At two o'clock in the morning of May 19, 1864, the secret initiation rites of the Harvard fraternity Delta Kappa Epsilon were reaching their grotesque conclusion. Julian Hawthorne, a sturdy, well-muscled freshman of seventeen, was led blindfolded into a silent crypt and helped into a coffin. There he was to lie until the resurrection. But he had for a while the companionship of a friendly demon; and finally, he was snatched out of the coffin and pulled upstairs into a brightly lighted room where, his bandages removed, he joined the other members of the secret society in drinking some claret punch.¹

At that very hour, in the Pemigewasset House in Plymouth, New Hampshire, General Franklin Pierce, awakened by the persistent howling of a dog in the courtyard, rose and went to the bedside of his friend Nathaniel Hawthorne. The author lay very still. Pierce “laid his hand on the sleeper's heart, and found that it had stopped beating.”²

As Nathaniel Hawthorne's son rode back to Concord with
his father's friend and publisher James T. Fields, in order to
join the bereaved family for the funeral, he must have thought
of the weird parody of death that had been enacted during the
rites of initiation. In the Hawthorne household, as in the elder
Hawthorne's fiction, what began as masquerade frequently
ended as reality. For young Julian Hawthorne, fresh from the
rites of the "Deeks," the news of his father's death gave him
very nearly his darkest hour. "My life," he declared long after,
"had been so wholly one with my father and mother that I
couldn't comprehend being severed from either of them." It
was appropriate that when the severing came, it should come
associated in his mind with a ritual of initiation, with the idea,
perhaps, of a rebirth; the same phenomenon of initiation into
life was also closely interwoven in the young man's mind with
the death of his mother seven years later. To be sure, he wrote
in his Memoirs, though he knew it was his duty to be manly
and comforting to his family, he felt his incompetence as if he
had lost his arms and legs; but his mother remarked sagely,
"It has made a man of him."

The death strengthened the ideal vision of Nathaniel Haw­
thorne as father and as writer that young Julian Hawthorne
carried with him untarnished to his own grave. This vision, and
the concurrent initiation into manhood and responsibility, led
ultimately to a career of literary achievement, though of a
different order from that of the father. The younger Haw­
thorne's manhood was to be continuously inspired by the re­
membrance of what the father had done and what he had been.
In tracing the early years of Julian Hawthorne from his birth
in Boston in 1846 to his initiation into manhood almost eight­
een years later, one must keep in mind the profound influence
that the author of The Scarlet Letter was to exert on his son.
Although much of what follows must necessarily be told from
the point of view of Nathaniel Hawthorne, we can clearly detect
the influence of the elder Hawthorne's attitudes upon young
Julian.
In a letter to his friend Horatio Bridge written when his first child, Una, was less than a month old, Nathaniel Hawthorne said, "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"; and he added, significantly, "I think I prefer a daughter to a son." Hawthorne’s tentatively expressed opinion here would seem to be confirmed by what we know of his reactions to the birth of his second child and only son, Julian, on June 22, 1846, two years later. Hawthorne’s wife Sophia wrote to Bridge rather jestingly when Julian was six months old that Una’s “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. 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.” The Black Prince could scarcely have felt unwanted in the affectionate and sometimes even cloying atmosphere of the Hawthorne household. And when he was born, the family was better off financially than it had been at any time since the marriage in 1842, for Hawthorne had just been appointed by President Polk as Surveyor for the District of Salem and Beverly and Inspector of the Revenue for the Port of Salem. There remains, then, merely a suggestion that a boy, as such, was not especially desirable. If this initial trepidation is indeed a fact and can be psychologically traced at all, it may possibly be connected to the father’s concern about the transmission of the hereditary shames of the family to still another generation. Mistakenly projecting his own anxieties and sense of guilt into a baby, Hawthorne also extended his sympathy: he did not wish his son to suffer as he had suffered. Julian Hawthorne, it may be remarked here, did not suffer. The thematic concern in his own fiction with the hereditary transmission of
the guilt of past generations was largely a literary posture derived from the elder Hawthorne's writings, and not, as in Nathaniel Hawthorne, a psychological obsession that could be transmuted into artistic form.  

Whatever his attitude toward the birth of a son who would bear upon his shoulders the contumely associated with the family name after Puritan times, Nathaniel Hawthorne grew to love the boy Julian deeply, and the child wrought significant changes in his own view of human nature. "He is truly a happy little soul," he wrote in his journal when his subject was almost three, "if ever one there were on earth; and, for his sake, I am the more inclined to think that the race of man was not created in bitterness, and for their misery, but in infinite benevolence, and for eternal blessedness."  

It was at approximately this period that Julian's own recollections of his father began. He was able in his later years to describe with great fidelity the study in the Mall Street house in which The Scarlet Letter was written. Of his father he wrote with gentle touches of unobtrusive symbolism:

I see a tall, strong man, whose wide-domed head was covered with wavy black hair, bushing out at the sides. It thinned somewhat over the lofty crown and brow; the forehead was hollowed at the temple and rounded out above, after the Moorish style of architecture. Under heavy dark eyebrows were eyes deepset and full of light, marvellous in range of expression, with black eyelashes. All seemed well with me when I met their look. The straight, rather salient nose had a perceptible cleft at the tip, which, I was told, was a sign of good lineage, so that I was much distressed by the smooth plebeian bluntness, at that time, of my own little snub.

Physically—despite his nose—the young son was very impressive. Sophia wrote the following description of her second child in November of 1846:

As to Baby, his cheeks, eyes, and limbs affirm enormous well-being. He weighs twenty-three pounds, which is within two
pounds of Una's weight when she was eighteen months old,—
and he is not quite five months old. His mighty physique is not all
fat, but he is modelled on a great plan in respect to his frame.
Una looks like a fairy golden-hair beside him; she is opaline in
lustre and delicacy. 

A month later she called him "decidedly, I think, a brun; but
his complexion is brilliant and his eyes dark gray, with long
black lashes, like Mr. Hawthorne's. He is a Titan in
strength and size, and though but six months old, is as large as
some children of two years." Horatio Bridge pictured him as
"a good-natured, laughing young giant" at Lenox in 1850,
when Julian was just four years old. The father thought to
describe his "chunky little figure" as "looking like an alderman
in miniature." In another journal entry he noted: "Julian's are
very good legs—stout, sturdy, energetic little legs, and
possessed of much character, especially when seen from behind,
while he is shoving a chair before him, or otherwise bringing
their muscles into play. There never was a gait more
expressive of childish force and physical well-being than his; no
faintness, weakness, weariness about it.” In the opinion of
more than one observer, physically the child was “superb.”

Julian Hawthorne's physique was joined to a temperament at
once imaginative and sanguine; indeed, the youth's lively imagi-
ation was continually encouraged and nurtured by his par-
ents. And despite the frequent wanderings of the Hawthorne
clan throughout his youth, his life at home was characterized by
an enveloping warmth and sense of security. The following
description in Hawthorne's journal of an evening at Lenox is
characteristically expressive of the mutual tenderness in the
family.

Mamma has gone up stairs to get him, and I hear his voice, and
now his downright little footsteps, his laugh—and here he comes
gladsomely in, with the illustrated almanac, which he has capitul-
ated to be allowed to look at—else he would not come down.
Mamma begins to undress him; he remonstrates, and demands
to be allowed to 'see when I'm bareness'—that is, to look at the
book after he is undressed. There he is, in his bareness, his face brimming over with good-humor and fun, so that it throws a light down upon the pictures he is looking at. Now, mamma is putting on his night-gown; and as his head comes through the opening, still he looks at the pictures. Now he prattles—"I'm little angel, and I have wings coming out of my shoulders. No, I'm a bird—I'm a bird of Paradise—I'm a parrot." His mother asks, 'Julian, what have you to say to Papa?'—He sits repeating Mother Goose's melodies, "Dimery-dimery Dock' &c&c. He will not give the watchword, but talks all sorts of nonsense. "Good night, my little son!" 'Good night, my daughter,' answers he. At last, "Papa, I'm quite ready";—so his day closes, and I lug him up to bed—he giving his mother sweetest kisses and embraces, till the very last moment. 

The attitudes of Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne toward their children were sharply distinct. As the son was to note in his biography of his parents, "The mother sees goodness and divinity shining through everywhere; the father's attitude is deductive and moralizing." One of Hawthorne's biographers puts the matter somewhat differently. In writing about the children, he declares, "Sophia was ecstatic: the children were unfallen angels to her. While loving and admiring them not a bit less, Hawthorne had a strong sense of fact and a strong sense of humor." Sophia wrote her mother that "the graces of heaven fill the hearts of my children," and no doubt she was attempting to be literal. Hawthorne was not unaware of the mother's habit of mind; he notes in his journal, "Mamma says he [Julian] likes the best book in the house—I say, he likes the book that is kept from him." To the same end the following brief dialogue is entered:

"Are you a good little boy?" quoth I to Julian. "Yes," said he.—"What are you good for?" asked I.—"Because I love all people," answered he. His mother will be in raptures with this response—a heavenly infant, powerless to do anything but diffusing the richness of his pure love throughout the moral atmosphere, to make all mankind happier and better!!!!!
The number of exclamation points here measures the divergence in attitude between Hawthorne and his "ecstatic" wife. But Julian Hawthorne was quite correct in pointing out his father's own tendency toward "moralizing." In such early passages as the following, the banal moral reflection seems to bear little resemblance to its ostensible source:

I have just been for a walk round Buffum's corner, and returning, after some half hour's absence, find Una and Julian gone to bed. Thus ends the day of these two children,—one of them [Una] four years old, the other some months less than two. But the days and the years melt away so rapidly that I hardly know whether they are still little children at their parents' knees, or already a maiden and a youth, a woman and a man. This present life has hardly substance and tangibility enough to be the image of eternity. The future too soon becomes the present, which before we can grasp it, looks back upon us as the past. It must, I think, be only the image of an image.23

Another, more typical, comment was the following, which blends the reportorial with the moral approach, without losing sight of the original object described:

Julian was greatly fascinated by a rocking-horse, and wished to buy it; and for that purpose, took from his pocket a little toy-cup of pewter, which he greatly valued, and offered it in exchange. The bargain being declined, he was vastly grieved, and came home roaring. There is something queerly pathetic in this; the poor little boy offering all he had—what he deemed one of the treasures of the world—and meeting a refusal. I suppose it surprised him as much as it might hereafter, were he to proffer his heart, and have it rejected with scorn.24

Objective descriptions of his son in these early years are balanced occasionally by Hawthorne's introspective appraisals, which may often be taken as projections of his own view of the world that the child was to enter. The father explicitly compares himself with his son, for example, in commenting on the boy's constant stream of talk: "It is his desire of sympathy that
lies at the bottom of the great heap of his babblement. He wants to enrich all his enjoyments by steeping them in the heart of some friend. I do not think him in danger of living so solitary a life as much of mine has been.” A more characteristic entry appears on July 29, 1849, when the son was just three years old; here Hawthorne strikes a theme that is to be dominant whenever he speaks of the education of a child:

Julian has too much tenderness, love, and sensibility in his nature; he needs to be hardened and tempered. I would not take a particle of the love out of him; but methinks it is highly desirable that some sterner quality should be interfused throughout the softness of his heart; else, in course of time, the hard intercourse of the world, and the many knocks and bruises he will receive, will cause a morbid crust of callousness to grow over his heart; so that, for at least a portion of his life, he will have less sympathy and love for his fellow-beings than those who began life with a much smaller portion. After a lapse of years, indeed, if he have native vigor enough, there may be a second growth of love and benevolence; but the first crop, with its wild luxuriance, stands a good chance of being blighted.

Surely this is a remarkably severe moral forecast for a child of three! The view of the “hard intercourse of the world” seems almost transparently Hawthorne’s own, and it is echoed in the account of the visit to the Brownings at the Casa Guidi in Florence nine years later. Hawthorne was struck by the appearance of the Brownings’ little son Robert, whom they called “Pennini.” The image of his own brawny young son must have been called forth by this frail child, and in Hawthorne’s description the comparison of the two boys is implicit:

I never saw such a boy as this before; so slender, fragile, and spirit-like,—not as if he were actually in ill-health, but as if he had little or nothing to do with human flesh and blood. His face is very pretty and most intelligent, and exceedingly like his mother’s. He is nine years old, and seems at once less childlike and less manly than would befit that age. I should not quite like to be the father of such a boy, and should fear to stake so much interest and affection on him as he cannot fail to inspire. I
wonder what is to become of him,—whether he will ever grow to be a man,—whether it is desirable that he should. His parents ought to turn their whole attention to making him robust and earthly, and to giving him a thicker scabbard to sheathe his spirit in.\textsuperscript{27}

Hawthorne’s ideal, then, may be summarized as not merely physical strength, though that is desirable, but a coupling of physical and emotional resiliency. This dual resiliency his own son was fortunate enough to develop, though whether he achieved it with his father’s aid seems doubtful. At any rate, the childish “Titan” grew into the best gymnast in his class at Harvard, and indeed survived to the age of eighty-eight, while emotionally, his thick-scabbarded spirit, with remarkable powers of readjustment, survived several savage onslaughts, most notably the dismal shame of a year in Atlanta Penitentiary.

An accurate picture of Hawthorne’s view of the parental compensations may be seen in the section of his Lenox journal that he called “Twenty Days with Julian and Little Bunny.” \textsuperscript{28} These were some of the happiest days that the five-year-old Julian Hawthorne spent at the “Red Shanty” in the Berkshires, for his mother had gone off with Una, his new baby sister Rose (born in May, 1851), and Elizabeth Palmer Peabody (“E.P.P.”), leaving Julian in full possession of his father. During these rainy, joyful weeks of July and August, 1851, Hawthorne began his reading of Fourier in preparation for the writing of The Blithedale Romance, received calls from the G. P. R. James family, the Duyckincks, and Herman Melville (whom Julian liked “as well as me,” his father wrote), and supervised the boy’s fishing in the nearby lake and his care of the rabbit, Bunny. The following entries give a delightful picture of the daily activities at the Red Shanty:

[July 28, 1851]
At seven o’clock, a.m. Wife, E. P. P., Una, and Rosebud, took their departure, leaving Julian and me in possession of the Red
Shanty. The first observation which the old gentleman made thereupon, was—"Papa, isn't it nice to have baby gone?" His perfect confidence of my sympathy in this feeling was very queer. "Why is it nice?" I inquired. "Because now I can shout and squeal just as loud as I please!" answered he. And for the next half hour he exercised his lungs to his heart's content, and almost split the welkin thereby. Then he hammered on an empty box, and appeared to have high enjoyment of the racket which he created. In the course of the forenoon, however, he fell into a deep reverie, and looked very pensive. I asked what he was thinking of and he said, "Oh, about mamma’s going away. I do not like to be away from her;"—and then he romanticized about getting horses and galloping after her. He declared, likewise, that he likes Una, and that she never troubled him.

I hardly know how we got through the forenoon. It is impossible to write, read, think, or even to sleep (in the daytime) so constant are his appeals to me in one way or another; still he is such a genial and good-humored little man that there is certainly an enjoyment intermixed with all the annoyance.

[July 29, 1851]

Next we went out and gathered some currants. He babbles constantly, throughout all these various doings, and often says odd things, which I either forget, or cannot possibly grasp them so as to write them down. Among other things, he speculated about rainbows, and asked why they were not called sun-bows, or sun-rain-bows; and said that he supposed their bow-strings were made of cobwebs; which was the reason why they could not be seen. Some of the time, I hear him repeating poetry, with good emphasis and intonation. He is never out of temper or out of spirits, and he is certainly as happy as the day is long. He is happy enough by himself; and when I sympathize or partake in his play, it is almost too much; and he nearly explodes with laughter and delight.

[August 11, 1851]

He proposed to go to "Mamma's Rock," as he has named a certain large rock, beneath some walnut-trees, where the children went with Phoebe [Sophia] to gather nuts, last autumn. He informed me that, when he was grown up, he should build a house for his mother, at this rock, and that I might live there too. "When I am grown up," he said, "everybody must mind me!" We spent some time here, and then came home.
through the pasture; and the little man kept jumping over the
high weeds and the tufts of everlasting flowers;—while I com­
pared his overflowing sprightliness with my own reluctant foot­
steps, and was content that he should be young instead of I.

In this period of secure childhood in the Hawthorne house­
hold we may place the earliest known of Julian Hawthorne's
letters. It was written by the five-year-old boy to his aunt,
Maria Louisa Hawthorne:

Dear Aunty;
I have found the blocks of the French puzzle-brain. They were
in Una's pocket. Una is a kind of magpie.

I have found a place to coast near the house. Baby has pulled all
the yarn out of mamma's basket. She can get up herself by a
chair and stand a great while.

Papa, mamma and I went to Concord on Monday to see the
house in a sleigh. I liked one room very much. The sleigh
squeaked on the ground sometimes.

Julian Hawthorne.²⁹

3. England and the Continent

"The two older children are filled with wonder and hope,"³⁰
Sophia Hawthorne wrote to her father six weeks before the
family of five sailed for Liverpool on board the Cunard paddle­
wheel steamer Niagara in June, 1853. After a short stay at
Mrs. Blodgett's boardinghouse in Liverpool, where the father
and son were later to spend the better part of a year together,
the family moved on to a stone villa in the nearby suburb of
Rock Ferry.

Life in the tiny private community called "Rock Park" was
very pleasant. During the first winter Hawthorne read to his
family Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixote, and the poetry of Scott.
He played games with the children, improvised such stories as
that of the marvelous General Quattlebum, with whom he was
engaged in constant mortal combat, and taught them to make
Favorite pastimes were battledore and shuttlecock, and fencing. "'Papa plays with the foil in a very funny way,' Julian told his elder sister; 'he whirs it round and round and then pokes away so fast that I have to laugh so that he generally hits me.'"

The eternal childish questions that had so perplexed Hawthorne at Lenox were continuing to pour forth from his seven-year-old son as he spent long afternoons with his father in the latter's office at the consulate. Young Hawthorne would sit atop several volumes of Congressional Proceedings across the desk from his father, scrawl long letters back home, stare out the window at the cotton bales going up the sides of the warehouse opposite on long ropes, and pester his father unmercifully. When the son was visiting, the two would go out for lunch to a baker's shop and stand eating their bread and butter and cheese; or perhaps they would wander to the local museum, or to the zoological gardens. At the end of the day they would go down to the steamboat landing and take the boat two miles up the muddy river to Rock Ferry and home. On Sundays, "Mrs. Hawthorne, with the two elder children, would go to the Unitarian Chapel in Renshaw Street, and listen to eloquent sermons from the Rev. W. H. Channing, the American; but Hawthorne himself never attended church."

Julian Hawthorne's religious training, we may gather, was almost exclusively his mother's responsibility. "Our mother," he wrote, "was a spontaneous incarnation of religious faith"; as to his father, "there was little touching religion in such conversation as we overheard, or in his writings." A most revealing insight into the religious affairs of the family is the following reminiscence of Julian Hawthorne:

In England, in the 1850's, it was the custom to open the day with prayer, in which the whole household joined. It was deemed incumbent upon us, therefore, as the family of the American Consul, when we were in Liverpool, to maintain a religious attitude; so our father bought the Book of Common Prayer, and
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864) m. SOPHIA PEABODY (1842) (1809-1871)

JOHN ALEXANDER AMELUNG (1802-1872) m. MARY MILDRED CARDOZO (1834) (1818-1887)

JULIAN HAWTHORNE (1846-1934) m. MAY ALBERTINA AMELUNG (1870) (1848-1925)


Manning Randolph Phyllis

Rosamund Garth

Julian Hawthorne Sylvia

Hawthorne Benton Una Olcott Joan
read aloud each morning to the assembled family and servants. He would tackle whatever job came to him, as a matter of course.\textsuperscript{34}

In Italy the father and son expressed their boredom with religious touring. On an Easter Sunday in 1858, for example, while in Rome, Hawthorne noted that he “went with Julian to St. Peter’s . . . but Julian grew weary (to say the truth, so did I), and we went on a long walk.”\textsuperscript{35} And again, in Perugia, the mother and daughters “streamed forth immediately, and saw a church; but Julian, who hates them, and I, remained behind.”\textsuperscript{36} The children, Julian Hawthorne asserted, grew up in reverence; but his own view was perhaps very close to his father’s, who, he says, “‘believed’ in God, but never sought to define him.”\textsuperscript{37} Throughout his long life the question of God seems to have concerned Julian Hawthorne only theoretically, never personally. He was to wander happily through the fairyland of Swedenborgian mysticism, but his temperament can scarcely be described at any point in his life as religious. This is a fact perhaps all the more remarkable since his sister Una became attached to an Anglican order, and Rose, who at first joined the Catholic church with her husband, later, after her separation from him, became a lay sister and ended her saintly life as Mother Alphonsa.

Hawthorne, during the years in England, was often led to think seriously of his children’s future. He worried lest they become “exiles and outcasts through life” because of the long separation from things American.\textsuperscript{38} In his journal he wondered: “What sort of character will it form in the children, this unsettled, shifting, vagrant life, with no central home to turn to, except what we carry in ourselves?”\textsuperscript{39} Once, after Mrs. Hawthorne and the girls had departed for Lisbon to visit their friends the O’Sullivans, Hawthorne and his son wandered out in the streets to witness the celebration that marked the end of the Crimean War. Noting that they stayed out beyond the lad’s
regular bedtime, Hawthorne wrote in his notebook: "I wonder what his mother would have said. But the old boy must now begin to see life, and to feel it." 40

Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote quite fully to his wife about their son during this period of father-and-son domesticity in Mrs. Blodgett's boardinghouse. Nine-year-old Julian Hawthorne springs vividly to life in these letters:

The other day, speaking of his first advent into this world, Julian said, "I don't remember how I came down from Heaven, but I'm very glad I happened to tumble into so good a family!" He was serious in this; and it is certainly very queer, that, at nearly ten years old, he should still accept literally our first explanation of how he came to be among us.

Julian looks like a real boy now; for Mrs. Blodgett has his hair cut at intervals of a month or so, and though I thought his aspect very absurd, at first, yet I have come to approve it rather than otherwise. The good lady does what she can to keep his hands clean, and his nails in proper condition—for which he is not so grateful as he should be. There is to be a ball at his dancing school, next week, at which the boys are to wear jackets and white pantaloons; and I have [commissioned] Miss Maria to get our old gentleman equipped in a proper manner. It is funny how he gives his mighty mind to this business of dancing, and even dreams, as he assures me, about quadrilles. His master has praised him a good deal, and advanced him to a place among the elder scholars. When the time comes for Julian to study in good earnest, I perceive that this feeling of emulation will [rouse] his steam to a prodigious height. In drawing (having no competitors) he does not apply himself so earnestly as to the Terpsichorean science; yet he succeeds so well that, last night, I mistook a sketch of his for one of the master's. Mrs. Blodgett and the ladies think his progress quite wonderful; the master says, rather coolly, that he has a very tolerable eye for form.

[December 11, 1855]
Julian is outgrowing all the clothes he has, , and absolutely bursting through his trousers. No doubt thou wouldst blaspheme of his appearance; but all boys are the awkwardest and unbeautifullest creatures whom God has made. I don't know that he looks any worse than the rest. I have given Mrs. Blodgett the
fullest liberty to get him whatever she thinks best. He ought to look like a gentleman's son, for the ladies of our family like to have him with them as their cavalier and protector, when they go a-shopping. It amazes me to see the unabashed [front] with which he goes into society.41

The Hawthornes were inveterate letter-writers and journal-keepers, and the son's propensity for keeping detailed records of his adventures and travels may be seen as early as the age of ten. This first literary imitation of his father is worth noting. On May 23, 1857, Julian Hawthorne is writing a diary from Lincoln, a diary that was continued intermittently through the family's trip to Scotland, abroad to France and Italy, and back to Redcar, England, in 1859. The diary entries parallel in a childish and often amusing way the extensive, brilliant observations of the elder Hawthorne in his English and Continental journals. Several extracts will suffice to give an impression of young Hawthorne's journal-keeping:

[Lincoln, May 23, 1857]
We started from Southport May 22, 1857 for Lincoln. It was a very fine day and the sun was very hot, indeed it was a great deal too hot for papa and mamma, but I did not feel too hot at all. I had a veal pie which mamma made me stuff down in an awful hurry. In the cars I had some raisins and a Maccaroon which kept me from starving while we were on our journey. . . When we got to Lincoln we found that there were no cabs. So we took the Saracen's Head Omnibus, and came to the Saracen's Head Hotel. Papa thinks that it is a very old one, and that it was in the time of the Crusades when Saracens' Heads used to be cut off. There is a great big picture of the Saracen's Head in the yard and in the bottoms of the bowls and sides of pitchers and all those sorts of things. It is very handsome and Mamma thinks that it is the head of Saladin. . . We went up a very steep hill to the cathedral which is a great deal better than York Minster, and as large round as Southport. . . As we were walking round it I found a piece of stone that had dropped from the cathedral. I picked it up after first making myself sure that it was really a piece of it by looking at the place where it had dropped from. It is very curious that it should be lying
there because mamma says that they are very careful to pick up all the pieces that drop down because they are very precious, so I think I was very lucky to get it. I mean to label it, so that nurse will not throw it away as she did my other ones without knowing what she is doing.

[Dumfries]

We went to a field where Burns ploughed up the daisy and the mouse, and papa got a good many of the daisies, to remember it by. They were all the children of the one that was ploughed up.

Later that year, Julian sent one of his longest letters to his sister Una while his parents and he were in Manchester. It conveys the child's awareness of his father's growing physical infirmity:

After a little while we had our dinner, at least I had my dinner but Papa not being perfectly well could not eat any. There was very little, even Papa himself said so, so there must have been. Then after dinner I read the Faery Queen until my master came and papa lay down. After a while he came and I had my lesson which he said was very well done. He set me up a mark to Lunge at, at least he marked the place where I was to set it up. . . Then I went to bed after having had a warm bath. . . Yesterday I drew papa and made a funny mess of him. I wish that I could send it but it is too big. Poor papa went to bed before I did last night, but for some time I unintentionally kept him awake with hammering until at last mamma came and told me to stop. I do not believe that papa ever went to bed so early before. . . I wish papa was better so that he could fight me with the foils but he has got an ache in his arms, so he cannot.

After winding up his affairs at the consulate and taking extended trips through England with his family, Hawthorne departed for the Continent in 1858. In preparation for the Italian sojourn the children were required to read Grote and Gibbon and to learn by heart Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*. Soon joined by the lady astronomer Maria Mitchell, whom the boy was to remember with particular fondness for many years, the party journeyed through France to Italy,
with the children's governess, Miss Ada Shepard, serving also as a very much needed interpreter. Julian Hawthorne's earliest recollection of Rome was of sliding on the ice surrounding a fountain near St. Peter's. The months in Italy were chronicled with great detail in Hawthorne's Italian journal; in one memorable scene his son is pictured at a Roman carnival wearing "a black mask, which made him look like an imp of Satan." Considerable attention is paid to the boy's childish propensity for collecting lizards in Rome:

These reptiles are very abundant, and Julian has already brought home several, which make their escape and appear occasionally, darting to and fro on the carpet. Since we have been here, Julian has taken up various pursuits in turn. First he devoted himself to gathering snail-shells, of which there are many sorts; afterwards he had a fever for marbles, pieces of which he found on the banks of the Tiber. It would not be difficult, from the spoil of his boyish rambles, to furnish what would be looked upon as a curious and valuable museum in America.

Indeed, from his tenth to his fourteenth year, young Julian Hawthorne was fascinated by natural history, and especially by shells, and one immediate result was the creation of his first book, as distinct from his extensive diaries. This was a ninety-nine page notebook detailing observations of fifteen shells, with illustrative drawings of each. In the typical description of *Helix Muralis*, the lad combines descriptive, aesthetic, geographical, and historical approaches to his subject, and one can see the genuine, if immature, scholarly inclinations he demonstrated this early in life. The entry begins:

[Florence, 1858]
This handsome shell, which certainly deserves the name of a wall snail, is found exclusively on walls. It is born there, it grows there, and it dies there. It is, to be sure, found on precipices and such places, but they are very much the same as walls. And if there were neither walls nor precipices in the world, one would hardly think that the shell would be in exist-
ence. In regard to what part of the wall it is mostly found on, it may be said that generally before a rain, it may be found under the ledges on the tops of walls, (when there are any), and also when very old walls are in question, if you look into the holes which perforate them in every direction you will be pretty sure to find some. With them are, very often, that elegant shell Clausilia Rubigumia about which more will be said presently. In or after a shower they are generally found crawling out of their sleeping rooms, and this is the best time to catch them, for then they are most easily seen. In regard to other places, they are found in great numbers congregated on precipices, or places where rocks are broken leaving a flat surface. Unmarked varieties are often met with. Indeed very many banded and marked land shells seem to have varieties among [those] which are unmarked.

The color of the shell, its precise measurements, and the shape of its whorls are then described with minute fidelity. The writer concludes his discussion with a historical speculation:

The Romans eat these snails, not the whole of them, but only their feet. In ancient times the most wealthy people used to eat snails, and perhaps they eat the very ones the poorest people eat nowadays. It is most probable, for there are a great many different kinds of snails around Rome, and the Romans would probably select the best.50

This scholarly pursuit was joined with lively social intercourse. Notable among the children with whom the younger Hawthorne clan were familiar were Edmund and Hubert Thompson, sons of the artist C. G. Thompson, who had painted Hawthorne’s portrait in America. The boys guided Julian around Rome, and he was able to say that he became more familiar with that city and its environs than he had ever been with his native Boston. But even this brief friendship was to be severed, and the “unsettled, shifting, vagrant life” continued. After traveling through Italy in 1859 and pausing in Rome until Una recovered from a severe attack of Roman fever, the family finally left for France and, subsequently, Redcar, Eng-
land, where Hawthorne wrote the final draught of *The Marble Faun* and attended to the details of its publication in both England and America in the early spring of 1860. The family left for America in June of that year. By 1859 the tone of young Hawthorne's diary entries had changed. After all, he was now thirteen. He writes, in Redcar, on July 24:

This is intended to be a description of my experience on the shore., a journal of the beach, leaving out all description of my other experiences. We, the Hawthorne family, arrived in Redcar on Friday, June the twenty second 1859 after a sojourn in France and Italy. We came here principally for my father to finish a book which he had been composing in Italy. I believe he came in some measure on account of myself, as I am, as will hereafter be seen a great lover of the sea and the objects therein.

In a word, the tone of the Redcar diary is more pompous and self-conscious than that of the earlier European entries. Julian Hawthorne again collected shells and rocks, and even built a boat. He would walk out with his father almost every day after dinner. “We generally went northward along the sand,” he recalled in later years, “and at a certain point of the coast, where there was a sort of inlet, Hawthorne would seat himself, and allow the boy to go in swimming.” In such scenes we can sense the intimacy between father and son that had first developed at the Red Shanty, been nurtured at Mrs. Blodgett's, and was to continue in fact until Hawthorne's death five years later, and in Julian's recollection ever thereafter.

4. The Sanborn School and Harvard

The decision to return to America after the long European sojourn of seven years was not an easy one for Nathaniel Hawthorne to make. “It sickens me to look back to America,” he wrote Horatio Bridge as early as 1854, when he had been away from New England scarcely a year. “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. 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.” Hawthorne's reasoning on behalf of his children was at once hard-headed and a projection of personal feelings. In 1856 he wrote to Bridge that he planned to return to America “in about two years from this time. For my own part, I should be willing to stay abroad much longer 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.”

Dominant, too, in Hawthorne's thoughts, as always, were money worries, aggravated by the consciousness of his children's needs after the return to the United States. In 1855 he wrote to Bridge that he and Sophia were in “good spirits” about the Liverpool salary. “I shall have about as much money as will be good for me,” he added. “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.” To his publisher William Ticknor he wrote, four years later, that if he were only rich enough, he would abandon publishing books; but, he added, “with a wing of a house to build, and my girls to educate, and Julian to send to Cambridge, I see little prospect of the 'dolce far niente,' as long as there shall be any faculty left in me.”

This is the first indication we have that Hawthorne had decided to educate the lad at Harvard College. We can only guess why Julian was sent there rather than to Hawthorne's alma mater, Bowdoin; probably both the father and son wished the young man to remain as close as possible to the family because of the elder Hawthorne's failing health.

When the Hawthornes returned to their familiar quarters at the Wayside in Concord in June, 1860, Una, still frail from her
long illness, was sixteen, Julian fourteen, and little Rosebud nine. The years between 1860 and 1864, when Nathaniel Hawthorne died, were to be singularly happy ones for his son, who participated in all the social activities of "genial Concord" (in his phrase) with zest and high spirits. The next-door neighbors at "Apple-Slump," the Alcotts, provided the youngster with companions in Abbie and Louisa May; at the Emerson household he was friendly with Edith and Edward; and there were the innumerable companions at Sanborn’s school: Sam Hoar, the two younger James brothers Wilkie and Bob, Ned Bartlett, and Frank Stearns. Julian later reported that he had been romantically linked by adolescent gossips to Abbie Alcott; but even though he declares that some of the maidens at the school were "distractingly lovely," he adds that "I was as bashful as an oyster, and shut my shell." 

Julian Hawthorne came to Frank Sanborn’s famous coeducational school without any formal preparation. What he knew was a function of the people he had known—several of them, to be sure, like the learned Miss Shepard, hired partly for the purpose of educating the young lad. "My aesthetic culture," he recalled, "began with my mother in the nursery. . . She had a great gift in the fine arts." Indeed, Sophia seems to have done her best to encourage her son’s not inconsiderable interest in drawing, a talent, if it was such, that he shared with his two sisters. While at the Castle of Chillon in Switzerland in 1859, Hawthorne had noted in his journal that his son sketched "everything he sees, from a wild flower or a carved chair to a castle or a range of mountains," and verbally re-created the amusing picture of his two older children, their governess, and his wife, seated all in a row on a bench, sketching the mountains. Young Hawthorne became particularly interested in the art of illumination, inspired, apparently, by seeing his mother’s illuminated copy of the Book of Ruth that she had bought near the end of their stay in Europe. He set to work with the manuals and recalled:
Some of my efforts were entrusted to book shops for exhibition, at the dignified price of one hundred dollars each. Several of them were bought, and they may turn up centuries hence at auctions of bibelots, for the paints were the best of Windsor and Newtons, and the gold was pure from the mine. I spared no expense, actually using my $100 checks for the purpose—an unusual dissipation, for a husky lad in his teens. It had its useful side; for afterward, when I came to make mechanical designs in General McClellan's New York office, I had the technique at my fingers' ends.  

Perhaps the largest share in the pre-Sanborn education of his son was taken by the father himself, who began by "tightening his belt" and teaching his son Latin at the age of twelve, and Greek also—"his own acquaintance with these languages being sound, if not critical."  Julian used to look up his Latin words in the huge Andrews and Stoddart lexicon, but sometimes tried to skip his work by guessing at cognates. "When the Latin author," he relates, "said that the messengers, traveling by relays, finished their journey 'continuo cursu,' and I considered the difficulties of the undertaking, I needed no dictionary to interpret the passage, and informed my father that the riders completed their journey with 'continual cursing.' Upon which he burst into shouts and roars of Homeric laughter, throwing himself back in his chair and kicking up his feet." The son proudly preserved a copy of a letter he had written to "Care mea pater," entirely in Latin, on May 15, 1860.  

Among the more instructive as well as charming pastimes of the Hawthorne household were the family readings. The children were accustomed from their earliest years to hearing poetry and fiction read by their father and, less frequently, by their mother. Both parents, wrote their son years later, "seem to have been born good readers; there were music, variety, and expression in every tone, and the charm of feeling that the reader was in sympathy with the reading." Among Julian Hawthorne's memorable experiences was his father's reading of his own Wonder-Book and Tanglewood Tales, as well as one of the father's favorite books, The Pilgrim's Progress, to whose
language and characters the son was continually to allude in later years. At three he seems to have heard of *Gulliver's Travels*. Sophia read Spenser to the children as early as 1851, and the father read *The Faerie Queene* while the family was in England. "I beheld the knights in their shining armor, their crested helmets, their lances and excaliburs, and pined to be one of them," the son remembered sentimentally:

My mother, perceiving the moral advantage of knighthood, . . . promptly fitted me with a helmet, on the crest of which blazed the Dragon of the great Pendragon-ship with wings outspread; and a glorious tail streaming behind it was made of cardboard covered with silver paper. In the sunshine in our back garden my aspect, prancing to and fro, was glorious; and my father contributed a real sword of tempered steel with a gilded hilt and a scabbard of black leather. No doubt Edmund Spenser would have been gratified.

Books were perpetually welcome presents for the young lad in England, especially, it would seem, those from Hawthorne's publisher Ticknor. Back in Concord in the early 1860's, Hawthorne read to the assembled family "the whole of Walter Scott's novels, taking up the volumes night after night, until all were completed." There were readings, too, of other English classics: Milton and Shakespeare, Macaulay and DeQuincey, Wordsworth and Tennyson.

Julian Hawthorne's bluestocking aunt, Elizabeth Peabody, also contributed to his education by teaching him "ancient history, dates and all, by colored diagrams, without my knowing that I was being taught"; and indeed, the general influence of his learned Aunt Lizzie was profound upon the boy. A devoted but ignorant English governess was succeeded by the brilliant Miss Shepard, a graduate of Antioch College, who guided the children through nineteenth-century poetry and the French and Italian languages; but though she knew everything, the boy remembered, she did not possess the teaching gift. Hawthorne's English experiences in dancing school had been
supplemented, finally, by instruction in the smallsword and the broadsword, in which he displayed his growing athletic prowess.\textsuperscript{76}

When Nathaniel Hawthorne returned to Concord, Sanborn's school, which its master conceived of as successor to the Thoreaus' Concord Academy, was housed in a gray building with a big stove in the center. Three walls were paneled with blackboards, and the master's desk was on a low dais at the entrance end. The pupils sat at desks accommodating two each, the girls on one side of the central aisle, the boys on the other; and Julian remembered that "we were a very ladylike and gentlemanly lot."\textsuperscript{77} Hawthorne was probably induced to send his son to the school (so, at least, Sanborn himself believed) by a letter from Ellery Channing, although indeed he would have found out about the virtues of the school from other friends. Channing wrote:

\begin{quote}
In numbering over the things that had been added to the town, t'other day, I left out the first and best, which is, the school for girls and boys, under the charge of Mr. Sanborn. No words that I could use on this occasion could do justice to his happy influence on the characters of those confided to him, and more especially of the girls. His scholars are from desirable families. . . Nothing seems to me more unfortunate in this land of activity than to bring up children in seclusion without the invaluable discipline that a good school presents.\textsuperscript{78}
\end{quote}

This last sentence in particular must have struck home to Hawthorne, ever conscious of the evil effects of the "seclusion" of his own early years. Hawthorne wrote to Bridge on September 3, 1860: "Julian (poor little wretch) begins to go to school tomorrow, for the first time in his life—his education having hitherto been private."\textsuperscript{79} The father failed, however, to take Channing's hint about sending the girls to the school.\textsuperscript{80}

Frank Sanborn himself was, in Julian Hawthorne's recollection, a "tall, wiry, long-limbed young scholar with brilliant dark eyes looking keenly beneath a great shock of black hair, a
quick, kindly, humorous smile brightening over his thin, fresh-hued face and finely moulded features, expressive at once of passion and self-control. He walked with long steps, and with a slight bending of the shoulders, as if in modest deprecation of his own unusual stature.” An ardent abolitionist and champion of John Brown, he had had to escape United States marshals sent to arrest him for complicity in the Brown plots. His personal manner belied the fieriness of his views, but young Hawthorne, “perplexed by his feminine gentleness,” and perhaps angered at receiving next to the lowest mark in declamation, admitted to being “strongly prepossessed against him.” As for his schoolmates, Julian expected treatment in accord with the more brutal revelations of Tom Brown's School Days. His father had advised, “If the boys attack you, always go for the biggest one!” And he smiled airily, as if bloodshed were his middle name.” However, Julian was surprised at finding a peaceable set of well-behaved youngsters, shy and rather curious about the new boy with his British phrases and his ignorance of Yankee school customs.

The very extensive social curriculum outweighed the academic; even the Hawthorne girls participated in the weekly school dances and picnics that were held several times a year. For the boys there were also baseball, rowing, and cricket, introduced into the school by Hawthorne's chum Frank Stearns. Picnics were held at Esterbrook Farm, five miles north in the woods, or at Flint Pond; there was bathing and skating at Walden Pond, and the regatta on the river below the old Red Bridge; there was the grand masquerade in the Town Hall, at which Julian Hawthorne once appeared in resplendent costume as the Duke of Buckingham; and there was occasionally a week's encampment on Monadnock Mountain, with an absence of chaperones for the boys and girls that must have shocked Sophia Hawthorne. In June, 1862, the Hawthornes invited forty young people of Concord to the Wayside for a dance. In his Memoirs Hawthorne recounts the gay and pleasant life of the social young scholars with considerable charm.
HAWTHORNE'S SON

But two years after he entered Sanborn's school, his mother was prompted to send a long letter, which she rather appropriately termed a "Jeremiad," to the schoolmaster, complaining about the evil effects of excessive social activity upon her son, and children in general. And her letter contains remarks significant in showing her attitude toward her only son. She declared emotionally:

I actually dread the coming term, because, instead of solemn study and serious, thoughtful mental effort, it is as if Julian, in this last important year, were again about to plunge into the dissipations of society—all sorts of sport, flirtations, trifling, weary sittings up of nights, reluctant risings in the morning; jaded spirits, plans for fun—everything except a brave and attentive grappling with knowledge, as a school should be. With all my might I must pray that you will see fit to forbid all committees for providing "good times," especially. Julian, I saw, was quite wearied out mentally, (or rather, in spirits), by his share of idle work of this kind. For he always enters so conscientiously into what is assigned him, that, when one of a committee, he had no fresh powers to give to his important lessons, because he was wasted on nonsense.

When Julian left Concord for the sea, he expressed to me how thankful he was that he should be relieved for six or eight weeks from attending to young ladies. He said he was tired of the worry and excitement of it. Was not this a precious confession for a preux chevalier? . .

Julian was a sacredly folded bud when we brought him home to America, with a genuine reverence for woman; and now he is forcibly bloomed into a cavaliere servente before his wisdom teeth have had time to prick through,—and comments upon flirts and coquettes like an experienced man of the world. But as far as Julian is concerned, he is very good, and true and single-hearted, and cannot easily be spoiled; though his time can be and has been much wasted by inappropriate and unimportant claims and cares.83

A year or so later, after Julian Hawthorne had left Sanborn's "Academy" and entered Harvard, Sophia was able to continue writing of her son in the way that obviously satisfied her
gentility and her sense of fit motherhood. She declared to Horatio Bridge:

He is very strong and very gentle, and—you will forgive a mother for saying this—he is entirely of the aesthetic order, and his absence and unobservance of worldly considerations will probably not advance him in the dusty arena of life; but he will be unspoiled for the next world, I think, and I hope he will be able to make at least a living in this. 84

It is almost inevitable for us in reading over these letters of Sophia to reach the conclusion that young Hawthorne presented one appearance at home and another, very different, with his Sanborn and Harvard friends. For surely, if anyone was calculated to succeed in the dusty arena of life, it was he. Sanborn commented with some reticence on Mrs. Hawthorne’s letter, “I hardly think she understood her son’s nature better than his teachers did; and this appeared later in his career.” 85

Nathaniel Hawthorne had written to his friend James Russell Lowell for advice about the best method of preparing his son for admission to Harvard College. Lowell replied from Cambridge on February 26, 1862:

I think it would be very decidedly of advantage to Julian to be put under the training of a tutor here. Any clever man (like Mr. Sanborn) will begin to take what one may call aesthetic views of teaching after being for some time at the head of a school of his own. I mean that he will attach more importance to the general development of his pupils and less to their fitness to pass a special examination such as is needed here.

I have spoken of the matter with Mr. Gurney, a thorough scholar, one of the best teachers connected with the College, and moreover a man whom you would like. Of course I made no definite bargain with him, but this morning he has consented to take Julian if you should wish it. It is very pleasant to me that he takes him because he is your son—when I first proposed it to him without mentioning names he declined. I don’t suppose you will like him any better for it, but I confess I do, and moreover it is an augury that he will put his heart into his work. He does
not think it necessary that Julian should live here, which would be an expense to you, but would be able to decide about that after seeing him and finding out where he is wanting.\textsuperscript{86}

Lowell’s choice was a fortunate one. The brown-bearded Harvard classics professor and young Hawthorne became very friendly. In an amusing reversal of Lowell’s expectations, the student stated that learning, under Gurney, was “delightful and endless,” whereas with Sanborn it had been merely “an uneasy training for specific and transient ends.”\textsuperscript{87}

Julian looked forward to the examinations for Harvard College “with hope and fear.” He wrote to his mother, “I am very well although I feel somewhat anxious about the examinations. If I get in, it will be by the skin of my teeth. I shall be very savage if I don’t. I shan’t see you again till I have either triumphed or died in the attempt.”\textsuperscript{88} Luckily, the candidate returned with his shield instead of upon it. He scraped through, with, however, a “condition” in mathematics that was to plague him all during his career at Harvard. But his father, who had not wanted him to achieve high honors in the classroom but to measure himself against his fellows, was “deeply pleased.”

The class of 1867, to which Julian Hawthorne belonged, numbered about sixty youths out of a total Harvard population of four hundred, a figure that included enrollment in the Law School and the Lawrence Scientific School. Three miles from Cambridge was Boston, which, to Harvard boys, meant Parker’s Hotel on School Street, the Old Corner Book Store on Washington, the Boston Theatre, and Pell and Trowbridge’s Negro Minstrel House. Cambridge was a “nice walk” from Boston, Hawthorne remembered, “with the river just across the meadows; and you saved the carfare, three cents, quite an item in one’s expense account.”\textsuperscript{89} The walk must have been delightful to the lad, who, to the end of his life, enjoyed nothing more than a long stroll and who, during his Harvard days, would think nothing of the eighteen-mile journey from home in Concord to the house of James T. Fields for a pleasant chat.\textsuperscript{90}
On weekends Hawthorne would return home to forage for books and read for his courses. "He stoutly hates the Mathematics," his mother wrote Horatio Bridge, "but is very fond of Latin, and friendly to Greek, and is the greatest gymnast in his class." The formal portrait of Julian Hawthorne taken at seventeen, the first photograph of him extant, shows a figure of square, masculine ruggedness. The face is rather innocuously handsome: the forehead broad, the eyes and nose regular, the full moustache curling down around the mouth to the solid chin. This is the sturdy lad who struck down a sophomore in a brutal class battle on Harvard Delta, yet also the boy who impressed his mother as "aesthetic."

At the new collegian's room on the ground floor of the southeast corner of Hollis gathered several old Sanborn cronies like Frank Stearns, and many new friends, including two young men who were to play an important role in his later life: William Morton and William Peckham. A typical incident of his intermittent residence at Harvard (1863–66) is recounted in Hawthorne's Memoirs. He describes the joyous aftermath of passing the entrance examinations, when two equally victorious friends, Clem Fay and Eliot Clarke, joined him in an oyster stew, and the three strolled away on the Brighton road toward the setting moon, lighthearted and romantic. "Collegians!" we said to one another, gripping hands. We were in a high and happy mood. After some leisurely miles we came, in the luminous dusk, to a church; Clem said: "I play the organ in there sometimes. Let's go in—I know where they keep the key." And we entered the sacred interior. We felt reverent, stepping softly, hats off. Clem played a few low bars; the last of the moonlight came through a western window, and touched his red head: I had never felt more religious, thinking of God, and matriculation, and my coming years in Harvard and in the world. I have never forgotten that impression, and I record the episode here, as perhaps typical of home-grown New England youth in the year 1863.

The avowedly romantic quality of this anecdote tinges the other recollections of Julian Hawthorne's college days that appear in
his memoirs. The prayers at 6:15 in the morning; the cow that was deposited in a friend’s room; the freshman who defied the sophomores by wearing a beaver hat; the undergraduate who journeyed down the Charles aboard a capsized shell singing lewd songs; the bread-and-water diet of the passionately committed Harvard crewmen, including Julian—all these reminiscences are recounted in ample detail and with an air of sentimental nostalgia. But they reveal very little of Julian Hawthorne himself. With the exception of his father’s death, the really significant intellectual and emotional experiences of these early years remain unknown.

5. The Death of Nathaniel Hawthorne

In the years after the family’s return to Concord, the father and son had grown closer, especially in the course of several trips they took together to Pride’s Crossing, near Salem and the shore, in the summer of 1861, and to West Goldsborough, Maine, a year later. The intimacy of the two was accompanied by the growth of an affectionate humor.93 “Our conversation had little relation to war-matters,” Nathaniel Hawthorne’s son recalled.

He had begun to show himself to me as a friend, as well as a father, and sometimes spoke to me about my possible future. “I suppose, when you are grown up, you will do so and so,” he would say,—usually suggesting something so preposterous or distasteful as to stimulate me to define an alternative, which he would then criticize. But he always carefully avoided forcing upon his companion any wishes or expectations of his own; he would suggest, and then observe and perhaps modify the effect of his suggestions.94

In an unpublished sketch of later years dealing with his father’s life in Concord, Julian was to dwell warmly on his father’s friendship:
Our walks together were my chief education during my childhood years, an education all joy, wonder, and sunshine. For he not only found answers to my queries, but told me tales of great men and mighty deeds, of heroic valor and endurance, of the victories of Yankee patriots over British oppressors, of the glories of George Washington and Paul Jones. Or, in other moods, he would tell of witches and hobgoblins, and all the wondrous horde of Gothic and classic imagination. Would that they might have been preserved!—but they were always uttered under the open sky, as we walked side by side through the woods and meadows of Concord, or on the shores of Walden Pond, where the remains of Thoreau's hut still stood; afterward, along the green lanes and among the stately ruins of England; or on the Appian Way in Rome; or again beside the grey seas of Britain. It was only after our return to Concord that the sagas ended.

But when the intercourse of Father and Child ceased, that of Father and Youth began—but its term was fated to be brief, a loss which I could not fully comprehend till long afterward. Our talks then were of realities, past or to come: wise counsel disguised and illuminated with his unfailing humor: deep questions, playfully put, but searching the depths of boyhood nature. Schooltime passed; college was at hand; but my father would still wear the bravery of jest and irony.

As the Civil War continued, Hawthorne began to be aware that his son might very well be drawn into the conflict. Among Julian Hawthorne's earliest recollections, indeed, were "the lessons of vigorous patriotism which Hawthorne used to inculcate upon him. He told him the story of the Revolution until it was the most vivid and familiar part of the boy's life, and the latter went to England almost with the idea of carrying fire and sword into a hostile country." While abroad, the boy had been fiercely patriotic; in Rome, where he was a ringleader of a little group of American boys, he had once stoutly defended his country with his fists against a juvenile Britisher. Much of this fire remained in Julian Hawthorne when the Civil War began, and his patriotic hostility was easily transferred, it seems, from England to the South. His father wrote to Bridge
in 1861: "One thing as regards this matter [the war] I regret, and one thing I am glad of. The regrettable thing is that I am too old to shoulder a musket myself, and the joyful thing is that Julian is too young. He drills constantly with a company of lads, and means to enlist as soon as he reaches the minimum age. But I trust we shall either be victorious or vanquished before that time." Certainly, the sights along the way to Maine in 1862 were calculated to inflame the young man; as the father observed, "At Hallowell, and subsequently all along the route, the country was astir with volunteers. Every able-bodied man feels an immense pull and pressure upon him to go to the war. The whole talk of the barrooms and every other place of intercourse was about enlisting and the war." Perhaps only the death of Hawthorne, and the subsequent family responsibility that devolved upon his son, prevented Julian Hawthorne from going to the wars in 1864.

In the last winter of Hawthorne's life, his son began to be concerned about his father's greatly weakened condition. He tells of reading to him the passage in *Evangeline* in which the heroine finds her lover on his deathbed and holds him in her arms as he dies. "My father listened silently and intently," the son remembered; "and, as I read the last verses, a feeling came upon me that there was something in the occasion more memorable than I had thought of, so that I could hardly conclude without a faltering of the voice. That was my fore-glimpse of the truth; but afterwards I persuaded myself that he must, after all, be well again." The following May, just before Hawthorne took his last journey with General Pierce, his son came down from Harvard to make some request of his father. "I said good-bye," he recalled afterward,
thing more, that I did not then know of. His aspect at that moment, and the sunshine in the little room, are vivid in my memory. I never saw my father again.¹⁰¹

This image of the pale, kind, and gentle father, later to be joined to the vision of Hawthorne as a literary artist, was the one that Julian Hawthorne carried back with him to Harvard and throughout his own life thereafter. It was this image of the man and devoted father that most inspired him in the many books and articles he was to write about Nathaniel Hawthorne. The impression is inescapable that the elder Hawthorne, himself deprived of a father at the age of four, had sought to warm his heart at the fires of his children's, and to be a loving father to them. In this role he could not share with them the stresses, the anxieties, the fears that his imagination had expressed in fiction and that he had thereby controlled. He could communicate to the children the affection that would make them feel secure and, of course, the literature and traditions of the past. But he could never communicate the inner sensitivity and greatness, the troubled vision of man's morally divided nature. The genius and the original imagination of the father were not, unfortunately, hereditary. Yet it is ironic that though Nathaniel Hawthorne sought, with great success, to substitute a warm and friendly family life for the gloomy evils of the Hawthorne heritage, he gave his children a heritage with which it was much more difficult for them to cope: himself.