

defeating nature than in letting nature defeat her. But, as Mrs. Clyde observed, it is hardly worth while remembering the foolish things men say when they are trying to make you think they feel themselves your equals.

Marion, while awaiting her own marriage, fixed for the early days of June, had returned to her father's house. She there told Alec and Miss Effie that, in thinking over her winter's experience, she had come to regard the woman question as one involving the whole, not half, of the human race.

"So do I," said Miss Effie. "I regard our emancipation as an inevitable development awaiting us, but one in which men are equally concerned."

"You are willing to let us think that, in helping you out, we are working for our own regeneration?" asked Gordon. "Well, be it so. I recall those lines of Tennyson:

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink  
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:  
For she that out of Lethe scales with man  
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man —

Here my memory fails me. What comes next, Aunt Effie?"

"I can remember only this," she answered, looking at the two with eyes brimful of satisfied pride:

"Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words."

THE END.

Constance Cary Harrison.

## THE HAWTHORNES IN LENOX.

TOLD IN LETTERS BY NATHANIEL AND MRS. HAWTHORNE.

THE immediate cause of my father's sojourn in Lenox was his removal from the surveyorship of the Salem Custom House, and I therefore begin the following records connected with his Lenox life by giving several of my mother's letters during their last weeks in Salem, when they were looking about for a desirable hillside or meadow space where they might make their new home; for they were tired of city streets and the hurrying prisoners upon them.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER FATHER.

(Written in an excited hand.)

8th of June, 1849.

MY DEAR FATHER: Mr. Hawthorne received news by telegraph to-day that he is turned out of office headlong. I have written to mother, and told her, fearing she would hear of it accidentally. We are not cast down at all, and do not be anxious for us. You will see by my letter to mother how we are hopeful and cheerful about it, and expect better things. The cock is crowing the noon of night, and I must to bed. I have written a long letter to mother. We are all well. Your affectionate daughter,  
SOPHIA.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER. 1849.

The telegraph to-day brought us news that would have made the cottage house particularly acceptable, because we could have lived there upon our own responsibility — for the old General has turned Mr. Hawthorne out of the surveyorship. Do not be troubled, for *we* are not. Mr. Hawthorne never liked the office at all, and is rather relieved than otherwise that it is taken out of his hands, and has an inward confidence that something much better and more suitable for him will turn up. As for me, you know I

am composed of Hope and Faith, and while I have him and the children I feel as if Montezuma's diamonds and emeralds were spiritually in my possession. But we look forth with a kind of rapture to the possibility of now going into the country somewhere this summer, and setting Una down in *a field*, where she so pines to go. Meantime, the newly appointed surveyor's commission has not arrived, and so Mr. Hawthorne is not yet out of office.

I have not seen my husband happier than since this turning out. He had felt in chains for a long time, and being a MAN, he is not alarmed at being set upon his own feet again, — or on his *head*, I might say, — for that contains the available gold of a mine scarcely yet worked at all. As Margaret [Fuller] truly said once, "We have had but a drop or so from that ocean." We are both perfectly well, too, and brave with happiness, and "a credence in our hearts, And esperance so absolutely strong, as doth outvie the attest of eyes and ears." (So Shakspeare somewhere speaks for us, somewhat so — but not verbatim, for I forget one or two words.)

Above all, it has come in the way of an inevitable providence to us (whatever knavery some people may have to answer for, who have been the agents in the removal), and I never receive inevitable providences with resignation

merely; but with *joy*, as certainly, undoubtedly, the best possible events that can happen for me — and immediately I begin to weave the apparent straw into gold, like the maiden in the fairy-tale.

Good-by now, dear mother. Do not be anxious. I should not have told you this *now*, — fearing you might be troubled, — but I was afraid you might see the removal in the papers, or hear of it; and I thought it best to let you know just how it is with us, so that you might not have a shock.

Give my love to aunt Tyler, and tell her there is no one to whom I would so willingly intrust you as to her, and to Mary and Amelia. My love to them, too, and to Charles. Ask him if he remembers my visit to Brattleboro', and how friendly was our intercourse. And if George come, tell him I always liked him better than any of his brothers, excellent and worthy as they may be; and that I have not yet ceased to regret that he did not receive my answer to his beautiful, eloquent, and touching letter of long ago, by which was proved to me in syllables what I always believed of him — that he had a soul of delicate and noble temper, with a pure, unworldly, generous tone.

Good night. I hope you took your great, knitted shawl, for cold evenings and mornings. Be careful, careful; for your life is very precious to us. Your most affectionate child,

SOPHIA.

June 10th, 1849. Sunday.

MY DEAR FATHER: Here is a pretty business, discovered in an unexpected manner to Mr. Hawthorne by a friendly and honorable Whig. Perhaps you know that the President said before he took the chair that he should make no removals except for dishonesty and unfaithfulness. So that all who voted for him after that declaration pledged themselves to the same course. You know also, doubtless, that there has never been such a succession of removals of honorable and honest men since we were a nation as since the accession of President Taylor — not even under Jackson — who, however, always removed people because they were Whigs, without any covert implication of character. This has been Democratic conduct — to remove for political reasons. This conduct the Whigs always disapproved, and always said no one ought to be removed but from disability or dishonesty. So that now when any one is removed, they imply that the person is either a shiftless or a dishonest man. It is very plain that neither of these charges could be brought against Mr. Hawthorne. Therefore a most base and *incredible* falsehood has been told — written down and signed and sent to the cabinet in secret. This infamous paper

certifies among other things (of which we have not heard) that Mr. Hawthorne has been in the habit of writing political articles in magazines and newspapers.

This he has never done, as every one knows, in his life — not *one word* of politics was ever written by him. His townsfolk of course know it well. But what will surprise you more than this fact is to hear who got up this paper, and perjured his soul upon it — who followed his name with their signatures, and how it was indorsed. It was no less a person than Mr. ——— ———!! who has thus proved himself a liar and a most consummate hypocrite; for he had always professed himself the warmest friend. He certifies the facts of the paper, and *thirty* other gentlemen of *Salem* sign their names, among whom are ——— ——— and young ——— ———, and Mr. ——— ———. Can you believe it? Not one of these gentlemen knew this to be true, because it is *not* true, and yet, for party ends, they have all perjured themselves to get away this office, and make the President believe there were plausible pretexts — they had no idea it could be found out. But the district attorney *saw* the paper. He is a Whig, but friendly to Mr. Hawthorne, on literary grounds; and the district attorney told a Salem gentleman, also a Whig and a *personal* friend of Mr. Hawthorne. Thus, the "murder" is out, through better members of the same party.

Mr. Hawthorne took the removal with perfect composure and content, having long expected it on account of his being a Democrat. But yesterday, when he went to Boston and found out this, the lion was roused in him.

Your aff'te child,

SOPHIA.

June 17th, 1849. Sunday.

MY BLESSED MOTHER: Your most welcome and beautiful letter of the 11th I very gladly received. You take our reverse of fortune in the way I hoped you would. I feel "beyond the utmost scope and vision of calamity" (as Pericles said to Aspasia) while my husband satisfies my highest ideal, and while the graces of heaven fill the hearts of my children. Everything else is very external. This is the immortal life which makes flowers of asphodel bloom in my path, and no rude step can crush them. I exult in my husband. He stands upon a table-land of high behavior which is far above these mean and false proceedings with which a party of intriguers are now concerning themselves, and covering themselves and each other with the hopeless mud of Dante's "Inferno." The more harm they try to do, deeper down they plunge into the mire; and I doubt if ever in this world some of them will be able to wash their faces clean again.

June 21st. Thursday.

MY OWN DEAR MOTHER: I am truly disappointed that you have not had this letter before; but the tide of events has hurried me away from it. Now I must write a few words. You never heard of such a time about any one as there has been about Mr. Hawthorne. The whole country is up in arms, and will not allow Mr. Hawthorne to be removed. And now I have the good news to tell you that his removal is *suspended* at Washington, and he is either to be reinstated, if he will consent — or to be presented with a better office. At Washington the government was deceived, and were not told that the person to be removed was *Mr. Hawthorne* — so secret and cunning were these four gentlemen of Salem, Mr. ———, Mr. ———, Mr. ———, and Mr. ———.!!!! I cannot tell you all the abominable story now, and it is no matter, since they are caught in their own toils, and defeated. Mr. Hawthorne's name is ringing through the land. All the latent feeling about him now comes out, and he finds himself very famous. Mr. Sam'l Hooper has been very active for him. Mr. Howes has done nothing else for ten days but go back and forth to Boston and Salem, and to come here to see my husband, upon the subject. It has wholly aroused him out of his deep affliction for the death of Frederic (his brother), for whom he feels as if he was acting now, so deep was Frederic's love and admiration for Mr. Hawthorne.

When I see you, I will tell you this long story about the removal, which has proved no removal, as Mr. Hawthorne has not left the Custom House, and the commission of the new officer has not arrived.

Your loving child, SOPHIA.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER FATHER.

July 4th, 1849. Wednesday, Salem.

MY DEAR FATHER: Will you be kind enough to go to Charles M. Ellis, Esq., State St., and ask him whether Rockwood Hoar has yet drawn upon him for the money due to Mr. Hawthorne from the Brook Farm estate? We want it.

Mr. Hawthorne still remains undisturbed, but has not yet received a proper official notice from Washington of a change of purpose. So we are still in a suspended position. But all good people are sure it will go well or better.

In a letter to Mr. Horace Mann, soon afterward, Hawthorne wrote: "My surveyorship is lost, and I have no expectation nor any desire of regaining it. My purpose is simply to make such a defense to the Senate as will insure the rejection of my successor, and thus satisfy the public that I was removed on false or insufficient grounds."

FROM GEO. S. HILLARD TO HAWTHORNE IN SALEM.

On the envelop my father has written Hillard's name and "The Scarlet Letter," showing with what interest he preserved this friend's criticism and praise. On the other side of the envelop is written, "Foi, Foi, Faith." No one ever was more faithful to, and consequently ever had more faith in, his friends than my father.

BOSTON, March 28th, 1850.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE: You have written a most remarkable book; in point of literary talent, beyond all your previous efforts; a book full of tragic power, nice observation, delicate tact, and rare knowledge of the human heart. I think it will take a place in our literature among the highest efforts of what may be called the tragic muse of fiction. You are, intellectually speaking, quite a puzzle to me. How comes it that with so thoroughly healthy an organization as you have, you have such a taste for the morbid anatomy of the human heart, and such knowledge of it, too? I should fancy from your books that you were burdened with some secret sorrow; that you had some blue chamber in your soul into which you hardly dared to enter yourself; but when I see you, you give me the impression of a man as healthy as Adam was in Paradise. For my own taste, I could wish that you would dwell more in the seen, and converse more with cheerful thoughts and light-some images, and expand into a story the spirit of the Town-pump. But while waiting for this, let me be thankful for the weird and sad strain which breathes from the "Scarlet Letter," which I read with most absorbing interest.

YRS. ever, GEO. S. HILLARD.

To go from Salem to Lenox was to contrast very forcibly the somewhat oppressed spirits of historical association with the healthy grandeur of nature. The books my father wrote in Lenox embrace this joy of untheoried, peaceful, or gloriously perturbed life of sky and land. Theory of plot or principle was as much beneath him as the cobblestones; from self-righteous harangues he turned as one who had heard a divine voice that alone deserved to declare. He taught as nature does, always leading to thoughts of something higher than the dictum of men, and nobler than their greatest beauty of action. He said it was difficult for him to write in the presence of such a view as the "little red house"<sup>1</sup> commanded. It certainly must have been a scene that expressed otherwise unutterable sublimity. But if my father struggled to bring his human power forward in the presence of an outlook that so reminded him of God, he did bring it forward there, and we perceive the aroma and the color which his work could not have gained so well in a town or a village covert.

<sup>1</sup> The "little red house" belonged to Mr. Tappan, and was let by him to my father. Mrs. Tappan wrote to my mother, describing the cottage, and drawing a ground-plan of it.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER.

LENOX, August 1st, 1850.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: . . . Yes; we find kindest friends on every side. The truest friendliness is the great characteristic of the Sedgwick family in all its branches. They seem to delight to make happy; and they are as happy as summer days themselves. They really take the *responsibility* of my being comfortable, as if they were mother, father, brother, sister. We have fallen into the arms of loving kindness, and cannot suffer for any aid or support in emergencies. This, I know, will give you a reposeful content concerning us. Upon Caroline also one can rest as upon a law; and Mr. Tappan is a horn of benefits. He seems to have the sweetest disposition, and his shy, dark eyes are always gleaming with hospitable smiles for us. We could not be in more agreeable circumstances, very well — only I feel rather too far from you all.

Last Saturday night who should appear but Mr. O'Sullivan! The last we had heard of him was that he had the yellow fever at New Orleans, and that he was arrested for some movements with regard to Cuba. He is now on bail, and will return to be tried in December. . . . He returned to Stockbridge that night, and on Monday came in a double carriage and took us there, to the house of Mrs. Field, an old friend of his mother. We were received with the most whole-hearted hospitality, and Una and I stayed all night. And Mr. O'Sullivan brought Mr. Hawthorne and Julian back, because Mr. Hawthorne did not wish to stay. I stayed ostensibly to go to a torchlight festival in an ice glen; but I wished more to see the O'Sullivans than the festival. We had a charming visit.

Mrs. Field carried me to the scene of the sacrifice of Everell in "Hope Leslie," for it is upon her estate — a superb hill covered with laurels — and this sacrifice rock near the summit, and the council-chambers beneath. That was where the noble Magawesca's arm was stricken off. . . . Mr. O'Sullivan took me to see Mrs. Harry Sedgwick in the evening — a noble woman, with a gleam in her face. There I also saw Mrs. Robert Sedgwick, and the Ashburners, who called upon us at Highwood. We went to a bridge where we could see the torchlight party come out of the ice glen, and it looked as if a host of stars had fallen out of the sky, and broken to pieces; so said the Count O'S. [Mr. O'Sullivan was called "the Count," in humorous recognition of a certain air about him.] We waited till they arrived to us, and then we saw Mrs. Charles Sedgwick and her pretty school-girls embark in an end-

less open omnibus for Lenox. They were all lighted up by the burning torches, and were dressed in fantastic costumes of brilliant colors, scarlet being predominant. Those girls looked like a bouquet of bright flowers, as they sat waving farewells, and receiving with smiles the cheers of all the young gentlemen, who raised their torches, and shouted, "Hurrah!" Poor, dear Mrs. Charles — she looked so warm, and so flushed — just like a torch, herself — and so lovely, kind, and happy, in the midst of her living roses. Above serenely shone myriads of pale stars in the clear sky; around the horizon heat-lightning flashed. The moon was rising in the east, and in the north the aurora borealis bloomed like a vast lily. It was really a rare scene. We returned to Mrs. Harry Sedgwick's. There she stood, receiving the greetings of the members of the party, every gentleman bearing a torch, which lighted up a rosy face at his side. Such happiness as they enjoyed, such spirit and such mirth! It was worth witnessing. I found that everybody of note in Stockbridge dearly loves our friend Mr. O'Sullivan. He is the "pet" and "darling" and "the angelic," with them all, and through him we were known to them. Most affectionately,

SOPHIECHEN.

The two letters from Herman Melville which follow are here printed by the kind permission of his widow. He was then living in Pittsfield near by.

HERMAN MELVILLE TO NATHANIEL  
HAWTHORNE.

(Upon which the latter writes, "Recd July 24th, 1851.")

Tuesday, Afternoon.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE: This is not a letter, or even a note — but only a passing word said to you over your garden gate. I thank you for your easy-flowing long letter (received yesterday), which flowed through me, and refreshed all my meadows, as the Housatonic — opposite me — does in reality. I am now busy with various things — not incessantly though; but enough to require my frequent tinkering; and this is the height of the haying season, and my nag is dragging home his winter's dinners all the time. And so, one way and another, I am not yet a disengaged man; but shall be very soon. Meantime, the earliest good chance I get, I shall roll down to you, my dear fellow, being, we — that is, you and I — must hit upon some little bit of vagabondism before autumn comes. Graylock — we must go and vagabondize there. But ere we start, we must dig a deep hole and bury all Blue Devils, there to abide till the Last Day. . . .

Good-by. his X mark.

PITTSFIELD, Monday afternoon.

MY DEAR HAWTHORNE: People think that if a man has undergone any hardship, he should have a reward; but for my part, if I have done the hardest possible day's work, and then come to sit down in a corner and eat my supper comfortably—why, then I don't think I deserve any reward for my hard day's work—for am I not now at peace? Is not my supper good? My peace and my supper are my reward, my dear Hawthorne. So your joy-giving and exultation-breeding letter is not my reward for my ditcher's work with that book, but is the good goddess's bonus over and above what was stipulated for—for not one man in five cycles, who is wise, will expect appreciative recognition from his fellows, or any one of them. Appreciation! Recognition! Is love appreciated? Why, ever since Adam, who has got to the meaning of his great allegory—the world? Then we pigmies must be content to have our paper allegories but ill comprehended. I say your appreciation is my glorious gratuity. In my proud, humble way,—a shepherd-king,—I was lord of a little vale in the solitary Crimea; but you have now given me the crown of India. But on trying it on my head, I found it fell down on my ears, notwithstanding their asinine length—for it's only such ears that sustain such crowns.

Your letter was handed me last night on the road going to Mr. Morewood's, and I read it there. Had I been at home, I would have sat down at once and answered it. In me divine magnanimities are spontaneous and instantaneous—catch them while you can. The world goes round, and the other side comes up. So now I can't write what I felt. But I felt pantheistic then—your heart beat in my ribs and mine in yours, and both in God's. A sense of unspeakable security is in me this moment, on account of your having understood the book. I have written a wicked book, and feel spotless as the lamb. Ineffable socialities are in me. I would sit down and dine with you and all the gods in old Rome's Pantheon. It is a strange feeling—no hopefulness is in it, no despair. Content—that is it; and irresponsibility; but without licentious inclination. I speak now of my profoundest sense of being, not of an incidental feeling.

Whence come you, Hawthorne? By what right do you drink from my flagon of life? And when I put it to my lips—lo, they are yours and not mine. I feel that the Godhead is broken up like the bread at the Supper, and that we are the pieces. Hence this infinite fraternity of feeling. Now, sympathizing with the paper, my angel turns over another page. You did not care a penny for the book. But, now and then as you read, you understood the per-

vading thought that impelled the book—and that you praised. Was it not so? You were archangel enough to despise the imperfect body, and embrace the soul. Once you hugged the ugly Socrates because you saw the flame in the mouth, and heard the rushing of the demon,—the familiar,—and recognized the sound; for you have heard it in your own solitudes.

My dear Hawthorne, the atmospheric skepticisms steal into me now, and make me doubtful of my sanity in writing you thus. But, believe me, I am not mad, most noble Festus! But truth is ever incoherent, and when the big hearts strike together, the concussion is a little stunning. Farewell. Don't write a word about the book. That would be robbing me of my miserly delight. I am heartily sorry I ever wrote anything about you—it was paltry. Lord, when shall we be done growing? As long as we have anything more to do, we have done nothing. So, now, let us add *Moby Dick* to our blessing, and step from that. Leviathan is not the biggest fish;—I have heard of Krakens.

This is a long letter, but you are not at all bound to answer it. Possibly, if you do answer it, and direct it to Herman Melville, you will missend it—for the very fingers that now guide this pen are not precisely the same that just took it up and put it on this paper. Lord, when shall we be done changing? Ah! it's a long stage, and no inn in sight, and night coming, and the body cold. But with you for a passenger, I am content and can be happy. I shall leave the world, I feel, with more satisfaction for having come to know you. Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality.

What a pity, that, for your plain, bluff letter, you should get such gibberish! Mention me to Mrs. Hawthorne and to the children, and so, good-by to you, with my blessing.

HERMAN.

I can't stop yet. If the world was entirely made up of Magians, I'll tell you what I should do. I should have a paper-mill established at one end of the house, and so have an endless riband of foolscap rolling in upon my desk; and upon that endless riband I should write a thousand—a million—billion thoughts, all under the form of a letter to you. The divine magnet is on you, and my magnet responds. Which is the biggest? A foolish question—they are *One*. H.

Don't think that by writing me a letter, you shall always be bored with an immediate reply to it—and so keep both of us delving over a writing-desk eternally. No such thing! I sha'n't always answer your letters, and you may do just as you please.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER.

September 4, 1850, LENOX.

Wednesday, A. M.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: To-day Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Melville have gone to dine at Pittsfield. Mr. Tappan took them in his carriage. I went to Highwood after breakfast, to ask for the carriage and horses, as you know Mr. Tappan has put them at our disposition, if we will only drive. I found James sitting in state at the gate in the wagon, and concluded, of course, that there was no hope. But behold, Mr. Tappan was just about starting for Pittsfield, himself; and with the most beautiful cordiality of hospitality, he said he would come over to take the gentlemen. This would have been no particular courtesy in some persons; but for this shy dear, who particularly did not wish, for some reason, to be introduced to Mr. Melville, it was very pretty. I have no doubt he will be repaid by finding Mr. Melville a very different man from what he imagines — a very agreeable and entertaining one. We find him so. A man with a true, warm heart, and a soul and an intellect — with life in his finger-tips; earnest, sincere and reverent; very tender and *modest*. And I am sure he is not a very great man; but I have not quite decided upon my own opinion. I should say, I am not quite sure that *I do not think him* a very great man; for my opinion is of course as far as possible from settling the matter. He has very keen perceptive power; but what astonishes me is that his eyes are not large and deep. He seems to see everything very accurately; and how he can do so with his small eyes, I cannot tell. They are not keen eyes, either, but quite undistinguished in any way. His nose is straight and rather handsome; his mouth expressive of sensibility and emotion. He is tall and erect, with an air free, brave, and manly. When conversing, he is full of gesture and force, and loses himself in his subject. There is no grace nor polish. Once in a while his animation gives place to a singularly quiet expression, out of these eyes to which I have objected — an indrawn, dim look, but which at the same time makes you feel that he is at that instant taking deepest note of what is before him. It is a strange, lazy glance, but with a power in it quite unique. It does not seem to penetrate through you, but to take you into himself. I saw him look at Una so, yesterday, several times. He says it is Mr. Mathews who is writing in the "Literary World" the visit to Berkshire. Mr. Mathews calls Mr. Hawthorne, "Mr. Noble Melancholy," in the next number of the paper. You know, what you read was the Introduction only. It is singular how many people insist that Mr. Hawthorne is gloomy, since he

is *not*. He is pensive, perhaps, as all contemplative persons must be, especially when, as in him, "a great heart is the household fire of a grand intellect" (to quote his own words); because he sees and sympathizes with all human suffering. He has always seemed to me, in his remote moods, like a stray Seraph, who had experienced in his own life no evil; but by the intuition of a divine intellect saw and sorrowed over all evil.

[Among my mother's early letters to my father, this poem, written in her fine, delicate hand upon old-fashioned fancy note-paper, was evidently her expression of this feeling. "My Dove" was one of my father's names for my mother; he found her a seal with a dove upon it. She several times referred to this title with joy, in talks with me.

## THE SERAPH AND THE DOVE.

A SERAPH strayed to earth from upper spheres,  
Impelled by inward motion, vague yet strong:  
He knew not wherefore he must leave the throng  
Of kindred hierarchs for a world of tears:  
But, mailed in proof divine, he felt no fears,  
Obedient to an impulse clear of wrong:  
And so he ceased a while his heavenly song,  
To measure his immortal life by years.  
His archèd brow uprose, a throne of light,  
Where ordered thought a rule superior held;  
Within his eyes celestial splendors dwelled,  
Ready to glow and bless with subject might,  
When he should find why God had sent him  
here,  
Shot like a star from out his native sphere.  
He was alone; he stood apart from men:  
His simple nature could not solve their ways;  
For he had lived a life of love and praise,  
And they forgot that God their source had been.  
So mused he on the visions of his mind,  
Which, wondrous fair, recalled his home above:  
He wist not why he was to space confin'd,  
But waited, trusting in Omnific love.  
Then lo! came fluttering to his arms a Dove,  
Which for her foot had never yet found rest:  
The Seraph folded her within his breast,  
And as he felt the brooding warmth, he con-  
scious, smiled and said:  
"Yes, Father! Heaven can only be where  
kindred spirits wed!"]

As his life has literally been so pure from the smallest taint of earthliness, it can only be because he is a seer that he knows of crime. Not Julian's little (no, *great*) angel heart and life are freer from any intention or act of wrong than his. And this is best proof to me of the absurdity of the prevalent idea that it is necessary to go through the fiery ordeal of sin to become wise and good. I think such an idea is blasphemy and the unpardonable sin. It is

really abjuring God's voice within. We have not received, as we ought to have done, the last Saturday's number of the "Literary World." I have a great curiosity to read about "Mr. Noble Melancholy." Poor aunty! [Her aunt Pickman.] I really do not believe Shakspeare will be injured by being spoken of in the same paper with Mr. Hawthorne. But no *comparison* is made between them, though there is no reason why one great man may not be compared to another. There is no absolute difference in created souls, after all; and the intuitions of genius are identical, necessarily; for what is an intuition of genius but God's truth, revealed to a soul in high communion? I suppose it is not *impossible* for another Shakspeare to culminate. Even I — little bit of a tot of I — have sometimes recognized my own thought in Shakspeare. But do not tell aunt Pickman of this. Not believing in an absolute source of thought, she would pronounce me either irrecoverably insane, or infinitely self-conceited.

Here is John — no more. SOPHIA.

MR. HAWTHORNE TO MRS. FOOTE.

LENOX, May 25th, 1851.

DEAR MRS. FOOTE: Sophia has requested me (and I take great pleasure in it) to announce to you the birth of a little daughter, whom we call Rose — or rather, at the present stage of her development, Rosebud. She made her appearance on Tuesday morning last, and seems to be an excellent baby. Her mother is as well as possible, and sends her best love to you. You will probably see both mother and child in the course of a few months, as Sophia intends visiting your part of the country before autumn.

With my kind regards to yourself and Mr. Foote, Very truly yours,

NATHL. HAWTHORNE.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER SISTER, ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

July 10th, 1851, LENOX.

MY DEAREST LIZZIE: What a sumptuous present, or budget of presents, you are making me! I am affronted, if they come in the way of return for the pitiful hospitality you received. You not only had no bed to sleep on, and no room to sleep in, but nothing to eat, besides sewing all the time, and washing your own clothes!!!! I was very unhappy about it all, but thought I would not add to the trouble by complaining, as I did not see how I could remedy the matter. I never intend to have a guest again for so long as father stayed, on Mr. Hawthorne's account. It fairly destroys both

his artistic and his domestic life. He has no other life — never visiting, and having nothing to do with the public. I do not know as any one but myself can estimate the cost to him of having a stranger in our courts, especially in these narrow ones. A week or so does very well, but months will not do at all. . . . You know that he has but just stepped over the threshold of a hermitage. He is but just not a hermit still.

I rejoice in the strawberries and the garden-plot. . . . I am getting Una rounded in again, by a little conversation and intercourse. She is a most satisfactory child to deal with when I really have possession of her. She is almost fierce in her perfect freedom; but she will obey the "golden bit," and soften to love and harmony at the right reining. When she went to bed last night the baby was asleep, and she asked me to talk to her as I used to do at twilight, always. I sat down upon the foot of her bed, and for a while there was no talk in me. Observing my silence, she began to sob. She felt removed from me, and as if we could not meet — such a pile of naughtiness between. I asked her whether she had forgotten Jesus Christ. His name was like opening the door of a fair and vast temple. We entered in, and had a beautiful conversation. Her tones were like those of the softest lute, her face as sweet as in infancy. She is certainly the divinest as well as the naughtiest child that ever was born.

The children long to see you; but Una says she does not think father "imaginative enough"!!!!!! Is not that funny — that such a child should be consciously annoyed by matter-of-factness? [Una was nine.]

FROM HAWTHORNE TO HIS WIFE, WHILE SHE WAS ON A VISIT TO HER MOTHER.

LENOX, August 8th, 1851.

OWNEST PHEBE: I wrote thee a note yesterday, and sent it to the village by Cornelius; but as he may have neglected to put it in, I write again. If thou wilt start from West Newton on Thursday next, I will meet thee at Pittsfield, which will answer the same purpose as if I came all the way.

Mrs. Tappan requests that thou wilt bring ten pounds of ground rice for her, or a less quantity, if thou hast not room for so much.

Julian is very well, and keeps himself happy from morning till night. I hope Una does the same. Give my love to her.

I shall be most gladdest to see thee.

Thine,

N. H.

August 9th, Saturday. I received yesterday thy note, in which thou speakest of deferring thy return some days longer. Stay by all means

as long as may be needful. Julian gets along perfectly well, and I am eager for thy coming only because it is unpleasant to remain torn asunder. Thou wilt write to tell me finally what day thou decidest upon; but unless I hear further, I shall go to Pittsfield on Saturday, a week from to-day. But if thou seest reason for staying longer, do so, that nothing may be left at loose ends.

Julian and I had a fine ride yesterday with Herman Melville and two other gentlemen.

Mrs. Peters is perfectly angelic.

Thindest,

N. H.

Mrs. Peters, a negress of the dignified type, was the general house-servant, an aged, forbidding, harmlessly morose soul, often recalled by my mother in her references to Lenox, when talking, as she did most easily and fascinatingly, to us children of the past. The picturing of Mrs. Peters always impressed me very much, and she no doubt stood for a suggestion of Aunt Keziah in "Septimius Felton." She was an invaluable tyrant, an unloaded weapon, a creature who seemed to say, "Forget my qualities if you dare — there is one of them which is fatal!" As my parents possessed the capacity to pay respect where it could be earned, the qualities of Mrs. Peters were respected, and she found herself in a sort of heaven of courteous tolerance.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER.

Aug. 19th, 1851. LENOX, Tuesday.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Baby was exemplary all the way; but she was rather heavy to hold without intermission, and I thought sometimes of depositing her on the floor. At Springfield a young man, who had two children — one just able to stand — and a wife with him, — and therefore experienced in the humanities of life, if he chanced to be reflective; and also poor in worldly goods — this young man got for me a tumbler of milk. And thus, with Mary's sandwiches, I got along very well with respect to food. It was a pleasanter carful of people than we had going east, and we arrived at Pittsfield at 3 o'clock. Upon getting out of the car I looked searchingly for the kingly head of my husband, and, not seeing it, accosted a coatless individual, and asked him to whom I should give my checks for my luggage. When, behold, instead of the face of Apollo, there came suddenly to view close to my eyes the hugely ugly but very friendly countenance of Mr. Steele, who, after shaking hands like an intimate friend, as Americans are so apt to do, announced the deplorable news that Mr. Hawthorne had not come, but had commissioned him to fetch me home. So I went into the ladies' saloon, and there he kept me waiting from three till after four. Then I got into his wagon, with endless expresses and packages, and three passengers, and we drove home,

where we arrived about six, having to stop at almost every house to leave some budget. In the village, while waiting, Miss Catherine Sedgwick passed, and greeted us for a few moments. Una was very tired, and her eyes looked as cavernous as Daniel Webster's till she saw the red house; and then she began to shout, and clap her hands for joy.

Mr. Hawthorne came forth with a thousand welcomes in his eyes, and Julian leaped like a fountain, and was as impossible to hold fast. But I was rather too tired to know how glad I was.

I found that Mr. Hawthorne had written a minute account of his and Julian's life from the hour of our departure. He had a tea-party of New York gentlemen one day, and they took him and Julian a long drive; and they all had a picnic together, and did not get home till eight o'clock. Mr. Melville came with these gentlemen, and once before in my absence. Mr. Hawthorne also had a visit from a Quaker lady of Philadelphia, Elizabeth Lloyd, who came to see the author of "The Scarlet Letter." He said that it was a very pleasant call. Mr. [G. P. R.] James also came twice, once with a great part of his family, once in a storm. Julian's talk flowed like a babbling brook, he writes, the whole three weeks, through all his meditations and reading. They spent a great deal of time at the lakes, and put Nat's ship out to sea. I wish it had brought home for Nat the mines of Golconda. Sometimes Julian pensively yearned for mama, but was not once out of temper or unhappy. There is a charming history of poor little Bunny, who died the morning of the day we returned. It did not appear why he should die, unless he lapped water off the bathing-room floor. But he was found stark and stiff. Mrs. Peters was very smiling, and grimly glad to see me. On Sunday Mr. Samuel P. Ward came to see us, and wondered why I did not come to Lenox with the Minots Thursday. He said he told Nat I could come with them. He came himself on Friday, and presumed I was already here, and was very sorry I came alone. I forgot to say that in the village Mr. Farley came to the wagon, and brought Mr. Burrill Curtis. And Mr. Ward on Sunday gave me an excellent drawing of Highwood Porch for the "Wonder Book," which he said he had asked Burrill Curtis to draw. We have sent it to Mr. Fields. On Monday Mr. Curtis called. He is taking sketches all about, and is going back to Europe this autumn. Just now Dr. Holmes and Mr. Upham's son Charles drove up. They came in a few moments. First came Dr. Holmes, to peep at the lake thro' the boudoir window — for he was afraid to leave the horse, even tied — then he went out for Charles to come



in; and Mr. Hawthorne insisted upon holding the horse, and having them both come in. When Dr. Holmes went back, he laughed to see Mr. Hawthorne at his horse's head, and exclaimed, "Is there another man in all America who ever had so great an honor as to have the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' hold his horse?" My love to your lovely household. Your most affectionate child, SOPHIA.

The following letters were evoked by one of those entanglements concerning the petty matters of existence which will sometimes occur in the most enchanting web and woof of good feeling and high thought. A luxuriant fruit-garden, attached to the "red house," seems to have suddenly cast a spell over its original mistress, and around this humorous tragedy my father throws some gleams of mirth and sense, as follows:

MR. HAWTHORNE TO MRS. TAPPAN, FROM  
LENOX.

Sept. 5th, 1851.

DEAR MRS. TAPPAN: As questions of disputed boundary are very ticklish ones, whether between nations or individuals, I think it best to take the diplomatic correspondence, on our part, into my own hands; and I do it the more readily as I am quite an idle man nowadays, and shall find it rather agreeable than otherwise; whereas Sophia is exceedingly busy, and, moreover, is averse to any kind of a dispute. You will be kind enough to give me credit for writing in a spirit of undisturbed good humor and friendly courtesy; and this being the case, I shall feel myself safe in writing with, likewise, the most perfect frankness.

In the first place permit me to notice the question which you put to Sophia, whether she would not prefer to receive kindness rather than assume rights. I do not know what would be her reply; but for myself, in view of the infirmities of human nature in general and my especial infirmities, and how few people are fit ever to receive kindnesses, and how far fewer are worthy to do them, I infinitely prefer a small right to a great favor. It was this feeling that made me see the necessity of a sum stipulated in the way of rent, between Mr. Tappan and myself. The little difficulty in which we now find ourselves merely serves to confirm me in my principle, and will instruct me in all future cases to have my rights more sharply defined than they are now.

Undoubtedly, by consenting to receive money from me, Mr. Tappan did invest me with certain rights, and among the most evident of them I consider the property in the fruit. What is a garden without its currant-bushes and fruit-trees? Last year no question of this nature was raised; our right seemed to be tacitly conceded, and if you claimed or exer-

cised any manorial privileges, it never came to my knowledge. This season when Mr. Tappan inquired what part of the garden I wanted to cultivate, I supposed he wished to know in order that he might send Cornelius to plow it — as he very kindly did. It never came into my mind that I should lose the most valued part of the demesne by failing to plant it. If the fruit-trees have suffered by my neglect, this was reasonable ground for remonstrance on Mr. Tappan's part, but would hardly justify him in so summary a measure as that of taking the property out of my hands at once, and without a word of explanation, or either informing me of the fact. Nor do I conceive that he had any purpose of doing so.

At all events, Sophia and I supposed ourselves to be in full possession of that part of the garden, and in having a right of property over its products more extensive than that of Adam and Eve in Eden, inasmuch as it excluded not a single tree. Such being our view of the matter, you meet Mary Beekman, carrying a basket of fruit. You stop her, look at the contents of the basket, and inquire as to its destination. You ask her (at least so she averred to Mrs. Peters, altho' she has since qualified her statement) whether it had been given away or *sold*. You conduct this examination in such a mode as to make it evident to our servant-girl that you consider Sophia and Mrs. Peters as combining in a depredation on your property.

You follow this up with a note of remonstrance to Sophia, in which you take her to task not merely for giving away some of the fruit, but for presuming to choose her own time to gather it for our own use. Now let us suppose the perfectly parallel case, that Mrs. Ward should take upon herself to pursue the same course in regard to the fruit of Highwood. Would Mrs. Tappan have responded to Mrs. Ward by a gentler assertion of right than Sophia's to yourself? I think not. I do not see how you could. And if you did so, it would be purely out of your own abundant grace and good nature, and would by no means be due to any propriety in the supposed behavior of Mrs. Ward.

Finally in your note of last evening, you give us very clearly to understand that you look upon us as having no rights here whatever. Allow me to say that this is precisely the crisis which I contemplated when I felt it essential to be understood that I had *bought* my rights, even from persons so generously disposed as yourself and Mr. Tappan. The right of purchase is the only safe one. This is a world of bargain and sale and no absurdity is more certain to be exposed than the attempt to make it anything else.

As regards the apples of discord (meaning thereby the plums, pears, peaches, and whatever besides), we sincerely hope you will take as many of them as you please, and on such grounds as may cause them to taste most agreeably. If you choose to make a raid, and to seize this fruit with the strong hand, so far from offering any armed resistance, we shall not so much as remonstrate. But would it not be wiser to drop the question of right, and receive it as a free-will offering from us? We have not shrunk from the word "gift," although we happen to be so much the poorer of two parties, that it is rather a suspicious word from you to us. Or, if this do not suit you, you can take the fruit in humble requital of some of the many favors bestowed in times past, and which we may perhaps remember more faithfully than you do.

And then the recollection of this slight acidity of sentiment, between friends of some years' standing, may impart a pleasant and spirited flavor to the preserves and jams when they come upon your table. At any rate, take what you want, and that speedily, or there will be little else than a parcel of rotten plums to dispute about.

With kind regards to Mr. Tappan,  
Very truly yours, N. H.

Mrs. Hawthorne writes to her sister, Miss E. P. Peabody:

Feb. 20th, 1852.

I send you Mr. Tappan's answer, so noble and beautiful. Mr. Hawthorne wrote him a beautiful note in reply, in which he said: "My dear Sir, I trust you will not put more weight than it deserves upon a letter which I wrote rather to relieve Sophia of what might have disturbed her than because I look upon the affair in a serious light. Your own letter is of a character to make one ashamed of any narrower or ignobler sentiment than those of universal beneficence and good will; and I freely confess that the world will not deserve to be called a world of bargain and sale so long as it shall include men like yourself.

"With much regard truly yours,  
"N. H."

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER MOTHER, FROM  
LENOX.

Sept. 7th, 1851. Sunday.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: It is heaven's day today, and the Lord's day, and now baby sleeps and Una is at Highwood and Julian at play, and I will begin at least to answer your sweet, patient, wise, and tender letters. Yesterday and to-day have been tropical in heat and richness

and expansiveness, and I feel as if it is on such days only that we really live and know how good is God. I wish I knew that you enjoy such warmth and are not made languid by it. You will perhaps remember that I am always strongest at 98 Fahrenheit. I delight to think that you also can look forth as I do now upon a broad valley and a fine amphitheater of hills, and are about to watch the stately ceremony of sunset from your piazza. But you have not this lovely lake, nor, I suppose, the delicate purple mist which folds these slumbering mountains in airy veils.

Mr. Hawthorne has been lying down in the sunshine, slightly flecked with the shadows of a tree, and Una and Julian have been making him look like the mighty Pan by covering his chin and breast with long grass-blades, that looked like a verdant, venerable beard. I walked down to them a moment, leaving baby asleep, and while there, Una exclaimed: "Oh, how I wish Georgie was here!" [George C. Mann, her cousin.] Thus the dear little boy harmonizes with the large and dreamy landscape, so that his presence would only help the beauty of this peerless day. I never heard Una wish for any one before, when enjoying elemental life *and her father*. Baby Rose has had a carriage for a week or more, and we took her one day down to the lake. I wish you could have seen her in the wood, when I held her in my arms. She smiled and smiled and smiled, at the trees and the lake and the woodland sounds, till she transported mama out of the proprieties. "To kiss her to pieces," "to hug her to death," "to devour her," were processes to which she rendered herself fearfully liable. How wonderful is this love for which there is no mortal expression, but which we can only shadow forth by death and destruction! Julian has begun to speak to the baby now. He exclaims: "Oh, you darling," and holds her on his lap, with such a look of bountiful and boundless tenderness and care as would charm you to see. I should as soon expect an angel from the sky to descend to a rough scuffle with a desperado as for Julian to disturb or annoy the little Rosebud. Sometimes we go down to the woods near, and baby sleeps in the carriage to the music of the pine-tree murmurs and cricket chirpings, and once in a while of birds, while Una and Julian build piles of tiny sticks for the fairies' winter fuel, and papa and mama sit and muse in the breathless noon. But it is seldom warm enough. These last two days *are* warm enough, and my soul seems to "expand and grow like corn and melons," and I remember all beautiful behavior and noble deeds and grand thoughts and high endeavors; and the whole, vast universe seems to blend in one single, unbroken recognition of the

“higher law.” Can there be wrong, hate, fraud, injustice, cruelty, war, in such a lovely fair world as this before my eyes? Cannot cities be abolished, so that men may realize the beauty of love and peace by contemplating the broad and genial spaces where there is no strife? In the country they would see that sunbeams do not wrangle, that forests of trees agree together, that no flower disturbs another flower.

I saw, dear mother, that it was of no use to try to have intercourse with you while baby was on hand. Do you know that you are not only mother in particular, but mother in general, and that your heart cannot rest unless all the mothers under you fasten their eyes and hands with spiritual pins, as well as actually, on their babies and young children?—that you will not let them think of anything or anybody else?

. . . I am glad you can dwell upon my lot “with unalloyed delight”; for certainly if ever there were a felicitous one, it is mine. Unbroken, immortal love surrounds and pervades me; we have extraordinary health, in addition to more essential elements of happiness; my husband transcends my best dream, and no one but I can tell what he must be, therefore. When I have climbed up to him, I think I shall find myself in the presence of the shining ones, for I can only say that every day he rises upon me like a sun at midnight. And, then, such children; and now the prospect of means to buy bread, and a little cake, too! I have written on, and the sun has set; and the moon has risen, and reveals the fine sculpture of nature. Una and Julian and Baby Rose are all in profound repose. Not a sound can be heard but my pen-strokes, and the ever-welcome voice of the cricket, which seems expressly created to announce silence and peace. If a murderer would compose his ear sufficiently to listen to the chirp of a cricket, do you think he could then go and kill his brother? I believe he could not; but it needs a sense unthickened by outrageous passion to hear God’s crickets. It even needs a mind unburdened with care.

*Monday morning.*—My lamp grew so dim that I could not see to write any more last evening, dear mother. We have had several visits since I came home. One day I was most agreeably surprised by a call from Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Rodman. Mr. Rodman was just as full of life and talk as ever. Last spring I had a very interesting letter from Mr. Rodman about “The House of Seven Gables” and “The Scarlet Letter.” We also had a call from Professor West and wife. It is very singular how much more we are in the center of society in Lenox than we were in Salem. And all literary persons seem settling around us. But when they

get all established here, I dare say we shall take flight. Last month Mr. Fields wrote to Mr. Hawthorne, quoting from a letter from Miss Mitford about “The House of the Seven Gables.” . . . How pleasant it is to have these appreciating words from the gems of old England! Was it not a singularly prophetic intuition that Mr. Hawthorne had when he was a boy—asking his mother in a letter, which I saw, whether she would like to have him a writer, and be read in England?

Our domestic affairs are in famous trim. Mrs. Peters is going to stay with me till next spring at least; and I have Mary Beekman besides, at present.

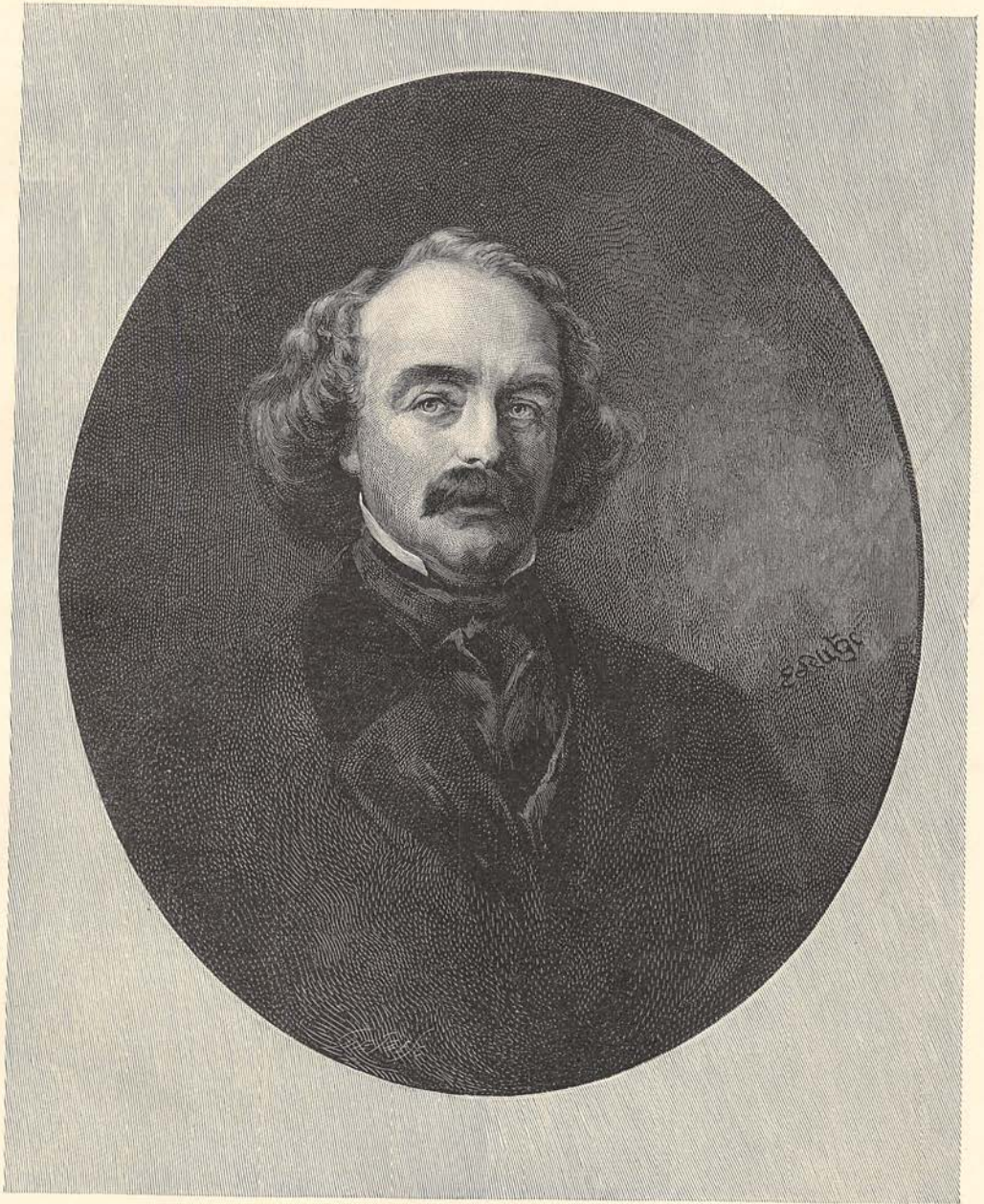
Our present picture is Julian, lying on an ottoman in the boudoir, looking at drawings of Grecian gems; and just now he is filled with indignation at the man who sent Hercules the poisoned shirt, because he is contemplating that superb head of the “Suffering Hercules.” He says he hopes that man is dead; and I assure him that he *is* dead, dead, dead, and can send no more poisoned shirts to anybody. It happened to be a woman, however, sad to tell; but I thought I would not reveal to him the terrible story of Deianeira and the wicked Nessus. Una is whittling, but at this instant runs off to help Mary Beekman to do something. Mr. Hawthorne has retired to his study. Baby sleeps. Good-by, dear mother. Love to your household. Your loving child,

SOPHIA.

MRS. HAWTHORNE TO HER FATHER.

LENOX, Autumn, 1851.

. . . Julian waited to speak to his beloved Mr. Tappan. He picked up one sheaf after another, and carried them to him, calling: “Mr. Tappan! Mr. Tappan! Here are your oats!” Mr. Tappan came at last, smiling, and thanked him for his help. The afternoon was so beautiful that every incident seemed like a perfect jewel on a golden crown. The load of yellow sheaves, the rainbow child, the Castilian with his curls and dark, smiling eyes [Mr. Tappan]—every object was a picture which Murillo *could not* paint. I waited for Julian till he ran to me; and when we came into our yard there was Lady Baby in her carriage, in a little azure robe, looking like a pale star on a blue sky. We came into the dining-room, and out of the window there was this grand and also exquisite picture—lake, meadow, mountains; forever new, forever changing; now so rich with this peculiar autumn sunshine, like which my husband says there is nothing in the world. The children enjoy very much this landscape while they eat their supper. Una ate hers, and went up-stairs to see grandmama; and Julian sat on my lap, very tired with play, eating a cold



PAINTED BY EMANUEL LEUTZE.

OWNED BY MRS. W. H. OSBORN.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

buckwheat-cake, and gazing out. "Mama! *Mountain! Lake!*" he kept ejaculating. Wise child. What could be added, in the way of adjective, that would enhance? "Thou eye among the blind!" thought his mother. At last he was so weary with travel and sport that he slipped down upon the floor, and lay upon his back till he finished eating his buckwheat-cake. Then I put him to bed. He clasped his blessed little arms so tightly around my neck, with such an energetic kiss, that we both nearly lost breath. One merry gleam from his eyes was succeeded by a cloud of sleepiness, and he was soon with the angels. For he says the angels take him when he goes to sleep, and bring him back in the morning. Then I began this letter. Dear little harp-souled Una—whose love for her father grows more profound every day, as her comprehending intellect and heart perceive more and more fully what he is—was made quite unhappy because he did not go at the same time with her to the lake. His absence darkened all the sunshine to her; and when I asked her why she could not enjoy the walk as Julian did, she replied: "Ah, *he* does not love papa as I do!" But when we arrived, there sat papa on a rock, and her face and figure were transfigured from a Niobe's to Allegra instantly. After I put Julian to bed, I went out to the barn to see about the chickens, and she wished to go. There sat papa on the hay; and like a needle to a magnet she was drawn, and begged to see papa a little longer, and stay with him. Now she has come, weary enough; and after steeping her spirit in this rose and gold of twilight, she has gone to bed. With such a father, and such a scene before her eyes, and *with eyes to see*, what may we not

hope of her? I heard her and Julian talking together about their father's smile, the other day. They had been speaking of some other person's smile—Mr. Tappan's, I believe; and presently Una said, "But you know, Julian, that there is no smile like papa's!" "Oh, no," replied Julian. "Not like *papa's!*" Una has such an intuitive perception of spheres that I do not wonder at her feeling about her father. She can as yet hardly tell why she is so powerfully attracted; but her mother can sympathize—and knows very well.

Do not wait an hour to procure the two last numbers of the "Literary World," and read a new criticism on Mr. Hawthorne. At last some one speaks the right word of him. I have not before heard it. I have been wearied and annoyed hitherto with hearing him compared to Washington Irving and other American writers, and put, generally, *second*. At last some one dares to say what in my secret mind I have often thought—that he is only to be mentioned with the Swan of Avon; the Great Heart and the Grand Intellect combined. I know you will enjoy the words of this ardent Virginian as I do. But it is funny to see how he does not know how this Heart and this Intellect are enshrined.

That my mother and father enjoyed their next home at the Wayside, there are immediate letters to prove; but if they had not feasted their eyes upon a vision of beautiful spaces, it might have been less delightful to return to the haunts of friends, and a hollow among hills. One grandeur of the distance they did not leave behind at Lenox—the sunsets to be seen over the meadows between the Wayside and the west are spaciouly revealed, and splendidly rich.

*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.*

## DREAMLAND.

IT is a land not far from us, where souls  
 May sometimes walk in sleep—a dim, vast land,  
 Older than Egypt, full of rivers spanned  
 With mist; broad meads it hath and moon-lit knolls,  
 Whereon the purple asphodel unrolls,  
 And many a pale death-flower; wide open stand  
 Its gates all night, whence dreams in riotous band  
 Press, thronging to the couch of sleep, till tolls  
 The matin bell; then, nimble as a thought,  
 All vanish, save some luckless elf in nets  
 More fine than Queen Mab's eyelash tripped and caught.  
 O strange, mad sprites, whom fantasy begets,  
 Ye bring the dead back, ye do strong hearts break  
 For some lost treasure, some sweet memory's sake.

*William Prescott Foster.*