles ; but when once I grasped the handle, a rill gushed forth that meandered as far as England, as far as India, besides tasting pleasantly in every town and village of our own country. I like to think of this so long after I did it, and so far from home, and am not without hope of some kindly local remembrance on that score."

On arriving at Florence, he writes, "This journey from Rome has been one of the brightest and most uncareful interludes of my life. We have all enjoyed it exceedingly, and I am happy that our children have it to look back upon."

June and July were passed at the Casa del Bello in Florence. It seems to have been a time of great pleasure. They worked hard at sight-seeing, and for diversion consorted with the English and Ameri-

cans then settled in Florence. Hiram Powers, the sculptor, takes the place of William Story, and we find many records of conversations with him. Hawthorne fell in love with the Venus di Medici at first sight, as he would not have done if he had not had those four months in Rome. Having fallen in love, he naturally proceeds to fall out with the lady, alternately praising and blaming her; there are charming little reconciliations between them all through the Florentine journals. On the 8th of June, as "we were at dinner, our servant brought in a card. It was Mr. Robert Browning's; he came in and shook hands with all of us. He was very vivacious and agreeable; he looked younger and handsomer than when I saw him in London. He talked a wonderful quantity in a little time; he must be an exceedingly likable man. They are to leave Florence very soon and are going to Normandy, I think he said, for the rest of the summer. — *The Venus di Medici has a dimple in her chin!*"

Browning's visit was returned next day. They had some difficulty in finding the Casa Guidi, but the visit was worth all the trouble. Mrs. Browning met them at the door of the drawing-room — "a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all. She is a good, kind fairy, and sweetly disposed towards the human race, although only remotely akin to it. It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and dark her eyes. There is not

such another figure in the world. Mr. Browning seemed to be in all parts of the room, and in every group at the same moment; a most vivid and quick-thoughted person, logical and common sensible, as I presume poets generally are in their daily talk. We had some tea and strawberries, and passed a very pleasant evening."

On the 2d of August the Hawthornes moved to the Villa Montauto, the original of the home of Donatello at Monte Beni. Here they stayed for exactly two months, and here was woven the second background of "The Marble Faun." The notes are so fascinating at this point that I do not dare to begin to quote from them lest I should never stop. They remind me of the experience I once had in a manufactory of tapestries, standing beside the weaver who sits behind the tapestry, with the pattern of his work before him, weaving from behind. All that we saw was a rich medley of color, with the shapes of men and animals vaguely looming through, just such an atmosphere of "golden gloom" as Motley says pervades "The Marble Faun." Every now and again the weaver stepped to the front of his tapestry to observe the effect he was producing, and then returned to his high stool and worked on at his rich umbrage of color. The description of Una's chamber in the tower, to the very "undraped little boy in wax, very prettily modeled and holding up a heart that looks like a bit

of red ceiling-wax," foreshadows Donatello's room, already a-building! In the oratory connected with Una's chamber he finds a skull the size of life or death, a wonderful piece of modeling — the very skull which Kenyon finds in Donatello's bedroom.

There is no greater pleasure for those who love Hawthorne than to linger with him during those two happy months of *villeggiatura* in Monte Beni. At last he has found Arcadia, the country where he is most happily at home, the country through which his kind hand has led — still leads — whole generations of children. You can still find Arcadia in rural Italy, if you have the heart to look for it, the eyes to see it. Only step out of the beaten track, forget about germs and microbes, and you will find the land of Theocritus, you will find the golden age of Magna Grecia.

Hawthorne learns to like figs — fancy that being necessary, but we must remember that he was fifty-four years old when he went to Italy. He finds something in the golden juice of the Tuscan grapes that is not in the harsher juice of the New England apple, as he at first inclines to think. His description of Sunshine, the wine of Monte Beni vineyards, wipes out the offense of the many slurs he casts on the Italian vintages. And all the time there is growing in his mind the character of Donatello. Only his own words can express the process that went on in Hawthorne's brain during those

weeks at Bellosquardo. "I kindled a great fire within my mind, and in the midmost heat up rose Donatello," he might have said.

The Hawthornes left their villa on the 2d of October, took the train for Siena, where they remained for a fortnight. Writing of their departure Hawthorne says: "Yesterday morning at six o'clock we left our ancient tower and threw a parting glance, and a rather sad one, over the misty Val d' Arno. This summer will look like a happy one to our children's retrospect, and in truth I have found it a peaceful and not uncheerful one." From Siena they drove to Rome, stopping at Viterbo, one of the most enchanting of the towns of central Italy. They reached Rome on the 17th of October. "I had," says Hawthorne, "a quiet, gentle, comfortable pleasure, as if after my wanderings I was drawing near home; for now that I have known it, Rome certainly does draw unto itself my heart, as I think even London, or even little Concord itself, or sleepy old Salem never did and never will."

The Hawthornes' second Roman winter opened brilliantly. Mr. Thompson had found them a comfortable apartment in the Piazza Poli, "with seven rooms and a stair carpet, a civilized comfort the proudest palace of the Eternal City cannot boast. Narrowness indoors strikes rather ludicrously, but not unpleasantly, after being accustomed to the wastes and deserts of the Montauto villa. It is well

to put us in training for the over snugness of our cottage in Concord." The day of their arrival Hawthorne walks with Rosebud in the Medici Gardens. They go to the Pincio, and look over into the Borghese grounds, "which methought were more beautiful than ever. The same was true of the sky, and of every object beneath it, and as we came homeward along the Corso I wondered at the stateliness and palatial magnificence of that noble street. Once I remember I thought it narrow and far unworthy of its fame."

On the 2d of November, Hawthorne notes the beginning of Una's dreadful illness. During the four months of anguish and anxiety that followed he makes no record, but we know from his son Julian what Hawthorne suffered. From the first he took the dark point of view that his adored daughter would not recover.

The 27th of February, 1859, he takes up his journal again. The next three months in some degree made up for the dreadful suffering of the winter. Hawthorne enjoyed many things, among others the carnival, which fell late that season. On the 8th of March they went to Mr. Motley's balcony on the Corso. We find notes which served for the carnival scenes in "The Marble Faun." At the end of May, Una being sufficiently recovered to make the journey, the Hawthornes left Rome for Civita Vecchia, where they took ship for Marseilles.

Of their last day in Rome Hawthorne says, "I walked to the Pincian, and saw the garden and the city, the Borghese grounds, and St. Peter's, in an earlier sunlight than ever before. Methought they never looked so beautiful, nor the sky so bright and blue. I saw Soracte on the horizon, and I looked at everything for the last time; nor do I wish ever to see any of these objects again, though no place ever took so strong a hold of my being as Rome, nor ever seemed so close to me or so strangely familiar. I seem to know it better than my birth-place, and to have known it longer; and though I have been very miserable here, and languid with the effects of the atmosphere, and disgusted with a thousand things in daily life, still I cannot say I hate it, — perhaps, might fairly own a love for it."

Writing from Florence to a friend, Hawthorne says, "I find this Italian air not favorable to the close toil of composition, although it is very good air to dream in. I must breathe the fogs of old England, or the east wind of Massachusetts, in order to put me in working trim."

Mr. Lathrop speaks of "The Marble Faun" being not beyond the stage of an elaborate sketch when Hawthorne sought the fogs of old England. At Redcar in Yorkshire, in four months of close toil, he embodied the dreams and the experiences of those sixteen months in Italy. Then came "The Marble

Faun." Miriam, Hilda, Kenyon himself are indeed all more or less part of the place, but above all others Donatello haunts the memory, even as he haunted the mind of the magician who summoned him from the mists of the arcadian age. The interest in "The Marble Faun" is twofold, because here more than in any of his other romances we see the man Hawthorne as well as the artist. It is as if he lost something of his native reserve in his distance from the home and friends of his youth, and was more frank and free in telling us directly his own impressions. Every English reading person who visits Rome reads "The Marble Faun." The poor little library of the Piazza di Spagna is rich in copies of the Romance of Monte Beni, and yet it is not easy to get one of them during the tourist season, for they are always "out." In this novel Hawthorne alternately rails against Rome, and praises her with his imperishable words. Certain of his phrases have become almost by-words as applied to different parts of the city. To read "The Marble Faun" to-day, or even to re-read it after many years, reminds one of the lady who, on seeing "Hamlet" for the first time, said that "the thing that struck her most was the number of quotations in the play." Hawthorne has stamped his own personality ineffaceably upon Rome. Every writer who has since described Rome has consciously or unconsciously *plagiarized* from the rich mine of

his incomparable romance! In talking or writing about Rome, we all use phrases stamped with the Hawthorne hall-mark. Just as we quote the Bible, Shakespeare, and Emerson every day without knowing it, when we speak or write of Rome we talk Hawthorne!

Mr. Lathrop tells us that "The Marble Faun," as Hawthorne preferred to call the many-titled novel, was in the opinion of its author his best romance. I am among those who do not agree with him. As a work of art I do not find the book the equal of "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Blithedale Romance," or "The Scarlet Letter," but as a human document it is of far greater interest to the lover of Hawthorne than anything that went before. The very things he did *not* know, the very limitations of character and knowledge it betrays, make it infinitely intimate and fascinating. Nothing is more interesting in "The Marble Faun" than the struggle that goes on between the artist and the Puritan, as Hawthorne comes up against the mighty fact of the Church of Rome. He is outraged at the same time that he is fascinated by it. The Puritan is outraged, the artist is touched. Again, in the matter of art the Puritan overcomes the artist, and Hawthorne is chiefly troubled by the nude figures painted or sculptured, that he sees in church or gallery — until the Venus of Medici overcomes him with her dimple!

Hawthorne chastises the Italian with one hand and crowns him with the other, but it is the right hand that lays the crown upon the head of Donatello, and makes him for us the type of his race, a soul awakened to responsibility and to manhood. At that time the cause of Italian Unity seemed to the outsiders who stood nearest to her a lost cause. But all the time the great scheme was slowly ripening, and England, the mighty ally, the silent friend, was working as perhaps no country has ever worked for the liberation of another: so silently, indeed, that the golden peace of Rome seemed to Hawthorne unlikely to be ever broken. He likes the merry French soldiers, with their bugles and their loose red trousers, and is rather grateful to them than otherwise "for serving as an efficient police, making Rome as safe as London, whereas without them it would very likely be a den of *banditti*." There he was wrong, for during the brief and glorious year of the Roman Republic, when Mazzini was Dictator, and my old friend and master, Michaele Costa, the painter, was one of the three of the provincial government, Rome was quite as peaceful and orderly as it ever was before or since. The Romans are not a turbulent people; whatever outbreaks and *emeutes* take place in Italy are in Milan to the northward, where the hot blood of the Longbeards still lends itself to strife and rebellion.

Hawthorne took the presence of the French soldiers at Rome very simply, and has only good things to say of Louis Napoleon. He alternately praises and denounces the Church of Rome, as he is struck either by its good or its bad features, but nowhere does he suggest that the government of the Church may at some day be supplanted. He accepts things as he finds them, as the purely artistic nature usually does, a fine love of order inducing a dislike of any violent change or overturning of things established. He knew the Brownings, he must have read their poems, he could not have been unconscious of the passion of patriotism that burned in the breast of the Italian patriots, and of those who prayed and waited with them. Mrs. Browning's death, a few months after Hawthorne saw her in Florence, was hastened by her despair on hearing of an Italian defeat which at the time seemed irreparable. Browning's *Italian in England* says,

"So, with a sullen 'All's for best,'
The land seems settling to its rest."

Beneath this apparent calm smouldered the hidden fire of revolution. If Hawthorne was conscious of this, he does not mention it. But all the time in his mind the idea was mellowing which best typifies the awakening of the Italian nation to a sense of responsibility.

Donatello, the light-hearted, irresponsible, faun-

like creature, through suffering and sin is lifted to a higher humanity, is perfected by pain and suffering, till in the end he takes his place with thinking, reasoning men.

MRS. HOWE: Mr. Julian Hawthorne, unable to be present, has sent a paper, which, although it is to be published elsewhere, is an appropriate tribute to this Concord celebration, as it concerns his father's last years at The Wayside. The paper will now be read by Miss Margaret Lothrop.

[In a letter written by Mr. Julian Hawthorne under date of July 27, 1904, to Mrs. Lothrop, he says :

“I am sorry not to have been present, during the recent ceremonies, in the beautiful old town where I passed several very happy and, to me, memorable years. Though my father was not born there, the period of his life which he always best loved to look back upon was spent there; there he built his home, and there he was buried. In the subjoined paper I have given an outline of the concluding circumstances of his life, as they remain in my recollection; and I am glad that this little record should be associated with the valuable and thoughtful words with which his friends and lovers honored the anniversary of his birth.”]

HAWTHORNE'S LAST YEARS

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE

From green, showery England and the cool Atlantic, my father returned to Concord to find it parching under the unmitigated heat of the New England summer. A few friends met him at the dock, but he took the afternoon train out of Boston and reached The Wayside before supper time. Little Benjie, the youngest son of Uncle Horace Mann, attended us on our way from the railway station, and entertained us by his Yankee "guessing" and smart ways. And my father, who during the voyage had cast many a thoughtful glance back toward the east, now beheld the buff-colored old dwelling in which he was to pass the four closing years of his life. No doubt he may have said to himself that there were villas in Italy, and country-seats in England, which would better have suited him. Doubtless, too, but for his children's sake, he would have settled somewhere in Europe; he had lived in Europe so long, and it had become endeared to him by so many associations, sad as well as pleasant, and the quiet and old-fashioned ways there so well suited his age and temperament, that he could no longer feel anything homelike in America. Yet he was patriotic, and loved his country. The truth may have been, that he could have

been content neither in the Old World nor in the New; whichever he had chosen, he would have regretted the other. Be that as it may, it was America that he chose; he wished his son to go to an American college, and his daughters to grow up under American conditions. There are indications that he may have entertained a hope that, after some years, circumstances would permit him to revisit the Old Home. But, if so, the hope was soon abandoned. Meanwhile he maintained a cheerful demeanor, and contemplated *The Wayside* with a humorous expression, half pleased, half rueful. He was still boy enough to feel something of those pleasurable thrills which shook the hearts of his children at their home-coming. Perhaps he would find it possible to take up the old life with fresh zest, and to do work which should have in it the spirit of the western continent, enriched and deepened by his experience of the East. America was the nobler choice.

Concord, in those days, was after all a homely old place, and the folks were hospitable. Here were the cordial Manns, and Aunt Lizzie Peabody, and Mr. Bull, the grape-grower, and the benign light of Emerson's countenance, and white-locked, orphic Mr. Alcott, blinking as though dazzled by the light of his own inspiration; and hook-nosed, bearded, stealthy Thoreau, and Ellery Channing, stalking in, downcast and elusive, but with a substantial man

inside, could you but catch him ; and Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, with his lovely, spiritual sister ; and other kindly people. There was none of the storied richness and automatic method of English society, which takes the individual into its comfortable current, and sweeps him along through agreeable eddies and leisurely stretches with the least possible exertion on his own part ; yet it was in its way the best of society, intelligent, simple, natural, self-respecting, and quietly independent. Its members knew how to be social, and also how to let one another alone. They were mutually helpful, but not intrusive. If they happened to know that Concord was the best place in the world, they did not think it necessary to proclaim the fact in and out of season. There stood the stout little town ; let it speak for itself. Down by the river, where had stood the rude bridge that arched the flood, was a little gray stone obelisk, marking the spot where the British soldiers fell with the sound of the shot that was heard round the world ringing in their dying ears. A mile away was the four-square white wooden home of Emerson, toward which were turned the trusting eyes of all emancipated optimists the world over, though his fellow townsmen knew him to be, really, simply a good neighbor and useful citizen, who had as much to thank Concord for as Concord him, and whose transcendental vagaries they regarded with kindly

indulgence. Thoreau had his amiable foibles too; and Concord had fought it out with him, and overcome him, in the matter of tax-paying; but he could bear witness that in Concord grew all the flowers and sang all the birds worth mentioning in the world, and he could cause Indian arrow-heads to sprout out of the earth merely by casting his eyes downward. Judge Hoar, again, was the best judge in New England, and his venerable father, who was still living (a memorable figure, gentlemanly, mild, slender, with a rusty black body-coat and high stock, and a tall, dusty stove-pipe hat set on his pale, serene brows), would have been better than he, had he not already lived his active life in a former generation. Where in the world could you buy better groceries than at Walcott and Holden's, or finer shoes than those that Jonas Hastings made in his little back shop, or a more commodious assortment of general goods than were to be found in Mr. Stacy's store (indeed, he was afterward appointed postmaster, and his place became a social club during the two half hours before and after mail deliveries). If you spoke of farming, there were Mr. Moore's broad acres, with their thriving crops of asparagus, brought up according to the latest scientific methods, and rhubarb, and corn, and tomatoes, and other vegetables; not to speak of his many prosperous rivals. In the way of a hostelry, there was

the time-honored Middlesex Hotel, with its veranda and sheds and easy-going bar-room ; and on the other side of the village square was the brick town hall, where, every week in the season, one or other of the lights of the New England lecture platform held forth to attentive and appreciative audiences ; or where balls and receptions were given upon occasion, or political meetings held as important as any in Faneuil Hall ; or if you wanted medical treatment, who was better than old Dr. Bartlett ? — or if a school, Master Sanborn, over to the west yonder, was second to no pedagogue in the world in his ability to turn country boys and girls into accomplished men and women. It was not necessary to draw attention to these excellences ; they were visible and undeniable to the most careless eye. And it was no wonder, therefore, that Nathaniel Hawthorne, after his tour of the world, should return at last to old Concord as to the most desirable place on this planet to live and die in.

So my father, clad in an old hat and coat and village-made shoes, strolled about his estate and meditated over Concord and the less notable places that he had known. He did not much affect Boston or even local society. He did not care to take a longer walk than to Walden Pond and back, or up the old turnpike along which the British had retreated a hundred years before ; he confined himself for the most part to his own fields and

hillside. The level meadow on the south of the road was laid out partly in young fruit trees, and partly in corn and beans; a straight path to the brook was made, and larches were set out on both sides of it. A few old apple-trees grew to the west of the area divided by the path; and there was one Porter apple-tree that stood close to the fence, on which early and delicious fruit appeared in profusion every year. The house inclosure was protected from the street by a hedge, and by tall spruces; there was likewise an ancient mulberry-tree, spreading its boughs over the tiny lawn in front of the library windows, and scattering it, in the season, with its crimson and purple berries. Against its low trunk a rustic seat was put up, on which my father and mother often sat in the afternoons, talking over their domestic and agricultural plans. On the hillside, terraced out years before by Alcott, more apple-trees grew; and abundant laburnums, their branches heavy with pendulous golden blossoms; and higher up, on the summit, white pines and pitch pines, and a mingled, irregular array of birch, oak, elm, and hickory, all of recent growth; a tangled little wood, with none of the grandeur and spaciousness of the forests of Walden. But there was a pleasant, quiet view from the western brow of the hill, and a seat was made there, in the Alcott style, of twisted boughs; and eastward from it, along the crest of the ac-

clivity, my father was wont to pace to and fro by himself, mornings and afternoons, until at length a footpath was worn into the rooty substance of the hill, a distance of some two hundred yards to the fence which inclosed Mr. Bull's estate. Many a meditative mile did he pace there ; and the track formed by his recurrent footsteps remained distinct long after he had passed farther on his way, whither none might overtake him.

But the family needed more elbow-room than in the early days, and it was necessary to make The Wayside bigger. My father had long contemplated these additions, and he now called the village carpenters into consultation ; and after much debate, Mr. Wetherbee and Mr. Watts submitted their plans. They thought that the requisite enlargement could be done for about five hundred dollars. Upon this basis they set to work and labored with more or less diligence for a year or thereabouts, and the bill gradually and inevitably grew until at the end it amounted to thrice the sum originally named. My father watched the operations with his hands folded behind him and his soft felt hat pulled down on his forehead ; or he ascended the hill, to escape the hammering and sawing ; but during that year there could be no studious repose for him in which to evolve literary imaginings. A room was added over the library ; another in the rear of the dining-room ; another above that, and

above that still one more, the three constituting the tower, and the top room being my father's study. Besides these a large room was placed over the kitchen, with its outlook on the terraces of the hill ; it had an arched roof, devised to please my mother ; and the walls were painted with a color which the painter described as " a kind of blue pink." Ornamental eaves and gables were added here and there ; in the place of the main entrance, which had been under the gable in the centre of the house-front, a bow window was devised, and the entrance was put to the west, and covered with a pretty gabled porch. To me and to my younger sister the racket, the clutter, and the construction were delightful, a continuous vaudeville ; and my mother was always an interested and hopeful spectator and counselor ; but my father's bearing denoted humorous resignation oftener than any other emotion. He attempted no writing, but in the evenings, after the uproar was done for the day, we would gather in the library, and he would read aloud to us ; the greater part of that year was occupied with the Waverley Novels, taken up one after another from beginning to end of the series. I cannot overestimate either the enjoyment or the profit that I got from those readings. My sisters sat large-eyed and rapt ; my mother sewed and listened with that sympathy and apprehension which made her face always beautiful. I doubt not that the reader, too, was happy in these



Nathaniel Hawthorne

BORN. | DIED.
JULY 4 1804 | MAY 19 1864

HAWTHORNE'S TOWER.

It is in this room that Hawthorne wrote
a large number of his novels, and of these
the most important, "The Scarlet Letter" and
"The Blithedale Romance" were written.
The study was also the place where he
wrote his "Mosses from an Old Manse."

HAWTHORNE'S STUDY IN THE TOWER

evenings. The tall astral lamp gave out its soft light, which glistened on the backs of the books in the surrounding bookcases ; outdoors there was peace, save for the song of insects in summer, and in winter the cracklings of the frost. The two splendid hours over, I would go to bed, with a heart and mind full of adventure, chivalry, and romance.

Before the building was done another and deeper kind of disturbance came to keep my father from his work. The first great breakers of our national storm had been rolling in heavily upon the shore, and the ills which they foreboded robbed him of tranquillity. It was in vain that he placed the period of his "Romance of Immortality" a century ago ; the guns of Sumter and of Bull Run sounded in his ears none the less distinct for the imaginative remoteness in which he strove to seclude himself. And then, unexpectedly, and with what seemed some abruptness, his health and strength began to fail. He lost weight, his cheeks grew hollow, his hair whitened, his once firm and elastic step grew slow and uncertain. He still climbed his hill, though slowly, and paced to and fro on its summit, or sat for long periods gazing out over the meadows, or listening to the music of the pines. He would also shut himself up in his tower study for hours each day, and the manuscripts he left behind him showed that he worked hard ; his general mood in quiescence became grave, though in

family intercourse he still maintained the playfulness and humor that had always marked him in my knowledge. He possibly realized better than any of us what his illness portended. "There was nothing the matter" with him; and that indefiniteness of ailment was the serious feature. He was approaching the end, and was silently adjusting himself to the prospect of death, while his mind was consciously richer both in the acquisitions of experience and in the treasures of wisdom than ever before, and when he feared that the wife and children whom he loved would be left inadequately provided for. My father was a wise man, — too wise to delude himself into accepting as true happiness the spiritual self-mutilation of the ascetic or self-denier; happiness, to him, meant the full freedom and energy of every faculty, employed on a stage unimpeded by unfavorable conditions either public or private. There had never been and there could never be such happiness for him in this world. He had deep and reverent religious faith, though of what precise purport I am unable to say. But when a man of great soul finds himself face to face with the end of all things earthly, he must admit that he knows nothing, and that the unsearchable ways of the Almighty may prove widely divergent from those which theory and hope have forecast. Dramatic natures, fanatics and enthusiasts, the dull and the defiant, may meet death with

indifference, or with a smile or a scoff; but a man of sincerity so organic as my father could not resort to these subterfuges. He went on his way, not complainingly or grudgingly, not fearfully or fantastically, but with a grave simplicity that was impressive. In this, as in all his other manifestations, he showed courage and self-respect and a noble modesty. He had been a happy man, as this world goes; yet when at the close of his career he glanced back over its former stages, he was unable, as he wrote to Stoddard, to recall a moment when he would have commanded the fatal joy-bell of King Felix to be rung. Happiness would be a foolish word did we not believe that a life is to come in which the word will represent a reality and not a dream.

He took a cordial interest in his son's college experiment; and I have always been glad that he did not witness its somewhat unstimulating termination. When anxiety as to his physical condition increased, he submitted to expedients devised to restore his vigor; he made occasional visits to Boston, chatting in the old Corner Bookstore, or dining with Fields and his wife, whose hospitality and good humor refreshed him. Later he undertook little journeys away from home; to Washington and the seat of war, or, with his son, to some near-by seaside place; but he did this to please others, not with the hope in himself of any lasting benefit.

In the last but one of these trips, the sudden death of Ticknor, his companion, had a disastrous effect upon him. I remember the description my mother gave of his dismayed and anguished appearance. After some weeks he was induced to make another trial of change of scene with Franklin Pierce ; and I need not recount the last days, which are well known. The news came to me, in Harvard, in the forenoon of the 19th of May ; I went to speak with Professor Gurney, who had been my especial friend and counselor in college, and he said : " It is only a few months since Thackeray, one of the best men in England, died, and now we have lost by far the best man in America." It was beautiful spring weather ; but the sunlight, and the blue, and the green looked strange, like a phantasmagory thrown upon the dark.

It was during these last Concord years that I had begun to form relations with my father beyond the instinctive, unreasoning affection of childhood. He had begun to speak with me of other than childish things. He encouraged me to enter into the society of the young folks in Concord, — the dances and picnics and masqued balls and rowing and bathing parties ; he got me good clothes to wear, and quietly stimulated my rather lagging interest in the social amenities of my companions. No doubt he was contemplating the future of us all with some solicitude. But I think he especially de-

sired to steer me away from the lonely experiences of his own young manhood ; and as I have said before, he explicitly advised me against adopting the literary calling. I can hardly infer that, modest as was his estimate of his own literary achievements, he actually regretted having devoted himself to writing ; but it may be that he believed it would have been better for him and his had he more cultivated intercourse with his fellow creatures, at the age when such intercourse affects a man. He did not wish “ the cursed habit of solitude ” to hamper his descendant. Not only in this, but in many other ways, did his loving and wise forethought seek to guard and make easy the path of his children in the world ; much of this care we did not recognize till afterward. Certainly there was no duty of husband and father that he did not fulfill, giving good measure, pressed down and running over, and yet giving it so unobtrusively and naturally as to make it appear, if possible, a mere matter of course and of routine. But, in truth, it was the love that went with the gift that with its lovely splendor dazzled out of sight all thought or consciousness of duty, and made the memory of the husband and father a more precious heritage and protector than his own wise counsel even could be. Forty years’ contemplation of what he was has served to render him only brighter and loftier in my memory. I have known many good men since he died, and not a few

men of genius ; but my father's figure still stands high and apart. The world regards him as one of the great lights of American literature ; a handful of surviving friends remember him as a man distinguished in their love and honor ; but in my thought of him he has a quality not to be described ; that is associated with the early impressions which make the name of home beautiful ; with a child's delight in the glory of nature ; with a boy's aspirations toward a pure and generous career ; with intimate conceptions of truth, bravery, and simplicity. He did not speak much ; but his presence was the finest conversation ; and the few words that he uttered came pointed with a meaning and aimed with a relevance that have held them in my mind after more than half a lifetime.

MRS. HOWE then introduced Mr. Moncure D. Conway, who gave the following address on "The World set in Hawthorne's Heart."

ADDRESS OF MONCURE D. CONWAY

Fifteen years ago, during the centennial of President Washington, I met an American historian who exclaimed : " Good God ! how much nonsense has been written about that man ! " But now we have come to a centennial not likely to elicit nonsense. Confucius said : " When the fame of Hea Hooi is heard of, the mean man becomes liberal, and the

miserly becomes generous." I have noticed that in talking of Hawthorne even dull people often become intelligent. That, by the way, may encourage you at the present moment. Helen Hunt, — many years before she began to write under the name of H. H., — being the young wife of an army officer, had to entertain officers in her house, and she told me that she found it a good criterion of what was in them to give each new guest a story of Hawthorne to read and find what he thought of it. "I gave Captain Blank 'The Snow Image,' and he thought it a mere fairy tale for a child. So I adapted my conversation to a polite block-head."

It has sometimes appeared to me a pity that Hawthorne and Emerson were not both born here in Concord. Some Frenchman said that Madame de Pompadour had but one fault, that was — being born. It seems a little inconsiderate in Hawthorne that he was not born in Concord. However, as he seems to have regarded himself as not really born until he was married, we may to-day think of the Old Manse as in a sense his birth-house.

It impresses me as a phenomenal thing that this small town should have contained at one and the same time two men of representative genius. On the first day that I ever set foot in Concord — just fifty-one years ago — I went first to take a look at the Old Manse. While I was looking at it from

the road, Hawthorne, who had been making a call there before leaving for Liverpool, stepped out; I followed, unobserved, as far as the house of Emerson, to meet whom I had come. I was then twenty-one. Now, an old man, I see those houses as houses of the two Interpreters in life's pilgrimage, — Interpreters antipodally related, — as Oversoul to World-soul, — poles of one sphere.

It was a long pilgrimage, for those brought up in a fictitious religious universe, to the Emerson House; and then a long pilgrimage to the Hawthorne House. Even Wentworth Higginson's essay on "Saints and their Bodies," with all its wit and wisdom, could not quite laugh us out of the hereditary notion that our body is a coarse and vulgar thing compared with the soul. You sometimes hear a handsome preacher, — robust, clear-eyed, discoursing mediæval and morbid dogmas and superstitions: if that preacher's soul could only attain the perfection of his body, what a splendid sermon you would hear! In that body ten thousand valves are opening and closing with perfect precision; harp-strings of the ear, lenses of the eye, exquisite network of vibrant nerves, are all fulfilling their functions of the living hour, while the poor preacher's soul is tossed about in the deserts of unreason, because it is not his own nor any soul, but the ghost of something transmitted from other minds.

There was an ancient wise man called Solomon, — that is, the Man of Salem, or peace, — to whom were ascribed the words: “God hath made every thing beautiful in its time; also he hath set the world in (man’s) heart, so that he cannot discover God’s work from first to last.”

Those words — “he hath set the world in man’s heart,” given as the reason for giving up the problem of the universe, — recurred to me when reading a letter of our later Salem man to a lady of Salem, — the year before their marriage, concerning some mediumistic performances. He says: “If we would know what heaven is, before we come thither, let us retire into the depths of our own spirits, and we shall find it there among holy thoughts and feelings. . . . The view which I take of this matter is caused by no want of faith in mysteries, but by a deep reverence of the soul, and of the mysteries which it knows within itself, but never transmits to the earthly eye or ear. Keep the imagination sane, — that is one of the truest conditions of communion with heaven.”

The world set in Hawthorne’s heart was one that no worldly man can discover, nor even a man of the world. It was known to Emerson, who said, “An actually existent fly is more important than a possibly existent angel.” It was known to Margaret Fuller, who said: “The stars tell all their secrets to the flowers, and if we only knew how to

look around us we should not need to look above." No heavenly deity was ever more jealous than the World-soul. That genius which would really know the world as it is cannot mingle with its mire, its vulgarity, its commonplace crowds, whether in churches or in political parties; it is an "art and mystery" to be mastered in silence and solitude; for it is a world in the heart, explored by the most delicate susceptibilities, tenderest sympathies, finest intuitions, but most easily contaminated. Nor can the genius developed to interpret the world in its heart fulfill that trust if it is absorbed in thoughts of some other world. Many of us have passed some of our best years dreaming of a past paradise and a paradise to be regained, only to sympathize at last with Alice in the Looking-glass, who says to her hosts, — "Jam yesterday, jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day!"

As Hawthorne felt the horror of the witch executions in Salem as if he had witnessed them, and dreaded a church, albeit not skeptical, so he could not unite in societies for reforming the world, while not hostile to them, and able to see their picturesque side. He did not see the roseate character of the new world aimed at. As Miles Coverdale at Brook Farm, he has no doubt that their dreams will be realized, but there was no ideal charm in the dreams. He says: "Of course, when the reality comes it will wear the every-day, commonplace,

and rather homely garb that reality always does put on." In "The Journal of an African Cruiser," edited by Hawthorne in 1845, he says: "It is remarkable that De Foe, a man of the most severe and delicate conscience, should have made his hero a slave-dealer, and should display a perfect insensibility to anything culpable in the traffic. Morality has taken a great step in advance since that day, or, at least, it has thrown a strong light upon one spot, with perhaps a corresponding shadow upon some other. The next age may shift the illumination, and show us sins as great as that of the slave trade, but which now enter into the daily practice of men claiming to be just and wise."

When the anti-slavery agitation was going on Hawthorne did not unite in it, because he did not see with us the millennial America which was to blossom like a rose so soon as slavery was cleared away. And perhaps he did see beyond that light cast upon slavery a corresponding shadow of war darkening the whole land. However that may be, the world set in Hawthorne's heart was the world as it existed, — a world all-inclusive, with heights and depths, like the earth as seen by Socrates. "The pure earth is situated in the pure heavens," said Socrates. "The soul which has passed through life with purity and moderation obtains the gods for fellow travelers and guides, and rests in the abode suited to it. There are in truth many and

worshipful places in the earth, and it is neither of such a kind nor of such a magnitude as is supposed by those who are accustomed to speak of the earth."

One of his friends cried out: "Oh, Socrates, it is a sufficient end of life to listen to those discourses of thine." And in reading the tales of Hawthorne I sometimes feel inclined to admit that the world into which his imagination guides us, even with that nethermost realm where Hester Prynne sits with her scarlet letter, even where the Blithedale Utopia vanishes away, — arenas of the eternal conflict between Ormuzd and Ahriman, giving play to the finest and most heroic qualities of human nature, — even that world has its ideal charm. It is a sufficient *raison d'être* even for witch-and-quaker-persecuting Puritanism that it produced at last a genius able to show its grandest soul in the woman it tortured and branded. Ah, how deep Hawthorne went into this world, — how far beyond its conventionalism!

The American artist in London, George Boughton, once painted a picture of Hester Prynne, and invited his friends to see it. It was a masterpiece. There stood the woman with her marvelous beauty, the old English letter broidered on her breast, calm in her fortitude and sincerity. The company stood entranced before it. On a table lay the embroidered letter which the artist had designed, and some of us were examining it. In the company was

a lady of high position, cultivated and refined, a devoted reader of Hawthorne. Most of us had turned away and were chatting with Mrs. Boughton about her approaching fancy ball; but that lady still stood before the picture. She presently snatched up the scarlet letter and said to the artist, "Lend me this letter! I will wear it at your fancy ball! I will come as Hester Prynne!" She was speedily surrounded by the other ladies, and told it would never do. "Surely," she said, "nobody can see anything but nobleness in Hester Prynne." But she was reminded that some would be present who had never read "The Scarlet Letter," and that it would require the genius of Hawthorne to create anew for Mrs. Grundy the woman as she and Boughton saw her.

After what I have quoted from Hawthorne about seeing heaven reflected in the depths of his own spirit, and what I have said of all the utopias already realized in that world in his heart, it should be added that he did in one direction impose a lien upon the future, — just one. That was with regard to the position of woman. I do not believe that there is a sweeter page in literature than that at the close of "The Scarlet Letter," where Hester is seen, — her troubles past, the letter no longer a stigma, bringing to her women with wasted and burdened hearts. "Hester comforted and counseled them as best she might. She assured them, too, of her firm belief

that, at some brighter period, when the world should have grown ripe for it, in Heaven's own time, a new truth would be revealed in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness." The angel and apostle is to be a woman. That is in 1850. Two years later "The Blithedale Romance" brings evidence that Hawthorne has thought out all that matter maturely. "I will give you leave, Zenobia, to fling your utmost scorn upon me, if you ever hear me utter a sentiment unfavorable to the widest liberty which woman has yet dreamed of. I would give her all she asks, and add a great deal more, which she will not be the party to demand, but which men, if they were generous and wise, would grant of their own free motion." He will go to church often enough when women are the preachers. He envies the Catholics their Madonna.

But even here Hawthorne was too much of an artist to try and shape a scheme or a system. The nature in which he was interested was human nature. Not the mountains, but the human profile on one of them, inspired "The Great Stone Face," the matchless allegory. "Going to the village yesterday afternoon" — this is at Lenox — "I saw the face of a beautiful woman gazing at me from a cloud. It was the full face, not the bust. It had a sort of mantle on the head, and a pleasant expres-

sion of countenance. The vision lasted while I took a few steps, and then vanished. I never before saw near by so distinct a cloud-picture."

Hawthorne framed no cosmos, nor formulated any philosophical or sociological system. For his world was not academic; it was not mirrored in his intellect, but in his heart; and his intellect was the artist which created and gave life to the forms which he saw in that heart-world and which excited his sentiment and imagination.

And as life goes on, and so many aims to which we devoted years of labor and sorrow turn to illusions, — cloud-pictures that vanished after we had taken further steps, — do we not find that, after all, Hawthorne's method is the only way in which the world can be truly reported?

No one who ever saw Hawthorne can forget his wonderful eyes. They were search-lights, but soft ones, — the look not that of curiosity, but of interest and attentiveness. The heart looked through them and saw into the heart of what was before him. This makes his "Note-Books" a romance of the author himself equal to those he published. The art critics wonder at his estimates of pictures and statues in Italy, because he sees what the dilettanti cannot see. The great are sometimes laid low and the lowly exalted by his strange touchstone. He turns away from Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" because he finds himself taking sides with

the wicked against the fierce, pitiless Christ condemning them ; and the great name of Guido does not prevent his seeing that the Archangel chaining up Satan is altogether too dainty ; not a loose string of his sandal, not a ruffled feather of his wing, to indicate that there has been any conflict at all. If it is simply Omnipotence at work to crush Satan, why need the Archangel be there at all, and why bear a spear ? The angel seems posing. But wherever Hawthorne sees a heart he recognizes it, even if the artist be unknown and the picture such as others pass by. "Occasionally today, I was sensible of a certain degree of emotion in looking at an old picture ; as, for example, by a large, dark, ugly picture of Christ bearing the cross and sinking beneath it, when, somehow or other, a sense of his agony, and the fearful wrong that mankind did (and does) its Redeemer, and the scorn of His enemies, and the sorrow of those who loved Him, came knocking at my heart and got entrance there. Once more I deem it a pity that Protestantism should have entirely laid aside this mode of appealing to the religious sentiment." When I stood before that same picture Hawthorne's note upon it came knocking at my heart, so plaintive, this unchurched man of fifty-four, returning like Mignon to her father's hall, where

"Marble statues stand and say each one,
What's this, poor child, to thee they've done ?"

I found it a wonderful experience, when writing the "Life of Hawthorne," to go through all those places in Rome and Florence with his "Note-Books" and "The Marble Faun" in my hand. In previous years I had gone through the galleries repeatedly, with admiration, but with appreciation more or less determined by my special studies. But Hawthorne transfused with his blood some I had idly passed by; they became alive. And so it was with the houses associated with Hawthorne. The Palazzo della Scimmia has lost its ancient name and legend: it is now Hilda's Tower, and the Countess Marone, lady of the house, has decorated the tower with a fresco of the alighting dove. In Florence, Lady Hobart, who occupied Montaüto Villa, told me of an old servant who declared that Signor Hawthorne used to sit long all alone on top of the tower, drawing up the last ladder after him. Lower down in the tower was the small oratory which Una had to herself. It had apparently been an oratory long before the Hawthornes lived there, and the artificial flowers and little waxen angels were so darkened by dust that Lady Hobart feared they would have to be cleared away. I was sometimes reminded of Balzac's story of the Saracen sorceress burned at Tours, whose demoniac nature was recognized by a laborer, who declared that wherever she walked roses budded in winter time. When the antiquaries and scientific explorers

of Rome heard that an American was there following the author's tracks, they demanded a lecture on Hawthorne in Rome, and then they helped me to write it; and in the end I am ready to testify, on their authority, that where Hawthorne had passed things budded; new species of mosses or moss-roses were found on old ruins, and the stones of Rome revealed new inscriptions.

Ah, how beloved was that man! He lamented that he could not write a sunshiny book, but wherever he moved he carried sunshine. You had only to mention the name of Hawthorne in houses he had entered throughout Europe, and every face beamed with sunshine. If you asked old Hiram Powers, or Villarys, or the Dufferins, or Storys, just what Hawthorne said to them, they remembered mainly his questions. He was inclined to learn rather than teach, but there was a preternatural something about him, he was a beautiful incarnation of beautiful visions; like the self-multiplying young god Krishna, piping to the shepherdesses, — who each had him for a partner in the dance, — he had touched the secret in every breast, he had evoked the deeper self, and these awakened spirits sped to him like the doves nestling in Hilda's tower, each also a carrier of his or her confidences, however infinitesimal, as a grateful tribute to the genius who held the world in his heart and lifted it to his height.

Just now when my friend Mrs. Elliott was talking to us of Italy, I thought of a wonderful picture at Siena of St. Francis with the corpse whispering in his ear. Sent for by a woman in mental anguish who desired to confess, St. Francis found her dead, but calls her back into just enough consciousness to unburden her heart. I think of Hawthorne as having summoned into life the extinct Puritanism of persecution, — the Puritanism hard and cruel, — just long enough to unburden its heart and make its confession. So he summoned defunct Brook Farm, and even ancient Rome.

In a recent article it is said that Emerson dissuaded people from reading Hawthorne. I feel certain that is not true. I was entirely in his hands, sitting at his feet, during the entire summer of 1853, when I resided on Ponkatasset Hill; he advised the books I read when a crude youth from Virginia; he gave me information and his opinions of writers. He said of Robert Browning's "Paracelsus" that it was "the wail of the nineteenth century." If he were warning people against Hawthorne I must have heard it. I remember once talking to Emerson of some writer — I feel pretty sure it was Hawthorne — and saying that although he seemed to see the sombre and dark in life, he wrote at times like a transcendentalist; and Emerson said (I remember this perfectly): "A transcendentalist is one who has caught a glimpse of that terrible thing that we are."

Emerson was very much charmed with the account that Hawthorne gave of his friend Delia Bacon, in the "Recollections of a Gifted Woman." And I may say during that long time Hawthorne was at Liverpool, and when he seemed so silent, he was himself personally passing through a drama almost as wonderful and romantic and thrilling as any he ever wrote.

Delia Bacon came over there with her strange new theory of Shakespeare not being written by Shakespeare — now a familiar theory, but at that time all in that poor woman's brain. Hawthorne found her in a poor London lodging and in obscurity; he gave her money, and he helped her during all the time she was on the verge of insanity. Francis Bennoch, his very particular friend, and Charles Flower, mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, told me they never had seen a more beautiful and tender solicitude than that of Hawthorne for that lady. For she was a most refined and elegant woman; she was fair to look upon, she was thoroughly cultivated, she had been one of the most cultured teachers in Boston, belonging to a high and learned family, and was in every respect a most attractive person. Carlyle said he was most impressed by her gracious dignity and modesty in the discussion of her paradoxical views. Bennoch told me that Hawthorne, though not then pecunious, gave Delia Bacon over a thousand dollars out of his own

pocket, and so delicately, with such tact, that she should not be under obligations; and when at last her book was to be published, he wrote the introduction, although there was nothing in the world likely to give him more trouble than to be associated with her theory of Shakespeare, which appeared to him to be perfectly wild.

And so it was until the time when she stayed up all night at the grave of Shakespeare, where that famous inscription was, — the sexton all the time watching her to see that no violence was done the grave, — and when in the darkness her mind entirely gave way. Here, then, in that apparently silent time, when no novel was written, a very thrilling one was lived, in which Hawthorne was the main figure.

In the last year of his life, too, this strange sensitive man was moving in a tragical succession of events. His beloved daughter Una was hovering between life and death. When Una was better it could be told by Hawthorne's cheerier look and step on the street. When her life and mind flickered up, he flickered up; when Una sank, he sank; in my belief he perished by the loss of that daughter. Una, in some strange, mystical way, seemed to represent the soul and spirit of Hawthorne.

There has been discovered by my friend Wentworth Higginson a portraiture of that girl by her father, which I consider one of the most exquisite

things ever written. It is complete, and Miss Margaret Lothrop will read it to us. The extract was then read by Miss Lothrop. Letters from Dr. Richard Garnett of London and Mrs. Annie Fields were also read.

LETTER FROM DR. RICHARD GARNETT

27 TANZA ROAD, HAMPSTEAD,
LONDON, June 25, 1904.

DEAR MADAM: I receive with great satisfaction, but with no surprise, the information communicated to me in a letter from Colonel T. W. Higginson that the centennial anniversary of Nathaniel Hawthorne's birth is to be celebrated at his home in Concord, now in your occupation. Of all American writers of imaginative genius, I should think there was none so secure of centennial, and of repeated centennial, celebration as Hawthorne, because there is no other whose work has so little dependence upon merely temporary and accidental elements. The finest and most characteristic of his ideas and emotions lie, like Poe's "wild weird world out of space, out of time," but even when describing ordinary men and manners he seems to have the instinct of selecting what in them is permanently interesting and therefore permanently readable. The scenes of common life in "The Blithedale Romance" and "The Marble Faun" are as fresh as ever. I can see no reason why any

part of Hawthorne's imaginative work should be less interesting now than on the day when it was written, or why it should be less attractive on future centennials than on this.

This being a centennial occasion, I have confined my remarks to the durability of Hawthorne's writings, which I need not say implies other qualities of the highest order.

With sincere wishes for the success of your fête, and congratulating you upon the president you have secured in Colonel Higginson, I remain, dear Madam, most truly yours,

RICHARD GARNETT.

MRS. HOWE: Before we separate, a tribute is due to Mrs. Lothrop, the one who devised the whole plan and who has been the spirit of the occasion which brought us together, and as our hostess has had us in her house. I know that this is the feeling of you all, and you can express it in the usual way.

The audience then passed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Lothrop, and the meeting adjourned.

FOURTH DAY

JULY SEVENTH

FOURTH DAY

JULY SEVENTH

THE exercises of the fourth and concluding day were presided over by MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, who introduced, as the first speaker of the morning, Judge Keyes of Concord.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN S. KEYES

It is very evident after what you have had from these young men, whom I see about me, that Mrs. Lothrop thought it desirable to show the difference, — and let you understand something of what is so necessary, — the garrulity of old age in regard to things so long ago that nobody else remembers them.

Now my recollections of Mr. Hawthorne go back, I am afraid, something longer than those of any one else in this room, or in this town of Concord, where I have got to be somehow the oldest inhabitant, and perhaps the only one who knew him when he first brought his bride here, a charming lady, a very beautiful and interesting married couple who impressed themselves very strongly on myself and Mrs. Keyes, as we were then contemplating entering just that stage of human happiness, and were

extremely interested as a neighbor of Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne in their settlement in the Old Manse. It was a very beautiful settlement in itself, as perhaps many of you know. Mrs. Hawthorne had ornamented the set of furniture for their chamber with Flaxman's illustrations — beautifully done by her own hand, and making, when we were permitted to see them, one of the most artistic and delightful new experiments to us certainly in the furnishing of their home. That brought me somewhat into connection with Mr. Hawthorne; and a little later, after they had got to feel at home in Concord, there was a reading-room established in the old building next the Tolman house, under the burying hill, to which in some way, I have forgotten quite how, I was the means of inducing, perhaps, Mr. Hawthorne to become a member. It was furnished with the newspapers of the day, of which there were only two dailies then amounting to anything in Boston, and he used to come there and read those almost regularly.

Then he had quite an interest in the Democratic politics of the day, which through the change in the administration had lost him the custom house at Salem, and so was to be found almost daily, as I have said, reading his favorite Boston "Post," then edited and very well edited by Nathaniel Greene, who became quite famous in that capacity in those days, which these younger men, I dare say, hardly

recall. It was his usual time to come after our dinner hour, which was then universally in Concord twelve o'clock. I went there to receive the news and smoke a cigar, and found him, or he came about the same time, usually. We had considerable talk over the politics, as I was on the other side of the question, and was very glad to get his view of the Democracy of those days ; and then I would occasionally meet him on the river, where he had a boat, as well as I, and we took our cruises, not together, but usually in different directions, but with pleasant salutations, and he was very charming in spite of his shyness. No person, I think, ever spoke with him that did n't feel that he had received something of a blessing, if he had brought out even the trace of a smile on his handsome face. I remember hardly anything more distinctly of his first residence here than I have told you, and perhaps I have dwelt too long upon it. But of his second residence, the one which came while the height of the presidential campaign was going on, I remember very well the occasion in which, having his classmate and friend a candidate for the presidency, Hon. Franklin Pierce, a visitor at his house, he invited all the Democrats of Concord to come to the reception at his house to meet the candidate ; and they came, I rather think a very large portion of them, and it was a very grand occasion to them to see an actual live candidate for the presidency, as I doubt

whether any one of them had ever seen one before. This assemblage was a peculiar one. The democracy of that time was not the Irish democracy of to-day, but the rough, older, New England Democrats, who had held to their faith from the days of the Revolution. The presentation of those men to the candidate by Mr. Hawthorne, a scene that I think those of you who have heard or read of him can imagine, was an extremely interesting one. Later than that I recall — and this is the only one I will trouble you with before giving you what will be so much better for you to hear than anything I can say. At the reception given to him by Mr. Emerson on his return from Italy, he had changed so much with his experience abroad, with his growth in social matters certainly, that we were all surprised at the ease and charm and pleasure of his manner as the company gathered by Mr. Emerson received him with open arms, and with a welcome that I feel sure went to his heart and pleased him more than many incidents of his life abroad. He was delightfully free from shyness, free from any special embarrassment, and glad to be home again in his old Concord and glad to greet his neighbors who came to see him.

MR. ADAMS: Excuse me. That is interesting; so interesting that I want to interject a question. Do you think the freedom from shyness you de-

scribe was due to Hawthorne's life and experiences abroad, especially his social experiences while in Italy and on the continent; or was it due to the summer-like prosperity of his later period, and his more congenial environment, as the result of which care had been lifted from him, and so the man emerged?

MR. KEYES: I did not know him well enough to answer that question, but think both had undoubtedly their effect on him, because it was a surprise to us all who were there; we had never dreamed hardly that there would be such a charm and interest in his manner, as he manifested on that occasion. Those who knew him best might tell (I do not claim to have known him well enough to have definite ideas as to what caused it). He was a very different man from the shy recluse he was when he began life here.

(Judge Keyes then read a paper with some reminiscences of Hawthorne and appreciation of his work by EDWARD W. EMERSON, but as the paper was read first at the Salem celebration, and is printed in the report of that occasion, it is not given here.)

MR. ADAMS: It is one of the inconveniences of impromptu deliverance that the speaker is apt afterwards to be haunted with a consciousness of

sins both of omission and commission. In my experience the sins in question are apt to be pretty equally divided; they have proved so in this case. When, two days ago, I undertook to set forth my views as to Hawthorne's proper place in literature, I spoke without preparation, giving utterance, as I at the time said, to thoughts as they arose in me. Listening to the interesting letter which has just been read, when reference was made in it to Aunt Hepzibah, in the "House of Seven Gables," it suggested to me, I know not why, one of my sins of omission. Before calling on Mr. Sanborn, I crave a single minute to make confession thereof. My so-doing would, I am sure, be very grateful to Hawthorne were he cognizant of it. In speaking, last Tuesday, of the character delineations constituting the great portrait world-gallery of recognized individualities, I said that, so far as I was aware, or could then recall, America had in all contributed but three. Those three were Irving's Rip Van Winkle, Mrs. Stowe's Topsy, and Bret Harte's Colonel Starbottle. But, as Judge Keyes was speaking, suddenly one other occurred to me, the creation of a contemporary of Hawthorne's, and associated peculiarly with him. I refer to Longfellow; he also a graduate of Bowdoin, and a graduate with Hawthorne.

Not long since, I remember, a gentleman, for whose literary judgment I did not entertain so high

an opinion as that I held for his personal character, — he being a somewhat matter-of-fact man, — said of Longfellow and his poetry: “Yes, Longfellow was, doubtless, great as a poet, but he does not appeal to me. He is so subtle!” Without stopping to pass on the justice or depth of this criticism, I want to add one more, a fourth, to my list of American character creations. That fourth is *Evangeline*. Last month I had occasion to visit the British Provinces, passing some days in Nova Scotia, in attendance on the tercentenary celebration of the De Monts and Champlain settlement, which, as some here may not be aware, was at what is now Annapolis-Royal, — not far from Grand Pré, and so in the very heart of the “*Evangeline* country.” I freely confess to a sense of amazement as I was made to realize the extent to which Longfellow, in that poem, written nearly sixty years ago, did for a British Province what Sir Walter Scott only a century back so magnificently accomplished for Scotland. He threw over it an abiding veil of romance. Wherever you there go you are reminded of Grand Pré, — you are conscious you are in the land of *Evangeline*. So, among those here assembled, —

“Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is
patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman’s
devotion,”

bear with me this single moment, while, in making good an omission, I do but render justice in connecting with the name of Hawthorne the name of that one of Hawthorne's college associates whose literary renown can alone bear comparison with his own. Without danger of contradiction, I think I may assert that those two contributed largely and permanently to the most prolific period of New England intellectual germination.

Mrs. Lothrop will read a letter from Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

MRS. LOTHROP: I have a letter from Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, from her summer home, at Hawthorne, New York, where she is ministering to the incurable poor who are under her care. She telegraphed me yesterday that she would send another letter of reminiscences of her father. This last letter arrived last night.

ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y., July 5.

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP: The reason that I have not sent a paper to be read, about my father's life in Concord as I saw it, is that I am no longer free to use my time if the sick need it as our patients have done for a number of years now. The order to which I belong, which especially combines the active life with prayer, would sanction my going to Concord for so important an occasion; but as yet the women tending the twenty-five cancer cases

whom we harbor in the Country Home are too few to allow any of us to fall out of line for a day.

Your last kind letter, however, gives me the opportunity to express at least a few thoughts, to be added perhaps to the bright and eloquent words aroused upon the hillside which possesses so many memories of great souls now unseen, whose very presence spoke, so that we hardly needed to hear words from their generous lips to know that they had blessed us in their thought.

You believe that this Wayside echoed with unspoken words as it traversed the homes of Hawthorne, Alcott, Emerson, Channing, Hoar, and others. However noble and brilliant their speech, their vigor and frankness of insight called forth the uninterrupted response of those who dwelt near them.

The presence of my father filled my heart; he approached, and every nerve started to position. But he also, though silent, filled my hearing with suggestions of exalted sentiment far more vividly than the printed pages of the princes of literature, ready for their mastery of the imagination in the library, or than the unerring lines and tones of superlative sculpture and painting, recalled in the decorations of our home.

Since my harsh contact with the roughest side of the world, its anguish of pain and ugly disease, its base cruelties and frightful lapses into evil, I keenly

realize the beauty of the rarefied dignity of thought and peacefulness of spirit which made the invisible home of my parents here, of which the outward reality was never permitted to be unworthy in its humble sweetness of aspect, enriched with every distinguished reminiscence and all faultless criterions only, as it stood for them beside the highroad of common things. But though the atmosphere of our home was full of honor and art, and its references were only beautiful and inspiring, and all disgust of every sort was eliminated from fancy and motive, yet my father's personality, containing as it did the analytical knowledge of the world's greatest monstrosities of evil, and wearing, in the latest years, the never-relinquished black of one who had stood beside the bier of human nature, — yet this personality was the most tranquil that The Wayside held, the one which, to the end, gave greatest delight of geniality and highest counsel of demeanor. I do not understand whether it was by the magnetism of genius (that vividness of myriad faculties), or whether it was by the sense brought to me, that my father had mastered a wondrous condensation of perceptions ; but I seemed to have a delicious recognition of the results of art at its finest flowering, and the enchanting perfections of godlike character, when we met. There were no regrets ; all was joy and strength in these meetings, brief or extended, even after his great mind and heart appeared to



HAWTHORNE'S PATH
(On the hilltop)

have become, as I said, the unforgetting friend of the self-slain race.

“Bab,” as he then called me, with a low, cheery note of the voice, breathed deep as he came near. His full, sensitive but nobly strong lips were nearer a smile than a sombre droop; his eyes were chiefly radiance, though often, in those years, full of the long lights of revelation; seldom sparkling with the lesser beauty of frolicsome sympathy, as I had seen them shining in England. “Bab” was silent as the toad under the silent flowers beside the terrace where we sometimes sat together, or as the pine needles on the hill which rustled, but only in a whisper, under his feet, as we walked there in brisker autumn. But his silence kept me busily occupied.

Dear Mrs. Lothrop, the limit of time is reached for me, and I find that I have said nothing definitely descriptive of my father’s life at the Wayside. One thing I will add: The clearest picture in my mind, always as I look back to that time between 1860 and 1864, is that of my father and mother stepping side by side about the grounds, looking at a branch here or a vine there. He talked then. Her head was almost always lifted; she was looking straight forward or up at a height of summer loveliness. He was usually looking down, though not without a ready willingness to follow her command, and also look at some simple grace of the verdure or sublimity of the sky. But he did not forget the

grass-blade or the pebble of the mystery of our earthly sojourn.

Very truly yours,

M. ALPHONSA LATHROP, O. S. D.

The following paper was received from Mr. FRANK PRESTON STEARNS, author of the "Life of Bismarck," and a schoolmate of Hawthorne's son.

HAWTHORNE AND TRANSCENDENTALISM

In Hawthorne's diary, dated August 22, 1842, we read the account of a memorable meeting between Margaret Fuller, Emerson, and himself, which took place that afternoon in Sleepy Hollow, whither they all three went for rest and recreation without previous consultation or arrangement. Margaret Fuller was first on the ground, and Hawthorne found her seated under the pine-trees reading a book, the name of which he "did not understand and could not afterward remember." Such a description could only apply to Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason;" the original fountain head and gospel of transcendentalism.

It does not appear that Nathaniel Hawthorne ever studied "The Critique of Pure Reason." His mind was purely of the artistic order, — the most perfect type of an artist, one might say, living at that time, — and a scientific analysis of the mental faculties would have been as distasteful to him as the dissec-

tion of a human body. History, biography, fiction, did not appear to him as a logical chain of cause and effect, but as a succession of pictures illustrating an ideal determination of the human race. He could not even look at a group of turkeys without seeing a dramatic situation in them. In addition to this, as a true artist he was possessed of a strong dislike for everything eccentric and abnormal; he wished for symmetry in all things, and above all in human actions; and those restless, unbalanced spirits, who attached themselves to the transcendental movement and the anti-slavery cause, were particularly objectionable to him. It has been rightly affirmed that no revolutionary movement could be carried through without the support of that ill-regulated class of persons who are always seeking they know not what, and they have their value in the community, like the rest of us; but Hawthorne was not a revolutionary character, and to his mind they appeared like so many obstacles to the peaceable enjoyment of life. His motto was to live and let live. There are passages in his Concord diary in which he refers to the itinerant transcendentalist in no very sympathetic manner.

His experience at Brook Farm may have helped to deepen this feeling. There is no necessary connection between such an idyllic, socialistic experiment and a belief in the direct perception of a great first cause; but Brook Farm was popularly

supposed at that time to be an emanation of transcendentalism, and is still largely so considered. He was wearied at Brook Farm by the philosophical discussions of George Ripley and his friends, and took to walking in the country lanes, where he could contemplate and philosophize in his own fashion, which after all proved to be more fruitful than theirs. Having exchanged his interest in the West Roxbury association for the Old Manse at Concord, truly a poetic bargain, he wrote the most keenly humorous of his shorter sketches, his "Railroad Journey to the Celestial City," and in it represented the dismal cavern where Bunyan located the two great enemies of true religion, the Pope and Pagan, as now occupied by a German giant, the Transcendentalist, who "makes it his business to seize upon honest travelers and fat them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, raw potatoes, and sawdust."

This may have been his gentle revenge for the unnecessary discomforts and hardships of his West Roxbury life; but there could have been no malice in his satire, for Mrs. Hawthorne's two sisters, Mrs. Mann and Miss Peabody, were both transcendentalists, and so was Horace Mann himself, as far as we know definitely in regard to his metaphysical creed. Do not we all feel at times that the search for abstract truth is like a diet of sawdust and Scotch mist — a "chimera buzzing in a vacuum?"

James Russell Lowell similarly attacked Emerson in his Class Day Poem, and afterward became converted to Emerson's views through the influence of Maria White. It is possible that a similar change took place in Hawthorne's consciousness; although his consciousness was so profound and his nature so reticent that what happened in the depths of it was never indicated by more than a few bubbles at the surface. He was emphatically an idealist, as every truly great artist must be, and transcendentalism was the peculiar garb which ideality wore in Hawthorne's time. He was a philosopher after a way of his own, and his reflections on life and manners often have the highest value. It was inevitable that he should feel and assimilate something from the wave of German thought which was sweeping over England and America; and if he did this unconsciously it was so much the better for the quality of his art.

There are evidences of this even among his earliest sketches. In his account of "Sunday at Home" he says: "Time — where a man lives not — what is it but Eternity?" Does he not recognize in this condensed statement Kant's theorem that time is a mental condition, which only exists in man, and for man, and has no place in the external world. In fact, it only exists by divisions of time, and it is man who makes the divisions. The rising of the sun does not constitute time; for the sun is always

rising — somewhere. The positivists and Herbert Spencer deny this, and argue to prove that time is an external entity — independent of man — like electricity; but Hawthorne did not agree with them.

He evidently trusted the validity of his consciousness. In that exquisite pastoral “The Vision of the Fountain” he says:—

“We were aware of each other’s presence, not by sight or sound or touch, but by an inward consciousness. Would it not be so among the dead?”

You have probably heard of the German who attempted to evolve a camel out of his inner consciousness. That and similar gibes are common among those persons of whom the Scriptures tell us that they are in the habit of straining at gnats; but Hawthorne evidently believed consciousness to be a trustworthy guide. Why should he not? It was the consciousness of self that raised man above the level of the brute. It was the rock from which Moses struck forth, the fountain of everlasting life.

Again, in “Fancy’s Show-Box” we meet with the following: “Or, while none but crimes perpetrated are cognizable before an earthly tribunal, will guilty thoughts, — of which guilty deeds are no more than shadows, — will these draw down the full weight of a condemning sentence in the supreme court of eternity?”

Is this not an induction or corollary to the preceding? If it is not Kantian philosophy, it is

certainly Goethean. Margaret Fuller was the first American critic, if not the first of all critics, to point out that Goethe in writing "Elective Affinities" designed to show that an evil thought may have consequences as serious and irremediable as an evil action,—in addition to the well-known homily that evil thoughts lead to evil actions. In his "Hall of Fantasy" Hawthorne mentions Goethe and Swedenborg as the literary idols of the present time who may be expected to endure through all time. Emerson makes the same prediction in one of his poems.

The essence of transcendentalism is the assertion of the indestructibility of spirit—that mind is more real than matter, and the unseen than the seen. "Only the visible has value," said Carlyle, "when it is based on the invisible." No writer of the nineteenth century affirms this more persistently than Hawthorne, and in none of his romances is the principle so conspicuous as in "The House of the Seven Gables." It is a sister's love which, like a chord stronger than steel, binds together the various incidents of the story; while the avaricious Judge Pyncheon, "with his landed estate, public honors, offices of trust and other solid *unrealities*," has after all only succeeded in building a card castle for himself which may be dissipated by a single breath. Holgrave, the daguerreotypist, who serves as a contrast to the fictitious judge, is a

genuine character, and may stand for a type of the young New England liberal of 1850 : a free thinker, and so much of a transcendentalist that we suspect Hawthorne's model for him to have been one of the younger associates of the Brook Farm experiment. He is evidently studied from life, and Hawthorne says of him : —

“ Altogether, in his culture and want of culture, in his crude, wild, and misty philosophy, and the practical experience that counteracted some of its tendencies ; in his magnanimous zeal for man's welfare, and his recklessness of whatever the ages had established in man's behalf ; in his faith, and in his infidelity ; in what he had, and in what he lacked, the artist might fitly enough stand forth as the representative of many compeers in his native land.”

This is a sympathetic portrait, and it largely represents the class of young men who went to hear Emerson and supported Charles Sumner. In the story, Holgrave achieves the reward of a veracious nature by winning the heart of the purest and loveliest young woman in American fiction.

Following similar lines, Hawthorne had anticipated Darwin's “Origin of Species” in “The Marble Faun.” The character of Donatello is an evident attempt to reconcile the evolution of the human race from the lower orders, with the Oriental tradition of a prehistoric state of universal peace and hap-

piness, which was followed by what Alcott called a "lapse." The faun of Greek mythology served Hawthorne as the missing link, — and even scientific writers think there may be something in this. His Donatello has no evil tendencies, but enjoys a happy sensuous existence, and is as delightful a companion as an innocent child. Yet, he falls into error, and brings misfortune on himself and those he loves, through this very innocence and inexperience of evil. He has plucked the fruit of the tree of knowledge, has been expelled from paradise, and has acquired the wisdom of experience at a fearful cost. His fate is tragical; but it is only through tragedy that the world rises to a higher civilization and a purer happiness.

"The Marble Faun" is an epic allegory, and the truth in it may be more literal than is generally supposed. Not only have we known Donatello in real life, with his succession of tragical episodes, but Captain Speke also discovered in Central Africa a negro tribe, uncontaminated by European traders, and innocent of guile as the antelopes upon their own plains; and this suggests to us that all families and races of men may have passed through the Donatello stage of existence. We remember the Palmyra of Zenobia, and the awful fate of the Albigenses; later instances, cropping out like an aftermath, similar though not the same.

The depth and height of Hawthorne's philosophy

is not contained, however, in these few pages. When we study the grammar of a language, we are given a rule to learn, and an example to illustrate it. Emerson contributed the rules, and Hawthorne the examples. If the former wielded greater influence over the generation in which he lived, the latter will have a more extended influence over generations to come; for we remember the example after the exact terms of the rule have passed from our minds. Such was the purity and perfection of Hawthorne's art, that I believe he will outlive every writer of his time.

MR. ADAMS: My friend Mr. Sanborn will now make the final contribution to the proceedings.

(The subject of Mr. Sanborn's address was "The Friendships of Hawthorne.")

ADDRESS OF F. B. SANBORN

I suppose the common impression of Nathaniel Hawthorne is that he was a shy, unsocial man, avoiding human intercourse, and with but few friends. His wide sympathies with most forms of human feeling and experience, as shown in his books, would seem to negative this judgment of his character, and entitle him to many friendships, and much intimate intercourse with mankind. How then are we to reconcile this apparent contradiction or inconsistency? for there can be no doubt

that he was shy, and often painfully embarrassed in the presence of more than one person. He avoided publicity more than any of his Concord associates among our famous authors, and was seldom seen here in any house but his own. Nor did he often walk the streets; choosing for his daily exercise some unfrequented pathway, or the hour of twilight, when his presence would be less observed. The latter was his habit in Salem, as his sister Elizabeth told her nephew Julian. She said, "Your father (in Salem) kept his very existence a secret, as far as possible. In the evening, after tea, he went out for about an hour, whatever the weather was." In Bowdoin College, ten years earlier, his greatest pleasure was to ramble alone or with a single comrade, in the great stretch of pine forest which then lay near the village of Brunswick, — as he says himself, in a letter to his classmate, Horatio Bridge, — "gathering blueberries in study hours under the tall academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; two idle lads, doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of." He afterwards ascribed his unsocial ways to his long secluded life in the deeper forest around Sebago Lake, where his uncles owned much land, and where one of them, and often their sister, his mother, long resided. The habits then formed he declared that he could not shake off; and all

who knew him intimately will admit this as agreeing with their knowledge of him. Yet Hawthorne was a man of warm affections and lively imagination, — qualities that attract and retain friends ; and had also a steadiness of character not always granted to those who share with him the poet's gift of sensibility.

We shall therefore find that he constantly attracted friends, and rather sparingly allowed intimacies, with a few persons at a time, but with many consecutively ; and that, when he had early formed his purpose of authorship in the province of fiction, — the romance and the short story or psychologic sketch being his forte, — he took naturally to studies of human nature in all ranks of life. This purpose forbade him to be generally unsocial ; and his way of life in college, and during those years, when he traveled about New England and New York in stage-coaches and on canals, brought him into daily contact with every sort and condition of men, so far as the sparse population of the country could then afford him opportunity. It must be remembered that when the boy Hawthorne was roaming in the Maine woods, and fishing in the streams and lakes of Cumberland County, that whole State contained less than 300,000 people, and all New England had hardly two millions. Boston, when Hawthorne first became an author, had but 60,000 inhabitants, and Salem but 13,000 ;

and when he was traversing the Berkshire hills and valleys for days and weeks in 1838, there were fewer people in the whole county than are now resident in Adams, North Adams, and Williamstown. His quick eye observed and his ready pen noted down every variety of person seen in his wanderings, and hardly a gesture or a glance of the eye escaped him, — as we may see in reading his “American Note-Books.” This was his treasury of fact and impression, from which he drew those vivid portrayals of imaginary characters, so like, and yet so unlike the persons we meet in everyday life. Each one is a type, yet all bear the Hawthorne stamp, ineffaceable, on their special features; unless we choose to regard them as externalized passions and emotions (arrayed in the costume of the period allotted to them, but showing forth the internal thoughts and sentiments of Hawthorne himself), contending with each other and reflecting each its own light upon the others: an unreal world, garbed in the habiliments of reality, but shadowy and flitting, like the figures in a dream. Yet he treats them honorably and friendly; he deals honestly by his characters, and takes no mean advantage even of the baser ones; this shows him to have the generosity a friend should have, while yet his eyes are keen to spy faults.

Among the orators and essayists who have used this centennial anniversary of Hawthorne’s birth to

pass judgment upon his genius and character, one of the most suggestive — Mr. Perry at Bowdoin College the other day — has compared him to Shakespeare's Hamlet. Far-fetched as this may at first appear, there is much in it worth considering. The real novelist and the imaginary prince are both mysterious natures; we see what they may signify in their reason and their unreason, their matter of fact and their wild imaginings; but we cannot fathom them quite. The matter of Hamlet's life is a tragedy; he lives to no purpose but to utter maxims, and dies by treacherous accident, along with those his just wrath should have reached. But he is generous and true in friendship, even while he views the world with disgust, and longs to quit the life which the world's distraction has made, to him, valueless. Something of this life weariness attended the final years of Hawthorne. The bloody contest between the two warring halves of his once-united land affected him deeply; he used to say, as Thoreau did, that he could never be well while the Civil War lasted. His final illness was long in continuance, and nothing could relieve its attack; his death was sudden and mysterious, as so much of his life had been. To Hawthorne, as to Hamlet, the world was out of joint, and he despaired of setting it right. Nor did he; the stuff of a reformer was not in him. His work was to show his magic pictures on the walls of our own life, for warning,

for pity, for entertainment ; but little more than that. His life was gentle, but pathetic ; so long in coming to his well-earned fame ; so solitary and so forward-looking ; and then a time comparatively brief before inscrutable death summoned him away.

Yet all these incidents and traits made him the more attractive in friendship. In that union, as in the kindred passion of love, pity goes for much ; and those who came within the sphere of Hawthorne inevitably felt compassion for his dark and secluded nature, fitfully illumined by flashes of charming light, and ennobled by an elevation of sentiment that dignified the plain realities of his daily existence. He belonged, visibly, to that small order of superior persons who stand forth from the common level of society, simple in manners, if complex in nature, and bearing the signet of power.

Too many who throng as friends around persons of power are selfish in their friendliness ; they seek benefit to themselves from the alliance or the dependence in which they place themselves. But the friends of Hawthorne, from his first woodland companion in Raymond, the half-breed William Symmes, who found or invented, but most probably only garbled, the boyish diary of Hawthorne, edited some years since by Mr. Pickard, to the ex-President, his companion in that last journey towards the mountains of New Hampshire, were, as the quaint old poet said,

“ All for love and nothing for reward.”

Poor Symmes, the son of a Maine gentleman and a Virginia slave, born a year after Hawthorne, and thrown with him on those terms of equality which prevail among boys, was his comrade in fishing excursions and forest rambles, as Horatio Bridge was a few years later; and both found in him a steady and mindful friend. Writing to Mr. Pickard the year before his death, Symmes, then an old man, said:—

“I have heard people say Hawthorne was cold and distant; if he was so, there was one of his youthful associates (as the world goes, not his equal socially, certainly not intellectually) who was never forgotten. I went to sea, and have ever since been a wanderer, occasionally meeting Hawthorne by chance. Once, after he graduated, he came on board a vessel in Salem harbor, and stayed with me two hours. I was then ‘before the mast.’ The last time I saw him, we were in Liverpool: he recognized me across the street, and hove me to. We had a long talk, and he conversed in that easy, bewitching style of which he was a perfect master when he pleased.”

According to the Georgetown “Courier” of November, 1871, William Symmes, who professed to own a boyish journal kept by Hawthorne between June, 1816 and sometime in 1819, died in Florida, October 28, 1871. His father, William Symmes (descended from a line of Puritan ministers, one

of whom came to New England in 1634 with Anne Hutchinson, and was minister at Charlestown, with John Harvard, who gave his name to the College, as his temporary associate, and died in 1671), was once a tutor in Virginia, and his mother was an African. The child took his father's name, and was adopted at the age of three by a Maine captain named Britton, of a town near Raymond, where the Hawthornes and Mannings lived for years. In 1826, Symmes became a sailor, and visited all parts of the globe. By 1852 he had reached California, where he lived for eight years, and there became known to Colonel L. C. Baker, who in the Civil War had the charge of a force of detectives and spies at Washington. At that time he employed Symmes as a detective, under various names, mostly taken from rural Maine. He declared to persons in and around Washington that he had played as a boy with Senator Fessenden (born in 1806) as well as with Hawthorne; and that they were the only two white boys or men who never, by word or look, offended him in the matter of his color.

Although the Hawthorne Diary, as described by Symmes, and partly printed by Mr. Pickard, though now suppressed, is doubtful as to its entire genuineness, there can be little doubt that Symmes was Hawthorne's companion in those boyish years, and perhaps his earliest friend, outside his own family.

With his college life a new era began in the friendships of Hawthorne. He entered Bowdoin College at the age of seventeen; it was a small school, and he was at the right age to form friendships. They were not many, it would seem, but very important ones, both for his present enjoyment and the shaping of his after life. They began almost accidentally, — the most important (that with Franklin Pierce, afterwards senator and President) in a stage-coach as he and Jonathan Cilley, afterwards slain in a congressional duel, joined Hawthorne and his first roommate Alfred Mason (a son of Webster's tall friend Jeremiah Mason), then of Portsmouth, at that old seaport, on their way to enter college at Brunswick in the summer of 1821. All these youths except Hawthorne were from New Hampshire: Pierce, a few months younger than Hawthorne, was from Hillsboro; Cilley, two years older, from Nottingham; and Mason, about Hawthorne's own age, from Portsmouth. Pierce, who had been carefully fitted for college, entered a year before the rest, and through his course was a leader in the small student community, — commanding a cadet company of collegians, of which Hawthorne was a private. Cilley, the grandson of a distinguished Revolutionary general, also served in this company; but in his class was a leader, from his age and talents, and by the severer traits of his nature, on which Hawthorne commented, a dozen

years after, with much frankness in his note-book. Mason was a studious youth, as devoted to science as his chum was to literature and sauntering. In the class he found his most world-renowned comrade, Henry Longfellow, a slender youth of fourteen, who, before graduating in 1825, was already a poet of some note, and who became at one time the most widely read of all contemporary poets who wrote English. Another classmate was Horatio Bridge, to whom, next to Pierce, Hawthorne was most attached, and who was one of the last survivors of that college class of thirty-eight members. With these four youths, of an age near his own, Hawthorne continued intimate so long as he and they lived; and their friendship was one of the chief delights of his life until he fell in love with Miss Sophia Peabody, of a Salem family living near his own, but with which, for years, he had little communication.

The habits of young men in college, fourscore years ago, were what is euphoniously termed "convivial;" the temperance reformation had not set in, and Madeira wine was still abundant along the coast of New England, and in her chief seaports. Consequently there need be no surprise at the wager made between Cilley and Hawthorne in November, 1824, after Pierce had left Brunswick, and gone to study law with a more profound jurist, Woodbury, of Portsmouth, who had been judge and gov-

ernor in New Hampshire. The papers in the case are singular, and were lodged in the hands of a classmate, Horatio Bridge, of Augusta, the Maine capital, then a small country village. Mr. Bridge, who became a naval officer, and was promoted by President Pierce, published them in 1892, and here they are. They show, among other things, that Hawthorne then, as his mother always did, signed the name "Hathorne," only choosing the recent familiar form some years later. Mr. Bridge said:—

"Although Hawthorne, while a collegian, rarely sought or accepted the acquaintance of young ladies, he had a high appreciation of the sex. An early marriage, however, did not enter into his plans of life. The evidence of this fact is among my papers, and runs thus:—

'BOWDOIN COLLEGE, Nov. 14, 1824.

If Nathaniel Hathorne is neither a married man nor a widower on the 14th day of November, 1836, I bind myself upon my honor to pay the said Hathorne a barrel of the best old Madeira wine.

(J. C.) Witness my hand and seal.

JONATHAN CILLEY.'

(The same date). 'If I am a married man or a widower on the 14th day of November, 1836, I bind myself upon my honor, to pay Jonathan Cilley a barrel of the best old Madeira wine.

Witness my hand and seal.

(N. H.) NATHANIEL HATHORNE.'

This very formal agreement was inclosed in a closely sealed package, indorsed in Hawthorne's writing, thus : —

“ ‘ Mr. Horatio Bridge is requested to take charge of this paper, and not to open it until the 15th day of November, 1836, unless by the joint request of Cilley and Hathorne.’ ”

“ On the designated day I broke the seals, and notified Cilley that he had lost the wager. He admitted the loss, and, after the delay of a year or more, was making arrangements for its payment, and a meeting to taste the wine, when his tragic death, in a duel with Graves of Kentucky, settled the account.”

The next year after gaining this wager (July, 1837), Hawthorne went to Augusta to spend a month with his friend Bridge, and his note-book in that month records his opinion of the mature man, with whom he had been corresponding for years under the name of “ Oberon.” He, too, had not yet married, and thus Hawthorne describes the friend to whom the world owes the first volume of “ The Twice-Told Tales : ” —

“ Bridge, our host, combines more high and admirable qualities, of that sort which makes up a gentleman, than any other that I have met with : polished, yet natural, frank, open, and straightforward, yet with a delicate feeling for the sensitiveness of his companions ; of excellent temper and warm

heart; well acquainted with the world; with a keen faculty of observation, which he has had many opportunities of exercising; and never varying from a code of honor and principle which is really nice and rigid in its way. He seems almost to have made up his mind never to be married; which I wonder at, for he has strong affections, and is fond both of women and children. . . . And here is myself, who am a queer character in my way, and have come to spend a week or two with my friend of half a lifetime. Fate seems to be preparing changes for both. My circumstances cannot long continue as they are and have been; and Bridge, too, stands between high prosperity and utter ruin."

It was ruin, of the financial sort, which fell on Bridge. He had invested largely in a water-power enterprise on the Kennebec, — the building of a milldam across the river, for mills and factories, — which the faithless stream destroyed. He says: —

"A freshet, higher, of course, 'than was ever before known,' swept away the dam and the mills, cut a new channel for the Kennebec, swallowed up my paternal mansion on grounds near by, and ruined me financially. I entered the navy as paymaster, and after sixteen years' service was made paymaster-general by President Pierce, which office I held for fifteen years, including the whole period of the Civil War."

Before this visit of Hawthorne at Augusta,

Bridge had secured the publication of "Twice-Told Tales" in a volume, by guaranteeing \$250 to the publisher "as an ultimate resort against loss." The edition, which came out in 1837, was a thousand copies; they cost the publisher \$450 or \$500, and brought the author only \$100, until new editions were issued. The publication depended solely upon Bridge's guarantee of \$250, which he was not required to pay, because the book succeeded; and of it Bridge says: —

"Its success was not pecuniarily great at first, — but in this country, and still more in England, where Hawthorne was promptly and highly appreciated, the book established his right to a place among living authors of recognized power. In October, 1836, I had written for the Boston 'Post' this notice: —

"It is a singular fact, that, of the few American writers by profession, one of the very best is a gentleman whose name has never yet been made public, though his writings are extensively and favorably known. It is Nathaniel Hawthorne of Salem, author of "The Gentle Boy," "The Gray Champion," etc., — all productions of high merit, which have appeared in annuals and magazines the last three or four years. Liberally educated, but bred to no profession, he has devoted himself exclusively to literary pursuits, with an ardor and success which will ere long give him a high place among the

scholars of this country. His style is classical and pure, his imagination exceedingly delicate and fanciful, and through all his writings there runs a vein of sweetest poetry.' ”

Probably Hawthorne's pride prevented this foretaste of his fame from publication; so that Park Benjamin may have been the first publicly to herald him as an author, by name. But he was already finding in Salem another pair of friends, who were to influence the current of his days for a dozen years, more than Bridge or Pierce. These were the two daughters of Dr. Nathaniel Peabody of Salem, Elizabeth and Sophia,—one a few weeks older than Hawthorne, the other, five years younger, and two years younger than the poet Longfellow. They were descended, on the mother's side, from General Palmer of the Revolution and the Boston Langdons, from whom came President Langdon of Harvard, and Dr. N. L. Frothingham. Sophia had been mistakenly treated for illness when a child, and became a sad nervous invalid, suffering the worst of headaches, and coming at last into the new medical treatment called homeopathy, after having for four years, in Boston, the kind care of Dr. Walter Channing of the older school, the father of Ellery Channing, who later became an intimate friend of Hawthorne and his wife. Moving about from town to town, as the Hawthornes had done, the Peabody family, though

not themselves recluse, except in case of this invalid daughter, had never known the recluse Hawthornes until about 1838, though the children had played together in early childhood. In that year, when the fact that Hawthorne had written the *Tales* was well known, he called, with his two sisters, on Elizabeth Peabody in her Salem parlor, while the invalid Sophia was in her chamber. The enthusiastic elder sister says: —

“As soon as I could, I ran upstairs to her, and said: ‘O Sophia, you must get up and dress and come down! The Hawthornes are here, and you never saw anything so splendid as he is; he is handsomer than Lord Byron.’ She laughed, but refused to come, remarking that since he had called once, he would call again. . . . He did call again, not long afterwards; and this time Sophia came down in her simple white wrapper. As I said ‘My sister Sophia,’ he rose and looked at her intently, — he did not realize how intently. As we went on talking, she would frequently interpose a remark in her sweet low voice. Every time she did so he would look at her again with the same piercing gaze. I was struck with it, and thought, ‘What if he should fall in love with her?’ The thought troubled me, for she had often told me that nothing would ever tempt her to marry and inflict on a husband the care of an invalid.”

The acquaintance thus formed ripened fast, and

the influence of the Peabodys and their circle, which included Emerson, Alcott, and the Channings, with other disciples of the Newness which had been christened Transcendentalism, brought Hawthorne into a companionship for which little in his past life, but much in his poetic nature, had fitted him. George Bancroft, then collector of Boston under Van Buren's administration, and a member of the dominant Democratic party, as were Pierce and Bridge, Cooper, Irving, Paulding, and the Sedgwicks, had an inclination to Transcendentalism, and appointed Hawthorne to a minor office in the custom house, which gave him an assured income, and seemed to promise matrimony in the near distance. But the overthrow of Van Buren and the Democrats in 1840 destroyed that support, and then Hawthorne embarked as a small capitalist in the community at Brook Farm, — experimentally. He did not remain there long, and it cost him something to withdraw his capital; but he was now, in the downfall of his political party, fairly launched on the cerulean lake of Concord philosophy and poesy, where Sophia Peabody had been floating with Alcott, Emerson, and Margaret Fuller, for some years. In the early summer of 1838, after her friendship with Hawthorne had so singularly begun, she wrote in her journal at West Newton: —

“How natural it is for the mind to generalize.

It seems to me sometimes as if every material object and every earthly event were only signs of something higher signified. Then I feel as if I could read a minute portion of the universe. How everything hurries into its place, the moment we are high enough to catch the central light ! All factitious distinctions hide their diminished heads ; conventionalities disappear. I suppose Mr. Emerson holds himself in that lofty region all the time. I wonder not at the sublimity of his aspect, the solemnity of his air. I think Mr. Emerson is the greatest man that ever lived ; as a whole he is satisfactory. Everything has its due with him ; in all relations he is noble. He is a unit. He is indeed a 'Supernal Vision.' . . . I have read Carlyle's Miscellanies with deep delight. The complete manner in which he presents a man is wonderful. He is the most impartial of critics except Emerson. Such a reach of thought produced no slight stir in me. But I cannot help feeling that Emerson is diviner than he. Mr. Emerson is Pure Tone."

This enthusiasm was natural at the time ; but Hawthorne, though touched by it, never fully shared it. In the introduction to the "Mosses," he says, "I admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher ;" and he declared, a few years later, that he needed a change "after living for three years within the subtle influence of an intellect like Em-

erson's, and indulging fantastic speculations, beside our fire of fallen boughs, with Ellery Channing." Indeed, at the very season in which his beloved was writing her rhapsodies above quoted, Hawthorne was arranging to disappear for some months among the jockeys and tavern idlers and tramps of western Massachusetts, — from July 27 to September 24, 1838. Sophia Peabody wrote, just before this journey : —

“He came for a take-leave call, looking radiant. He said he was not going to tell anybody where he should be for the next three months; he thought he should change his name, so that, if he died, no one would be able to find his gravestone. He should not tell even his mother where he could be found, — that he intended neither to write to any one, nor to be written to. He seems determined to be let alone. . . . Mary asked him to write a journal while gone. He at first said no; but finally concluded it would suit well for hints for future stories.”

Hawthorne carried out this suggestion, and the journal of the next eight weeks covers nearly eighty printed pages, and ranges in its mention of persons from Dr. Channing's good friend, Jonathan Phillips of Boston, and the professors and students of Williams and Amherst colleges, to caravan masters and showmen, stage-drivers and jockeys, essence peddlers from Ashfield, and the whole riffraff of

Berkshire County and the country towns of Connecticut. I conclude Hawthorne was traveling about in the stage-coach line of his uncles, as a sort of inspector, to see how the business was going on ; but he was also, as he had been for years, laying in a stock of human characters and experiences for use in his profession of author. The pig-drover, the soap-boiler, and the worn-out village drunkard were all fish to his net.

Thirty months after this sally into the commonplace world of the Berkshire hills and valleys, Hawthorne, having passed through the crucible of the Boston Custom House under George Bancroft "the virtuous Republican" (as the Beacon Street Whigs termed him for his theoretical democracy), found himself at Brook Farm, in April, 1841, in the midst of practical democrats, living in equality, and all working with their hands. He soon made the historic attempt to milk Margaret Fuller's "transcendental heifer," but found her "very fractious, and apt to kick over the milk-pail." He complains in his journal that "she hooks the other cows, and has made herself ruler of the herd, in a very tyrannical manner." But she took a fancy to Hawthorne, as persons of her sex were quite likely to do, and he seems to get her somehow confounded with Miss Fuller herself, towards whom Hawthorne felt no attraction. He says of the heifer, "She is not amiable, but has a very intelligent face, and

seems to be of a reflective cast of character." Effusive as Sophia Peabody's enthusiasms were, they affected Hawthorne considerably, in spite of the "reflective cast" of his own character. But others of the Newness went far beyond his future wife in the upward soaring of their figurative language. One of these was Charles Newcomb of Providence and Brook Farm, a friend of Hawthorne there, and one of the many friends and admirers of Caroline Sturgis, the lady who, as Mrs. Tappan, afterwards had Hawthorne for her tenant in the small red cottage at Lenox. A letter from Newcomb to Caroline, written while Hawthorne was at Brook Farm, has long been in my possession, and I will quote it entire, as indicating the zenith to which the rhetoric of the earlier Transcendentalists could soar, when communing with each other. In transmitting it to Ellery Channing, who gave it to me, Miss Sturgis had written, on the only blank space of the well-filled sheet, this character-sketch of the writer: —

A More Careful Analysis

"No poetry, — rhythm unknown. The genius mystical, not creative. The person too light for the thought; he can never foretell his imagery. It follows his thought, and becomes painful. No seizure of his thought; it is worked out. His name unrecorded will die."

No, dear Sibyl, not wholly, if this record can for a moment recall it to the prosaic Present! Here is the Epistle: —

Charles to Caroline

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 2, 1841.

The moon has again got into bright silver canoe, and pushed from the serene sun-land into the ocean of the air : I first saw her an evening or two ago, but turned toward the heaven-shore, as if human, and congenially there ; partly drawn, partly voluntarily, — the state one is in when leaving a glory and beauty ; when the humanity of the soul gently and with fullness rises from its rest in the arms of their Genii, and with full eye and a heaving sigh-earthen heart looks up, and in that looking sees, as if the eyes were uncovered, not opened to see ; and with heroic-tender aspiration goes its way worldward to the council and camps of the Men-Gods. When I saw her, after a momentary inward absence of mind, something, — perhaps the fresh living murmur of human life around, recalling to their actual, and my human soul receiving their softest, religiourest, and humanest impulses, — brought before me the old superstition of wishing over the right shoulder ; and I fell on my knees, and in my being devoutly expressed faith and aspiration for life, — the word of all others expressive to me of what I feel and want ; uniting faith with hope, yearning half-desires with full joy ; life as eternal truth, goodness, greatness, wholeness.

Dear Caroline, how deep and fresh is humanity ! I sometimes feel as if I could even cherish it ; that we are blind and ungenial when we overlook it and despise it, and are annoyed by it in those around us ; that it will not last long ; only the gods are immortal ; children rapidly grow up to menhood, men will be perfect and omniscient and faultless

enough in time. May there be some great Genius before the world is lost, who will profoundly reproduce humanity for us to read in our Olympian palaces when we are Gods. How little do men know themselves! The mass ridicule the pietist and transcendentalist, unconscious that itself holds "superstitions" which have great power over their humanity; and that it constantly acts and illustrates the metaphysics which they paradise; and in their deeper, inwarder moods how are we all alike! How they must move and please the hearts of Angels!

Look out for the moon, Caroline; the surge is wafting her gently already. She is coming on through the starry islands of the night-sea: covering them with the halo of her brightness and softness, as the sunset sky mantles the water like itself, and the boat expands itself over the sunset stream at its side. How this earth must look to her! like some chaotic embryo of a heaven, some kind of shadowy old ghost of Elysium. Since I have seen her in her heaven-reflecting boat, I have been blessed with much; and the song prayer which I made before her, that in the inspiration and stillness of her presence I might hear the voice of one who had been with her, and had looked on her as I had, — has been fulfilled.

Winter is rising in good earnest, like Angelo's Day. Gentle, genial-hearted Summer has gone within from the woods and fields; and we children are hardly manly (if old) enough to be with the brother as we were with the sister. He will act towards us hero-wise indeed; but does not, like Summer, keep hold of our hands and sit down with and by us, and Mother-like, have us around him,

and bend over us as she does, — her warm breath softly falling on our faces. If we keep with him, we must take care of ourselves, and be pleased with vigorous, active action. He has bold work to do. Summer has been out, and gone within ; and Winter comes out to perfect and use her work, and to do his own. So the fisherman goes out in the chilly autumn evening, after the fishing pleasure excursion has returned and retired ; and he wades into the cold water to push the boat ashore and moor it, and see to the fish. All the playful, curious urchins who had been around all day to see the party set off and return, have gone home to supper and bed ; and the hardy fisherman is alone, like Winter.

Summer makes a rich gala for us just as she leaves, — it is over, and we are retired. Vespers are over, and the rich, chanting procession has gone : the great Cathedral in the dim light is quiet and nobler and spiritualer than before. One living form is silently kneeling before the altar, which, with its cherubs overshadowing it with their wings, is before him like a rock on which winged angels have alighted, in the darkness and silence, before the Monk engaged in a life developed and fully revealed by the previous blessed service. The soul-deep devotion opened his soul before the Eternal, and face to face are they : and life and light will be in him when the humanity comes between them, and the Divinity goes in the Cloud as insensibly as the twilight comes. Deep workings were going on even while they faced ; and the sphere of Immortality, which knows (neither) night nor day, work nor rest, is still around him ; and the soul is alive in it, and mortality reflects divinity.

Fanny Ellsler danced here last Friday, and better than ever. I hope you saw her. What shall we say to each other about her?

What letters we write! and yet they are real letters, for they are genuine and un-letterical, and we speak as we feel. It is something like singing together, — a kind of recitative, in which is much expression, — a relation towards the divine, and each other too. After all, there is no such thing as abstractedness; Nature is ever true to itself.

I read Manzoni with much simple pleasure some time ago, when Miss Fuller was living here. If I could get it (the translation) I would like to read it again, and feel like it now. I like those reposing details, and Manzoni's pure, healthful spirit, — the genuineness and simplicity of his matter-of-factness.

Write soon, — if you want to. How we have to qualify our expressions! it shows how false has been the relation of men hitherto; or perhaps how imperfect is language. But the inference is the same as if the other was the cause.

Your friend,
C. K. N.

MISS C. STURGIS, Care of Capt. Wm. Sturgis, Boston.

This unexampled letter, dated the 2d of November, was not posted in Providence till the 23d; and in the interval the Moon had been navigating, and Summer going indoors, and the urchins going to supper, and the lone fisherman carrying home his catch. What a medley, and what a style! sentiment and thought glimmering through a lace veil

of words and punctuation most characteristic of the period.

During his engagement to Miss Peabody, and before his marriage, Hawthorne seems to have become acquainted with Ellery Channing, — perhaps even before Channing personally met Emerson, in December, 1840. They met once at Brook Farm, and by April, 1843, after Channing's own marriage, were so good comrades that Channing, writing to Emerson in his humorous vein, and disparaging the vegetarian theories of Bronson Alcott, and his English friends, Charles Lane and Henry Wright, who had lately come across the ocean to help sow their transcendental wild oats at Fruitlands in Harvard, — this eccentric poet, I say, thus rambled on (April 6, 1843): —

“Alas for the unleavened bread! alas for the unleavened wit! I relish that Yankee theorem, — ‘Eat your victuals and go about your business!’ A magazine written by professed drunkards, — gentlemen who eat nothing but beefsteaks, and believers in Original Sin, must be the thing for me. What has transpired with the magazine papering Hawthorne? Has he too been floated by this great rise of English wit? forsworn whiskey, abandoned tobacco, and rejected fishing? No, by the immortal gods I swear that Hawthorne sticks like court-plaster to all the old sinful nonsense, — to strong drinks and strong meats, and, above all, to the

gentle art of angling, a true disciple of pimple-cheeked Walton. Oh, never may that day of horrors come, when the Twice-Told Tales of love and malice shall be fused in the grim Behmenic melting-pot! Rather let the ingenious Hawthorne, demented, wander over the ascetic Styx, tiger or wherryman to Charon! let him beard the Minos in his den, — do anything before he sells himself body and soul for twelve volumes of the Greaves MSS., or some book of metaphysical stuff, fit only to be sold at the shops of second-hand booksellers, or enjoy their existence as wrapping literature! I fancy I see Hawthorne now, throwing his cork, — kinglike, ruler of the shades below water.”

In these aquatic sports, which demanded something stronger than water inside the angler, Channing was for years the companion of Hawthorne, on Concord River and by the seaside, or wherever the novelist went to fish. Hawthorne celebrated their comradeship in his “Mosses,” saying: —

“It might be that Ellery Channing came up the avenue, to join me in a fishing excursion on the river. Strange and happy times were these, when we cast aside all irksome forms and strait-laced habitudes, and delivered ourselves up to the free air, to live like the Indians, or any less conventional race, during one bright semicircle of the sun. Had the Assabet been a thought more wild, I could have fancied that this river had strayed forth out of the

rich scenery of my companion's inner world ; only the vegetation along its banks should then have had an oriental character. . . . Our fire, red gleaming among the trees, and we beside it, busied with culinary rites, and spreading out our meal on a moss-grown log, all seemed in unison with the river gliding by, and the foliage rustling over us. It was the very spot in which to utter the extremest nonsense or the profoundest wisdom, — or that ethereal product of the mind which partakes of both. So, amid sunshine and shadow, rustling leaves and sighing waters, up gushed our talk like the babble of a fountain. The evanescent spray was Ellery's, and his, too, the lumps of golden thought that lay glimmering in the fountain's bed, and brightened both our faces by the reflection. Could he have drawn out that virgin gold, and stamped it with the mint mark which alone gives currency, the world might have had the profit, and he the fame. My mind was the richer merely by the knowledge that it was there."

At this time Hawthorne was approaching forty, and Channing was but twenty-five. Their intimacy continued till Hawthorne's death in 1864, — more than twenty years, that is ; and, like Channing's friendship with Thoreau, it was more complete than most of Hawthorne's earlier or later friendships could be. They came together at the psychologic moment ; their natures were akin, and the free life

they enjoyed with each other was a relief from the bondage of social custom, which both disliked, and renounced when they could. Both were poets by nature, and took a poetic view of the persons they fancied, — with a humorous glance at the mass of men and women they did not fancy, but were able to tolerate and to aid, when it came in their way. Altruism, as we have learned to call the mood of the greatest souls, was not their specialty ; yet they had it in abundance, when the conscience or the whim of the moment did not interpose. Twice in verse, and often to me in prose, did Channing convey his picture of Hawthorne ; here is one of them, under the poetic name of “ Count Julian ” : —

As in some stately grove of singing pines
 One tree, more marked than all, decisive rears
 Its grand, aspiring figure to the sky, —
 Remote from those beneath, — and o'er whose top
 The first faint light of dawn familiar plays ;
 So in Count Julian's face there was the soul
 Of something deeper than the general heart, —
 Some memory more near to other worlds,
 Time's recollection, and the storied Past.

His pure, slight form had a true Grecian charm,
 Soft as the willow o'er the river swaying,
 Yet sinewy, and capable of action ;
 Such grace as in Apollo's figure lay
 When he was moving the still world with light.
 About his forehead clustered rich black curls,
 Medusa-like ; they charmed the Student's eye.

Those soft, still hazel orbs Count Julian had
Looked dream-like forth on the familiar day,—
Yet eloquent, and full of luminous force
Sweetly humane, — that had no harshness known;
Unbroken eyes, where love forever dwelt.
This art of Nature which surrounded him,
This made Count Julian what he was to me,—
Which neither time nor place, nor poet's pen,
Nor sculptor's chisel, e'er can mould again.

This indescribable something in Hawthorne's aspect and nature, indicating depths which he could not otherwise express, either with faltering tongue or artistic pen, — this air of distinction and mystery, always attractive to women and to poets, drew Emerson into relations with Hawthorne that were always friendly, if never exactly intimate. Politically, their opinions might be far asunder, but socially and philosophically they were much nearer together. Both had come forth unscathed from the hard machine-shop of New England Calvinism, of which Hawthorne saw more of the dark side, and Emerson of the brighter. Soon after receiving Channing's humorous letter of April, 1843, Emerson sat down to write a long epistle to his young friend Wheeler of Lincoln, in Germany, and gave him the current news of the Concord authors, Hawthorne, Alcott, Thoreau, and Channing. Of Hawthorne he said: —

“ Nature is resolved to make a stand against the Market, which has grown so usurping and omni-

potent. Everything shall not go to market ; so Nature makes shy men, cloistered maids, and angels in lonely places. Brook Farm is an experiment of another kind, where everything private is published, and carried to its extreme. A great deal of action and courage has been shown there ; and my friend Hawthorne almost regrets he had not remained, to see the unfolding and issue of so much bold life. He should have stayed to be its historian. He remains in his seat here (the Old Manse), and writes very actively for all the magazines."

Six weeks later (June 7), Emerson wrote to Thoreau at Staten Island, "Hawthorne walked with me yesterday afternoon, and not until after our return did I read his 'Celestial Railroad,' which has a serene strength we cannot afford not to praise, in this low life. I have letters from Miss Fuller at Niagara."

It was at Emerson's house, in the summer of 1860, that I first met Hawthorne ; a strawberry party given in honor of his return from England and Italy. There had been earlier meetings of the two men there, along with Alcott and Thoreau, one of which George Curtis humorously depicted in his essay on Concord in the "Homes of American Authors," thus : —

"Towards the end of the autumn of 1845, Mr. Emerson suggested that a circle of persons resident in Concord, of various ages, and differing in

everything but sympathies, should meet every Monday evening through the winter in his library. Hawthorne, who then occupied the Old Manse; the inflexible Thoreau, then living among the blackberry pastures of Walden Pond; Alcott, then sublimely meditating impossible summer-houses, in a little house on the Boston Road [this very Wayside in its second *entelechy*, half a dozen years before Hawthorne purchased it]; George Bradford, then an inmate of Emerson's house, who added the genial cultivation of the scholar to the amenities of the natural gentleman; a sturdy farmer neighbor, Edmund Hosmer; two city youths, George and Burrill Curtis, and the host himself composed the club. Ellery Channing, who had that winter harnessed his Pegasus to the New York "Tribune," was a kind of corresponding member. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners on the other. But the conversation became more and more *staccato*. Hawthorne, a statue of night and silence, sat a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes, and suit of sables, made him the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories: while the shifting presence of the Brook Farmer (Bradford) played like heat lightning around the room. Alcott was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver, — for such was the rich

ore of his thought, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Thoreau charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden Woods, — while Emerson sought to bind the wide-flying embroidery of discourse into a web of clear, good sense.”

I have shortened this description a little, and inserted the actual names; for all these persons were known to me later. The time was two years later than the letter of Emerson last quoted; but here is what Hawthorne himself said of Alcott, afterwards his next-door neighbor, the first winter of his residence in the Old Manse. I take it from the first form of the “Hall of Fantasy,” originally published in Lowell’s short-lived Cambridge magazine, the “Pioneer,” and there containing many more names of living persons than afterwards came out in its abridged form in the “Mosses.” To show how Hawthorne then viewed his contemporaries, I will quote the omitted touches: —

“There was a dear friend of mine among the noted reformers of the day, who has striven with all his might to wash away the blood stain from the statute book; and no philanthropist need blush to stand on the same footing with O’Sullivan. It gladdened me to greet my old friends of Brook Farm, with whom, though a recreant now, I had borne the heat of many a summer’s day, while we labored together towards the perfect life. Mr.

Emerson was likewise there, leaning against one of the pillars, and surrounded by an admiring crowd of writers and readers of the 'Dial.' He had come into the hall, I suppose, in search either of a fact or a real man, both of which he was as likely to find there as elsewhere. No more earnest seeker after truth than he, and few more successful finders of it; although sometimes the truth assumes a mystic unreality and shadowiness in his grasp. In the same part of the hall Jones Very stood alone, within a circle which no other of mortal race could enter, nor himself escape from.

"Here also was Mr. Alcott, with two or three friends [the Englishmen above mentioned] whom his spirit had assimilated to itself, and drawn to his New England home, though an ocean rolled between. There was no man in the enchanted hall whose mere presence, the language of whose look and manner, wrought such an impression as that of this great mystic innovator. So calm and gentle was he, so quiet in the utterance of what his soul brooded upon, that one might readily conceive his Orphic Sayings to well up from a fountain in his breast, which communicated with the infinite abyss of Thought. . . . Doubtless there is the spirit of a system in him, but not the body of it. I love to contrast him with that acute and powerful Intellect who stands not far off [O. A. Brownson].

"Here were men whose faith had embodied itself

in the form of a potato, and others whose long beards had a deep spiritual significance. Here was the abolitionist, brandishing his one idea like an iron flail. In a word, there were a thousand shapes of good and evil, faith and infidelity, wisdom and nonsense, — a most incongruous throng, among whom I must not forget to mention Mrs. Abigail Folsom, though by no means as a type of the whole.

“One or two perhaps (of the poets) stole a glance at the bystanders, to watch if their poetic absorption were observed. Others stood talking in groups, with a liveliness of expression, a ready smile, and a light, intellectual laughter, which showed how rapidly the shafts of wit were glancing to and fro among them. In the most vivacious of these I recognized Holmes.”

These personalities were omitted in the “Mosses,” from a wish to present his picture more ideally; but what could be more ideal than these slight sketches? In a ruder manner, the late Henry James, a humorous rhetorician, over-frank in his besprinkling of adjectives, which sometimes escaped his syringe at random, and hit no mark, twenty years later sketched, in a letter to Emerson, Hawthorne at the Boston Saturday Club, — a Hall of Fantasy for the aged I may term it, — which is already quoted, as some of my other citations were, in my “Memoir of Bronson Alcott,” published by Little, Brown and Company. Mr. James said: —

“I cannot forbear to say a word I want to say about Hawthorne and Ellery Channing. Hawthorne is n't a handsome man, nor an engaging one, personally.” [He was eminently handsome, and if not “engaging,” yet most interesting.] “He has the look, all the time, to one who does n't know him, of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detectives. But, in spite of his rusticity, I felt a sympathy for him, amounting to anguish, and could n't take my eyes off him all the (Saturday Club) dinner, nor my rapt attention, as that indecisive little X. Y. found, I am afraid, to his cost; for I hardly heard a word of what he kept on saying to me, and felt at one time very much like sending down to Parker to have him removed from the room, as maliciously putting his little artificial person between me and a profitable object of my study. Yet I feel now no ill-will to X. Y., and could recommend any one (but myself) to go and hear him preach. Hawthorne, however, seemed to me to possess human substance, and not to have dissipated it all away, as the good, inoffensive, comforting Longfellow. He seemed much nearer the human being than any one at that end of the table, much nearer. John Forbes and yourself kept up the balance at the other end; but ours was a desert, with Hawthorne for its only oasis. It was so pathetic to see him,—contented, sprawling Concord owl that he was, and always has been,—brought into the bril-

liant daylight, and expected to wink and be lively, like any little dapper Tommy Titmouse or Jenny Wren. How he buried his eyes in his plate, and ate with a voracity! that no one should dare to ask him a question.

“The idea I got was, and it was very powerfully impressed on me, that we are all monstrously corrupt, hopelessly bereft of human consciousness; and that it is the intention of Divine providence to overrun us, and obliterate us in a new Gothic and Vandalic invasion; of which this Concord specimen is a first fruit. It was heavenly to see him persist in ignoring X. Y., and shutting his eyes against his spectral smiles; eating his dinner, and doing absolutely nothing but that; and then going home to his Concord den, to fall on his knees and ask his Heavenly Father why it was that an owl could n't remain an owl, and not be forced into the diversions of a canary. I have no doubt that all the tenderest angels saw to his case that night, and poured oil into his wounds, more soothing than gentlemen ever know.

“Ellery Channing, too, seemed so human and good, sweet as sunshine, and fragrant as pine woods. He is more sophisticated than the other, of course, but still he was kin; and I felt the world richer by two *men*, who had not yet lost themselves in mere members of society. The old world is breaking up on all hands; the glimpse of the everlasting

granite I got in Hawthorne shows me that there is stock enough for fifty better. Let the old impostor go, bag and baggage ; for a very real and substantial one is aching to come on, in which the churl shall not be exalted to a place of dignity, in which innocence shall never be tarnished nor trafficked in, in which every man's freedom shall be respected."

(Such is the new Heavens and the new Earth, as I understand it, that the avoirdupois of Secretary Taft has introduced in the Philippines.)

This flight of fancy must not be taken too literally ; but it points to a wide separation between men of high and deep imagination, like Hawthorne and Channing (and Thoreau would have made a third), and men of the Boston and Cambridge culture, like most of those at this Club. Men and women of quick perceptions will vary in their expression of the point and degree of departure with Hawthorne from the conventional standard ; but every one perceives it. Alcott, whom Hawthorne so felicitously depicted, as I cited just now, had the insight to fathom his neighbor, and has drawn his picture with a few strokes, in that masterly series of portrait sonnets which he wrote after the age of eighty, prefixing to each one a motto that prefigured, symbolically, the friend depicted.

Alcott's explanation of the enigma of Hawthorne, the chronicler of human imperfection and purga-

tion, — a New England Dante, — may pass for what it is, — a poet's suggestion, vaguely illumining what none of us see quite clearly. Hawthorne's best friends were among the poets, and those frustrated poets, the idealists, men or women, with whom he had deep sympathies, and who felt his inexplicable power. But he had many practical friends, who had small knowledge of his ideal nature, but loved him and sought to give him that station in the world which his genius required to keep its light burning.

“ To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl,”

says the quaint hymn ; and Bridge and O'Sullivan, Atherton and Pierce, with other political and social companions, not all of the choicest, but held by Hawthorne as comrades of his lighter hours, did much for his maintenance and encouragement during the weary years when his genius failed of just appreciation. We may honor them for this, and not dwell too censoriously on their opinions or habits. Like Hamlet, and like a later and gayer prince Hal, Hawthorne had associates for Saturdays as well as for Sundays ; they loved him in their manner, and he requited their love, — more justly, I must say, than Prince Hal dealt by his humble followers when he came to the throne of his father. Like them, he belonged to the party of the people, — no Tory, as a shallow writer has termed him, though

inwardly conscious of the distinction which nature and habit make among men, — but a theoretical and inclining to be a practical democrat. On the question of human slavery, his sympathies drew him one way, his party connections another ; but it does not lie with those to censure him who are following their party ringmasters to the renunciation of all the principles they professed to hold. When the blindness of Hawthorne's party brought on the Civil War, his consciousness of the deep chasm between two divergent forms of society led him to anticipate national separation as the natural result. On a Christmas Day during that war I dined with him at The Wayside, and he expressed to me the opinion which he had written to Mr. Bridge at the opening of the armed conflict, — that the North and the South were never one people, in his view, and that he felt this while an official at Salem and at Liverpool. He added, however, to Mr. Bridge what he had no occasion to say to me, knowing my own attitude in the matter.

“ If we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery, to be sure it may be a wise object, and the only one which is consistent with a future reunion between the North and South. We should then see the expediency of preparing our black brethren for future citizenship, by allowing them to fight for their own liberties, and educating them through heroic influences.”

In the first part of this statement, Hawthorne agreed exactly with John Quincy Adams in 1820, presupposing emancipation and reunion ; and in the second part (arming the blacks) he agreed precisely with my old friend John Brown. As nobody has ever doubted their anti-slavery sentiments, so, I submit, we have no reason to doubt Hawthorne's, however late and sad may have been the facts that converted him. Personal liberty was his theoretic principle, and it became his practical choice for all colors, when the crisis forced a choice upon him. He thus became the friend of all the Afro-Americans, as in his boyhood he had been the comrade and respecter of the colored lad Symmes ; and the friendships of Hawthorne may well be brought to this philanthropic close.

MR. ADAMS : In the course of his paper, Mr. Sanborn made frequent reference — and similar references have by others been made, in the course of these proceedings — to President Franklin Pierce. Some of those here who have familiarized themselves with London may have noticed a tablet set in the wall facing the busy street in front of where the old Holland House, as it was called, stood, — the home of the Foxes, and in her day of the famous Lady Holland. In the tablet are cut these lines, found in Lord Holland's desk after his death : —

“Nephew of Fox and friend of Gray,
Be this my deed of fame,
That those who knew me best can say
He sullied neither name.”

Nearly forty years have elapsed since the deaths of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce, — the two college friends at Bowdoin; and at this centennial of Hawthorne's birth, it is curious to reflect that the chief claim to remembrance of the thirteenth of our presidents will be as in the case of Lord Holland. He rested his claim for remembrance on being “nephew of Fox and friend of Gray;” and so with Pierce: his chief ground for recollection hereafter will be that, a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Nathaniel Hawthorne subsequently wrote his biography; and it fell to Franklin Pierce, as President of the United States, to enable Nathaniel Hawthorne to emerge from under that cloud of the *res angusta domi* which had darkened his earlier life.

It only remains to read one or two short letters before this series of meetings is brought to a close.

FROM MISS BEATRIX HAWTHORNE

18 HIGHLAND ST., CAMBRIDGE.

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP: I cannot leave Boston without trying in part to thank you for the many delightful experiences of yesterday. I shall never forget them — your warm hospitality, the

meeting so many charming and well-known people, of whom I had so long heard; the dear old house, with its setting of dark pines, and last of all the testimony of the great flag-draped rock with its inscription. Added to these is the abiding memory of the delightful addresses in honor of my grandfather, and you can see I have much to thank you for. I shall be with you in spirit for the next few days! How I wish I were to hear Mrs. Howe, Mr. Conway, Mrs. Elliott, Mr. Sanborn, and the others. How deeply I shall value those beautiful photographs. Please remind me most warmly to all my friends of yesterday, and with warm thanks to you and your daughter,

Cordially yours,

BEATRIX HAWTHORNE.

FROM HON. JOHN D. LONG

BOSTON, June 14, 1904.

DEAR MRS. LOTHROP: I very much appreciate your kind invitation to me to be a guest at your house July 4th and 7th, and to preside at one of the Hawthorne memorial mornings.

Mrs. Long is now halfway over sea on a trip to Europe, and is therefore unable to acknowledge your courtesy, which I am sure she will very much appreciate when I inform her of it. I cannot myself accept your kind invitation, because I am under engagements for that time. But I thank

you very much for your courtesy, remembering as I do a previous somewhat similar visit at your home; and with most cordial good wishes for the occasion and regards for yourself, I am

Truly yours,

JOHN D. LONG.

FROM HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE

NAHANT, MASS., June 15, 1904.

MY DEAR MADAM: I am very much obliged and complimented by your kind note and invitation to deliver an address on Hawthorne at your meeting in July, and I should like very much to accept, but, I am sorry to say, it will be impossible for me to be present, as I have made my plans to go away on my vacation for the entire month of July, which prevents my accepting any invitation for that month.

With renewed regret that I cannot come, believe me,

Very truly yours,

H. C. LODGE.

MRS. H. M. LOTHROP.

FROM MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

DEAR MRS. LOTHROP: I wish I could go to Concord for those delightful exercises, — and to see Wayside again, — and to see you! You are most kind to ask me, but it is quite impossible. The sea has used me very ill, as it always does nowadays, —

so that it takes me weeks to recover from its cruelty, and I am still unable to get about.

.

So you see, of course, I cannot send any poem to your festival. One would need a longer time and all one's thought to do that fittingly, even if one could do it at all, — if, indeed, there were any poet born who could imprison in his verse anything of the delicate aura which was Hawthorne's personality. How fortunate you are to be living in what was his home! I should expect to see him in any twilight, — between you and me, — in any moonbeam!

Hoping I may soon see you here,

Always affectionately,

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

DEER ISLAND, NEAR NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS,
June twenty-ninth, 1904.

FROM HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL

THE ESSEX INSTITUTE, SALEM, MASS.,
July 2, 1904.

DEAR MADAM: I acknowledge with thanks the receipt of your interesting programme for the Hawthorne Centenary, together with a ticket and a cordial invitation to preside at the Thursday morning session. I feel highly complimented to be thought of in this connection, and so flatteringly as your note implies. But I must deny myself this pleasure. My official connection with the Institute will have ceased before that day, and I suppose the in-

vation to be partially due to the position which I have held there, and at the Hawthorne Centennial observances at Salem on the twenty-third ultimo. I should gladly have contributed more largely than I have to honoring the memory of Hawthorne. I recall him and his striking presence with a good deal of interest, as a frequenter of my father's office in Boston between the years 1845 and 1852. Probably I saw him once or twice after that. I have no reminiscences which could be made available for your purpose, but I have enjoyed thoroughly the opportunity which seemed to be open to me, as President of the Essex Institute, to help in placing the great American Romancer upon the pedestal where he belongs, through the testimony of persons so qualified to record their estimates of the man and of his genius that what they have said must be accepted by the reading public without reserve.

I am, very respectfully yours,

ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

FROM JUDGE ROBERT GRANT

MATANE, P. Q., June 24, 1904.

DEAR MADAM: Your letter has been forwarded to me in Canada, where I am fishing. I return home on the 28th, but my associate judge goes away on the 1st, and I have binding court engagements for the 5th, 6th, and 7th, which forbid absolutely my attending the Hawthorne Centenary on

those days. As to the 4th, if I can come, I will; but my young people have demands on me for that day, and I doubt very much if I shall be permitted to leave home. I am sorry that my response is delayed; but the cause is apparent. I have not leisure to prepare an address at this late day, at any rate, much as I should have liked to have joined with you all in tribute to Nathaniel Hawthorne. But I am a wretched speaker, so no one will miss anything.

Yours sincerely,

ROBERT GRANT.

FROM MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.,
June 25, 1904.

DEAR MRS. LOTHROP: I have your letter asking me to take part in the Concord observance of the centenary of Hawthorne's birth. It is quite impossible for me to do so, as I am not strong enough to travel at all; but I am very sorry, for there is no American writer whom I should more delight to honor, than Hawthorne.

He was great, he was grave, he was unique. In these days of lightness, of flippancy, and of imitation, he is as much a rebuke to English literature as he is an inspiration to it.

I am, very truly yours,

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

FROM DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

39 HIGHLAND ST., ROXBURY, MASS.,

June 17, 1904.

DEAR MRS. LOTHROP: I find no memoranda of the few occasions when I met Mr. Hawthorne in 1841 and 1842. The bookshop kept by Dr. Peabody and his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, was then a favorite resort of young people, and old, who were fond of reading and liked to avail themselves of their French and German books. From the occasional meeting of such people there grew up, quite without method, a different series of evening conversations in the parlor of the house. I remember with most distinctness a certain gathering, I think once a week, where it was arranged that Miss Margaret Fuller should be present. I think these were perhaps called a "class" of Miss Fuller's.

What was most interesting to me was the ease with which she threw off all homage to herself, or token of admiration, and kept the conversation on the subject assigned for the evening, drawing out the different people present with a skill which seemed to me almost curious.

At one or other of such "conversations," I met Mr. Hawthorne for the first time. He that very year wrote one or more stories, among his best, for my brother's magazine, the "Boston Miscellany." The Peabodys were Salem people, and I suppose it was in that way that he was one of the intimates of

the house. He may have been engaged at that time to Miss Sophia Peabody, who was the youngest of the Misses Peabody, and a very beautiful young woman.

I was quite familiar at that time with Hawthorne's early writings. I am quite sure I should have noticed or recollected anything of importance which he said, had he said anything. But I do not believe that he ever contributed to the conversation. I have a distinct feeling that we thought he did not like to talk, and that he would not talk on any such occasion. It is so that I cannot write you anything but this in regard to him. We thought him very handsome, and he certainly was.

Always truly yours,

EDW. E. HALE.

FROM HON. JOHN HAY

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

Washington, June 20, 1904.

MY DEAR MADAM: I have received your kind letter of the 19th of June, inviting me to be present at the ceremonies incident to the centenary of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

I have an engagement at Detroit, Michigan, on the 5th of July, which makes it impossible to avail myself of your courtesy.

I am, with many thanks,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN HAY.

MRS. H. M. LOTHROP, The Wayside, Concord, Mass.

FROM MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASS., June 29, 1904.

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHROP: An attack of pneumonia six weeks ago makes it impossible for me to think of going to Concord in response to your kind invitation, nor do I at present think of anything to add in writing beyond what Mr. Fields has given to the world in "Yesterdays with the Authors," and I myself have done in the brief life in the series of Beacon Biographies. Your generous hospitality, my dear Mrs. Lothrop, would make it easy indeed to respond to your call if it were possible.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

ANNIE FIELDS.

MR. ADAMS: The programme has now been brought to its close; but before this audience disperses, while I do not think it necessary to ask for any formal expression, from those here, of recognition and appreciation of the labor Mrs. Lothrop has so kindly assumed in the affair, I feel it is none the less due to her; she has carried it out, and I therefore feel that I express the general sense of all who are here when I say to her that we fully appreciate the feeling of profound relief she must experience that the Concord Hawthorne Centennial is here brought to a successful termination.

MRS. LOTHROP: Permit me, in expressing my thanks to the presiding officer and to you all for this kind recognition and appreciation, to take this opportunity to thank all these friends who have addressed us. Their responses to my request to take part in these proceedings have resulted in the admirable presentations of Hawthorne's life and work that have made this series of meetings a fitting observance of the centenary of his birth.

The Riverside Press

Electrotyped and printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.
Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

15 Dec '52 KF

21 Jan '58 WW

3 JUL '63 AW

DEC 7 1952 LU

REC'D LD

REC'D LD

FEB 7 1955
IN STACKS

JAN 7 1958

JUL 1 1963

OCT 5 1954

18 Mar '58 AR 8 JAN '64 JS

JAN 10 1955 LU

28 Mar '55 MB

IN STACKS

REC'D LD

REC'D LD
JAN 18 '64 - 11 AM

MAR 14 1955

MAY 10 1960

14 Apr '65 CG

MAY 24 1955 LU

24 Jan '61 JC

REC'D LD

REC'D LD

JAN 28 1961

APR 28 '65 - 4 PM

M49277

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

