

receipts at their cost, and counted as property on hand fully worth in cash the estimated value.

I think possibly the most astounding fact in connection with the affair was its freedom from serious casualties. There was but one accident of any sort reported during the two weeks; a young boy working around the machinery in one of the main buildings was caught in a wheel and had his leg broken.

When it is remembered that there are eight railroads running into Atlanta, and that for ten days extra schedules were operated over all of them, and that during that time no train ever came into or went out of the town that was not packed to its utmost capacity, the escape from accidents seems almost miraculous.

The mineral exhibit alone would have justified the total cost of the Exposition. With one display in this department there was a casket of jewels (in the rough) found in North Carolina, which an expert valued at over \$30,000. But I dare not trust myself to specify even the most conspicuous exhibits. The effect of the Exposition will be felt far beyond the bounds of the region it embraced, and its results will be manifested in endless phases of energy and usefulness. It is only just to say that to Henry W. Grady is due the credit for the conception of this important enterprise, as well as the chief praise for its successful fulfillment.

Marion J. Verdery.

Hawthorne's Loyalty.

AN autograph letter of Hawthorne, dated July 20th, 1863, has recently been brought to an auction sale, but without the knowledge or consent of the person to whom it was addressed.

Its publication touched me deeply, I confess, especially as Hawthorne indicates, in the letter itself, the confidence in which it was written. He says:

"I do not write (if you will please to observe) for my letter to be read by others, for this is the first time that I have written down ideas which exist in a gaseous state in my mind; and perhaps they might define themselves rather differently on another attempt to condense them."

The publication of this letter has led to harsh and bitter comments, and to inferences entirely at variance with Hawthorne's opinions as expressed to me at different periods during the war, in our various conversations and in his letters herewith printed. There is in the letter spoken of intrinsic evidence that all its statements were not intended to be taken literally. For instance (in controverting the charge that Pierce was a traitor), Hawthorne exclaims, "A traitor! Why, he is the only loyal man in the country, North or South." Again, he says, in a jocular strain to the lady addressed, "I offer you the nook in our garret which Mary contrived as a hiding-place for Mr. Sanborn."

Remarks like these show that the letter was written in a careless manner, and ought not, all, to be taken seriously.

It should be observed that Hawthorne did not—in this letter or elsewhere—speak of the Peace Democrats as if he were one of them; and I believe there is no proof whatever that he could fairly be so classed.

Did he at any time utter a wish that the "rebels" might succeed? Did he ever rejoice in any victory of theirs? Did he praise resistance to the military draft?

or discourage Union enlistments or the granting of liberal military supplies? Did he, in any case, send messages to the enemy or encourage them to persevere in rebellion? Did he express respect or esteem for the Southern people while at war with us? If he did none of these things, but, on the contrary, always approved and applauded the vigorous prosecution of the war after it had broken out, then there is no justice in calling him a Peace Democrat. While Hawthorne made no pretension to the character of a statesman, he felt deeply the importance of the national interests at stake; and some of his expressed views were wise and far-reaching. Certainly he was an ardent well-wisher for the success of the North.

Speculating in this letter upon what the rebels might do in a certain contingency, he gives it as his own opinion that "the best thing possible, as far as I can see, is to effect a separation of the Union, giving us the west bank of the Mississippi and a boundary line affording us as much Southern soil as we can hope to digest in another century."

Looking at the condition of the country to-day after the successful termination of the war and the settlement of our national difficulties, it should not be forgotten that—during the struggle—there were times when the most earnest lovers of the Union contemplated in sadness the probability of a division of the States, whose interests were then so widely different.

Letters from distinguished Republican statesmen and loyal editors are in existence which show that under the terrible financial, political, and military strain to which the North was subjected, they seriously considered the prospect of being obliged—especially in case of foreign intervention—to accede to some such settlement of the contest as the one suggested by Hawthorne in the letter in question.

Many thoughtful men now living, who were of mature age at the time of the war, will remember that they themselves, though loyal to the core, from time to time had doubts and fears as to the outcome of the struggle, and speculated as to the terms of settlement most advantageous to the North that could be obtained. Nor was it cowardly or disloyal, under the trying circumstances continually occurring, for any man—while doing his utmost for the success of our cause—to think and talk in confidence to his friends of the contingency of separation from the "diseased members," as Hawthorne called them.

In the dark days of the war (and they were frequent almost to its end) many true men echoed the opinion that it would be wise to "let our erring sisters go." But, happily, a stronger and wiser policy prevailed. With these remarks I submit the following extracts from letters of Hawthorne to myself, which show his deliberate judgment—expressed at various times—upon the subject of the War of the Rebellion:

CONCORD, May 26th, 1861.

DEAR BRIDGE: . . . The war, strange to say, has had a beneficial effect upon my spirits, which were flagging wofully before it broke out. But it was delightful to share in the heroic sentiment of the time and to feel that I had a country—a consciousness which seemed to make me young again. One thing, as regards this matter, I regret, and one thing I am glad of. The regrettable thing is that I am too old to shoulder a musket myself, and the joyful thing is that Julian is too young. He drills constantly with a company of lads, and means to enlist as soon as he reaches the minimum age; but I trust

we shall be either victorious or vanquished before that time.

Meantime (though I approve the war as much as any man), I don't quite understand what we are fighting for, or what definite result can be expected. If we punnel the South ever so hard, they will love us none the better for it; and, even if we subjugate them, our next step should be to cut them adrift. If we are fighting for the annihilation of slavery, to be sure, it may be a wise object, and offers a tangible result, and the only one consistent with a future union between North and South. A continuance of the war would soon make this plain to us; and we should 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. Whatever happens next, I must say that I rejoice that the old Union is smashed. We never were one people, and never really had a country since the Constitution was formed.

CONCORD, October 12th, 1861.

DEAR BRIDGE: I am glad you take such a hopeful view of our national projects, so far as regards the war; but my own opinion is that no nation ever came safe and sound through such a confounded difficulty as this of ours. For my own part I don't hope (nor indeed wish) to see the Union restored as it was. Amputation seems to me much the better plan; and all we ought to fight for is the liberty of selecting the point where our diseased members shall be left off. I would fight to the death for the Northern Slave States, and let the rest go. I am glad Mrs. Bridge has had a little rest from Washington life, and heartily wish you could have been with her.

CONCORD, February 13th, 1862.

DEAR BRIDGE: . . . Frank Pierce came here and spent a night, a week or two since, and we mingled our condolences for the state of the country. Pierce is truly patriotic, and thinks there is nothing left for us but to fight it out; but I should be sorry to take his opinion implicitly as regards our chances for the future. He is bigoted to the Union, and sees nothing but ruin without it; whereas I (if we can only put the boundry far enough South) should not much regret an ultimate separation. A few weeks will decide how this is to be; for only a powerful Union feeling shall be developed by the military successes that seem to be setting in, and we ought to turn our attention to the best mode of resolving ourselves into two nations.

It would be too great an absurdity to spend all our Northern strength for the next generation in holding on to a people who insist upon being let loose. If we do hold them, I should think Sumner's territorial plan the best way!

P. S. I ought to thank you for a shaded map of Negrodome which you sent me a little while ago. What a terrible amount of trouble and expense in washing that sheet white! And, after all, I am afraid we shall only variegate it with blood and dirt. [The map referred to was

one showing the comparative destiny of the slave population of the several Southern States.]

On his return home, after a visit to me in Washington, he wrote:

CONCORD, April 15th, 1862.

DEAR BRIDGE: Yours inclosing two photographs of Professor Henry's received.

I reached home safe and sound on Thursday. It is a pity I did not wait one day longer, so as to have shared in the joyful excitement about the Pittsburg victory and the taking of Island Number Ten.

In a letter to me, dated April 19th, 1862, he wrote:

"I feel a tremendous anxiety about our affairs at Yorktown. It will not surprise me if we come to grief."

It may be pertinent to add that, just after the first battle of Bull Run, Hawthorne says, in his answer to a dinner invitation from James Russell Lowell, quoted by Lathrop in his "Study of Hawthorne":

"Speaking of dinner, last evening's news will dull the edge of many a Northern appetite; but if it puts all of us into the same grim and bloody humor that it does me, the South had better have suffered ten defeats than won this victory."

From an unbroken friendship beginning with our college days and ending only with his life, I believe that I enjoyed Hawthorne's confidence and understood his personal and political character as thoroughly as any one, and I should hold myself false to the memory of my friend if I did not give my testimony, and furnish the proofs in my possession, of his loyalty to the North, which has recently, and most unfairly, been called in question.

Horatio Bridge,

U. S. Navy.

"THE MOORINGS," ATHENS, PA.

Corrections.

ON page 77 of the November CENTURY, a picture of Gov. Israel Washburn of Maine appeared over the title of his brother E. B. Washburne. A portrait of the latter will appear in an early part of the Lincoln history.

ON page 134 of the same number, a picture of the Washington Monument in the Capitol Square, Richmond, was in a part of the edition incorrectly called the Jackson Monument.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Recollections of Grant.

"I KNEW him well," the old man said.

"We were together in fight:
I with the Left when the charge was led—
The General of course had the Right.

I stood by his side," the old man said,
"When a bullet whizzed down the line:
Scarce forty feet from the General's head—
And but little farther from mine.

"Nay, his friends were many," the old man said,
"A greater distinction I want—
Just say I'm the one who when all was done
Wrote no 'Recollections of Grant!'"

Did I blench at the storm?" the old man said,
"Ah, sir, the bravest may;
And from childhood up I've been always afraid
Of finding myself in the way."

"Shall I write thee down, O hero," I said,
"As a friend of the fallen chief,
And blazon thy name beside that of the dead
In a glorious alto-relief?"

Charles Henry Webb.