

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

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First Paper.

I.

A BOY on going to college sixty or seventy years ago went under conditions so different from those of to-day that to appreciate the situation one must revert to the old stage-coach as, in the early morning, it passed from house to house, the driver blowing his horn to summon the passengers, and the family coming out to give their farewells, and such cautions as would overwhelm with mortification a young fellow of the present day. In such a case, if a pretty sister made one of the family group, it would add materially to the interest felt in the new-comer. There may be as much susceptibility in the collegian of the present time, but we had a rather more naïve way of showing it. The stage-coach gave better opportunities for travellers to become acquainted with each other than are afforded by the modern railway car. Some old men will recollect the mail-stage formerly plying between Boston and Brunswick (Maine), drawn by four strong, spirited horses, and bowling along at the average speed of ten miles an hour. The exhilarating pace, the smooth roads, and the juxtaposition of the insiders tended, in a high degree, to the promotion of enjoyment and good-fellowship which might ripen into lasting friendship.

Among the passengers in one of these coaches in the summer of 1821 were Franklin Pierce, Jonathan Cilley, Alfred Mason, and Nathaniel Hawthorne—the last-named from Salem, the others from New Hampshire. Pierce had already spent his Freshman year at Bowdoin College, which institution his companions were on their way to enter.

This chance association was the beginning of a life-long friendship between Pierce, Cilley, and Hawthorne; and it led to Mason and Hawthorne becoming chums. There was no great congeniality between the two roommates, owing partly to their joining rival societies, but more to the dissimilarity in their tastes and habits. Both, however, were well-bred and amiable, and they lived together harmoniously for two years.

A slight acquaintance with Mason led me to call at their rooms, and there I

first met Hawthorne. He interested me greatly at once, and a friendship then began which for the forty-three years of his subsequent life was never for a moment chilled by indifference nor clouded by doubt.

Hawthorne was a slender lad, having a massive head, with dark, brilliant, and most expressive eyes, heavy eyebrows, and a profusion of dark hair. For his appearance at that time the inquirer must rely wholly upon the testimony of friends, for, I think, no portrait of him as a lad is extant. On one occasion, in our Senior year, the class wished to have their profiles cut in silhouette by a wandering artist of the scissors, and interchanged by all the thirty-eight. Hawthorne disapproved the proposed plan, and steadily refused to go into the Class Golgotha, as he styled the dismal collection. I joined him in this freak, and so our places were left vacant. I now regret the whim, since even a moderately correct outline of his features as a lad would at this day be interesting.

Hawthorne's figure was somewhat singular, owing to his carrying his head a little on one side; but his walk was square and firm, and his manner self-respecting and reserved. A fashionable boy of the present day might have seen something to amuse him in the new student's appearance; but had he indicated this, he would have rued it, for Hawthorne's clear appreciation of the social proprieties and his great physical courage would have made it as unsafe to treat him with discourtesy then as at any later time.

Though quiet and most amiable, he had great pluck and determination. I remember that in one of our convivial meetings we had the laugh upon him for some cause, an occurrence so rare that the bantering was carried too far. After bearing it awhile, Hawthorne singled out the one among us who had the reputation of being the best pugilist, and in a few words quietly told him that he would not permit the rallying to go farther. His bearing was so resolute, and there was so much of danger in his eye, that no one afterwards alluded to the offensive subject in his presence. This characteristic was notably

displayed several years later, when a lady incited him to quarrel with one of his best friends on account of a groundless pique of hers. He went to Washington for the purpose of challenging the gentleman, and though ample explanations were made, showing that his friend had behaved with entire honor, it was with difficulty that Pierce and Cilley, who were his advisers, could persuade him to be satisfied without a fight. The lady had appealed to him to redress her fancied wrongs, and he was too chivalrous to decline the service.

Hawthorne, with rare strength of character, had yet a gentleness and unselfishness which endeared him greatly to his friends. He was a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and he was always manly, cool, self-poised, and brave. He was neither morose nor sentimental; and though taciturn, was invariably cheerful with his chosen friends; and there was much more of fun and frolic in his disposition than his published writings indicate.

He dedicated but two of his books to friends — *Our Old Home* to President Pierce, in 1863; and *The Snow Image* to myself, in 1850.

In the preface to the last he gives some pleasant glimpses of his college life, which present a better picture of his lighter occupations than can be found elsewhere; and it may be interesting to the admirers of his writings to have some of the statements in the following extract from that preface amplified and explained by one who was familiar with the scenes and incidents to which he refers.

In that dedication he says:

"Be all that as it may, there can be no question of the propriety of my inscribing this volume of earlier and later stories to you, and pausing here a few moments to speak of them as friend speaks to friend, still being cautious, however, that the public and the critics shall overhear nothing which we care about concealing. On you, if on no other person, I am entitled to rely to sustain the position of my Dedicatee. If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came, but while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin, or shooting pigeons or gray squirrels in the woods, or bat-fowling in the summer twilight, or catching trout in that

shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again—two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it would have been the worse for us—still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction. And a fiction-monger he became in due season. But was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public as in my case? I sat down by the way-side of life, like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprang up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity. And there, perhaps, I should be sitting at this moment, with the moss on the imprisoning tree trunks, and the yellow leaves of more than a score of autumns piled above me, if it had not been for you. For it was through your interposition—and that, moreover, unknown to himself—that your early friend was brought before the public somewhat more prominently than theretofore in the first volume of *Twice-told Tales*. Not a publisher in America, I presume, would have thought well enough of my forgotten or never-noticed stories to risk the expense of print and paper; nor do I say this with any purpose of casting odium on the respectable fraternity of booksellers for their blindness to my wonderful merit. To confess the truth, I doubted of the public recognition quite as much as they could do. So much the more generous was your confidence; and knowing as I do that it was founded on old friendship rather than cold criticism, I value it only the more for that.

"So now, when I turn back upon my path, lighted by a transitory gleam of public favor, to pick up a few articles which were left out of my former collections, I take pleasure in making them the memorial of our very long and unbroken connection."

II.

In our time the college grounds and the land adjoining included a great area of pine forest, with blueberry bushes and other shrubs for its undergrowth, and with foot-paths running deviously for miles under the shady trees, where, in their season, squirrels and wild-pigeons might be found in sufficient numbers to afford good sport. The woodland gave a charmingly secluded retreat, and imparted a classic aspect to the otherwise tame scenery of the Brunswick Plains. Unhappily, in later years a public road was made between the campus and the quiet old graveyard, and a street was opened

on another side, so that the grove has been sadly circumscribed. I am sorry to add that many of those "tall academic pines" have been cut down, leaving only their stumps to tell of their former existence and their destruction. The beauty of these woods made such an impression upon Longfellow's poetical mind that, fifty years later, in addressing the few remaining members of our class, he thus apostrophizes the woods he so well remembered:

"Ye groves of pine,
That once were mine, but are no longer mine."

In our day one could wander for miles through this forest without meeting a person (except a stray student or two), or hearing a sound, other than the occasional chatter of a squirrel, the song of a bird, or the sighing of the wind through the branches overhead.

By crossing the road leading to Bath, a town six miles away, one came into another division of the pine woods, where the sandy soil was not so level, and through which ran that "shadowy little stream," which, after traversing the main street of the village and skirting the small elevation near Professor Cleveland's house, made its way to the river a mile or so below the falls of the Androscoggin.

In this brook we often fished for the small trout that were to be found there; but the main charm of those outings was in the indolent loitering along the low banks of the little stream, listening to its murmur or to the whispering of the overhanging pines.

There was one favorite spot in a little ravine where a copious spring of clear cold water gushed out from the sandy bank, and joined the larger stream. This was the Paradise Spring, which deserves much more than its present celebrity for the absolute purity of its waters. Of late years the brook has been better known as a favorite haunt of the great romance-writer, and it is now often called the Hawthorne Brook.

Another locality, above the bridge, afforded an occasional stroll through the fields and by the river. There, in spring, we used to linger for hours to watch the giant pine logs (for there were giants in those days) from the far-off forests, floating by hundreds in the stream until they came to the falls, then, balancing for a moment on the brink, they plunged into

the foamy pool below. Those who have seen such huge tree trunks, each possessing a certain individuality, approach in groups or singly, and disappear, will understand why it was so fascinating to "watch the great logs as they tumbled along the current."

The Androscoggin River, one of the largest in New England, bounds the village on the north, while on the opposite side, and two or three miles distant, lies Maquoit Bay (an inlet of the beautiful Casco Bay), which afforded a genuine marine view, vulgarized though it was by the dilapidated wharf and the two or three melancholy sloops that plied between this point and Portland, laden with lumber and firewood. A trip in one of these coasters is said to have inspired a high officer of the college with the beneficent idea of writing a book of *Songs for Sailors*. Though the little volume fell still-born from the press, a few copies escaped, and gave occasion for great fun to the irreverent youngsters, who parodied it without mercy. I can only rescue for a brief hour from oblivion the initial stanza of the book, and here offer it as a "specimen brick":

"All you who would be seamen
Must bear a valiant heart,
And when you come upon the sea
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted
In hail, rain, wind, or snow;
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow."

In the process of time it was my fortune to "come upon the sea"; and although on several occasions (notably in the *Portsmouth*, beating round Cape Horn, and, again, when the *Saratoga* was dismasted in a blinding snow-storm off the coast of New Hampshire) I experienced the full force of "hail, rain, wind, and snow," I should take shame to myself for not recalling, then and there, those appropriate and inspiring lines.

To this little bay within a bay we occasionally resorted, but the tiresome walk over the sandy road deprived the excursions of half their pleasure.

The bay and the rapid river gave to the flat region adjacent to the college its only picturesque features. Of these Longfellow wrote:

"Thou river, widening through the meadows
green
To the vast sea, so near, and yet unseen!"

Another of our favorite strolls was in a sparsely settled street by the river-side. There, after tea, Hawthorne and I often walked, silent or conversing, according to the humor of the hour. These rambles sometimes ended at the unpainted cottage of an old fortune-teller, who from the tea grounds in a cracked cup, or from a soiled pack of cards, evoked our respective destinies. She always gave us brilliant futures, in which the most attractive of the promised gifts were abundance of gold and great wealth of wives. Lovely beings these wives of destiny were sure to be; some of whom the old crone prophesied would be "dark-complected" and others "light-complected," but all surpassingly beautiful. These blessings and more she predicted for so small a silver coin that, though we were her best patrons, our modest stock of pocket-money was not inconveniently diminished by her fees.

We were fully repaid for the outlay by the fun of the hour, but, to the discredit of the prophetess, it must be said that the gold never came to us, but to each a very happy marriage, without the dangerous procession of blondes and brunettes. And it was an added tie between us that each had the highest appreciation of the many excellent qualities of his friend's wife.

A few years since I revisited the spot where the sibyl once had lived, but, alas, only to find that her house was gone, and that a railway track had usurped its former site.

In our long evening walks, especially when discussing the probable future of each, Hawthorne was less reserved than at other times. On such occasions I always foretold his success if he should choose literature as a career. He listened without assenting, but, as he told me in after-life, he was cheered and strengthened in his subsequent career by my enthusiastic faith in his literary powers.

The professors and students all acknowledged his superiority in Latin and English composition, yet to me he insisted that he could never bring himself into accord with the general reading public, nor make himself sufficiently understood by it to gain anything more than a beggarly support as an author. It was this distrust of being rightfully appreciated that for so many years prevented him

from taking that rank among the foremost writers of America which scholars and critics now accord to him.

III.

One of Hawthorne's most intimate friends was our classmate and my chum, William Hale, of Dover, afterwards a merchant of high standing and sterling integrity.

Another classmate and friend was Stephen Longfellow, a lad of great wit and natural genius, but lacking the studious habits of his younger brother, Henry, he gained no high rank in college, nor afterwards in the legal profession.

For myself it may be permissible to add that after practising law for a few years I embarked in a "great enterprise," as Americans would call it, to wit, the building a mill-dam across the Kennebec River, with the hope of seeing many mills and factories thereon, and of gathering in the gold predicted by the faithless old fortune-teller. The adventure turned out disastrously, for, after completing the work at a cost three times as great as the original estimate, a fresher—higher, of course, "than was ever before known"—swept away the dam and the mills, cut a new channel for the river, swallowed up our paternal mansion and grounds near by, and ruined me financially. I entered the navy as paymaster, and after sixteen years' service was made Paymaster-General of the navy, which office I held for fifteen years, including the whole period of the civil war.

Franklin Pierce, in the class next above ours, had many friends in our own, including Hawthorne, Cilley, and myself. These friends and others Pierce always remembered, even when occupying the highest place in the nation, and burdened with its cares and responsibilities.

Indeed he seemed to have much satisfaction in promoting the welfare and advancement of his college friends. To Hawthorne he gave the most lucrative foreign office in his gift, and I take pleasure in acknowledging that soon after his inauguration he, unsolicited, directed my recall from a foreign station, and appointed me to the highest place in my corps. I have reason to know that he never regretted his friendly course in either case.

In person he was slender, of medium height, with fair complexion and light hair, erect, with a military bearing, ac-

tive, and always bright and cheerful. In character he was impulsive, not rash; generous, not lavish; chivalric, courteous, manly, and warm-hearted; and he was one of the most popular students in the whole college.

Pierce's classmate Calvin E. Stowe was a man of mark in college, and was universally esteemed and respected. He was an untiring student and a deeply religious man, yet full of wit and quaint humor, which he strove to subordinate to his graver thoughts, that he might the better qualify himself for the important lifework in which he so eminently excelled.

Stowe, though usually calm and unruffled, did on rare occasions show that the old Adam in his nature could be provoked to wrath. In my Freshman year, prompted by the spirit of good-natured mischief, I blackened my face one night, and assuming the air of deference befitting a colored messenger-boy, I entered Stowe's room holding out a letter. He was deeply engaged with a book, but he rose to receive the letter, remarking, "Oh, it is from Mr. —," at the same time taking out a piece of money to pay me for my trouble. This unexpected boon so upset my gravity that I laughed outright. Stowe was first surprised, then provoked, by my impertinence, and he seized the tongs and cried, "You black rascal!" Whereupon I beat a hasty retreat, closing the door behind me just in time to escape the tongs which came clashing against my guardian shield.

I think that Stowe did not suspect me, for we never spoke of the silly prank for more than fifty years. But after that long interval, having received a kind message from him, asking me not to pass through Hartford without calling, I went to see him, and we had a pleasant talk about old times. Then I made my tardy confession, to which Mrs. Stowe was an amused listener, and she seemed to enjoy hearing this proof of her husband's ebullition of temper in his early manhood, which I thought it safe to divulge after the lapse of so many years.

IV.

As to his social life in Brunswick, it may be said that Hawthorne, coming as he did from a family of exceptionally reclusive habits, gained there his first practical knowledge of the world. It was not

strange, therefore, that in his personal relations he formed few intimacies, and rarely sought the friendship of others. Reserve was a prominent trait in his character, but it was the reserve of self-respect, not of pride or timidity. He discouraged advances in a negative way, and gave his confidence only to a few.

College friendships then as now were greatly influenced by association in the different literary societies. There were two of these at Bowdoin, the Peucinian and its young rival the Athenæan. Several of the professors and most of the conservative students belonged to the first, while "Young Bowdoin" was more strongly attracted to the other.

The poet Longfellow was a Peucinian, and his elder brother an Athenæan. For that reason Hawthorne was better acquainted with Stephen than with Henry, but the college relations of the poet and the romance-writer were always kindly, and led to a strong friendship in later life.

Hawthorne was not studious in the general acceptance of the term, but he devoted much time to miscellaneous reading. His facility for acquiring knowledge would with little labor have placed him in the front rank of his class. As it was, he took much greater interest in the humanities than in the more abstruse branches of the prescribed course. Mathematics and metaphysics as studies he disliked and neglected, to his frequent discredit in the recitation-room; but the languages were attractive and pleasant. Especially did he like the Latin, which he wrote with great ease and purity. In the other studies of the curriculum he stood hardly above mediocrity, and in declamation he was literally *nowhere*. He never declaimed in the old chapel, as the students were required to do on Wednesdays. Fines and admonitions were alike powerless. He would not declaim. To this peculiarity is to be attributed his failure to have a part assigned him in the Commencement exercises on graduation, though his rank, No. 18 in a class of thirty-eight, would otherwise have entitled him to one.

He told me that when twelve or thirteen years old, on some occasion in play hours, he went upon a stage in the school-room to declaim. Some larger boys ridiculed him and pulled him down, which so mortified and enraged him that he was

inspired with a lasting aversion to any future effort in that direction. Nor did he attempt to speak in public until many years afterwards, when, as United States Consul at Liverpool, he made a speech at a civic dinner, of which he wrote me an amusing account. He was more exultant at his success on that occasion than he ever seemed to be for the authorship of the *Scarlet Letter*.

In the literary aspirations of his collegiate life poetry had apparently no place. Yet some small poems of his—written before entering college, and still resting in my memory—showed, as I thought, considerable merit. Since, however, he refrained from writing verses afterwards, one can only conjecture what his success would have been had he made poetry instead of prose the vehicle for his fancies. Apropos to this subject, I remember that on a moonlight evening Hawthorne and I were leaning over the railing of the bridge just below the falls, listening to the falling water and enjoying the beauties of the scene, when I recited some passages from the colloquy between Lorenzo and Jessica in the *Merchant of Venice*. Then Hawthorne, in his deep musical tones, responded with the following verses, which he said he had written before coming to college:

"We are beneath the dark blue sky,
And the moon is shining bright.
Oh, what can lift the soul so high
As the glow of a summer night,
When all the gay are hushed to sleep,
And they who mourn forget to weep
Beneath that gentle light?"

"Is there no holier, happier land
Among those distant spheres
Where we may meet that shadow band,
The dead of other years,
Where all the day the moonbeams rest,
And where at length the souls are blest
Of those who dwell in tears?"

"Oh, if the happy ever leave
The bowers of bliss on high
To cheer the hearts of those who grieve,
And wipe the tear-drop dry,
It is when moonlight sheds its ray,
More pure and beautiful than day,
And earth is like the sky."

I preserved the lines, and a few years since gave a copy to Mr. Lathrop, who published them in his able and interesting *Study of Hawthorne*.

I remember also another little poem of Hawthorne's, which I wrote down soon

after hearing it, but the manuscript was lost. It ran thus:

"The ocean hath its silent caves,
Dark, quiet, and alone;
Though there be fury on the waves,
Beneath them there is none.

"The awful spirits of the deep
Hold their communion there,
And there are those for whom we weep—
The young, the brave, the fair.

"The earth hath guilt, the earth hath care,
Unquiet are its graves.

* * * * *

"Calmly the wearied seamen rest
Beneath their own blue sea;
The ocean's solitudes are blest,
For there is purity."

This is all I can recollect of the little poem, if, indeed, there was any more, except the forgotten lines of the third verse.

At one time Hawthorne recited to me the following, supposed to have been found written over the entrance to a hermit's cave. He did not acknowledge the authorship, but the lines are so characteristic that I have always thought he wrote them:

"He saw mankind with vice encrusted;
He saw that honor's sword was rusted,
That they were still deceived who trusted
In love or friend,
And hither came, with man disgusted,
His life to end."

V.

Hawthorne, previous to entering college, lived in great seclusion with his mother and two sisters at their home in Salem. In two or three flying visits, made him by invitation after our graduation, I saw no evidence of narrow circumstances in their environment. I was charmed with the quiet and refined manners of Mrs. Hawthorne, and with the pleasant and ladylike bearing of her younger daughter. The elder daughter, who Hawthorne often said had more genius than himself, I never saw until after his death.

The family occupied the old home of Mrs. Hawthorne's father, their moderate income being sufficient for their comfortable support, but not for the son's college expenses. These had been defrayed by his maternal uncle, Robert Manning, who supplied him with means to spend as liberally as any of his companions.

In a corner of the present campus stood "Ward's Tavern" when I first went to Brunswick. Its owner had recently died,

and he was succeeded by his daughter, a maiden of perhaps thirty years, affable, good-looking, and always ready to give moderate credit for the little suppers and other comforts that students might desire. Her house was the scene of many social gatherings; but at some later period it disappeared, and the grass of the college grounds now conceals the site of that once most convenient inn. There, often than elsewhere, Hawthorne indulged in the usual convivialities of the period; but his sedate aspect and quiet manners prevented the appearance of any excess, even within the limited circle of his intimate associates. The customary pastimes included card-playing and wine-drinking, in which he joined his friends through good fellowship; but he rarely exceeded the bounds of moderation—never losing more money than he could readily pay, and never imbibing enough to expose himself to remark. He could drink a great deal of wine without being apparently affected by it. Neither in his college days nor afterwards did I ever know him to be perceptibly under the influence of stimulants, though we were associated in many convivial scenes. I will add that from the first moment of our acquaintance I never knew him to utter an unmanly sentiment or to do a mean or unkind act.

In our last term, after the parts for the Commencement exercises had been assigned, it appeared that fourteen of the thirty-eight graduates of the year were not to have the privilege of "speaking in public on the stage," though their degree of A.B. was nevertheless to be conferred. This rear-guard rallied, and formed "The Navy Club," so called for some occult reason. It comprised among its members a future Congressman, another who in the course of time became a Reverend D.D., Hawthorne, and, of course, the writer.

Of the officers elected, the D.D. was made Commodore, Hawthorne was Commander, myself Boatswain, and the most fun-loving of the party was designated Chaplain. Every one had a title from Captain to Cook.

The weekly suppers at Miss Ward's were very jolly; and some of the class who, by reason of superior standing as scholars, were not entitled to membership would fain have joined in the merry sessions of the club, but they were not admitted.

The nightly meetings of Commencement week ended this drama, as well as many others of more grave import.

The river near by gave its name to a loo club of five members. One died early, but not until he had achieved political fame of a high order; another was afterwards a wealthy and respected merchant; a third became a physician and settled in the West, where he was held in high regard until he died, thirty years ago. Hawthorne and the writer were the other members of the Androscoggin Club, which existed about two years. The stakes played for were, of course, small, but the golden hours then lost were not included in the account.

The cost of living was very moderate, and one fared satisfactorily for a sum that would now seem inadequate and even mean. Two dollars a week was the highest charge for table board, and most of the students paid but a dollar and a half. Hawthorne and the writer usually lived at the same boarding-house, and were quite contented with the fare. The incidental expenses of college were small, but even such of the rooms as were uncarpeted and uncurtained were not cheerless, for wood was abundant at a dollar a cord. The one comparatively larger item of expense (excepting books and stationery) was that of the "midnight oil," which was brought from a village "store," and burned in brass or japanned lamps. After so long an interval—especially as gas and electric light have come into use—no harm can come from divulging the secret that certain students had extra lamp-fillers that had never known oil. And these were carried in broad daylight across the campus, full of some other liquid more quickly and pleasantly consumed.

Maine had not then enacted the laws which have given her such creditable prominence as the pioneer in the cause of temperance. At that time, too, it was the universal custom for country stores to sell "wines and liquors" as well as "dry-goods and groceries."

Hawthorne engaged in the usual college sports, but with no great zest. Baseball and foot-ball interested him little, though he occasionally joined in the rough-and-tumble games. He did not like running or jumping, but walking was his favorite exercise; in that he was untiring. Sometimes he went out shoot-

ing, though he did not claim to be a crack shot. I never saw him on horseback, but frequently of a Saturday we drove in the "chaise," or in the wagon of that day, he never wishing to hold the reins.

VI.

Although Hawthorne while a collegian rarely sought or accepted the acquaintance of the young ladies of the village, 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, *November 14th, 1824.*

If Nathaniel Hathorne is neither a married man nor a widower on the fourteenth day of November, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-six, I bind myself upon my honor to pay the said Hathorne a barrel of the best old Madeira wine.

Witness my hand and seal.

JOHNATHAN CILLEY.

[J. C.]

BOWDOIN COLLEGE, *Nov. 14, 1824.*

If I am a married man or a widower on the fourteenth day of November, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-six, I bind myself upon my honor to pay Johnathan Cilley a barrel of the best old Madeira wine.

Witness my hand and seal.

NATHANIEL HATHORNE.

[N. H.]

This instrument shall be delivered to Horatio Bridge, and if Hathorne is married within the time specified, he shall transmit the intelligence to him immediately, and the bet—whoever shall lose it—shall be paid within a month after the expiration of the time.

JOHNATHAN CILLEY.

NATHANIEL HATHORNE.

This very formal agreement was enclosed in a closely sealed package, endorsed in Hawthorne's writing, thus:

"Mr. Horatio Bridge is requested to take charge of this paper, and not to open it until the fifteenth 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 the duel with Graves settled the account.

Many years ago Hawthorne requested me to burn the letters he had written me in his youth and early manhood. On reading them over I found them full of passages of beauty, and of details of his own plans and purposes, hopes and disappointments. They were, however, too free in their expressions about persons and things to be safely trusted to the chances of life, and all his early letters were destroyed. Many of these were signed "Oberon," and others the familiar "Hathorne" or "Hath."

While in college, and for some years afterwards, he spelled his name without the *w*. On first seeing the improved signature, I wrote him that it was suggestive of a fat legacy, to which he replied that he had been blessed with no such luck, though he would gladly take every letter in the alphabet for a thousand dollars each. He added that in tracing the genealogy of his family he had found that some of his ancestors used the *w*, and he had merely resumed it.

Later, he sometimes took the signature of "L'Aubépine," which name he adopted temporarily, in accordance with the whim of a queer Frenchman who spent a month with us in my bachelor home in Maine, as described in the *American Note-Books*, vol. i., page 49. There Hawthorne says: "He has Frenchified all our names, calling B—, Monsieur Du Pont; myself, M. de L'Aubépine; and himself, M. de Berger; and all Knights of the Round Table."

There was a musical society at Bowdoin, though not many of the students were instrumental performers. Longfellow played the flute, but Hawthorne was notably deficient in musical talent. Like Charles Lamb, he might have said, "The gods have made me most unmusical."

Of the college faculty only Professor Packard survived at the time of our class semicentennial, and he died in 1884.

Thirteen of the thirty-eight graduates of the class at the time of that reunion were living, eleven of whom were present.

But three of the thirteen graduates survive at the present writing, in 1891.

Before separating we all agreed to interchange our photographs. In making the exchange, Longfellow wrote to me thus:

CAMB., Dec'r 12, 1875.

MY DEAR BRIDGE,—I have just had the pleasure of receiving your photograph. It is so good, it could hardly be better. I wish the one I send you in return were as good. But that is wishing that I were a handsome man, six feet high, and we all know the vanity of human wishes.

I was very glad that you and Mrs. Bridge were not disappointed in Songo River and its neighborhood. If "Long Pond" were called Loch Long, it would be a beautiful lake. This and Sebago are country cousins to the Westmoreland lakes in England, quite as lovely, but wanting a little more culture and good society.

I often think with great pleasure of our meeting at Brunswick. There was less sadness about it than I had thought there would be. The present always contrives to crowd out the past and the future.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Bridge,
Always yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The whole letter is copied because, while speaking of the class reunion, the poet incidentally gives his estimate of Sebago Lake, on the borders of which Hawthorne spent a year of his lonely boyhood, and to which locality he refers when he says, "It was there I first got my cursed habit of solitude."

Hawthorne visited Brunswick but once to meet his old associates. It was in 1852, fifty years after the founding of the college. In that year, while cruising in the Pacific, I received a letter from him, in which he says:

"I meant to have told you all about my visit to Brunswick at the recent semicentennial celebration, but the letter has already grown to too great length. It was rather a dreary affair. Only eight of our classmates were present, and they were a set of dismal old fellows, whose heads looked as if they had been out in a pretty copious shower of snow. The whole intermediate quarter of a century vanished, and it seemed to me as if

they had undergone a miserable transformation in the course of a single night, especially as I myself felt just about as young as when I graduated. They flattered me with the assurance that time had touched me tenderly, but, alas, they were each a mirror in which I beheld the reflection of my own age. I did not arrive there until the public exercises were nearly over, and very luckily too, for my praises had been sounded by orator and poet, and of course my blushes would have been quite oppressive."

In a desultory and inartistic way I have thus endeavored to throw some additional light upon Hawthorne's college life and his surroundings at that period. At the risk of repetition, I will add that his most marked characteristics were independence of thought and action, absolute truthfulness, loyalty to friends, abhorrence of debt, great physical as well as moral courage, and a high and delicate sense of honor.

He shrank habitually from the exhibition of his own secret opinions, and was careful to avoid infringement upon the rights of others, while thoroughly conscientious of his own.

On closing our college association we mutually pledged our friendship and exchanged parting gifts. Hawthorne's to me was a watch seal of his father's, gold with a carnelian stone, of the shape and fashion of ninety years ago. I have treasured it carefully, and have provided that it shall go to his son at my decease.

Of my own intimacy with Hawthorne I have hitherto said little, having been content with the mention made of it by my friend in his published writings; and I trust it will not be thought presumptuous that I have jotted down here some reminiscences that incidentally show our strong friendship, while rounding out the story of his college life.

A FOURTH-CLASS APPOINTMENT.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

I.

THE post-office at Pennville was at the foot of the long hill, up which Main Street climbed a little way and then stopped, as though to take breath and look back upon itself. After that the street melted into a country road, which wandered between the fields and down the

other side of the hill to a half-dozen houses, which were occupied only a few months of the year, when the summer visitors invaded the Pennville quiet. The houses along Main Street stood close together in a friendly way, and ignored as much as possible those scattered on the other side of the hill.

leaned eagerly from the pillion, and she smiled and kissed her hand.

"Why do you thus, Ann?" her husband asked, looking about at her.

"See you not the little maid in the door?" she whispered low, for fear of the goodly company. "I trow she looks better than she did. The roses are in her cheeks, and they have combed her yellow hair, and put a clean white gown on her. She holds a little doll, too."

"I see nobody," said Joseph Bayley, wonderingly.

"Nay, but she stands there. I never saw aught shine like her hair and her white gown; the sunlight lies full in the door. See! see! she is smiling! I trow all her griefs be well over."

The cavalcade passed the Proctor house, but Goodwife Ann Bayley's sweet face was turned backward until it was out of sight, towards the little maid in the door.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY HORATIO BRIDGE.

Second Paper.

VII.

OF Hawthorne's life after graduation I shall not attempt to write fully, though I had ample knowledge of his personal, political, and literary career. The facts essential to a biography have already been given in his own *Note-Books*, edited by Mrs. Hawthorne; and in the full and interesting *Biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife*, by their son; to say nothing of the sketches of the romance-writer by Lathrop, Curtis, James, Fields, Stoddard, Loring, and others. But, however much may have been written upon this subject, there remain unrecorded many incidents, the recital of some of which may be acceptable to those readers who prize every fresh fact concerning this author of superlative power and fame.

If at any time I should repeat what has already been published by others, except for the purpose of giving some additional facts pertinent thereto, the repetition will be unintentional.

I am not a critic, and therefore shall not venture upon an analysis of Hawthorne's writings—a task which many pens abler than mine have already essayed, and which critics yet unborn will doubtless contribute to the literature of the future. Nor shall I attempt to write a biography of the romance-writer—a work already fully accomplished in the publications just mentioned. These were admirable, each in its way; and recently they have been supplemented by the *Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Moncure D.

Conway, a volume I have read with much interest, though he seems to me to have been quite too severe and unjust in his criticism of Hawthorne for having written the *Life of Franklin Pierce*, and for his own opinions on the subject of slavery. Had Mr. Conway known the charm of Pierce's warm-heartedness, and his devoted friendship for Hawthorne, he could have better understood that it would have been hard for the latter to withhold the use of his voice and pen in promoting the interests of his early friend.

If Mr. Conway had regarded the problem of disunion as did all parties except the pronounced abolitionists previous to the civil war, he might have been more charitable in his judgment of both Pierce and Hawthorne.

In the first decade after Hawthorne left college he formed several plans of life, one of which was that of entering his uncle Manning's counting-house. In one of his letters to me he spoke of this as a settled purpose, but his repugnance to commercial life was such that the plan was ultimately abandoned, and he relapsed into the state of partial inaction which so often results from unsettled plans.

It is well known that soon after graduating he prepared for the press a little volume of tales, entitled *Seven Tales of my Native Land*. The publisher who engaged to bring out the book was so dilatory that at last Hawthorne, becoming impatient and dissatisfied with the excuses given, peremptorily demanded the return of the manuscript. The publisher,

aroused to a sense of his duty, and ashamed of his broken promises, apologized, and offered to proceed with the work at once; but Hawthorne was inexorable; and though, as he wrote me at the time, he was conscious of having been too harsh in his censures, he would not recede, and he burnt the manuscript in a mood half savage, half despairing. As I expressed to him perhaps too strongly my regret for this proceeding, he did not, when *Fanshawe* was published, confide to me the fact. Hearing, though, of the publication, I procured a copy, and subsequently mentioned it to Hawthorne. He had meantime become dissatisfied with the book, and he called in and destroyed all the copies he could reach. At his request, I burnt my copy, and we never alluded to *Fanshawe* afterwards. It was at this time, I think, that he became utterly disheartened, and though conscious of possessing more than ordinary literary talent, he almost abandoned all expectation of success as an author.

In one of his letters to me, after relating some of his disappointments, he compared himself to one drifting helplessly toward a cataract, and closed with these despairing words: "I'm a doomed man, and over I must go."

Happily the despondent mood was not permanent, and he continued to write, though subjected to frequent disappointments. He was a contributor for a little while to a magazine published, I believe, in New York. The compensation was small, and even that the publisher professed his inability to pay; so Hawthorne stopped his contributions and withdrew.

At the parting a characteristic incident occurred. The editor begged for a mass of manuscript in his possession, as yet unpublished, and it was scornfully bestowed. "Thus," wrote Hawthorne, "has this man, who would be considered a Mæcenas, taken from a penniless writer material incomparably better than any his own brain can supply." And he closed with a bitter malediction upon the grasping editor.

He had the experience of being more than once deceived by those who professed to have the power and wish to befriend him. A young man, with some means and greater aspirations, commenced the publication of a literary

newspaper in Boston, and offered Hawthorne the position of co-editor. Another person, backed by a rich father, supplanted Hawthorne, who was civilly bowed out, and the newspaper, after a brief and sickly life, expired.

In the Hawthorne Biography there appeared several old and carelessly written letters of my own, answers to some of Hawthorne's that were long since destroyed, at his request.

These letters I should hardly have reproduced except for the purpose of showing that Hawthorne was at times quite despairing, and in need of all the encouragement his friends could give.

The following extracts from my answers just mentioned will indicate sufficiently the tenor of his letters therein referred to.

AUGUSTA, Oct. 16, 1836.

DEAR HATH,—I have a thousand things to say to you, but can't say more than a hundredth part of them....

You have the blues again. Don't give up to them, for God's sake, and your own, and mine, and everybody's. Brighter days will come, and that within six months....

See what I have written for the *Boston Post*, and tell me is it best to send it?

"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.

"We refer to Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., of Salem, the author of the *Gentle Boy*, the *Gray Champion*, etc., etc., all productions of high merit, which have appeared in the annuals and magazines of 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.

"Perhaps we have no writer so deeply imbued with the early literature of America, or who can so well portray the times and manners of the Puritans.

"Hitherto Mr. Hawthorne has published no work of magnitude; but it is to be hoped that one who has shown such unequivocal evidence of talent will soon give to the world some production which shall place him in a higher rank than can be obtained by one whose efforts are confined to the sphere of magazines and annuals."

This is not satisfactory by any means, and

yet it may answer the purpose of attracting attention to your book when it comes out. It is not what I wish it were, nor can I make it so. Yours ever, H. BRIDGE.*

AUGUSTA, Oct. 22, 1836.

DEAR HATH,—I have just received your last, and do not like its tone at all. There is a kind of desperate coolness about it that seems dangerous. I fear that you are too good a subject for suicide, and that some day you will end your mortal woes on your own responsibility.

However, I wish you to refrain till next Thursday, when I shall be in Boston, *Deo volente*.

I am not in a very good mood myself just now, and am certainly unfit to write or think.

Be sure to come and meet me in Boston.

Yours truly, H. BRIDGE.

AUGUSTA, Dec. 25, 1836.

DEAR HAWTHORNE,—On this Christmas day I am writing up my letters. Yours comes first.

I am sorry that you did not get the magazine, because you wanted it. Not that I think it very important to you. You will have more time for your book....

Whether your book will sell extensively may be doubtful; but that is of small importance in the first one you publish. At all events, keep up your spirits till the result is ascertained; and, my word for it, there is more honor and emolument in store for you from your writings than you imagine. The bane of your life has been self-distrust. This has kept you back for many years, which, if you had improved by publishing, would long ago have given you what you must now wait a short time for. It may be for the best, but I doubt it.

I have been trying to think what you are so miserable for. Although you have not much property, you have good health and powers of writing which have made and can still make you independent.

Suppose you get "but \$300 per annum" for your writings. You can, with economy, live upon that, though it would be a tight squeeze. You have no family dependent on you, and why should you "borrow trouble"?

This is taking the worst view of your case that it can possibly bear. It seems to me that you never look at the bright side with any hope or confidence. It is not the philosophy to make one happy.

* This letter was written at the time when I had just intervened to procure the publication of *Twice-told Tales*, without Hawthorne's knowledge of my agency in the matter.

Within the six month limit the book came out, and brighter days did come; but I could not then tell him the grounds of my confident prediction.

I expect next summer to be full of money, a part of which shall be heartily at your service if it comes....

And so Frank Pierce is elected Senator. There is an instance of what a man can do for himself by trying. With no very remarkable talents, he, at the age of thirty-four, fills one of the highest stations in the nation. He is a good fellow, and I rejoice at his success. He can do something for you perhaps. The inclination he certainly has. Have you heard from him lately? Yours ever,

H. BRIDGE.

AUGUSTA, February 1, 1837.

DEAR HAWTHORNE,—So your book is in press, and will soon be out. Thank God, the plunge will be made at last. I am sure it will be for good....

I coincide perfectly with you touching the disparity between a writer's profits and a publisher's. It is hard that you should do so much and receive so little from *The Token*. You say an editorship would save you. I tell you that within six months you may have an editorship in any magazine in the country if you desire it. I wish to God that I could impart to you a little of my own brass. You would then dash into the contest of literary men, and do honor to yourself and to your country in a short time. But you never will have confidence enough in yourself, though you will have fame....

Yours truly, HORACE.

AUGUSTA, May 24, 1837.

DEAR HAWTHORNE,—I am rejoiced that your last gives me reason to expect that you will pay me a visit soon. When you come, make your arrangements so that you can stay two or three months here. I have a great house to myself, and you shall have the run of it.

I received a letter two days ago from Pierce, dated May 2d, requesting me to ascertain exactly how matters were relating to the Exploring Expedition. I have written Pierce, advising him to inquire of the Secretary of the Navy if there is any vacancy, and recommending you for it.

It might be well to put your papers on file in his office, in case you should be a candidate for one of the editorships of the magazine.

It is of no use for you to feel blue. I tell you that you will be in a good situation next winter instead of "under a sod." Pierce is interested for you, and can make some arrangement, I know. An editorship or a clerkship at Washington he can and will obtain. So courage, and *au diable* with your "sods"!

I have something to say to you upon marriage and about Goodrich, and a thousand other things. I shall be inclined to quarrel

with you if you do not come, and that will be a serious business for you, for my wrath is dreadful. Good-by till I see you here.

Yours truly, H. BRIDGE.

These letters in some measure indicate the despondency to which Hawthorne was subject at this the turning-point in his literary career. In his secluded life he neither had nor sought new friends who could have aided and encouraged him, and his life wore away with little apparent promise. Still he continued to write for the small sums he received in cash or promises, as well as for the pleasurable excitement of composition, and with the growing hope of future success.

VIII.

Besides writing tales for different reviews and magazines, Hawthorne contributed many articles to *The Token*, an annual published by Mr. S. G. Goodrich. A few years later he was employed by that publisher to write some of the "Peter Parley" books. He received but small compensation for any of this literary work, for he lacked the knowledge of business and the self-assertion necessary to obtain even the moderate remuneration vouchsafed to writers fifty years ago. It would be amusing, if it were not exasperating, to observe the patronizing tone of Mr. Goodrich when, as late as September, 1836, he wrote to Hawthorne: "Your letter and the two folios of *Universal History* were received some days ago. I like the history pretty well. I shall make it do." See *Biography of Hawthorne*, vol. i., page 138. The book certainly *did*, for its sale went above a million long ago, though it is my impression that the author received only \$100 for the work.

A letter of S. G. Goodrich to Hawthorne, dated January 19, 1830—see *Hawthorne Biography*, vol. i., page 131—shows that Mr. Goodrich had then in his hands the manuscript of a proposed book of Hawthorne's. He says in relation to it, "On my return to Boston in April, I will use my influence to induce a publisher to take hold of the work, who will give it a fair chance of success."

In a letter of Hawthorne's to Goodrich, dated May 6, 1830, given in Derby's *Fifty Years among Authors and Publishers*, page 113, the former speaks of the "Provincial Tales," adding, "Such being the title I propose to give to my volume."

Whatever may have been the causes for delay, the fact remains that the volume, under the altered title of *Twice-told Tales*, did not appear until 1837, seven years after the manuscript—in part at least—was first in Mr. Goodrich's possession.

From time to time I heard of this intended publication, and constantly encouraged Hawthorne to bring out the volume. But I hesitated to intervene without his sanction; and that would not have been given to any course involving possible loss to me. At last, however, having become convinced that my friend was being deluded by false hopes, I wrote to Mr. Goodrich, and asked if there was any pecuniary obstacle in the way of the publication, adding, if that were the cause of the delay, I would obviate it by guaranteeing the publisher against loss. As I was a stranger to him, I proffered Boston references. The following was his answer:

Boston, Oct. 20, 1836.

DEAR SIR,—I received your letter in regard to our friend Hawthorne. It will cost about \$450 to print 1000 volumes in good style. I have seen a publisher, and he agrees to publish it if he can be guaranteed \$250, as an ultimate resort against loss. If you will find that guaranty, the thing shall be put immediately in hand.

I am not now a publisher, but I shall take great interest in this work; and I do not think there is any probability that you will ever be called upon for a farthing. The generous spirit of your letter is a reference. I only wish to know if you will take the above risk. The publication will be solely for the benefit of Hawthorne, he receiving ten per cent. on the retail price—the usual terms.

I am, yours respectfully,
S. G. GOODRICH.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., Augusta, Me.

I gave the required guaranty at once, stipulating only that the affair should be concealed from Hawthorne, for I was sure he would object to the publication if he were informed of my action in the premises. Mr. Goodrich assented to this stipulation, and in due time the book came out.

There is reason to suppose that he magnified his own part in the matter, for while the volume was going through the press, Hawthorne told me that he intended to dedicate it to Mr. Goodrich, in recognition of his services in that regard.

Knowing that this would bring the

parties into a false attitude toward each other, I cautioned Hawthorne against this proposed dedication, as appears in a forgotten letter of mine, published in the *Hawthorne Biography*, vol. i., page 143. Having learned from Mr. Goodrich, some months after *Twice-told Tales* appeared, that its sales had satisfied the guaranty, I told Hawthorne of my unauthorized intervention, as it was clearly right that he should know the extent of his obligation to the publisher.

The letter of Mr. Goodrich just quoted will interest some readers, as showing the cost of printing books, and the comparative avails to author and publisher, in 1836. The retail price of *Twice-told Tales* was, I believe, one dollar. From the \$1000 first obtained, after deducting the cost of printing—\$450—and the author's share—\$100—there would remain to the publisher and the retail bookseller \$450. For any copies printed in excess of the first thousand, the cost to the publisher would be much less, while the author's percentage would remain the same. This in a case where the publisher was assured against loss. How different would have been Hawthorne's encouragement had he commenced his literary work in this decade!

The success of *Twice-told Tales* 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.

The cloud had lifted at last, and he never afterwards wholly despaired of achieving success as a writer. There were times, however, when he felt unequal to the effort of writing even a letter, saying that he "detested a pen."

Fortunately his habits were inexpensive, and his abhorrence of debt nerved him to retain his independence in the darkest seasons.

Several letters of my own (hereinbefore given, and quite forgotten until they appeared in the *Hawthorne Biography*) show that I was constantly advising him to cease publishing in magazines and annuals, and to bring out his writings in the form of volumes only. By this method he could free himself from the necessity of offering his productions piecemeal to editors, a process repulsive to his sensitive spirit.

Early in 1837 General Pierce, believing that Hawthorne would be benefited by an entire change of his surroundings, suggested to him the plan of joining the contemplated Exploring Expedition to the South Sea as its historian. The project pleased him, and for three or four months an active correspondence on the subject was maintained by Hawthorne, Pierce, and the present writer. Several letters of General Pierce and myself, addressed to Hawthorne, and republished in the *Hawthorne Biography*, pp. 152 to 162, refer to the efforts made to bring about the desired arrangement.

This expedition was primarily organized under the plan of J. N. Reynolds, Esq., a man of some scientific reputation and great energy of character, who was to be the ruling spirit of the enterprise.

A squadron under the command of Commodore Ap Catesby Jones, composed of the frigate *Macedonian*, three brigs, and a store-ship, was put in commission for this exploring duty; and a large scientific corps, with Reynolds at its head, was provided for.

At that time I was spending the winter in Washington, and I did what I could to secure for Hawthorne the office he desired. My friend and townsman, Hon. R. Williams, was chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, and, of course, was influential at the Navy Department. He cordially co-operated with Pierce and Cibley, backed by the rest of the Maine and New Hampshire delegations, in the effort to secure Hawthorne's appointment. With the influences at work, there was a good prospect of success, when naval and scientific jealousy interrupted the programme.

The cry of economy was raised, the vessels were ordered to other duty, and Reynolds's ambitious project suddenly collapsed, so far as he was concerned.

The expedition was reorganized the next year, and Lieutenant—afterwards Rear-Admiral—Wilkes was ordered to its command. Meantime Hawthorne's prospects had brightened with the success of *Twice-told Tales*, and he ceased to care for duty in the expedition.

Had his aspirations in that direction been successful, the current of his life would have been strangely disturbed, and his later writings would, I think, have taken on an entirely different coloring. Whether for the better, who shall say?

In 1839 Hawthorne was appointed weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom-house, which office he held until 1841.

In that year, having previously become engaged to Miss Sophia A. Peabody, he joined the colony at Brook Farm, where he lived for several months as co-laborer, and especially as an interested inquirer into the social experiment then and there in progress.

I drove out from Boston two or three times to see Hawthorne at Brook Farm. He had a small room, simply furnished, and with very few books visible. He was apparently enjoying himself, curiously observing the odd phase of life around him, and while having little faith in the success of the social experiment, doing his full share to secure it. At the same time he was disposed to get such amusement as he might from his surroundings. I remember that he boasted of having driven into Boston with the farmer in the farm wagon, carrying a calf to market.

I remember also his glee in telling of his strictly enforcing the rules for early rising by blowing the horn long and loud at five o'clock in the morning, much to the discomfort of the drowsy members of the family. But enough of Brook Farm; it has been fully portrayed in many publications.

IX.

Immediately after his marriage, in 1842, Hawthorne went to reside in the "Old Manse" at Concord, where his life for three years was restful and happy. Full of enjoyment in his home and family, he was only troubled by narrow means, which were all the more annoying because those who owed him money enough to make life comfortable would not (doubtless some of them could not) pay their debts. In this quiet retreat he occupied himself in writing tales, with gardening, boating, and occasionally in receiving friends.

Several times Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne kindly urged me to visit them at the "Old Manse," and I was always received with the most cordial hospitality. Their life at Concord has been so fully and so beautifully described by Mr. Julian Hawthorne in the biography of his father and mother, not only in his own narration, but in their charming letters therein given, that it is perhaps needless for me to add anything to that recital. Let me say,

however, that I was early impressed with the conviction that their marriage was a congenial and most happy one. By the delicate health of Mrs. Hawthorne she was all the more endeared to her manly husband, and in return she gave him a wealth of confidence, admiration, and love. The union was most fortunate for both, and the only drawback to their happiness came in the sharp economy requisite for living within their income.

The small and uncertain receipts from his literary work, as well as his "disappointments in money expected from three or four sources," made Hawthorne "sigh for the regular monthly payments at the Custom-house," and led him to wish for the Salem Post-office, his appointment to which his friends in that town and elsewhere zealously, though in vain, sought to procure for him.

In 1845 Hawthorne, besides preparing for the press the second series of *Twice-told Tales*, edited the *Journal of an African Cruiser*.

The origin of that little volume was this: Early in 1843 I was attached to a ship of war under orders to the west coast of Africa. Hawthorne suggested the plan of my taking such notes as would give me material for a few articles in the *Democratic Review*. This plan was afterwards, by his advice, changed to that of publishing the notes in a book. I assented to the change on the condition that he should take the trouble of editing and bringing out the volume, and with the further condition that he should have the copyright and the sole profit of the publication.

The letters next following evince the great interest he took in this project, more on my account than on his own. They also set forth his views as to the best mode for successful journalizing, and they show conclusively that his life was a very happy one in the "Old Manse."

CONCORD, March 23, 1843.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I see by the newspapers that you have had the good fortune to undergo a tremendous storm.* Good fortune I call it, for I should be very glad to go through the

* The storm here spoken of refers to a violent gale and blinding snow-storm off the coast of New Hampshire, in which the *Saratoga* (on her way from Portsmouth to New York, previous to the African cruise) was in imminent peril, and only escaped total shipwreck by our cutting away the masts and anchoring on a rocky lee shore.

same scene myself if I were sure of getting safe to dry land at last. I did not know of your having sailed, else I might have been under great apprehensions on your account; but, as it happened, I have only to offer my congratulations. I hope you were in a condition to look at matters with a philosophic eye, not seasick nor *too much* frightened. A staff-officer, methinks, must be more uncomfortable in a storm than the sea officers. Taking no part in the struggle against the winds and the waves, he feels himself more entirely at their mercy. Perhaps a description of the tempest may form a good introduction to your series of articles in the *Democratic*.

I returned from my visit to Salem on Wednesday last. My wife went with me as far as Boston. I did not come to see you because I was very short of cash, having been disappointed in money that I expected from three or four sources. My difficulties of this sort sometimes make me sigh for the regular monthly payments at the custom-house. The system of slack payments in this country is most abominable, and ought of itself to bring upon us the destruction foretold by Father Miller. It is impossible for any individual to be just and honest and true to his engagements when it is a settled principle of the community to be always behindhand. I find no difference in anybody in this respect. All do wrong alike. — is just as certain to disappoint me in money matters as any pitiful little scoundrel among the booksellers. On my part, I am compelled to disappoint those who put faith in my engagements, and so it goes round. The devil take such a system!

I suppose it will be some time before you get to sea again, and perhaps you might find leisure to pay us another visit, but I cannot find it in my conscience to ask you to do so in this dreary season of the year. It is more than three months since we had a glimpse of the earth, and two months more must intervene before we can hope to see the reviving verdure. I don't see how a bachelor can survive such a winter. . . . We are very happy, and have nothing to wish for except a better-filled purse — and not improbably gold would bring trouble with it, at least my wife says so, and therefore exhorts me to be content with little.

I have heard nothing about the office since I saw you. They tell me in Salem that — will not probably gain his election, but that, after a few more trials, a coalition will be formed between the moderate Whigs and the candidate of a fraction of the Democratic party. In that case — will not get the post-office, and possibly it will yet be the reward of my patriotism and public services, but of this there is little prospect.

The wine came safe, and my wife sends her best acknowledgments for it. As in duty bound, however, she has made it over to me, and I shall feel myself at liberty to uncork a bottle on any occasion of suitable magnitude.

Longfellow is coming to see me, and as he has a cultivated taste in wines, some of this article shall be submitted to his judgment. If possible there shall be a bottle in reserve whenever you favor us with another visit.

Do not forget your letters from Liberia. What would you think of having them published in a volume? But it will be time enough for this after their appearance in the magazine. I should like well to launch you fairly on the sea of Literature.

I have a horrible cold, and am scarcely clear-headed enough to write. God bless you,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., U.S.N.,
Portsmouth, N. H.

CONCORD, May 3, 1843.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I am almost afraid that you will have departed for Africa before this letter reaches New York; but I have been so much taken up with writing for a living, and likewise with physical labor out-of-doors, that I have hitherto had no time to answer yours. It was perhaps as well that you did not visit Concord again, for, by comparison of dates, I am led to believe that my wife and yourself were in Boston at the same time. She had gone thither to take leave of her sister Mary, who is now married, and has sailed in the May steamer for Europe.

I formed quite a different opinion from that which you express about your description of the storm. It seemed to me very graphic and effective, and my wife coincides in this judgment. Her criticism on such a point is better worth having than mine, for she knows all about storms, having encountered a tremendous one on a voyage to Cuba. You must learn to think better of your powers. They will increase by exercise. I would advise you not to stick too accurately to the bare fact, either in your descriptions or your narrative; else your hand will be cramped, and the result will be a want of freedom that will deprive you of a higher truth than that which you strive to attain. Allow your fancy pretty free license, and omit no heightening touches because they did not chance to happen before your eyes. If they did not happen, they at least ought, which is all that concerns you. This is the secret of all entertaining travellers. If you meet with any distinguished characters, give personal sketches of them. Begin to write always before the impression of novelty has worn off from your mind, else you will be apt to think that the peculiarities which at first attracted you are not worth recording; yet those slight peculiarities are the very things that make the most vivid impression upon the reader. Think nothing too trifling to write down, so it be in the smallest degree characteristic. You will be surprised to find on reperusing your journal what an importance and graphic power these little particulars assume. After you have had due time for observation, you may then give grave re-

flections on national character, customs, morals, religion, the influence of peculiar modes of government, etc., and I will take care to put them in their proper places, and make them come in with due effect. I by no means despair of putting you in the way to acquire a very pretty amount of literary reputation, should you ever think it worth your while to assume the authorship of these proposed sketches. All the merit will be your own, for I shall merely arrange them, correct the style, and perform other little offices as to which only a practised scribbler is *au fait*.

In relation to your complaint that life has lost its charm, that your enthusiasm is dead, and that there is nothing worth living for, my wife bids me advise you to fall in love. It is a woman's prescription, but a man—*videlicet*, myself—gives his sanction to its efficacy. You would find all the fresh coloring restored to the faded pictures of life; it would renew your youth; you would be a boy again, with the deeper feeling and purposes of a man. Try it, try it, first, however, taking care that the object is in every way unexceptionable, for this will be your last chance in life. If you fail, you will never make another attempt.

I suppose you will see O'Sullivan in New York. I know nothing about the prospects of office, if any remain. It is rather singular that I should need an office, for nobody's scribbles seem to be more acceptable to the public than mine; and yet I shall find it a tough scratch to gain a respectable support by my pen. Perhaps matters may mend; at all events I am not very eager to ensconce myself in an office, though a good one would certainly be desirable. By-the-bye, I received a request the other day from a Philadelphia magazine to send them a daguerreotype of my pliz for the purpose of being engraved. O'Sullivan likewise besought my wife for a sketch of my head, so you see that the world is likely to be made acquainted with my personal beauties. It will be very convenient for a retired and bashful man to be able to send these pictorial representations abroad instead of his real person. I know not but O'Sullivan's proposal was meant to be a secret from me, so say nothing about it to him.

It would gladden us much to have you here for a week, now that the country is growing beautiful, and the fishing season is coming on. But this is not to be hoped for until your return. Take care of your health, and do not forget the sketches. It is not the profit to myself that I think about, but I hope that they may contribute to give your life somewhat of an adequate purpose, which at present it lacks.

God bless you, N. H.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., U.S. Ship *Saratoga*,
New York City.

CONCORD, April 1, 1844.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Your letter to my wife was received by her in a situation which I am sure you will consider sufficient excuse for her not

answering it at present, a daughter having been born on the 3d of last month. So, you see, I am at last the regular head of a family, while you are blown about the world by every wind. I commiserate you most heartily. If you want a new feeling in this weary life, get married. It renews the world from the surface to the centre.

I am happy to tell you that our little girl is remarkably healthy and vigorous, and promises, in the opinion of those better experienced in babies than myself, to be very pretty. For my own part, I perceive her beauty at present rather through the medium of faith than with my actual eyesight. However, she is gradually getting into shape and comeliness, and by the time when you shall have an opportunity to see her, I flatter myself she will be the prettiest young lady in the world. I think I prefer a daughter to a son.

We have read your letter with very great interest. You have had great luck certainly in having actually fought through a whole war;* but I hope that you will now be content to rest on your laurels. The devil take those copper slugs. As your station, I believe, does not call you to the front of the battle, do pray be advised to stay on board ship the next time, and think how much preferable is a sluggish life to such a *slug*-gish death as you might chance to meet on shore. A civilized and educated man must feel somewhat like a fool, methinks, when he has staked his own life against that of a black savage and lost the game. In the sight of God one life may be as valuable as another, but in our view the stakes are very unequal. Besides, I really do consider the shooting of those negroes a matter of very questionable propriety, and am glad, upon the whole, that you bagged no game upon either of those days.

In one point of view these warlike occurrences are very fortunate—that is, in supplying matter for the *Journal*. I should not wonder if that were your object in thrusting yourself into these perils. Make the most of them.

If I mistake not, it will be our best plan, both as regards your glory and my profit, to publish the *Journal* by itself, rather than in a magazine, and thus make an independent author of you at once. A little of my professional experience will easily put it into shape,

* The "war" referred to in this letter hardly rose to the dignity of a skirmish, consisting, as it did, in the landing of a detachment of sailors and marines, with their officers, from the ships of the squadron, and the burning of five native villages. This destruction was effected for the purpose of punishing the natives for plundering and burning an American vessel, and murdering the captain and the crew.

King Krako, the leader of these five tribes, showed fight, his men firing upon us from the woods, but doing no damage except the wounding of a marine with a copper slug, presumably made of a spike from the luckless *Mary Carver*.

and I doubt not that the Harpers, or somebody else, will be glad to publish it, either in the book or pamphlet form, or perhaps in both, so as to suit the different classes of readers. My name shall appear as editor, in order to give it what little vogue may be derived from thence, and its own merits will do the rest.

You must have as much as possible to say about the African trade, its nature, the mode of carrying it on, the character of the persons engaged in it, etc., in order to fit the book for practical men. Look at things, at least some things, in a matter-of-fact way, though without prejudice to as much romantic incident and adventure as you can conveniently lay hold of. Oh, it will be an excellent book!

I have no news to tell you except the great event with which I began my letter. I continue to scribble tales, with good success so far as regards empty praise, some notes of which, pleasant enough to my ears, have come from across the Atlantic. But the pamphlet and piratical system has so broken up all regular literature that I am forced to write hard for small gains. If we have a Democratic President next year, I shall probably get an office. Otherwise, it is to be hoped, God will provide for me and mine in some other way.

I have not written to you before, not from coldness nor forgetfulness, but partly because the sight of a pen makes me sick, and partly because I never feel as if a letter would reach you in your wanderings on the trackless ocean. If you had any certain abiding-place it would be different; but now it is like trying to shoot a bird in the air. Take care of yourself, and keep clear of night dews and copper slugs.

Your friend, N. H.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., U. S. Ship *Saratoga*,
African Squadron.

The three letters next following relate principally to the *Journal of an African Cruiser*, which was published in 1845.

CONCORD, 17th April, 1845.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I am happy to announce that your book is accepted, and will make its appearance as one of the volumes of *Choice Reading*. Few new authors make their bows to the public under such favorable auspices; but you always were a lucky devil, except in the speculation of the Kennebec mill-dam, which likewise may turn out to have been good luck in the long-run. I have christened the book the *Journal of an African Cruiser*. I don't know when it is to come out—probably soon; although I suppose they will wish the American series to be led by some already popular names. Your last letter arrived when the manuscript was on the point of being sent off, but I contrived to squeeze in whatever was essential of the new matter.

I have heard nothing, good or bad, as to the result of the P. O. application. Duyekinck, in his letter about the book, mentions that

O'Sullivan was in Washington, where doubtless he will do all that can be done in my behalf. Your interview with Bancroft gave me better auspices than I before had on the subject.

Mrs. Hawthorne wishes me to tell you that she will not be able to make you the talked-of visit the approaching summer. Her sister, Mrs. Mann, is coming to board in Concord, principally with a view to being near Sophia, and even if I should obtain an office, I shall leave her here at the Old Manse for the summer, and resume a bachelor life in Salem. It shall go hard but I will drop in upon you at least for a day or two, or for a dinner, if better may not be.

Una continues to flourish. Her mother lulls her to sleep every night by stories about your visit, so that you were not only pleasant while here, but are very profitable now that you have departed.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., Navy-Yard,
Portsmouth, N. H.

CONCORD, May 2, 1845.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Duyekinck writes me that your book is stereotyped, and about to go to press. The first edition will be of two thousand copies, five hundred of which will be sent to London. It seems they have put in my name as editor, contrary to my purpose, and much to my annoyance; not that I am troubled with any such reluctance about introducing you as you felt about introducing your friend—to fashionable society, but I wished you to have all the credit of the work yourself. Well, you shall still engross all the merit, and may charge me with all the faults.

I have bespoken fifty copies for you, and directed them to be sent to my address in Boston, whence I will take care to have them forwarded to you immediately, with the exception of perhaps half a dozen, which I shall reserve for distribution myself. You had better send me the names of the persons whom you wish to have copies in Boston and vicinity. The fifty copies will be paid for out of my avails for the book, for it would be rather too severe a joke to make your work an actual expense to you.

I have heard nothing from O'Sullivan, nor from any other source, in reference to the post-office.

Write forthwith, and tell me how the books should be sent from Boston to Portsmouth.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., Navy-Yard,
Portsmouth, N. H.

CONCORD, May 7, 1845.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I send the *Journals* as requested, and heartily wish that I could afford to come myself. Have you told Charles Greene of the forth-coming book? If not, it will be best to do so immediately, that he may be in readiness to add his voice to the general accla-

mation of praise. I requested Duyckinck to send your copies to Dr. Peabody's, directed to me. They probably will not arrive so soon as this, but it will do no harm for you to call there before leaving Boston, and if you find them, you can dispose of them according to your pleasure, leaving out six, or, if you can spare them, ten copies, which I will endeavor to dispose of so as to promote the interests of the book. If you find that you have not copies enough, we can procure more from New York.

In a hurry, your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

X.

In the autumn of 1845 the family left Concord and returned to Salem, in reference to which Hawthorne wrote:

SALEM, Oct. 7, 1845.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Here I am, again established in the old chambers where I wasted so many years of my life. I find it rather favorable to my literary duties, for I have already begun to sketch out the story for Wiley and Putnam. I received a letter from Duyckinck to-day, which I mean to enclose as giving authentic intelligence of the welfare of your book.

Your check arrived seasonably, and did me as much good as the same amount ever did anybody.

Sophia has remained in Boston in order to see her friends in and about the city before withdrawing into my den. I shall bring her home the latter part of this week or the first of next.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., U.S. Navy-Yard,
Portsmouth, N. H.

20 CLINTON PLACE, Oct. 2, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you will not think me a troublesome fellow if I drop you another line with the vociferous cry, MS.! MS.! Mr. Wiley's American Series is athirst for the volume of *Tales*; and how stands the prospect for the *History of Witchcraft*, I whilom spoke of?

The *Journal of the Cruiser* has just gone to a second edition of a thousand copies, the first, I believe, having been two thousand. W. & P. project cheap series of these books for the school district libraries, in the first of which the *Journal* will be included.

The English notices are bounteous in praise. No American book in a long time has been so well noticed.

Pray, MS. or no MS., let me hear from you, that you are well and your family.

Yours truly,

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, Esq.

SALEM, Feb. 21, 1846.

DEAR BRIDGE,—A day or two after receiving your letter communicating the arrange-

ment about the Surveyorship and Naval Office, I had one from O'Sullivan, who had been in Washington, but had just returned to New York. He appeared to know nothing about the above arrangement, but said that the President had promised to give me either the Surveyorship or Naval Office. It appears, therefore, that I may consider myself pretty certain of getting one or the other, and I trust it will be the Surveyorship, which is the most eligible, both on account of the emolument and the position which it confers. Whichever it is, it is to you I shall owe it among so many other solid kindnesses. I have as true friends as any man, but you have been the friend in need and the friend indeed.

"In other respects, too, my affairs look promising enough. Wiley and Putnam are going to publish two volumes of my *Tales* instead of one, and I shall send off the copy, I hope, on Monday. My mind will now settle itself after the long iniquitude of expectation; and I mean to make this a profitable year in the literary way.

I regret that you are so soon thinking of going to sea again. You must not go without giving me the chance of another visit, though of the briefest duration.

I hope, moreover, that you will remain ashore until I am again established in a home of my own, when it will be easy for you to be my guest often, at bed and board. We are neighbors now.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

I have found the following scrap of a letter which must have been written soon after my return from the coast of Africa in 1845, since it refers to some furs known as African lynx, which I had brought home, and presented to Mrs. Hawthorne.

The deep satisfaction he expressed in his wife and his then only child makes this fragment worth preserving.

"The skins came safe yesterday morning, and Sophia, I believe, contemplates having them made into a muff. She and Una are very well, and Una continues to talk about 'Missis Bidge.' After all, having a wife who thoroughly satisfies me, and a child whom I would not exchange for a fortune, I am not quite so unlucky a devil as you set me down for.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE."

XI.

When Mr. Polk became President, the plan of campaign for Hawthorne's appointment to the Salem Post-office was pursued with vigor for a while; but there were strong political obstacles in the way, and consequently his efforts and those

of his friends were turned towards the Surveyorship of the Salem Custom-house, an office of less labor and responsibility, though of smaller emolument than the post-office afforded.

Referring to a visit made me in the summer of 1845, at the navy-yard near Portsmouth, New Hampshire, it so happened that I was then stationed at that yard. Living in spacious quarters as a bachelor, and not unwilling to share my summer comforts with my friends, it occurred to me that Hawthorne's interests could best be promoted by bringing him and Mrs. Hawthorne into social relations with some of my influential friends and their wives.

To carry out this project, and for my personal pleasure as well, I invited Senator and Mrs. Pierce and Senator and Mrs. Atherton, of New Hampshire; and Senator Fairfield, of Maine; together with Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne and little Una, to spend two or three weeks with me. To make the reunion less formal, two of my own sisters and some Washington friends were included. The indulgent party enjoyed the novelty of a visit to a bachelor at a navy-yard, and when any shortcomings in his housekeeping occurred, the guests only grew the merrier therefor.

What with boating, fishing, and driving, and in the entire absence of formality, the visit went off smoothly, and its main object—that of interesting men of influence in Hawthorne's behalf—was attained.

Though Pierce was an old friend, Atherton and Fairfield first made the acquaintance of Hawthorne at that time, and they became his strong advocates and friends.

In June of the next year he was appointed Surveyor.

Hawthorne's life flowed tranquilly for the next three years, at the end of which period he was removed by the Whig administration, under (in that case, at least) the pernicious doctrine of rotation in office.

With other friends, I strove zealously to save him, because he wished to retain the office. But when the dismissal came, I wrote my congratulations, telling him that he would now be obliged to devote himself to his appropriate work in life. Eight months after his official decapitation he finished the *Scarlet Letter*, and increased fame, as well as freedom from

pressing anxiety about pecuniary matters, followed quickly upon the publication of the great romance.

SALEM, Feb. 4, 1850.

DEAR BRIDGE, — I finished my book only yesterday, one end being in press in Boston, while the other was in my head here in Salem; so that, as you see, the story is at least fourteen miles long.

I should make you a thousand apologies for being so negligent a correspondent if you did not know me of old, and as you have tolerated me so many years, I do not fear that you will give me up now. The fact is, I have a natural abhorrence of pen and ink, and nothing short of absolute necessity ever drives me to them.

My book, the publisher tells me, will not be out before April. He speaks of it in tremendous terms of approbation. So does Mrs. Hawthorne, to whom I read the conclusion last night. It broke her heart, and sent her to bed with a grievous headache, which I look upon as a triumphant success.

Judging from its effect on her and the publisher, I may calculate on what bowlers call a ten-strike. Yet I do not make any such calculation. Some portions of the book are powerfully written; but my writings do not, nor ever will, appeal to the broadest class of sympathies, and therefore will not obtain a very wide popularity. Some like them very much, others care nothing for them, and see nothing in them. There is an introduction to this book giving a sketch of my custom-house life, with an imaginative touch here and there, which may, perhaps, be more widely attractive than the main narrative. The latter lacks sunshine, etc. To tell you the truth, it is (I hope Mrs. Bridge is not present)—it is positively a half-d story, into which I found it almost impossible to throw any cheering light.

This house on Goose Creek which you tell me of looks really attractive; but I am afraid there must be a flaw somewhere. I like the rent amazingly. I wish you would look at it, and form your own judgment, and report accordingly; and, should you decide favorably, I will come myself and see it; but if it appears ineligible to you, I shall let the matter rest there, it being inconvenient for me to leave home, partly because funds are to be husbanded at this juncture of my affairs, and partly because I can ill spare the time, as winter is the season when my brain-work is chiefly accomplished.

I should like to give up the house which I now occupy at the beginning of April, and must soon make a decision as to where I shall go. I long to get into the country, for my health latterly is not quite what it has been for many years past. I should not long stand such a life of bodily inactivity and mental exertion as I have lived for the last few months. An hour or two of daily labor in a garden, and a daily ramble in country air or on the sea-

shore, would keep all right. Here, I hardly go out once a week. Do not allude to this matter in your letters to me, as my wife already sermonizes me quite sufficiently on my habits; and I never own up to not feeling perfectly well. Neither do I feel anywise ill, but only a lack of physical vigor and energy, which reacts upon the mind.

With our best regards to Mrs. Bridge, I remain,
Truly your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq., U.S. Navy-Yard,
Portsmouth, N. H.

SALEM, April 13, 1850.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I am glad you like the *Scarlet Letter*. It would have been a sad matter indeed if I had missed the favorable award of my oldest and friendliest critic. The other day I met with your notice of *Twice-told Tales* for the *Augusta Age*; and I really think nothing better has been said about them since. This book has been highly successful, the first edition having been exhausted in ten days, and the second (five thousand copies in all), promising to go off rapidly.

As to the Salem people, I feel an infinite contempt for them, and probably have expressed more of it than I intended, for my preliminary chapter has caused the greatest uproar that has happened here since witch times. If I escape from town without being tarred and feathered, I shall consider it good luck. I wish they would tar and feather me; it would be such an entirely novel kind of distinction for a literary man. And from such judges as my fellow-citizens, I should look upon it as a higher honor than a laurel crown.

I have taken a cottage in Lenox, and mean to take up my residence there about the 1st of May. In the interim my wife and children are going to stay in Boston; and nothing could be more agreeable to myself than to spend a week or so with you; so that your invitation comes exceedingly apropos. In fact, I was on the point of writing to propose a visit. We shall move our household gods from this locality to-morrow or next day. I will leave my family at Dr. Peabody's, and come to Portsmouth on Friday of this week, unless prevented from coming at all. I shall take the train that leaves Boston at eleven o'clock; so, if you happen to be in Portsmouth that afternoon, please to look after me. I am glad of this opportunity of seeing you, for I am assured you will never find your way to Lenox. I thank Mrs. Bridge for her good wishes as respects my future removal from office, but I should be sorry to anticipate such bad fortune as being ever again appointed to one.

Truly your friend,
NATH HAWTHORNE.

After my return from a second African cruise, finding myself languid and debilitated, I accepted Hawthorne's invitation

to visit him and his family at Lenox, in the Berkshire hills, a region famed for the healthfulness of its climate, and as the home of the Sedgwicks, Fanny Kemble Butler, etc.

Fashion had not then invaded those lovely hills, and the comparatively small society was noted for its simple mode of living, for its intelligence and its culture.

The Hawthornes occupied an old-fashioned cottage, painted deep red, and overlooking a charming lake.

There were a great many deficiencies in the arrangements of the quaint old house and grounds, for which I had a quick eye, and to the immediate remedying of which Hawthorne and I devoted our efforts. Mrs. Hawthorne looked on with amused approval (even when our performances were rather revolutionary), as she saw us engaging, with great glee, in improving matters generally. Boxes were turned into closets and bookshelves, and the cellar and hen-house were not neglected.

A letter from Lenox gives my own impressions of the surroundings of the Hawthornes, and of our occupations during my very pleasant visit:

LA MAISON ROUGE, July 18, 1850.

.... I must explain the meaning of the caption. Be it known, then, that Hawthorne occupies a house painted red, like some old-fashioned farm-houses you have seen. It is owned by Mr. Tappan, who lived in it awhile; but he is now at High Wood, the beautiful place of Mr. Ward. The old farm-house is quite comfortable, having sufficient room, and being furnished simply and in good taste. All the surroundings give proof of the easy circumstances of the present occupants.

The view of the lake is lovely; I have seldom seen one so beautiful.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne are most friendly, and my visit seems to give them much satisfaction.

Nor am I quite useless. I have planned various improvements in the house and grounds, including some in the hennery, where the nests and roosts are now arranged according to the directions of the best authors upon that useful subject. To-morrow we are going to make some closets and bookshelves of the boxes in which the furniture came. As I am not so strong as before my fever, Hawthorne does the hard work, such as lifting, sawing, etc., while I plan and hammer. Oh, we are a model pair of working-men—the Man of Genius and the Naval Officer!

The children behave very well, and certainly are charming youngsters. Una acts like a little lady, and exhibits good temper and obe-

dience; while Julian is a good-natured, laughing young giant.

We intend to visit High Wood at an early day, and thence shall drive to the village, if we can get Mr. Tappan's vehicle.

19th. It has rained all the forenoon. Consequently we have been at work in cellar, henry, and shed. In the reorganized henry our labor has already been justified, for no less than three hens have shown their approval of it by each laying an egg in a new and scientific nest.

I have selected two boxes for the children's closets, besides a large one for a wardrobe, and another for a general closet; and, having laid out several days' work for somebody in papering, etc., I am satisfied.

We have cleared up the wood-house and cellar, mended some chairs, and have done a great deal towards making the establishment "ship-shape" and comfortable.

You must not think that I am exerting myself too much. Hawthorne has taken the hardest part of the work, and I really feel all the better for the exercise.....

Hawthorne and his wife both send kindest regards. Ever yours, H.

As the *House of the Seven Gables* was at that time in course of preparation, it is fair to presume that the fowls, flowers, and vegetables of the Red House establishment were studied for the pictures of Phœbe's garden favorites.

Hawthorne's residence at Lenox was marked not only by the production of the *House of the Seven Gables*, but by that of the *Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*, a volume of three hundred pages, which he wrote in seven weeks, his facility for labor increasing with the public demand for his writings. He also prepared at that place a second volume of *Twice-told Tales*, and began the *Blithedale Romance*.

A few days after leaving Lenox I received the following letter, which has in it an amusing touch about the effect my active reforms had produced upon the children:

LENOX, Aug. 7, 1850.

.... Duyckinck, of the *Literary World*, and Herman Melville are in Berkshire, and I expect them to call here this morning. I met Melville the other day, and liked him so much that I have asked him to spend a few days with me before leaving these parts.

We all have very pleasant recollections of your visit. Julian broke a china cup a few days ago, and very coolly remarked that "Mr. Bridge could mend it."

We have got some maple paper, and shall soon begin the transmutation of your boxes.

We are getting along very well. Una and Julian grow apace, and so do our chickens, of which we have two broods. There is one difficulty about these chickens, as well as about the old fowls. We have become so intimately acquainted with every individual of them that it really seems like cannibalism to think of eating them. What is to be done?

With our best regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Yours truly,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LENOX, March 15, 1851.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I am glad to hear from you at last, although I am sorry you have sunk into the depths of official idleness, and have effected nothing towards the new edition of the *Cruiser*.

You know not what fame you may be flinging away. However, all that shall be made up in a journal or history of your next voyage. But I do most heartily wish that you would cut the navy, and trust to God and your own exertions for a good life at home. Even such a poor house and poor fare as mine, for instance, is better than sea-biscuit and a state-room.

The *House of the Seven Gables*, in my opinion, is better than the *Scarlet Letter*; but I should not wonder if I had refined upon the principal character a little too much for popular appreciation; nor if the romance of the book should be found somewhat at odds with the humble and familiar scenery in which I invest it. But I feel that portions of it are as good as anything I can hope to write, and the publisher speaks encouragingly of its success.

How slowly I have made my way in life! How much is still to be done! How little worth—outwardly speaking—is all that I have achieved! The bubble reputation is as much a bubble in literature as in war, and I should not be one whit the happier if mine were world-wide and time-long than I was when nobody but yourself had faith in me.

The only sensible ends of literature are: first, the pleasurable toil of writing; second, the gratification of one's family and friends; and lastly, the solid cash.

Remember me to Mrs. Bridge, and give her, likewise, my wife's remembrances. I shall take advantage of a visit to Dr. Peabody in June next to go to Boston, and hope to have a meeting with you before my return.

The boxes, I must confess, are not all papered, but neither are they all unpapered; and my wife was talking of doing the remainder only the day before your letter arrived.

Your friend,

N. H.

LENOX, July 22, 1851.

DEAR BRIDGE,—What a long, long while since I have heard from you! I don't know when it was, or which of us wrote last, though I am, most probably, in your debt for a letter; but a weary scribbler like myself must be allowed a great deal of license as regards debts of that nature. Why did you not write and

tell me how you liked, or how you did not like, the *House of the Seven Gables*? Did you feel shy of expressing an unfavorable opinion? It would not have hurt me in the least, though I am always glad to please you; but I rather think I have reached that stage when I do not care very essentially one way or the other for anybody's opinion on any one production. On this last romance, for instance, I have heard and seen such diversity of judgment that I should be altogether bewildered if I attempted to strike a balance. So I take nobody's estimate unless it happens to agree with my own. I think it a work more characteristic of my mind, and more proper and natural for me to write, than the *Scarlet Letter*; but, for that very reason, less likely to interest the public. Nevertheless it appears to have sold better than the former, and, I think, is more sure of retaining the ground it acquires. Mrs. Kemble writes that both works are popular in England, and advises me to take out my copyright there.

Since the 1st of June I have written a book of two or three hundred pages for children, and I think it stands a chance of a wide circulation. The title, at all events, is an *ad captandum* one—the *Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*. I don't know what I shall write next. Should it be a romance, I mean to put an extra touch of the devil into it, for I doubt whether the public will stand two quiet books in succession without my losing ground. As long as people will buy, I shall keep at work, and I find that my facility for labor increases with the demand for it.

Mrs. Hawthorne published a little work two months ago, which still lies in sheets, but I assure you it makes some noise in the world, both by day and night. In plain English, we have another little daughter; a very bright, strong, and healthy miss; but at present with no pretensions to beauty. Sophia intends, in the course of two or three weeks, to take the baby to Mr. Mann's in West Newton, on a short visit. Una will accompany her, and I shall remain here with Julian. After her return I shall come to Boston, and if you should be still at Portsmouth, I will run down thither to see you, if for no more than a day. It is now above a year since I have been ten miles from this place, and I begin to need a little change of scene.

We intend to take Mrs. Kemble's house in October, or the beginning of November. She offered it last year for nothing, but I declined the terms. She offers it now for the same rent that I pay here; and though this is inadequate, yet as she cannot let the house on any other terms, or to any other person, I see no impropriety in my accepting the offer. If she could do better, I would not take it. We shall lose a beautiful prospect, and gain a much more convenient and comfortable house than our present one. If I continue to prosper in my literary vocation, I mean to buy a house

before a great while, but it shall not be in Berkshire. I prefer the sea-coast, both as a matter of taste, and because I think it suits both Sophia's constitution and my own better than this hill country.

Do write and tell me of your welfare and prospects. I am afraid you will not be able to read this scrawl, but I have contracted a bad habit of careless penmanship.

With our best regards to Mrs. Bridge,
Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

After receiving this letter I wrote Hawthorne of the old family home of the Sparhawks, at Kittery Point, which was then for sale, and was not far from the cottage near the sea which I had just bought.

LENEX, Oct. 11, 1852.

DEAR BRIDGE,—The Sparhawk house certainly offers some temptations, among which, however, I do not reckon that hideous story of the howling dead man, but I shall resist them. It is too much out of the way. I have learned pretty well the desirableness of an easy access to the world; and you will learn it too, if you should ever actually occupy your island purchase. You will never be able to make that your permanent home. I am sure of it. It will do well enough to play Robinson Crusoe for a summer or so, but when a man is making his settled dispositions for life, he had better be on the mainland, and as near a railroad station as possible.

My *Wonder Book*, I suppose, will be out soon. I do not know your direction in Boston, so cannot send you one unless first advised thereof; but will tell the publishers to hand you one when called for. I have also a new volume of *Twice-told Tales* in press, and a new romance in futurity.

We shall leave here, with much joy, on the first day of December.

With our best regards to Mrs. Bridge, whom I would not have missed seeing, only that it involved the not seeing my wife the next day.

Truly yours,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

In the year of grace 1890 the historic "Red House" was burnt, and now only the blackened ruins near the lovely lake remain to mark the spot where it had stood so long. In that "little red shanty," as Mrs. Hawthorne called it, Hawthorne wrote the *House of the Seven Gables* and the *Wonder Book for Girls and Boys*, and there he began the *Blithedale Romance*. In that house, too, Rose (now Mrs. Lathrop) was born. To that little low-studded yet cheerful dwelling, for nearly forty years after the departure of the man who made it famous, visitors in

yearly increasing numbers resorted as to a shrine of genius purely American. Mr. Tappan, owner of the place, had the good taste as well as the kindly remembrances to keep the study in the same state that Hawthorne left it in.

CONCORD, MASS., Oct. 18, 1852.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I received your letter some time ago, and ought to have answered it long since, but you know my habits of epistolary delinquency, so I make no apology. Besides, I have been busy with literary labor of more

kinds than one. Perhaps you have seen *Blithedale* before this time. I doubt whether you will like it very well; but it has met with good success, and has brought me, besides its American circulation, a thousand dollars from England; whence, likewise, have come many favorable notices. Just at this time I rather think your friend stands foremost there as an American fiction-monger.

In a day or two I intend to begin a new romance, which, if possible, I mean to make more genial than the last...

Yours truly,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

"A SKIN FOR A SKIN."

BY JULIAN RALPH.

THOSE who go to the newer parts of Canada to-day will find that several of those places which their school geographies displayed as Hudson Bay posts a few years ago are now towns and cities. In them they will find the trading stations of old now transformed into general stores. Alongside of the head offices of the great corporation, where used to stand the walls of Fort Garry, they will see the principal store of the city of Winnipeg, an institution worthy of any city, and more nearly to be likened to Whiteley's Necessary Store in London than to any shopping-place in New York. As in Whiteley's you may buy a house, or anything belonging in or around a house, so you may in this great Manitoban establishment. The great retail emporium of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is the Hudson Bay store; and in Calgary, the metropolis of Alberta and the Canadian plains, the principal shopping-place in a territory beside which Texas dwindles to the proportions of a park is the Hudson Bay store.

These and many other shops indicate a new development of the business of the last of England's great chartered monopolies, but instead of marking the manner in which civilization has forced it to abandon its original function, this merely demonstrates that the proprietors have taken advantage of new conditions while still pursuing their original trade. It is true that the huge corporation is becoming a great retail shop-keeping company. It is also true that by the surrender of its monopolistic privileges it got a consolation prize of money and of twenty millions of dollars' worth of land, so that its

chief business may yet become that of developing and selling real estate. But to-day it is still, as it was two centuries ago, the greatest of fur-trading corporations, and fur-trading is to-day a principal source of its profits.

Reminders of their old associations as forts still confront the visitor to the modern city shops of the company. The great shop in Victoria, for instance, which, as a fort, was the hub around which grew the wheel that is now the capital of the province, has its fur trade conducted in a sort of barn-like annex of the bazar; but there it is, nevertheless, and busy among the great heaps of furs are men who can remember when the Hydahs and the Tlinkets and the other neighboring tribes came down in their war canoes to trade their winter's catch of skins for guns and beads, vermilion, blankets, and the rest. Now this is the mere catch-all for the furs got at posts farther up the coast and in the interior. But upstairs, above the store, where the fashionable ladies are looking over laces and purchasing perfumes, you will see a collection of queer old guns of a pattern familiar to Daniel Boone. They are relics of the fur company's stock of those famous "trade guns" which disappeared long before they had cleared the plains of buffalo, and which the Indians used to deck with brass nails and bright paint, and value as no man to-day values a watch. But close to the trade guns of romantic memory is something yet more highly suggestive of the company's former position. This is a heap of unclaimed trunks, "left," the employés will tell you, "by travellers, hunters, and explor-

teaux and tramway rails. After a slow progress of fifteen miles another steamboat is met, and thence they follow the Athabasca, through Athabasca Lake, and so on up to a second rapids, on the Great Slave River this time, where oxen and carts carry them across a sixteen-mile portage to a screw steamer, which finishes the three-thousand-mile journey to the North. Of course the shorter branch routes, distributing the goods on either side of the main track, are still traversed by canoes and hardy fellows in the old way, but with shabby accessories of costume and spirit. These boatmen, when they come to a portage, produce their tomlines, and "pack" the goods to the next waterway. By means of these "lines" they carry great weights, resting on their backs, but supported from their skulls, over which the strong straps are passed.

The winter mail-packet, starting from Winnipeg in the depth of the season, goes to all the posts by dog train. The letters and papers are packed in great boxes and strapped to the sleds, beside or behind

which the drivers trot along, cracking their lashes and pelting and cursing the dogs. A more direct course than the old Lake Winnipeg way has usually been followed by this packet; but it is thought that the route *via* Edmonton and Athabasca Landing will serve better yet, so that another change may be made. This is a small exhibition as compared with the brigade that takes the supplies, or those others that come plashing down the streams and across the country with the furs every year. But only fancy how eagerly this solitary semiannual mail is waited for! It is a little speck on the snow-wrapped upper end of all North America. It cuts a tiny trail, and here and there lesser black dots move off from it to cut still slenderer threads, zigzagging to the side factories and lesser posts; but we may be sure that if human eyes could see so far, all those of the white men in all that vast tangled system of trading centres would be watching the little caravan, until at last each pair fell upon the expected missives from the throbbing world this side of the border.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY HORATIO BRIDGE.

Third Paper.

XII.

IMMEDIATELY after General Pierce's election to the Presidency, in 1852, he offered Hawthorne the Liverpool consulate, an office then considered the most lucrative of all the foreign appointments in the Presidential gift, and soon after his inauguration he gave him that place.

In July, 1853, Hawthorne and his family sailed for England.

A few of his letters are here given, which speak of some of his annoyances at the prospect of his official emoluments being decreased by legislation, and of some other matters of public and private concern.

LIVERPOOL, *March 30, 1854.*

MY DEAR BRIDGE,—You are welcome home, and I heartily wish I could see Mrs. Bridge and yourself and little Marian by our English fireside.

I like my office well enough, but any official duties and obligations are irksome to me beyond expression. Nevertheless, the emoluments will be a sufficient inducement to keep

me here, though they are not above a quarter part what some people suppose them.

It sickens me to look back to America. I am sick to death of the continual fuss and tumult and excitement and bad blood which we keep up about political topics. If it were not for my children I should probably never return, but—after quitting office—should go to Italy, and live and die there. If Mrs. Bridge and you would go too, we might form a little colony amongst ourselves, and see our children grow up together. But it will never do to deprive them of their native land, which I hope will be a more comfortable and happy residence in their day than it has been in ours. In my opinion, we are the most miserable people on earth.

I wish you would send me the most minute particulars about Pierce—how he looks and behaves when you meet him, how his health and spirits are—and above all what the public really thinks of him—a point which I am utterly unable to get at through the newspapers. Give him my best regards, and ask him whether he finds his post any more comfortable than I prophesied it would be.

I have a great deal more to say, but defer it to future letters. Mrs. Hawthorne sends her

love to Mrs. Bridge. She is not very well, being unfavorably affected by this wretched climate. The children flourish, and will, I think, be permanently benefited by their residence here.

Write me often, for I have now learned to know how valuable a friend's letters are in a foreign land. Most truly yours,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

U. S. CONSULATE, LIVERPOOL, *April 17, '54.*

DEAR BRIDGE,—I trust you received my letter written a fortnight or thereabouts ago.

As you are now in Washington, and, of course, in frequent communication with Pierce, I want you to have a talk with him on my affairs. O'Sullivan, who arrived here a day or two ago, tells me that a bill is to be brought forward in relation to Diplomatic and Consular offices, and that, by some of its provisions, a salary is to be given to certain of the Consulates. I trust in Heaven's mercy that no change will be made as regards the emoluments of the Liverpool Consulate—unless, indeed, a salary is to be given in addition to the fees; in which case I should receive it very thankfully. This, however, is not to be expected; and if Liverpool is touched at all, it will be to limit its emoluments by a fixed salary—which will render the office not worth any man's holding. It is impossible (especially for a man with a family and keeping any kind of an establishment) not to spend a vast deal of money here. The office, unfortunately, is regarded as one of great dignity, and puts the holder on a level with the highest society, and compels him to associate on equal terms with men who spend more than my whole income on the mere entertainments and other trimmings and embroidery of their lives. Then I feel bound to exercise some hospitality toward my own countrymen. I keep out of society as much as I decently can, and really practise as stern an economy as ever I did in my life; but, nevertheless, I have spent many thousands of dollars in the few months of my residence here, and cannot reasonably hope to spend less than six thousand per annum, even after all the expenditure of setting up an establishment is defrayed. All this is for the mere indispensable part of my living, and unless I make a hermit of myself, and deprive my wife and children of all the pleasures and advantages of our English residence, I must inevitably exceed the sum named above. Every article of living has nearly doubled in cost within a year. It would be the easiest thing in the world for me to run in debt, even taking my income at \$15,000 (out of which all the clerks, etc., are to be paid), the largest sum that it ever reached in Crittenden's time. He had no family but a wife, and lived constantly at a boarding-house, and nevertheless went home, as he assured me, with an aggregate of only \$25,000, derived from his official savings.

Now the American public can never be made

to understand such a statement as the above, and they would grumble awfully if more than six thousand per annum were allowed for a Consul's salary; yet it would not be worth my keeping at ten thousand dollars. I beg and pray, therefore, that Pierce will look at the reason and common-sense of this business, and not let Mr. Dudley Mann shave off so much as a half-penny from my official emoluments. Neither do I believe that we have a single Consulship in any part of the world the net emoluments of which overpay the trouble and responsibility of the office. If these are lessened the incumbent must be compelled to turn his official position to account by engaging in commerce—a course which ought not to be permitted, and which no Liverpool Consul has ever adopted.

After all, it is very possible that no change is contemplated as regards the large Consulships. If so, I beg Mr. Dudley Mann's pardon.

Tell the President that I was a guest at a public entertainment the other day where his health was drunk standing immediately after those of the Queen and the Royal family. When the rest of the party sat down, I remained on my legs and returned thanks in a very pretty speech, which was received with more cheering and applause than any other during the dinner. I think it was altogether the most successful of my oratorical efforts, of which I have made several since arriving here.

I wish you would get some of your Congressional friends to send me whatever statistical documents are published by Congress, and also any others calculated to be of use. I am daily called upon for information respecting America, which I do not always possess the materials to give in a reliable shape.

Your friend in haste,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

April 18, 1854.

DEAR BRIDGE,—

To drop the subject of my official emoluments and take up your own affairs, I must say, after due thought, I feel somewhat desirous that you should remain at Washington, not on your own account, but on Pierce's. I feel a sorrowful sympathy for the poor fellow (for God's sake don't show him this), and hate to have him left without one true friend, or one man who will speak a single word of truth to him. There is no truer man in the world than yourself, and unless you have let him see a coolness on your part he will feel the utmost satisfaction in having you near him. You will soon find, if I mistake not, that you can exercise a pretty important influence over his mind; and such is my confidence in your good judgment, and perfect faith in your honesty, that I doubt not your influence would be for his good. Of course it requires a good deal of tact to fill such an office as I suggest, but upon my honor, so far as actual power goes, I

would as lief have it as that of Secretary of State. At all events, if you did nothing else, you might do his heart good. . . . Regards to Mrs. Bridge.

Truly yours,
NATH HAWTHORNE.

U. S. CONSULATE, LIVERPOOL, Dec. 8, 1854.

I should really be ashamed to tell you how much my income is taxed by the assistance which I find it absolutely necessary to render to American citizens who come to me in difficulty or distress. Every day there is some new claimant for whom the Government makes no provision, and whom the Consul must assist, if at all, out of his own pocket.

It is impossible (or at any rate very disagreeable) to leave a countryman to starve in the streets, or to hand him over to the charities of an English workhouse; so I do my best for these poor devils. But I doubt whether they will meet with quite so good treatment after the passage of the Consular bill. If the Government chooses to starve the Consul, a good many will starve with him.

Your friend, N. H.

U. S. CONSULATE, LIVERPOOL, March 23, 1855.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I thank you for all your efforts against this Bill, but Providence is wiser than we are, and, doubtless, it will all turn out for the best.

All through my life I have had occasion to observe that what seemed to be misfortunes have proved in the end to be the best things that could possibly have happened to me; and so it will be with this—even though the mode in which it benefits me should never be made clear to my apprehension. It would seem to be a desirable thing enough that I should have had a sufficient income to live comfortably upon for the rest of my life, without the necessity of labor; but, on the other hand, I might have sunk prematurely into intellectual sluggishness—which now there will be no danger of my doing; though, with a house and land of my own, and a good little sum at interest beside, I need not be under very great anxiety for the future. When I contrast my present situation with what it was five years ago, I see a vast deal to be thankful for; and I still hope to thrive by my legitimate instrument—the pen.

One consideration, which goes very far toward reconciling me to quitting the office, is my wife's health, with which the English climate does not agree, and which I hope will be greatly benefited by a winter in Italy. In short, we have wholly ceased to regret the action of Congress (which, nevertheless, was most unjust and absurd), and are looking at matters on the bright side.

I don't see how the next Consul is to get along here, unless he be either a rich man or

a rogue. God knows he will find temptations enough to be the latter.

Give our best regards to Mrs. Bridge. How I wish you could spend the next two years with us in Italy.

Truly your friend,
NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, April 13, 1855.

We are in good spirits—my wife and I—about official emoluments. I shall have about as much money as will be good for me. Enough to educate Julian, and portion off the girls in a moderate way—that is, reckoning my pen as good for something. And if I die, or am brain-stricken, my family will not be beggars, the dread of which has often troubled me in times past.

I pray Heaven that your little girl is doing well. We have been rather alarmed about her ever since you wrote that she had a congestion of the lungs—at least my wife has, and she alarmed me. But we hope and pray for the best.

With our kindest regards to Mrs. Bridge,
Your friend, N. H.

LIVERPOOL, April 26, 1855.

MY DEAR BRIDGE,—May God support you and your wife in this great affliction. I hardly feel as if so old a friend as myself could venture a word of consolation; but, some time or other, I trust you will be able to feel that, though it is good to have a child on earth, it is likewise good to have one safe in heaven. She will await you there, and it will seem like home to you now. My wife joins with me in the deepest sympathy for you and yours.

Most affectionately,
NATH HAWTHORNE.

The health of Mrs. Hawthorne, always delicate, being unfavorably affected by the English climate, the President, in 1855, considerably thought it might be beneficial to her, as well as gratifying to her husband, if he were transferred to a post where the climate was milder, and where Hawthorne himself would hold a diplomatic instead of a consular position.

As I was then stationed in Washington, the President authorized me to offer, in a private letter to Hawthorne, the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires at Lisbon.

The subjoined letters show the considerations that governed the decision arrived at.

U. S. CONSULATE, LIVERPOOL, August 24, 1855.

MY DEAR BRIDGE,—I do not find it easy to come to any conclusion as respects the matter broached in your last. Many objections occur to me; for instance, my unacquaintance with

diplomacy, and my dislike of the forms and ceremonies amid which diplomatists spend their time; also that I do not understand the Portuguese lingo, and have not any practice in French as a spoken language. Furthermore, it is a question whether Pierce can show me any further favors without exciting the remark that he is doing too much for a private friend. It is also a question with me whether I can afford to take the office, it being still, according to Cushing's opinion, a mere chargés-ship with only \$4500 salary; and such it must remain for some months to come. I am inclined to think, therefore, that I had better hold on for another year to my Consulship, and suffer the forfeiture of salary during my absence on the Continent, since it cannot be helped. I should not wish to keep the Portuguese mission more than a year, and I think it would not pay its expenses for that time. But it was a most kind and generous thing in the President to entertain the idea of transferring me thither, and you must express to him my sense of his kindness. My stay on the Continent will not probably be very long. I shall merely establish Mrs. Hawthorne there, and return.

On the other hand, it will be so delightful to carry her to a delicious climate, and to remain there with her, that I feel no small hesitation in absolutely deciding to refuse the Portuguese place, should it be offered me. I hope Pierce will not offer it, for I cannot answer for myself that I shall do what really seems to me the wisest thing—that is, refuse it.

You will observe that the higher rank and position of a Minister, as compared with a Consul, have no weight with me. This is not the kind of honor of which I am ambitious.

With best regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

U. S. CONSULATE, LIVERPOOL, Aug. 31, 1855.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I wrote you per last steamer in reference to what you suggested about the Lisbon mission. My ideas have not changed as respects the inexpediency of my taking that post should it be offered me. I shall act more wisely to remain here, where I have gained some facility in transacting the business; and (unless Congress interferes unfavorably with the present arrangement) I think this Consulate will be as good as the Lisbon mission, in a pecuniary way.

But, though I conclude not to go thither myself, I am going to send Mrs. Hawthorne to Lisbon in my stead. The O'Sullivan's have earnestly invited her to come; and as they spent a considerable time with us in England, she is on the most affectionate terms with them, and has consented to go. This relieves me of a very great care and anxiety. It is not improbable that I shall wish to pay her a short visit before spring, but I might go and come in a fortnight

or three weeks. Julian remains with me in England. Mrs. Hawthorne and the other two children will probably sail in the course of a month. If O'Sullivan goes to Vienna he can convoy my wife to Malta, or to any part of Italy. Her health is better than it was, but I think it best to be on the safe side by sending her out of England.

I made a blunder in my last letter to you. A new appointment to Lisbon would at once enable me to receive the increased salary of \$7500. I don't want it, however.

Truly yours,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, June 6, 1856.

DEAR BRIDGE,—

You will see by the newspapers that John Bull is in a pretty high state of excitement in relation to American affairs; but, in my opinion, Frank Pierce has taken the right course to bring matters to an amicable settlement. The recognition of Walker was a prudent measure as well as a decided one. It has angered the British, and has mortified them to the heart's core; but it has satisfied them that we are in earnest, and that their further action will be in peril of a war, which they would be very loth to encounter. They show unmistakable tokens of backing out. I should have been glad if intelligence of Grafton's dismissal had accompanied that of the recognition, for it seems impossible that our Government can mean to retain him there, and any delay only serves to keep the sore open.

I am expecting Mrs. Hawthorne back from Madeira in about ten days. The last accounts of her health have been encouraging, but I see little reason to think that she will be able to encounter another English winter. Unless she proves to be perfectly cured of her cough, I shall make arrangements to give up the Consulate in the latter part of autumn, and we will be off for Italy. I wish I were a little richer, but when I compare my situation with what it was before the publication of the *Scarlet Letter*, I have reason to be satisfied with my run of luck. And, to say the truth, I had rather not be *too* prosperous. It may be superstition, but it seems to me that the bitter is very apt to come with the sweet, and bright sunshine casts a dark shadow. So I content myself with a moderate portion of sugar and about as much sunshine as that of an English summer's day. In this view of the matter I am disposed to thank God for the gloom and chill of my early life, in the hope that my share of adversity came then when I bore it alone, and therefore it need not come now when the cloud would involve those whom I love.

I make my plans to return to America in about two years from this time. For my own part, I should be willing to stay abroad much longer, and perhaps even to settle permanently in Italy; but the children must not be kept

away so long as to lose their American characteristics, otherwise they would be exiles and outcasts through life.

Give my most sincere regards to Mrs. Bridge. I shall have few pleasanter anticipations when I return to America than that of seeing you both.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, June 20, 1856.

You pain me by your gloomy view of political affairs, but I have great hope and faith that all will turn out well. As regards our relations with England, the course of our Government deserves all praise, and the result is a triumph that will be felt and recognized long hereafter. Frank has brought us safely and honorably through a great crisis, and England begins now to understand her own position and ours, and will never again assume the tone which hitherto she has always held toward us.

Mrs. Hawthorne arrived at Southampton about a fortnight since, in much better health than I expected to see her, with little or no cough or other disorder of any kind. She thinks, with great certainty, that she can safely spend another winter in England, and, if so, I shall not resign until the next Administration comes in. She is now staying at a country house near Southampton, but I shall establish her in the neighborhood of London in the beginning of July.

I am sorry Frank has not the nomination if he wished it. Otherwise I am glad he is out of the scrape.

With best regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 19, 1856.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Your being located at Washington may, perhaps, enable you to assist me in a matter which I wish to have suitably arranged. I do not wish to retain the Consulate for any long period under the next Administration; and I intend to leave England for the Continent early in the ensuing autumn, unless Mr. Buchanan should take it into his head to remove me (which I do not see why he should, as we are personally friends, and there are no official grounds against me). I shall resign, to take effect on the thirty-first of August at furthest, and I wish the fact to be communicated to him at the proper time, as he will doubtless be glad to have the office at his disposal. If he wishes for it sooner than the time above mentioned, he will have to make the vacancy; and in view of the possibility that he may choose to do so, I do not like to do what, in effect, would be asking for a few months of official tenure; but I authorize you to let my purpose be known in the proper quarter, and I shall consider myself bound in honor to resign at the time stated. God knows I am weary of

the office, and would not have kept it a great while longer under any circumstances.

Mrs. Hawthorne and the children are now residing in Southport, a little watering-place in this vicinity, and I am happy to say that her health is essentially improved. A year or two in Italy will, with God's blessing, entirely set her up.

Remember me kindly to Frank when you see him. With my best regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Truly yours,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 15, 1857.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Yours of the 23d ult. is received, and I have read it with much interest. I regret that you think so doubtfully (or, rather, despairingly) of the prospects of the Union; for I should like well enough to hold on to the old thing. And yet I must confess that I sympathize to a large extent with the Northern feeling, and think it is about time for us to make a stand. If compelled to choose, I go for the North. At present we have no country—at least, none in the sense an Englishman has a country. I never conceived, in reality, what a true and warm love of country is till I witnessed it in the breasts of Englishmen. The States are too various and too extended to form really one country. New England is quite as large a lump of earth as my heart can readily take in.

Don't let Frank Pierce see the above, or he would turn me out of office, late in the day as it is. However, I have no kindred with, nor leaning toward, the Abolitionists.

To return to Frank Pierce, is it true that he thinks of returning into the Senate? I see nothing better to be done. He must have an occupation, and this would give him one, as well as a dignified and useful position. And it would afford him an opportunity to explain himself to the country, and to win a better fame than he now retires with. But could he be elected?

I wrote to you a short time since, communicating my purpose to resign at an early date, under Buchanan's Administration, and authorizing you to communicate the purpose to the President-elect. I think by next steamer (or very soon, at any rate) I had better write a formal letter of resignation, and send it to your care, to be delivered as soon as the new Administration comes in. My successor could then be nominated before the Senate adjourns, and, on many accounts, I should like to know who it will be. He will have a difficult post, and not a lucrative one, for my English clerks will retire with me, and he cannot supply their places with Americans at twice the expense. The new Consul should be a hard-working man of business, for the emoluments of the office will no longer admit of his devolving its duties on subordinates. It is really a pity that such a comfortable berth should have

been spoiled, but it has served my turn pretty well.

Mrs. Hawthorne is tolerably well, and the children perfectly so. With kindest regards to Mrs. Bridge,

Most truly yours,
NATH HAWTHORNE.

LIVERPOOL, *Feb.* 13, 1857.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I enclose a letter to the President (*viz.*, Buchanan, but I cannot address him as such by name until after the fourth of March) resigning my office, to take effect on and after the 31st of August next. This I wish you to deliver as soon as you think proper after the Inauguration. If he wants the office sooner, he is welcome to remove me, but I should suppose, as it could not be done without some slight odium, that he would prefer my offered resignation.

Mrs. Hawthorne and the children are all pretty well, and still continue at Southport. Mrs. H. and myself intend to travel about England and Scotland pretty extensively between now and August, and we shall leave the children at Southport under the care of the governess until we all go to the Continent together.

It will be a great relief to me to find myself a private citizen again; and I think the old literary instincts and habits will begin to revive in due season. I doubt, however, whether I publish a book until after my return to the United States, which probably will not be in less than two years. I expect to live beyond my income while on the Continent, but hope to bring myself up again after my return with my literary labor, and the economy of living on my own homestead.

I wish you would see Pierce, and beg him, from me, to say one word to Buchanan in reference to O'Sullivan. He has spent more than his income during all the time that he has been at Lisbon, until since the commencement of the present year. If turned out now he is irretrievably ruined. He is (as Pierce well knows) a most excellent Minister; and I do entreat him, by all the love I feel for him (Pierce, I mean), to do O'Sullivan this kindness.

My best regards to Mrs. Bridge.

Your friend,
NATH HAWTHORNE.

Early in the third year of Hawthorne's residence at Liverpool he became weary of his position, and contemplated resigning it. He had realized enough to live upon "with comfortable economy," his income from his literary work was considerable and increasing, and he wished to travel about England and Scotland, and to spend some years upon the Continent before returning to America. The con-

sulate had become less profitable, and, more than all, the climate of England had proved injurious to Mrs. Hawthorne's health. This last and weightiest consideration was obviated for a time by an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan to spend the winter with them in Lisbon and Madeira. So great benefit to Mrs. Hawthorne's health resulted from the visit that the contemplated resignation was deferred until after the election of President Buchanan. At length Hawthorne determined to resign, and he authorized me to inform the President of his purpose, at the same time enclosing to me his resignation, which was duly delivered.

In the September next ensuing, a new Consul was sent to relieve Hawthorne, and he gladly returned to the condition of a private citizen. He had at different times held three offices under the United States government, *viz.*, those of Weigher and Gauger in the Boston Custom-house, of Surveyor in the Salem Custom-house, and, finally, of Consul at Liverpool. In all these places he for the time subordinated his finer and higher faculties to his matter-of-fact duties, and applied his common-sense to the prosaic tasks that those commercial offices imposed. In all of them he performed his obligations faithfully, and to the entire satisfaction of the government and of those persons with whom he had official intercourse. I received the following letter from Hawthorne after his successor had been appointed.

LIVERPOOL, *Sept.* 17, 1857.

DEAR BRIDGE,—I have received your letter and the not unwelcome intelligence that there is another Liverpool Consul now in existence. It is a pity you did not tell me how soon he will be here, for that is a point which must have a good deal of influence on my own movements. I am going to set out for Paris in a day or two with my wife and children, and shall leave them there while I return to await my successor. Poor fellow! being such as you describe him, he will soon find the resources of the Consulate too narrow for him.

I expect great pleasure and improvement during my stay on the Continent, and shall come home at last somewhat reluctantly. Your pledge in my behalf of a book shall be honored in due time if God pleases; but I doubt much whether I do anything more than observe and journalize while I remain abroad. It would be a crowning pleasure to Mrs. Hawthorne and me if Mrs. Bridge and you could join us in

Italy. It is within the bounds of possibility that we may yet meet there.

Mrs. H. and the children are now a hundred miles off, at Leamington, in the centre of England, or she would cordially join me in regards and remembrances to yourself and wife.

Your friend,
NATH HAWTHORNE.

XIII.

In the story of Hawthorne's life in England, there is nothing more characteristic, nothing more noble, than his care for those Americans who came to him for advice or aid. Besides numerous instances of generosity never heard of by the public, there was a notable one in the case of Miss Delia Bacon, casually mentioned in *Our Old Home*, under the head of "Recollections of a Gifted Woman."

Without assuming any credit for his action in the case, or referring to his disinterested aid to one who had no other claim upon him than that she was a lonely and friendless country-woman, he describes her patient labor in pursuit of what she devoutly believed to be the true secret of Shakespeare's identity.

Whether her theories were wholly visionary or not, she had the courage of her convictions, opposed as they were to the settled belief of the rest of the world, and she lived and died a martyr to the truth of history, as she regarded it.

When this singular woman had exhausted all her financial means, when her family and friends declined to assist her unless she would give up her chimerical pursuit and return to America, she, almost despairingly, appealed to Hawthorne; and he responded in a way that displayed the nobleness of his heart—the way in which he aided the forlorn enthusiast in her direst need. It gives one a higher estimate of human nature to hear of such unselfishness, such unwearied patience, and such rare delicacy as were exhibited by Hawthorne in extending the moral and material aid which she was too proud to solicit.

The interesting *Life of Delia Bacon*, by Theodore Bacon, published in 1888, contains some twenty letters of Hawthorne's—therein for the first time made public—which charmingly display, in the words of Mr. Bacon, "the noble generosity, the unwearied patience, the exquisite considerateness with which for two years he (Hawthorne) gave unstinted

help, even of that material sort which she would not ask for, to this lonely country-woman."

In a postscript to one of these letters to Miss Bacon, Hawthorne writes, in almost apologetic terms: "You say nothing about the state of your funds. Pardon me for alluding to the subject, but you promised me to apply to me in case of need. I am ready." Could an offer of assistance be more delicately expressed?

If there were no other proof of Hawthorne's appreciative regard for the friendless, it shines forth brightly in these private letters.

In 1860 Hawthorne returned to this country, after a seven years' absence, and found the nation embroiled in an angry contest between the two great political parties of the day, and he viewed with the utmost solicitude the premonitory symptoms of civil war, apparent in the press and in Congress.

Early in the year next following, the war-cloud burst, and the struggle continued for four years of tremendous effort and sacrifice on the part of those who strove to destroy the Union, as well as of their opponents, who, happily, were able to preserve it.

It is well known that Hawthorne was a Democrat in principle. He was, however, neither extreme nor narrow in his views, nor did he ever take an active part in political controversies. His *Life of Pierce* was written from personal friendship and the true spirit of comradeship. Political preference had little controlling force in the matter.

In regard to Hawthorne's politics, let me here revert to our college days and to the Presidential election of 1824, which was preceded by the usual political excitements, into which boys, as well as men, entered zealously. The students showed their individual preferences as strongly as, and much more disinterestedly than, the average voter at the outside polls. At that time Pierce, Cilley, Hawthorne, and the writer were enthusiastic supporters of General Jackson.

In later years, when the doctrine of abolition was prominently brought forward, Hawthorne, like conservative men of all parties, was outspoken against it. He held that the Constitution was valid and binding upon all the States, and that no one who did not recognize a higher law could honestly interfere with the in-

stitutions of the Southern States, as guaranteed to them by the Constitution.

But when the South declared for disunion, and fired on the old flag at Fort Sumter, Hawthorne, as did most Northern Democrats, unhesitatingly took his stand with the North, and strongly espoused the cause of the Union.

Like many other loyal men, he almost despaired of success; but he wished to fight to the death for the northern slave States, and let the rest go. He had no sympathy with the South during the rebellion, but he rejoiced in every Union victory, and approved and applauded the granting of liberal military supplies, and the vigorous prosecution of the war. In short, he was a Democrat before the rebellion, a War Democrat after it broke out.

XIV.

My own duties as Paymaster-General in charge of a naval bureau at Washington were too arduous and engrossing to allow much time to be given to private matters either of interest or friendship, yet I was glad to have a month's visit from Hawthorne in March and April of 1862.

He went occasionally to Congress, to the White House, and to other places of interest in Washington. He visited some of the neighboring battle-fields in company with Mrs. Bridge and Dicey, the English writer, and he made an excursion to McClellan's headquarters, another to Harper's Ferry, and a steamer trip with me to Norfolk.

During his visit he met many distinguished men, and gained a much clearer view of the war than he had before. His clever article in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1862, entitled "Chiefly about War Matters," embodied the results of his observations.

The letter next following speaks of the Wayside, which was just finished, and gives some of Hawthorne's views in relation to the war, as do the two letters immediately following it.

CONCORD, May 26, 1861.

I am about making the final disbursements on account of my house, which, of course, has cost me three times the sum calculated upon. I suppose every man, in summing up the cost of a house, feels considerably like a fool; but it is the first time, and will be the last, that I make a fool of myself in this particular way.

At any rate, the result is a pretty and convenient house enough, no larger than was necessary for my family and an occasional friend, and no finer than a modest position in life demands. The worst of it is, I must give up all thoughts of drifting about the world any more, and try to make myself at home in one dull spot.

It is rather odd, with all my tendency to stick in one place, I yet find great delight in frequent change; so that, in this point of view, I had better not have burdened myself with taking a house upon my back. Such change of quarters as makes up the life of you Naval men might have suited me.

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 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 he means to enlist as soon as he reaches the minimum age; but I trust that we shall either be victorious or vanquished before that time. Meantime (though I approve of 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 pummel 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 which is consistent with a future reunion 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.

I trust you mean to come and bring Mrs. Bridge to see us this summer. I shall like my house twice as well when you have looked at it. We are all well. Write again.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

CONCORD, Oct. 12, 1861.

DEAR BRIDGE,—

I am glad you take such a hopeful view of our national prospects 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 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 lopt off. I would fight to the death for the northern slave States, and let the rest go.

I fully expected that you would pay me at least a flying visit while at the North this summer, but I suppose your time was brief and filled up with more essential matters.

I have not found it possible to occupy my mind with its usual trash and nonsense during these anxious times, but, as the autumn advances, I find myself sitting down to my desk and blotting successive sheets of paper, as of yore. Very likely I may have something ready for the public long before the public is ready to receive it.

We are all very well, and, in spite of public troubles, have spent a quiet and happy summer. I am glad Mrs. Bridge has had a little respite from Washington life, and heartily wish you had been with her. But honest men are of too much value and too rare to be spared from their posts in these times.

Do write again, and enlighten me so far as you may as to what is going on.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

CONCORD, Feb. 14, 1862.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Your proposition that I should pay a visit to Washington is very tempting, and I should accept it if it were not for several "ifs"—neither of them, perhaps, a sufficient obstacle in itself, but, united, pretty difficult to overcome. For instance, I am not very well, being mentally and physically languid; but I suppose there is about an even chance that the trip and change of scene might supply the energy which I lack. Also, I am pretending to write a book; and though I am nowise diligent about it, still, each week finds me a little more advanced, and I am now at a point where I do not like to leave it entirely. Moreover, I ought not to spend money needlessly in these hard times, for it is my opinion that the book trade, and everybody connected with it, is bound to fall to zero before the war and the subsequent embarrassments come to an end.

I might go on multiplying "ifs," but the above are enough. Nevertheless, as I said, I am greatly tempted by your invitation, and it is not impossible that, in the course of a few weeks, I may write to ask you if it still holds good. Meanwhile I send you enclosed a respectable old gentleman, who my friends say is very like me, and may serve as my representative. If you will send me a similar one of yourself, I shall be truly obliged.

Frank Pierce came here and spent a night, a week or two since, and we mingled our tears and 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 in the future. He is bigoted to the Union, and sees nothing but ruin without it; whereas I (if we can only put the boundary far enough south) should not much regret an ultimate separation. A few weeks will decide how this is to be, for, unless a powerful Union feeling shall be developed by the military successes that seem to be setting in, 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 on being let loose. If we do hold them, I should think Sumner's Territorial plan the best way.

I trust your health has not suffered by the immense occupation which the war must have brought upon you. The country was fortunate in having a man like yourself in so responsible a situation—"faithful found among the faithless."

My wife and family are quite well, and send their kindest regards to Mrs. Bridge and yourself.

Your friend,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

P.S.—I ought to thank you for a shaded map of negroedom,* 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.

After his month's visit to the capital, Hawthorne returned home, much improved in health and spirits. The change of climate and scene, the relief from literary work, and the excitement of the war spirit effervescing all around him, seemed to have a beneficial effect upon him, and he went back to Concord with apparently renewed strength.

CONCORD, April 13, 1862.

DEAR BRIDGE,—Yours enclosing two photographs of Prof. Henry is received.

I reached home safe and sound on Thursday after a very disagreeable journey.

It was 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 No. 10.

I found the family in good health, except that Una has a cold, and Rosebud is blossoming out with the mumps, which the other two children will probably take in due course.

They all think me greatly improved by the journey and absence, and are grateful to Mrs. Bridge and yourself for your kind attentions.

Your friend ever,

NATH HAWTHORNE.

* This refers to a map showing the proportion of negroes to whites in the different slave States, as indicated by darker or lighter shades.

The letters just given show that though Hawthorne came to Washington "feeling not very well," he returned greatly improved by the journey and the social life at the capital.

In that year and the one next following he published *Our Old Home*, and did some other literary work, but the springs of life were running low, and the great brain was growing tired.

His lassitude increased, and he failed gradually, till, on that last journey with Pierce towards the White Mountains, the volume of his life was closed.

The sad news reached me in Washington at a time when I was confined to my room by an accident, and I could not have the melancholy privilege of looking once more on that loved face. Nor could I join the little band of devoted friends who mournfully bore his body to its resting-place—upon the hill-top and under his favorite pines.

XV.

Pierce's friendship for Hawthorne was warm and tender to the last. The health of the latter had been gradually failing for two or three years, until, in May, 1864, Pierce persuaded him to take a trip with him to the White Mountains. The travellers had only reached Plymouth, New Hampshire, where they rested at the village hotel to refresh Hawthorne from the fatigue resulting from the journey.

On retiring that last sad night they occupied connecting rooms, with the door open between them.

Hawthorne slept quietly at first, and Pierce went in once or twice during the night to see to the invalid's comfort. A little after midnight he found him lying in that seemed a quiet sleep; but it was the "sleep that knows no waking."

Hawthorne had died apparently without a struggle.

Five years afterwards Pierce himself died.

XVI.

Unquestionably Nathaniel Hawthorne owed much of the success in his career to the cheerful aid and encouragement of his wife. She held up his hands when he was listless or despairing, she made his home a happy one, and she brought out the sunshine of his nature even when the clouds of life were darkest.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Hawthorne was a woman of highly intellect-

ual gifts. Capable of thoroughly appreciating her husband's rare qualities, and always ready and earnest to cheer and brighten his path, their union was most fortunate, and the world owes much to the wife's felicitous influence over her gifted husband for the results of his literary labors.

I have thought that, as a corollary to the foregoing sketches of Hawthorne, some of his wife's letters to me might fittingly be contributed as suitable accessories in showing his manliness and loving devotion to his wife and family, as well as in displaying more fully some of his finer characteristics.

CONCORD, July 4, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I wrote you a long letter some days since, which, not meeting entire approval from my lord, I laid aside. It was only a freak of fancy that was condemned, however, and so I will write the same letter over again, with that omission, for in all matters of taste and fitness he is absolutely correct. I must say to you again that I like your book very much for various reasons. Its truth and sincerity and unprejudiced observation make it valuable, independent of its excellent sense. It has the grace of simplicity and ease, and is, at the same time, sufficiently strong. It is also very entertaining. I am extremely fastidious in books, and am seldom held fast by one, but this I could not bear to lay down whenever I had a moment to read it. For your sake I am glad your cruise ended so soon; yet, for the sake of the public, I could wish it had been longer, that we might have had two volumes instead of one. There cannot be too much of such true and living history of countries and peoples.

How impossible to find the limit to the consequences of a good action! Through your magnanimous desire to benefit my husband you have given the public a pleasant glimpse of Africa. Now my husband has returned your favor of the past with regard to his *Twice-told Tales*. You first procured his appearance in a book, and now he introduces you in a fair volume to the present age.

With regard to our visit to you, I fear you know not what you undertake. Unless I have a servant with me I cannot go, and a servant would make our party too large. I know that your hospitality is as magnificent as that of the Grecian hero who slew an hundred bees to entertain his guests; but this is no reason why it should be abused. There would still be an advantage in my taking my woman, because she would take the whole care of us, and we should be no additional trouble to your domestics. But are not four of us too many? I wish, too, you would tell me about the military arrangements of your citadel. Is there a great deal of mar-

tial music and parade, so that Una's sleep would be murdered every noon? Her little life is rounded with a sleep every day, and if these naps are prevented I will not answer for her serenity and agreeableness of behavior; and you might wish her in Jericho instead of in your house. I must be perfectly frank with you, dear sir, in another regard. The length of our visit to you will make a great difference about our household arrangements here, and therefore I wish you would not think me wholly wanting in etiquette and propriety if I request you to tell me whether you desire us to stay one, two, or three weeks. I sincerely wish to know which. I believe you appointed the 25th of July for the appearance of our constellation in your heavens. Is it not so? We certainly could not appear before that time. Your beautiful engraving of the Transfiguration shines down upon us superbly all day long. I, too, should like to command gold, so as to perform such splendid acts for my friends. I have often thought it would be enchanting to be an Aladdin's Lamp, and astonish people with unexpected pearls and diamond houses.

Una says she wishes very much to see Mr. Bridge, and to go to Portsmouth and breathe the sea-air. When I question her upon the subject, the enthusiasm of her assent far surpasses our insignificant yes. In her eloquent speeches she always points with the forefinger of her right hand, which proves the legitimacy of that gesture in oratory. Her language continues in that unintelligible, divine idiom to which we have no grammar nor lexicon.

My husband is spending this great day upon the river. He has not yet said he shall go to Portsmouth. He thinks he is too poor, I believe; but I shall persuade him to the contrary, I suspect. Una wishes to be remembered to you, with the gracious permission to kiss her lily-white hand. I am very sorry I have had to write with a spoiled steel pen, but perhaps you can make out my name. With cordial congratulations upon your new dignities, I am yours with much regard.

S. A. HAWTHORNE.

SALEM, Dec. 20, 1846.

DEAR MR. BRIDGE,—My husband enjoins upon me to answer your very welcome letters of August 20th and October 20th, which he received yesterday. As he has a high regard for you and an utter detestation of pen, ink, and paper, I am glad to relieve him of assuring you, by means of these appliances, how cordially we remember you, and how rejoiced we always are to hear of your safety and well-being. I find my husband calls you "the truest and warmest friend he has in the world." From him such an assurance is, in my opinion, equal to a crown of glory. Besides most kindly thinking of you from an inward impulse as a friend in need and deed, we are perpetually reminded by the African idol upon the mantel-piece of Mr. Horatio Bridge.

Una often inquires after you, and now understands perfectly that you are upon the great sea in a great ship. She is still a charming little person, though, like the moon, she holds her course sometimes behind clouds and slender storms, but they can only for a short time conceal her shining smiles and gracious countenance. I have never discovered any ugliness in her heart and behavior, for wrong has hardly power to cast a shadow upon her before she breaks forth all contrition and sweetness. She is in perfect health and bloom, and just now enchanted with the snow, which, for the first time, she is big enough to play with.

Her little brother is an entire contrast to her ladyship. His father called him the Black Prince during the first weeks of his life, because he was so dark in comparison with her. He is decidedly, I think, a *brun*; but his complexion is brilliant and his eyes dark gray, with long black lashes, like Mr. Hawthorne's. We thought he looked very much like you at first, but he does not now. He is a Titan in strength and size, and though but six months old, is as large as some children of two years. His father declares he does not care anything about him because he is a boy, and so I am obliged to love him twice as much as I otherwise should. He is as pleasant and smiling as a summer's day, and his temperament is very sturdy and comfortable, quite unlike Una's, in not being at all sensitive; nor is he as delicately organized. She enjoys him very much, and he admires her beyond all things.

We are residing in the most stately street in Salem, but our house is much too small for our necessities. My husband has no study, and his life is actually wasted this winter for want of one. He has not touched his desk since we came to Salem, nor will not, until we can remove to a more convenient dwelling, I fear.

I am very glad to have such good news of your book. The old and new world seem to agree in its favor. It certainly has had a wonderful success, and I am quite content that you are writing more. I believe that you will write better than ever, now that you are a husband and a happy man, for marriage, with true sentiment and comprehension, is, I think, a great apocalypse, and opens a new world. I rejoice that you have ceased to be a stray comet, and have come into a regular orbit, for I should imagine you to be a person who might particularly enjoy a harmonious domestic life.

I only saw Mrs. Bridge once, and then in the street in Boston, after your departure, for I found it impossible to call upon her before the birth of my little boy. She was with her mother, and I greeted her and shook hands with her very cordially. She looked very lovely in blue, but pale. I hope I shall know her some day, for her face and manner promise a noble and lovely woman. It seems to me that human beings are wretched Arabs until they find central points in other human beings around which all their brightest and richest

sentiments shall revolve. Every true and happy family is a solar system that outshines all the solar systems in space and time.

April 5, 1864, CONCORD.

MY DEAR MR. BRIDGE,—Mr. Hawthorne has gone upon a journey, and I opened your letter this morning. When you write anything I must not see you must put *private* at the top of the page, and then I will reverently fold up the letter and put it aside.

Alas! it was no "author's excuse" which was published in the *Atlantic*, but a most sad and serious truth. Mr. Hawthorne has really been very ill all winter, and not well, by any means, for a much longer time; not ill in bed, but miserable on a lounge or sofa, and quite unable to write a word, even a letter, and lately quite unable to read. I have felt the wildest anxiety about him, because he is a person who has been immaculately well all his life, and this illness has seemed to me an awful dream which could not be true. But he has wasted away very much, and the suns in his eyes are collapsed, and he has had no spirits, no appetite, and very little sleep. Richard was not himself, and his absolute repugnance to see a physician, or to have any scientific investigation of his indisposition, has weighed me down like a millstone. I have felt such a terrible oppression in thinking that all was not doing for his relief that might be done that sometimes I have scarcely been able to endure it—at moments hardly able to fetch my breath in apprehension of the possible danger. But, thank Heaven, Mr. Ticknor has taken him out of this groove of existence, and intends to keep him away until he is better. He has been in New York at the Astor House since last Tuesday night, a week from to-day. I have had six letters, five from Mr. Ticknor, and one at last from my husband, written with a very tremulous hand, but with a cheerful spirit.

My dear Mr. Bridge, you, with your deep, warm, tender heart, can easily imagine how I have suffered in all this. My faith has been tried in its central life. I bless God it has not failed me; but yet I cannot conceive of myself as surviving any peril to my husband. Though I would not complain, because I know that God must do right, and that He is also love itself.

I should not be surprised if you should see Mr. Hawthorne in Washington. I wish he could be persuaded to stay southward until these piercing east winds of spring abate here. But he intends to go a little later to the Isles of Shoals, to stay until the advent of visitors in the fashionable season. I see that Concord is not the place for him. He needs the damp sea-air for health, comfort, and enjoyment. I wish, with all my heart, that our dear little Wayside domain could be sold advantageously for his sake, and that he could wander on sea-beaches all the rest of his days.

The state of our country has, doubtless, excessively depressed him. His busy imagination has woven all sorts of sad tissues. You

know his indomitable, untamable spirit of independence and self-help. This makes the condition of an invalid peculiarly irksome to him. He is not a very manageable baby, because he has so long been a self-reliant man; but his innate sweetness serves him here, as in all things, and he is very patient and good. . . .

With my kindest regards to Mrs. Bridge, I am
Very truly yours,
S. A. HAWTHORNE.

CONCORD, MASS., The Wayside, Nov. 7, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. BRIDGE,—Can you send me any memories or incidents of Mr. Hawthorne's college life, when you were with him so much?

I am now very much occupied in copying his journals, or portions of them, for papers for the *Atlantic*; and something is demanded of his life, and these records in his own words are the best of all autobiography—I mean are the best biography, being *auto*. They are very rich as studies of nature and man, and now and then a glimpse of his personal character gleams through in a radiant way, though he puts himself aside as much as possible, as always. The *Augusta Journal* is all copied, in which I have ventured to put Mr. B. for your name. You figure there in a commanding way, being lord of the Manor in position and character.

The reason I wish to have you write down your reminiscences is because by-and-by these papers will all be collected into a volume, and these connecting links will be wanted. The earliest remaining journal begins in 1835.

I have requested his sister to write her recollections of his childhood and early youth, for she alone can now do that.

It is a vast pleasure to pore over his books in this way. I seem to be with him in all his walks and observations. Such faithful, loving notes of all he saw never were put on paper before. Nothing human is considered by him too mean to ponder over. No bird, nor leaf, nor tint of earth or sky is left unnoticed. He is a crystal medium of all the sounds and shows of things, and he reverently lets everything be as it is, and never intermeddles, nor embellishes, nor detracts. It is truth itself, and has all the immortal charm of truth, even in the smallest details. For do we not like to see even a common object of still-life truthfully represented by the great masters of Dutchland? It is only the great masters in any art who trust to truth.

I hoped to see you again, summer before the last, with Mrs. Bridge. My constant expectation of seeing her prevented me from replying to her very kind letter. Will you tell her so with my love? Perhaps she will come this next summer, if she can bear to come now my king has gone, and so the cottage is no longer a palace.

I shall be glad of any occasion to hear from you, dear Mr. Bridge.

Very sincerely yours,
SOPHIA A. HAWTHORNE.