A Student of Engineering

1. Julian Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce

On May 20, 1864, the day after Nathaniel Hawthorne’s death in New Hampshire, his sister Elizabeth wrote to Una:

Poor Julian, just entering the world, how much he will miss his father’s care. You and Rose will be with your mother, and safe from evil; but a young man’s life is full of peril. I hope General Pierce will counsel and have a care of him, for his father’s sake.

Pierce, the sincerely devoted friend of Hawthorne, was to attempt indeed to compensate for the loss of the young man’s father, in accordance with Elizabeth’s pious hope. He felt not merely a sense of responsibility toward the youth but a need for love himself, for his wife and young son were both dead. In the summer after Hawthorne’s death, he took his friend’s son on a trip through the northern states. The two swam at Rye Beach and journeyed out to Appledore Island, where Hawthorne spent a blissful week admiring a young lady. On the way back Pierce told some stories about the boy’s father and questioned his companion as to his own plans:
General Pierce asked me how I liked college. I replied that I liked the fellows (meaning my classmates) very well, that I enjoyed the gymnasium, and told him the fact that I had a larger chest-measure than any of the others, and that I didn't much mind the studies, except mathematics. I added that I had rowed Number Three in our class crew, and even had a chance of getting into "The Harvard" Crew. ... But "now, of course," I remarked gravely, "I must give up Harvard and go to work to earn my living and support the family." 3

The young student's plans for a profession were quite vague: to be an explorer like Livingstone or a naturalist like Agassiz or Thoreau; to do something, at any rate, that would keep him outdoors. Pierce countered that an outdoor life was not remunerative, and that he would be separated from his mother and sisters. He suggested a career in civil engineering, advice that Julian, despite his aversion to mathematics, was eventually to take.

After further conferences with his father's friends James T. Fields and George Hillard, Hawthorne decided to resume his college life, presumably in accord with his parents' wishes before his father's death, 4 "and to postpone meanwhile my grandiose project of being the Head of the Family and responsible for it. My short effort at being mature was over, and I was glad of it, for, whatever the Faculty might want or expect of me, there was no doubt about my being welcome to the class crew. My inclinations were more social and athletic than studious." 5 General Pierce contributed generously toward Hawthorne's expenses at Harvard as a further testimonial of his affection. 6

The preservation of a series of letters from Julian Hawthorne to his benefactor enables us to discern more clearly the relations between the two in the year following the elder Hawthorne's death. In a letter of August 15, 1864, the student thanks the General for the good time they had had together on their trip, and notes that he has made an engagement with a
college tutor for the last two weeks of August. A fortnight later, however, he writes in a different mood:

I am almost ashamed to draw so soon on your generosity, but I received a bill of $22.00 from my tailor for several necessary articles, and as it seems to be the sort of thing you asked me to apply to you for, if it is convenient, whenever you please I shall be much obliged for it hoping to make it all right in the "good time coming." 7

A letter from Hawthorne on September 11 acknowledges receipt of the money from the good Pierce, notes the recent "disturbances" at Harvard, and athletically boasts, "You need not be afraid of my being in any danger from the hazing operations."

The longest letter in the sequence was written on September 30. Hawthorne outlines in somewhat painful detail to his surrogate father his difficulties with the Harvard regimen in his second year:

Mamma wishes me to give you an idea of my relations in regard to College, which are most unfortunate, and which to my mind and Mamma's are fatal to my continuance there. My embarrassments are these. First, I have all the ordinary work to go through with, which is supposed to be as much as an ordinary person can well accomplish. Except Mathematics, I can get along as well as the average. But in addition to this, I have the examinations for last year to make up,8 which implies an amount of study which would fill up every cranny of spare time I could possibly obtain. Now, besides this, and worst of all, I have lost two weeks, and must lose another, by reason of sickness, which comes just in the most important time of the Mathematics, which I cannot go on with after coming back without first making up... which, if I had nothing else to do, would take me from morning till night, studying all the time, and all the while the Class would be going further and further. The same is also true of Chemistry and Anglo-Saxon; so that I have an amount of work to do which would scare anybody, however smart. All this not mentioning the boating and Societies, with which I am intimately connected, and from which it would be
hardly possible to separate myself. Lastly, to crown all, this illness has left my eyes so weak, that I shall not be able to study at all for a considerable time, nor hard for a very long time. So far as I can see, College is knocked on the head. I need not say how sorry I am to leave the class, which I have found very pleasant, and doubtless in many ways profitable; but it seems unavoidable.

My plan is, to study under a private instructor for two or three years, and then if possible, enter the English University of Cambridge, which would be of immense advantage to me, if I can do it. At any rate I can study enough to fit me for it, which is about as much as one learns in College here. I think such a course would be the best as regards my Mathematics, which I cannot get satisfactorily explained at College.

In a letter dated October 13 and written from his home in Concord, Hawthorne goes on to explain that Professor Gurney had approved of his plan and had recommended Ferdinand Hoffman of Stockbridge as his private tutor. The writer concludes somewhat pathetically, "I know it is the best thing for me, though of course I do not look forward with great delight at being separated from every one I know for a year. However, I shall doubtless get used to it. I hope you will come down and see me sometimes." From another letter of April 25, 1865, however, it appears certain that young Hawthorne was still attached, at least nominally, to Harvard, because he thanks General Pierce for a "present" that enabled him to take care of "Society fees" at college.

2. New Ambitions

In 1864, when Nathaniel Hawthorne died, Julian's sisters Rose and Una were thirteen and twenty, respectively. Sophia in this year described Rose as

blooming out vastly. She is nearly a head above Mama, and will be very tall. She is now discoursing music on the piano, for which she has a good faculty; and she goes to school, and has a talent for drawing figures. Una . . . feels excessively aged since
her twentieth birthday, though Julian assures her she looks only sixteen. She has no tutor now, but studies by herself in the morning, and paints in the afternoon, and sews for the soldiers a great deal.10

Una kept up with her Latin and her music, sometimes practicing the piano for an incredible sixteen hours a day, and read history “and the literature suggested” to her mother. Despite their various skills, neither of the girls received the educational opportunities bestowed upon their brother. Rose attended several schools briefly, however: one in Concord, another at Lee, a “select academy for young ladies” in Salem, and Dr. Dio Lewis’s gymnastic institute in Lexington; and Una, too, before Rose, had overcome her mother’s objections and attended Dr. Lewis’s school. Both girls were fond of visiting their aunt “Ebe” Hawthorne, their father’s only living sister, at Montserrat, and Una was a favorite correspondent of the brilliant and acid-tongued spinster. Both sisters, too, looked up to their brother with something resembling reverence. “What a magnificent creature,” Una declared of him. “He is not earthly! He certainly is the flower of ideal chivalry and trust.”14 To Rose he was her “Dearest Herculian boy.”12 The girls’ temperaments were, however, radically different. Una was inclined to melancholy, whereas beautiful, red-haired Rose was high-spirited and seems to have been very much interested in the Concord young men.13

The years between her husband’s death in 1864 and her removal abroad with her family in 1868 were particularly trying ones for Hawthorne’s widow. The story of her financial difficulties, extending even to quarrels with her husband’s publisher Fields, is a familiar one.14 Toward her children she was fiercely protective, and was unreservedly enthusiastic about them in letter after letter. A few months after Hawthorne’s death, she wrote to her sister Elizabeth Peabody, “The children join hearts and ring me round with a halo like the glory round the heads of saints. . They all seem to feel as if their father had silently bequeathed me to them to watch and ward—just as
I feel as if he had left me them to cherish”;  
three years later she wrote Horatio Bridge that her children “are all so bright and good that my life is a thanksgiving for them. I live for them.” If Mrs. Hawthorne entertained any doubts about the excellence of her son Julian, they are unrecorded. We know her opinion that her son was “entirely of the aesthetic order,” and she was proud of the fact that he “takes a father’s place to his sisters with such a fine conscience.” Yet beginning soon after the elder Hawthorne’s death, there began to appear certain flaws in this jewel of young manhood that might have disturbed any mother.

“The young man was unstudious,” observes one writer on the Hawthorne family. “He showed too plainly that he had never been subjected to rigorous mental discipline. He loafed at home, pretended to read philosophy, and fell in and out of love.” Even before the end of his freshman year, Julian had had to resort to tutoring in his detested mathematics in order to remove the “condition” in his matriculation; and he continued this project through his second and third years at Harvard. During the long months away from his family at Stockbridge, and away also from his Harvard friends, Hawthorne indulged himself in much adolescent self-pity. In November, probably of 1865, he wrote to his mother of his homesickness; he felt somewhat hurt, too, that his mother had objected to his “showering” a local belle, Annie Bartlett, with letters, and added: “I should think people might be more considerate about absent acquaintances. But out of sight out of mind, I suppose. Frank Stearns is the only faithful friend I possess in this world. All women, yourselves excepted, are beneath contempt.” Whether Julian was being tutored in mathematics at Stockbridge, or studying logic and metaphysics at home, he was not very frequently in attendance at Harvard. In February, 1866, during his junior year, he was studying at Northboro, but planning to rejoin his class in Cambridge in March. At this juncture his old adviser, Professor Gurney, undertook to write frankly to his mother of the difficulties involved in the young
man's accomplishing all the work necessary in the brief period remaining:

Combined with this distrust of Julian being ready in March was the fear that rowing would so engross his energies next term, as I knew he would go into the Harvard, that he would once more be unable to do justice to his excellent powers in his studies. On the other hand I felt that the earlier he returned the more ready would the Faculty be to overlook his long absence from college, and to allow him to rejoin his class.29

Alluding then to a misunderstanding between Julian and him, Professor Gurney goes on:

Julian was entirely mistaken if he supposed that I had in any degree lost my interest in him or his welfare. I like him very much as I have always done; I think most highly of his powers, and, in many respects, of his qualities [but] I do not think he has acted wisely or well at all times in the matter of his college career.

The very distastefulness of much of the routine of life here to Julian with his fastidiousness & ideals of what a student's life might be, made me none the less anxious that he should plod through the prose of Cambridge. I think hardly any form of self-indulgence more dangerous than to fail to make the most of what circumstances have put within our reach because we see clearly its imperfections. As I said before, you will think me simply mistaken, not unkind or ungenerous if I say that this seems to me the way in which Julian is most liable to disappoint himself.

Professor Gurney's apprehensions proved to be well grounded. In the autumn of 1866, at what was to have been the beginning of Hawthorne's senior year, he "was told that he had been absent too often"; 21 in a word, he was expelled. Sophia appealed personally, but without avail, to the president of Harvard. She finally blamed only the college and not her son, who, she declared, "bears this upsetting with his usual serene magnanimity—but it is very mortifying after telling all his friends
that he was safely back.” 22 Sophia confided to her sister Mary Mann that “it was Mr. Edwin Seaver who led him astray. He is one of the faculty and he assured Julian that he was all right.” 23

During the autumn and winter of 1866–67, the ex-Harvardian probably did loaf at home, doing nothing to aid the straitened family circumstances, even though his mother was in the grip of a “ferocious economy.” Circumstances changed, however, very early in 1867. A new passion seized Julian Hawthorne. In a letter to his mother he wrote that a Dr. Loring had stirred his interest in an engineering career. Thus the old suggestion of General Pierce had finally flowered. Hawthorne went to Cambridge to consult with Professor Gurney, with whom he was presumably again on good terms. “He said he thought engineering would be a very good thing for me,” Hawthorne writes, “that he thought I had better consult a good practical Engineer as to what I had better study, and then come to Cambridge to the Scientific School, and study it there.” He had asked George Hillard if there was money for this new project, and the old family counselor had approved the idea heartily. “So, I Hawthorne concludes, “I have decided to become a civil engineer, and shall make arrangements to be in Cambridge this winter.” 24 But this fervent new resolution was temporarily sidetracked by another brilliant idea, which is first disclosed in Sophia’s letter to her sister Elizabeth on March 3, 1867:

Julian wants me and Una and Rose to go and live with him at Heidelberg [sic]… Everyone says it is cheap to live there if you are once there… You take tea in Edens, by the music of angels and pay six cents for that, and a few pennies for your supper. The climate is delightful, the grapes abound, and nothing costs anything.” 25

The idea of Europe as a new home must have been particularly attractive to all the Hawthornes, for, except for the Roman fever contracted by Una, the European sojourn of 1853–60 had
been a long, golden idyl. But the “if” clause in Sophia’s letter was temporarily decisive. In a later letter to Elizabeth, she wrote:

All our European plans have fallen to the ground for want of money. We do not have a penny to go with, not even to send Julian. It was a terrible disappointment to him. . . Seeing that he must make some money he will study civil engineering and be able to enter the Scientific School here this month. Oh how I wish it could be the technology school in Dresden—so splendid and free of cost too. But he must burrow down where he is. . . There never was anything more divine than the way he feels and behaves. When he has mastered his profession and made some money, he says he shall go to Europe with us.26

The Lawrence Scientific School had been established across the yard from the Harvard buildings just a few years earlier, with Josiah Dwight Whitney and Raphael Pumpelly assigned to the chairs of geology and mining. According to the historian Samuel Eliot Morison, the school in the 1860’s “was full of sparkle, with Agassiz denouncing and Gray defending Darwinism, and Jeffries Wyman giving a course of lectures.”27 Though the faculty was impressive, the students were probably poor, for by 1869 the school was reputed to be “the resort of shirks and stragglers.”28 We may imagine Julian Hawthorne’s dissatisfaction, also, at finding that the powerful Agassiz had made the Scientific School “an institution for individual study in research in Geology and Zoology,” rather than an engineering school as was originally planned.29 Hawthorne was probably in irregular attendance there for the whole of the 1867–68 academic year.

Meanwhile, in these years of 1867 and 1868, both Julian and Una had had unfortunate love affairs. The former, we learn from a letter of his mother dated March 24, 1867, had been jilted by one of the local belles, but had managed to keep up appearances; Sophia wrote that “his letter written to tell me and Una after he arrived in Boston is beyond all words in its divine
tone of charity, pity, patience, and calmness."

Una's case, however, was far more serious. Early in 1868, she fell in love with Storrow Higginson, a young man who had served as a chaplain in the Civil War, but who had now given up his career in the ministry and was planning to go to South America. He had proposed to Una, and she had consented to marry him. Unfortunately, powerful forces were working against the young couple. Sophia told her sister that "Storrow's mother and aunts had all confided that Una was far above him; they hoped, therefore, for her own sake that she would not marry him, though for his sake they hoped she would." Emerson and Elizabeth Hoar, both drawn into this affair, disapproved of the engagement. Finally, Una, yielding, it seems, to these pressures, broke the engagement.

The effect of this decision on Una's somewhat unstable nature must have been great. We can understand Sophia Hawthorne's natural instinct to remove her daughter from the now melancholy Concord scene and far from the Concord gossips. Other forces soon entered to turn the family's faces toward Europe again, and, more definitely, Dresden. Lowell had been in that city in 1855-56, and so had Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, who "knew of comfortable, inexpensive lodgings there." Julian Hawthorne recalled in later years that around this time a Miss Mary Vandevoort, a maiden lady of sixty, visited the family. "She had dwelt several years in Dresden. It was due to her that we arrived in Dresden a year later." The final impetus was provided undoubtedly by Hawthorne himself, who had been dissatisfied with his experience at the Lawrence Scientific School; it did not, he wrote, "minister to my self-esteem, or increase my fondness for mathematics." He longed to enroll in the Dresden Realschule, "famous as the best in the world for training civil engineers." In short, everything pointed to Dresden: the fact of Europe itself, the recommendations of friends, its usefulness as a retreat for the unhappy Una, its inexpensiveness, and its Realschule.

It was at this juncture that James Russell Lowell was able to
render service to the son of his old friend Nathaniel Hawthorne. Apparently, Lowell was convinced, as the student's family certainly was, that despite his unimpressive record both at Harvard and at the Lawrence Scientific School, Julian had at last settled on an appropriate enterprise. Lowell was induced to give young Hawthorne "a little preliminary insight into German; Lowell cordially undertook, for Hawthorne reasons, the mollifying of my barbarism." These "Hawthorne reasons," it may be remarked, had already influenced Franklin Pierce and Professor Gurney, and were later to give Julian Hawthorne powerful friends in America, like Robert Carter, and in Europe, like Francis Bennoch and Henry A. Bright. The novelist's son sat with the eminent Harvard professor in his study at Elmwood two or three evenings a week:

He would assign me a passage from the poem [Faust], courteously assume at our next meeting that I had mastered it, and would then proceed to read-out and construe it himself, giving me the benefit both of the great poet's visual, and of his own eloquent, comprehension of it; I have never enjoyed German so much since. As a fact what I did learn was Lowell himself—as much of him as a boy could comprehend; he gave me generously whatever he thought I could assimilate. Ostensibly, we read Goethe's 'Faust' together—in reality he read and I listened.

The final decision to leave New England was made in September of 1868. Sophia Hawthorne confidently expected that the trip could be financed through the publication by Fields of Hawthorne's English, French, and Italian notebooks, and by Putnam's publication of her own Notes in England and Italy, which was to appear in 1869. The Wayside was sold, and the Hawthornes sailed again for the Old World in October.

3. Dresden and a Love Affair

On board the Deutschland young Julian Hawthorne had his customary eye for the pretty girls aboard. "Once in a while," he
confided to his journal, but perhaps not to his mother, "I capture a young lady, and elope with her to the bows, or behind the Pilot-House." But of more significance is the extensive detail in which he discussed his fellow passengers and the events of the passage across the Atlantic. This was the first journal he had kept since the happy days with the family at Redcar almost ten years earlier; and these entries are so vivid, and written with such scrupulous care, that it is almost as if Hawthorne were taking notes for a novel, a purpose for which he was indeed to utilize this and other journals in the years to come.

The Hawthornes disembarked at Bremen, where "the cafes are very pleasant, and they have most excellent Bier, in very large glass tankards, with covers. Everything is absurdly cheap, and much better than in America. So far, in spite of bad weather and unintelligible language, impressions of Germany are favorable." The family traveled by train through Magdeburg and Leipzig, and arrived weather-beaten but happy in Dresden. "Dresden!" Julian was to recall,

with its Green Vaults full of treasures of antiquity; its great gallery of paintings, including Raphael’s divine Madonna and Child; its opera house, where Wagner and all his mighty fore-runners had their home; its nearness to Leipsic, where the toys were made; and its incomparable beer, foaming in hundreds of hospitable kellers and breweries.

The contemporary journal preserves the excitement of the family’s first winter in Dresden. True to the pattern of their earlier life in Europe, they visited the galleries frequently. Hawthorne indeed admired the Dresden Madonna, and rhapsodized about her for pages; but he was also candid enough to write:

I am very much surprised to find so much beauty in the old pictures: for, judging from my boyish experiences in the Italian and French galleries, I did not anticipate much pleasure in these venerable works. But an eight years dose of America gave me many new and wise ideas, besides correcting many false impressions.
During that winter the young man also delighted in the opera house, the concerts in the "Bier Saloons," the open-air recitals in the Grosser Garten, the masked balls that abounded that season, and the fascinating display of German life and customs that included romantic duels on the one hand and unromantic peasant hardships on the other.

Meanwhile, the plans to attend the Dresden Polytechnic had not been forgotten, though it was to be almost a year before Hawthorne began formal studies there. First there was the problem of language, for the pupil of Lowell found his reading of *Faust* insufficient equipment; accordingly, the family engaged a tutor. Hawthorne planned to attend a few lectures at the Realschule before the beginning of the term, in order to familiarize himself with the technical vocabulary and the speed of lecturing. He used the good offices of a Mr. Meyer, who diplomatically approached the director of the school for him. On January 3, 1869, Hawthorne records that the director "told me I had better not enter there at present, but gave me the address of an individual by the name of Zschoche . . . who was in the habit of preparing men for entrance into the Institute." Herr Zschoche turned out to be "an elderly man, with a rusty gray shock-head of hair, rusty clothes, a deficiency of front teeth, pleasant brown eyes, and a fine square forehead. In his mouth was the butt-end of an execrable cigar." He must have seemed an extraordinary successor to such respectable and eminent New Englanders as Mr. Hoffman of Stockbridge, Professor Gurney, and James Russell Lowell. On January 7 Hawthorne made his "debut among the German schoolboys," as he called it. The American student was horrified at once by the age and filth of the classroom itself, and even more disturbed by the students. "The scholars are execrable," he declared, "and could not be worse. Such unhealthy and hopeless looking creatures I never saw." By October 5, 1869, however, Hawthorne had presumably advanced sufficiently to be admitted to the Realschule. He writes in his journal that he is attending lectures there on
mechanics, and vows: "I must get through by next fall and go home."

This ambitious statement was influenced by considerations other than his long-frustrated longing to receive a degree, a longing that was never to be satisfied. Julian Hawthorne was at last in love and deeply committed. In addition to the frivolous activities in Concord and on shipboard, there had been other brief romantic attachments in the American colony at Dresden. He was fascinated for a while by a Miss Sherman, a "perfectly pretty" girl, but "alarmingly correct in all her ideas." Charmed by her beauty, Hawthorne was yet provoked that it should be thrown away through an absence of a corresponding fineness of intellect. "I am even inclined to think," he adds in his journal, with one of many after-echoes of his father's ideas, "that if by any means she could be turned to evil courses, it would be an advantage to her; it might give her a certain form of intellectual development which she can never acquire as it is." Obviously, Miss Sherman was not very different from the everlasting progression of well-bred young ladies whom Julian had encountered ever since the days of Frank Sanborn's school. But suddenly, in February of 1869, he met a most extraordinary young lady, a Miss May Albertina Amelung, who was staying in Dresden with her mother and two younger brothers, Frederick and Lees. He spends pages of his journal recording long conversations between them, long intellectual banterings that clearly intrigued Hawthorne. His first descriptions of her show a balanced admiration and wry criticism:

Miss A is a very singular young lady. In appearance she is medium height and well and gracefully formed. She has flaxen hair piled on the top of her head, and flowing down behind. Her complexion is clear and bright, especially when she is excited; at times she is pale, especially about her lips. Her eyes are gray, and shaped differently from each other—the left eyelid sometimes sinks a little over the eye. She has a high forehead considerably concealed by her hair. Her mouth is small, and her
Hawthorne continues in this vein for several pages, praising the girl’s devotion to her brothers, her keen sense of the ludicrous, her brilliant and vivid conversation, and her “warm woman’s heart.”

Throughout the rest of that year Julian and May, called “Minne” by everyone, became closely attached. Hawthorne writes on his twenty-third birthday (June 22): “I have one present that should suffice to elevate and purify my life above those of other men,” but adds wryly, “Have I met more than my match?” On July 20 Minne Amelung returned to America, leaving Hawthorne lonely but contented in thoughts of her. He commemorates her twenty-first birthday on August 15 by declaring: “Love will ennoble me, if anything on earth can.” A somewhat different chord is struck on November 8, when he notes that he is “in the best of health,” and “a marvel of muscle,” thanks to the fifty pound dumbbell he is using. “The least thing I can do for my darling wife,” he adds, “is to keep

lips gracefully shaped, but thin; her chin curving out promi­nently. Her cheek bones are high, and give her whole expression an air of experience and ‘hardness’; but the impression wears off a good deal after a while. She is twenty, but looks two or three years older. She is very handsome altogether.

In character she is quite different from what she tries . . . to appear. She wishes to make herself out, an ordinary fast American girl. She wears the highest of heels, laces herself tightly, lives in defiance of all rules of health and good sense. She advocates the idea that she is quite heartless, without any feel­ings, conscience or sense of propriety. She is a girl of unusual talents and power, and almost unconquerable spirit; and will never think of surrender, unless she can freely acknowledge herself quite overmatched and outdone. . . . I am pretty sure, if she ever met an individual whom she feared and respected, and for whom she would consequently entertain more or less regard, she would be true as steel. . . I imagine her to be a person of peculiarly keen and delicate sensibilities, great power of will, and a rather cynical cast of thought. She is evidently not a happy person.
myself in perfect physical condition: the more since she is far from well, though I truly believe that she will ultimately recover." This is the first we learn of Minne's poor health, which remained poor during the next decade but which did not prevent her from bearing an inordinate number of children.

Whether Julian Hawthorne and Minne Amelung became engaged in 1869 cannot be definitely established, though his allusion to her as his "darling wife" seems to point to that fact. The Amelung clan was a distinguished one, however, and neither Hawthorne nor his family need have feared a parallel with Una's engagement to Storrow Higginson. In 1784 John Frederick Amelung of Bremen had established a glass works at a community he founded and called New Bremen in Frederick County, Maryland. Aided by both German and American capital, Amelung set his German-trained crew of workers to producing some of the finest American glass of the period. The Amelung family finally settled in New York, where Frederick's grandson, John Alexander Amelung, was born. Minne was born to John and Mary Mildred Cardozo Amelung on August 15, 1848, the seventh of eleven children. On her mother's side she was a descendant of the Randolphs of Virginia.

August of 1869, which marked Minne's birthday, was also the occasion of another important event in Julian Hawthorne's life. The name of "Hawthorne" exerted its first peculiarly talismanic effect on behalf of his writings. In that month two poems, "Yes" and "The Usurper," appeared in Putnam's Magazine, the same journal that was then serializing Mrs. Hawthorne's Notes in England and Italy. These are love poems, conventional but not insincere; and the coincidence of their publication and Minne's birthday is probably not accidental. These were Hawthorne's sentiments in "The Usurper":

"Farewell, my Friend," I said, and went my way
And thought, "Perhaps we shall not meet again,
But meet or not, our Friendship shall remain."
Yet, new lands and strange faces seemed to dim
Her memory; a foolish, passing whim
Might make me half forget our parting day. 
Thus first. Then, by degrees, and more and more, 
Would thoughts of her among my musings stray: 
At last they filled my heart from roof to floor; 
Which questioning, I found, in Friendship’s stead 
The Tyrant Love established. Sorrowfully 
I sought her presence: “Friendship has flown,” I said, 
“And Love usurped her kingdom utterly.” 
She raised her eyes to mine, in which, behold 
Mirrored, the self-same tale I just had told.  

These poems mark Julian Hawthorne’s first appearance in print under his own name;  
and thus from 1869 may be dated the literary career that ended only  
with the appearance of the posthumously published *Memoirs* sixty-nine years later. 

The chronology of the ensuing year is confused. Minne seems to have returned to Europe in 1870, and probably again met Hawthorne in Dresden. It is clear, at any rate, that after a semester or two, Hawthorne had absorbed all he was going to at the Realschule. Some time in 1870 he followed Minne back to New York, secured a position in the New York Dock Department, and married his beloved on November 15, 1870. Her parents were present at the wedding, but Julian Hawthorne’s mother and sisters could not afford a trip to New York. The only extant comment on the ceremony is by Hawthorne’s close friend Frank Lathrop, who wrote to Una Hawthorne on November 25:

I was a witness to the great event in Julian’s life, a week ago last Tuesday. He looked very grand and noble, and most of the young ladies in the congregation looked as if they would like to be in Minnie’s [sic] place. After the ceremony they went off to Boston and stayed about a week. This morning he called to see George [Lathrop] and looked as natural as he did before.  

The Hawthorne family’s reaction to the wedding is not known beyond the fact that Sophia was “happy in his marriage,” and wrote her son wishing him “all the happiness which had been hers upon her own marriage.”
The years in Dresden had not been as fruitful and rewarding for Julian Hawthorne's mother and sisters as they had been for him. The teachers who lived in the American colony and who had seemed attractive to her sister Elizabeth only bothered Sophia with their incessant talk. For a time the art galleries were a source of delight, but Mrs. Hawthorne "took cold in the drafty marble halls and fell seriously ill." Hawthorne's older sister found the language impossible and the customs revolting. In January, 1870, she wrote to a friend:

All the galleries and music of Europe can't make up for one's friends. Indeed I don't believe I am very artistic at all. Of course I always knew I had no talent to accomplish anything, but I did think I had latent seeds of appreciation, and perhaps they would come to something if I was not among these stolid, dirty Germans, who disenchant one of all ideas of beauty, and make one doubt if there is such a thing as spirit.

Rose, still in her teens, was deeply involved in her drawing, painting, and piano lessons, so much so that she was not, perhaps, socially graceful. Her brother thought that she did not choose the right sort of friends, even going so far as to drink tea with elderly women quite insignificant socially. Elizabeth Hawthorne is our authority that Julian once introduced her at a party, and as she was looking very pretty, he hoped she might effect something; but she held down her head, and only said "yes" and "no" and the nice young man (Herbert Browning, a son of the poet) after trying hard to draw her out, withdrew, thinking, probably, that she had not an idea in her head. Julian thinks she has a great many, and judging from her letters, that is my opinion.

Just as romance had entered Julian Hawthorne's life in Dresden, so it entered the life of Rose in 1869. The Hawthornes had become acquainted with the Lathrops before November of that year in the Saxon city. The father, George Alfred Lathrop, was a physician, a distant cousin of Dr. Holmes and the historian...
Motley, and then United States consul in Honolulu. The sons were Frank, the elder, a student of Whistler, and George Parsons Lathrop, a well-mannered, good-looking, and brilliant poet at nineteen who fascinated both of the Hawthorne sisters. In later years rumors circulated that Una and George had been for a time engaged, and that George had broken the engagement in order to win Rose. Undoubtedly, Una was attracted to George Lathrop, but he was in love from the start with her sister.

By the late spring of 1870, Sophia and Una had decided to leave Dresden and its generally unsympathetic atmosphere to return to the England that was now really "Our Old Home" to them. The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War contributed to their desire to leave; but, curiously enough, Rose was left behind at a rigorously disciplined boarding school, and did not join her mother and sister in England until late in 1870. Since it appears unlikely that her mother would have left Rose, not yet twenty, alone in Dresden, especially in time of war (which began on July 19), there is reason to suppose that her brother was still in Dresden until the fall of 1870, and that he thus did not return to New York in pursuit of his bride until just before they married in November. Meanwhile, the Lathrop family had also left Dresden, Mrs. Lathrop and George returning to New York to rejoin Dr. Lathrop, and Frank going to London, at least for part of 1870, for we have seen that he was present at Hawthorne's wedding in America.

Thus the winter of 1870–71 began with Sophia, Una, and Rose happily reunited in London, Julian and Minne Hawthorne newly married after a romantic courtship, and everyone fond of the Lathrops. By the end of that winter, death and heartbreak had clouded the carefree spirit of the Dresden years.

5. The Brothers-in-Law

In February of 1871 Sophia Hawthorne fell seriously ill of typhoid pneumonia, a disease she had combatted successfully before the family left for Europe. But this time the outcome was
to be fatal. Her two daughters nursed her faithfully for several weeks through bouts of excruciating pain and temporary relief.

Una wrote:

The least start or emotion was so liable to make her cough, that I seldom ventured to talk to her; and it was a day or two after a long letter from Julian came, that I told her of it. She smiled brightly, but did not speak till a good while after. She then said, "Julian." So then I gave her a sketch of the letter, and told her about Julian's arrangements in New York, and of his love for her.\(^\text{55}\)

On Saturday, the day before her death, Sophia cried, "Have you telegraphed to Julian?"; and when informed that her daughters had not, she said reproachfully, "Oh, you should have telegraphed." Una was struck with sorrow that her mother should have felt the end imminent, but declared, "I could not but think it would have been a great mistake, and unnecessary pain to Julian." This tender regard for her brother's sensibilities was balanced by her feeling of incapacity after two weeks of the most severe mental anguish:

I had the relief, for a little while, of passionate tears, down on the floor beside her, sobbing, and calling for Julian—Julian! It seemed as if I could not bear to have him away. And yet almost at once the revulsion came, "Oh, I am so glad this agony is spared him! He could be of no use to her." But oh, how I longed for him, to feel I had some one to do more than I! There was the bitter sense that mamma would never need my self-control or tender care again.\(^\text{56}\)

Through the chloroform mists Sophia spoke very slowly: "I am tired—too tired—I am—glad to go—I only—wanted to live—for you—and Rose." The church bells sounded on Sunday morning, March 3, 1871, and Mrs. Bennoch, her old friend, joined the daughters round Sophia's bed. Sophia's last struggle for breath caused Una to hold her hand tighter.

In death, wrote Una, Sophia Hawthorne's face "looked more
and more like an angel's; a delicate color stayed upon the cheeks, a lovely smile upon the slightly parted lips; her beautiful white hair was brushed a little back from her face, under a pretty cap, and her waxen hands lay softly folded against each other upon her breast; the last day we took off her wedding ring and I wore it." The following Saturday, Sophia was buried in Kensal Green, where Una was also to be interred only six years later.

Una Hawthorne’s severe emotional upheaval during the weeks of illness left her unprepared for the ensuing emotional shock occasioned by the reentry of the Lathrops upon the scene. Back in New York Julian had been informed of his mother's death, but Minne was now pregnant, and the conditions of his engineering job might have contributed to the difficulty of his getting away to London to care for his sisters. Hildegarde, their first child, was born to Julian and Minne Hawthorne in the summer of 1871. But George Lathrop, his "kindred spirit" from Dresden days and Rose's admirer, was in New York also, studying at Columbia College, and it was arranged that George should escort the two girls back to America. This action should not be seen as an abnegation of responsibility on the brother's part, but rather as a necessary adjustment to circumstances. Yet there were problems beneath the surface, as a letter from Hawthorne to his sisters dated May 5, 1871, reveals. He had seen Osgood on a business matter, possibly concerning the publication of Nathaniel Hawthorne's late romance, *Septimius Felton*, which Una was now preparing with the assistance of Robert Browning. Hawthorne notes that George Hillard, who had long handled the family's financial matters, "proposes to entrust [the estate] to my care: but I cannot do it, at least at present, for every moment that I can work at all, must be devoted to my family!" And he goes on, "I am obliged to smile, my dears, at your persistent belief that I am going to draw on the estate for any more money. It belongs to you only, as long as I can use head and hands." The tone of other letters from Hawthorne in these months is quite cordial; writing to Rose on
May 19, he indulges himself in long praises of her writing, noting incidentally that "my star in the Department is still in the ascendant." He might have been somewhat perturbed that George Lathrop remained in England so long and did not bring his sisters back; but it is likely that neither he nor Una suspected the romance between George and Rose. The two twenty-year-olds impulsively decided to get married in September of that year; George's brother Frank was a witness to that wedding as he had been to Hawthorne's, but Una was not present. She was ostensibly ill but in reality deeply grieved by the sudden ceremony. Sophia's sister Elizabeth, in a letter of this time, alludes to "Una's calamity," which may have been a species of nervous breakdown, perhaps even extending into insanity. Una, we may be certain, spent an unhappy year, despite her work with Browning and her devoted settlement chores under Anglican auspices in London.

If Una was shocked by the marriage of George and Rose, her brother was somewhat more pompously aggrieved. He felt, of course, that he was the head of the family now, though separated from his sisters. He was exceedingly bitter toward George and Rose, and the animosities aroused in 1871 were not finally stilled until the 1880's; in fact, they were to erupt into a public quarrel between Lathrop and Hawthorne in 1876. And even though he and Lathrop eventually became friendly again, Hawthorne could still, after Lathrop's death, call the marriage "an error, not to be repaired." There is a certain mystery in the origin of this quarrel. Hawthorne may have shared his Aunt Ebe's annoyance that the young couple were to leave Una alone in England and return to America. He may have felt that George had played him a shabby trick in going to England under false pretenses. Other clues emerge from a letter Lathrop wrote to James Russell Lowell in 1876, wherein he speaks mysteriously of "the false position in which I was placed at the time of my marriage (partly through Julian's agency, too)," offers to explain to Lowell at some future date "the origin of Julian's wrath," and declares bitterly: "In the face of singularly
intolerable treatment I strove a long time to prevent the breach which has now widened into publicity. Julian was my great admiration, before my marriage, and when he utterly disappointed my conception of his character, it did not rouse hostility in me. But the other party has apparently cared not a fig for the idol [of friendship] or for me, or for anything but his own powerful temper." The new Mr. and Mrs. Lathrop crossed the Atlantic in December, 1871, and lived in New York for the first six months of their return. There is no evidence of any contact between the Hawthorne and Lathrop households in New York before the summer of 1872, when the Hawthornes again sailed for Europe and the Lathrops left for Cambridge, Massachusetts.