Despite the shock that Julian Hawthorne undoubtedly felt at his mother's death in February and his sister's marriage in September, he nevertheless spent what must have been a joyous year, involved as he was both with his wife and new baby, on the one hand, and his first real intercourse with the world beyond the confines of the Hawthorne clan, on the other. That clan, to all intents, no longer existed, and Julian was for the first time thrown upon his own resources. He had his family to support, and a job of some importance as a hydrographic engineer working in the New York Dock Department under General George B. McClellan. One might suppose he would have been sufficiently occupied. But now his mind went back to the ease with which those poems of 1869 had been published in Putnam's Magazine. And Minne, too, was there, as a silent source of encouragement; in fact, Hawthorne wrote somewhat ambiguously a few years later that if it had not been for Minne, he would not have begun a literary career at all. He himself describes the feelings of 1871:

Years before, I had received parental warnings—unnecessary, as I thought—against writing for a living. During [1871], how-
ever, I amused myself by writing a short story, called “Love and Counter-Love,” which was published in Harper’s Weekly, and for which I was paid fifty dollars. “If fifty dollars can be so easily earned,” I thought, “why not go on adding to my income in this way from time to time?” I was aided and abetted in the idea by the late Robert Carter, editor of Appleton’s Journal; and the latter periodical and Harper’s Magazine had the burden, and I the benefit, of the result.¹

Robert Carter, whom Julian was to characterize in the biography of his parents as “a man of rare sagacity and wide learning,”² was to be a steadfast literary friend during the next two years. He had been Lowell’s partner in the editorship of the brilliant but ill-starred journal The Pioneer in 1843, and he had printed Nathaniel Hawthorne’s tales “The Hall of Fantasy” and “The Birthmark” in that publication.³ In 1833 he wrote at length to the elder Hawthorne commenting ecstatically upon the writer’s Wonder-Book.⁴ In 1870 Carter took over the direction of Appleton’s from E. L. Youmans and edited the magazine for two years. It seems likely that Nathaniel Hawthorne’s son might have become personally acquainted with Carter through the good offices of Lowell; but however the connection was established, Carter was undoubtedly delighted to help along the son of an author whom, he could congratulate himself, he had also been one of the first to appreciate. During the two years of Carter’s editorship, Appleton’s published five short stories, two sketches, and two slight poems by Hawthorne; and in the following year, 1873, Carter was instrumental in persuading the new editor of Appleton’s, Oliver Bell Bunce, to serialize Hawthorne’s first novel, Bressant. This was a considerable tribute either to Hawthorne’s story or to Carter’s influence (or both), for “most of the serials were by English, French, and German novelists, the editor having a very low opinion of the American novel.”⁵

If Hawthorne at first only suspected the value of the Hawthorne name in the fictional marketplace of the day, he quickly came, in the year after the anonymous publication of his first
story, on March 11, 1871, to recognize its worth. Certainly, he began by wishing to write anonymously and not to present his work to the public with the glorious Hawthorne name attached to it. A strong argument in favor of using his name was put forth by Carter, who wrote to him on June 22, accepting his second story, “Dr. Pechal’s Theory,” for Appleton’s as a tale “quaint, original, and told with dramatic effect,” and adding:

I suggest that you let me put your name to it. I appreciate your objections to this, but am sure it will be wise to disregard those objections. Your name will give additional value to the story, and I can assure you that the tale itself is not unworthy even of your name. A nom de plume is almost always absurd and embarrassing and the incognito can never be preserved. Sooner or later you must write under your own name, and there is really no reason why you should not make the plunge at once and begin boldly now. Knowing your father as I did personally I am satisfied that the course I advise will be judicious.

Julian must have found this argument convincing; or perhaps he really wanted to be convinced. At any rate, he was henceforth always to publish his name, except under unusual circumstances.

The appearance of “Dr. Pechal’s Theory” in the August 19 number of Appleton’s with the magical name of Hawthorne beneath it quickly stirred up interest among several of the other editors of leading magazines. Richard Watson Gilder of Scribner’s Monthly invited a Christmas story from Julian in September and accepted the quickly written tale “The Oak-Tree’s Christmas Gift” on September 30, at the rate of ten dollars per one thousand words. Richard Henry Stoddard also wrote to Hawthorne in that month:

I have undertaken to edit a magazine entitled the ‘Aldine,’ the specialty of which so far has been pictures, and very good most of them have been. I want to have its future literature at least as good. With this end in view I am looking about among my friends for help, and I feel sure of obtaining it from them. I
want a story from you—I need not say as good an one as you can write, but a fresh, bright short story, not to exceed, if you can help it, 3 columns of the magazine. .. I have, of course, no advice to give you, as regards choice of subjects. That I leave to your father's son.9

The outcome of this request, with its frank invitation to imitation, was Hawthorne's fanciful "The Real Romance," which appeared in The Aldine in January of 1872. Another tale and three slight sketches also appeared in The Aldine in 1871-72. At this time H. M. Alden, editor of Harper's Magazine, had also jumped at the chance to use Hawthorne's work, and he published four of the new writer's stories. Hawthorne was one of the few American authors whose novels were to be serialized in Harper's in the 1870's and early 1880's, at a time when English novelists held sway in the pages of that periodical.10 Alden exercised something of a restraining hand on the writer's first productions. On April 3, 1871, for example, he wrote to Hawthorne:

I think that "Star and Candle" is a very strong story, and with some modification I should be glad to publish it. It is not necessary, it seems to me, to make the heroine a fallen woman. No artistic requirement makes it necessary that she should have lost her purity of soul; and the pathos of the story is rather diminished than otherwise if she is thus represented.11

Hawthorne acceded to this genteel purification of his story and received fifty dollars for "Star and Candle" on April 17. He was obviously a rapid rewriter. Alden noted blandly, "I am glad that you agreed with me as to the propriety of the modifications suggested." 12

There was one exception to this general rush, however: the august Atlantic Monthly, edited by William Dean Howells. Scribbled on a letter from Howells of June 20, 1873, rejecting a story Hawthorne had submitted, is the author's important comment: "My first refusal!" Julian Hawthorne's brother-in-law and now his enemy, George Lathrop, had become, in 1872, a
staff critic for the *Atlantic*, and his influence on the magazine may have been considerable by 1873; for the *Atlantic*, which was then concentrating on publishing the work of Howells himself, DeForest, and James, chose not even to take notice of Julian Hawthorne’s first novel, *Bressant*, and commented on it only in the course of a scathing review by Henry James of Hawthorne’s second major work, *Idolatry* (1874). When Howells wrote in October, 1872, that “the whole varied field of American life is coming into view in American fiction,” he clearly did not consider Julian Hawthorne’s work visible.

At the outset of any consideration of the younger Hawthorne’s fiction, his relation to the mainstream of Gothic literature ought to be looked at briefly. For better or worse this was one of the principal literary traditions within which he worked. Although he knew Gothic literature well enough, it would be more accurate to say that he came to it at second hand through his reading of his father’s fiction; certainly, his first attempts at writing showed a rather gross interpretation of the elder Hawthorne’s imaginative works, a grasp of the more obvious, melodramatic, “Gothic” aspects of those works.

The genre of the Gothic tale, which flowered in Europe from the time of *The Castle of Otranto* (1764) to that of *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820) and which found expression subsequently in such American tales as those of Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne, is only part of the more inclusive genre of the “tale of terror and wonder” whose fascination has persisted from the narrative of Odysseus’ descent to Hades to the assorted horror stories of Yoknapatawpha County. As a genre, the Gothic tale is customarily identified both by a limited group of stock images, characters, and devices used in combination and by the principal aesthetic intent of arousing pleasurable, nonmoral horror. Historians of the Gothic mode have isolated the various “stage props” of the Gothic tale, generally with an eye to establishing Gothic tendencies in a particular writer or group of writers. Lionel Stevenson selects the following aspects of Gothic romanticism as an a priori basis for the deduction that
Hawthorne was a markedly Gothic writer: "fondness for the supernatural and the horrible, violence in the depiction of uncontrolled emotional frenzy, selection of a hero who is a superman in physique, intellect, and passion, and indulgence in the 'pathetic fallacy' of natural phenomena as responsive to human moods. They are handled with gusto and often seem to be the very embryo of the plot." Certainly the most important of these structural and thematic devices, many of which clustered around the Gothic tale from the broader Romantic movement, is the use of the supernatural and the Black Art. Ghosts, witches, wizards, sorcerers, and incubi and succubi are among the figures from the lore of witchcraft and demonology who make their appearance. Enchanted objects, magic potions, and amulets are found in great profusion. As part of the Black Art, there is found a cabbalistic laboratory, in which the bounds of knowledge are shattered and the spirit solves the basic problems of existence. By extension of this idea, "science" is developed as a crutch for the romantic plot, and we find resulting an interest in the phenomena of clairvoyance, mesmerism, and somnambulism. Here too enters the familiar Faustian theme of the compact with the devil in order to transcend human limitations.

Hawthorne's characteristic, even compulsive, use of the supernatural both as theme and technique, although allied to the tradition established by the romancers of the Gothic school, nevertheless links him also with the romancers of all ages, from the writer of "Saul and the Witch of Endor" to his own father. The marvelous was indeed to be introduced into Bressant, Idolatry, Garth, and later works; but it is only in the preface to The Laughing Mill and Other Stories (1879), a collection of four tales dealing in one way or another with the supernatural, that Julian Hawthorne lays bare his great reliance upon superstitious fancies as a bedrock for his fiction. "The marvelous," he declares, "always possesses a fascination, and justly; for while it is neither human nature nor fact, it ministers to an
aesthetic appetite of the mind which neither fact nor human nature can gratify." He goes on:

He who would mirror in his works the whole of man must needs include the impossible along with the rest. *Tom Jones, Adam Bede,* and *Vanity Fair* are earth without sky, without that unfathomed mystery opening all around us—the sky of Shakespeare and Dante, of Goethe and George Sand. The storyteller, sensible of the risk he runs of making his supernatural element appear crude and ridiculous, exerts himself to the utmost, and his style and method purify and wax artistic under the strain.  

Although the "purifying" aspects of Romantic technique may be questioned, the remark defending the supernatural as symbolic of "that unfathomed mystery opening all around us" embodies a high and noble aim for Hawthorne's romances. The relation of this aesthetic doctrine to Hawthorne's view of "spiritual reality," derived in a debased form from Plato and Emerson, was clarified in a passage at the opening of *Kildhurm's Oak* (1880). He declared:

I am not at this moment concerned to enter upon a discussion of supernatural phenomena, so called, beyond remarking that no physiologist can pretend to any right to be heard at all on the subject, the credulity which can believe witchcraft and sorcery to be the bugbears of a diseased imagination being too gross to command attention. Reasonable people believe that the human body has a soul; that there is a spiritual sight answering to the bodily sight, and that when the spiritual sight is opened it must inevitably behold the objects of a spiritual world. Concerning the spiritual world only the laws of the mind can hold sway there; it is therefore free from the trammels of space and time. Further, it is a world of real substance in contradistinction to the apparent substantiality of the world of matter. Thus far logic carries us.

The terminology and point of view of Hawthorne's statements on the supernatural and the spiritual world suggest an
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inheritance not only from Emerson but from Emanuel Swedenborg; and indeed, the latter writer greatly helped to shape Julian Hawthorne's "religious" ideas, which were integrated with his aesthetic and political theories. There survives from the 1870's a manuscript article called "The Swedenborg Philosophy," leaning in part on Emerson's chapter on Swedenborg in Representative Men, which seeks to replace the Kantian and Hegelian metaphysic with the Swedenborgian view of spiritual reality. Kant and Hegel, Hawthorne wrote, had separated man from the face of the deity by all the breadth of nature and length of history. He goes on:

Swedeborg's analysis restores man to the fellowship of God. Consciousness claims two disproportionate generative elements: one universal, passive, organic; the other human, active, free. The former element gives us fixity, or identifies us, by relating us to nature; the latter element gives us freedom, or individualizes us, by relating us to the infinite or God.

In another passage in this essay, Hawthorne states more clearly the Transcendental doctrine that underlies the creation of his Gothic fancies:

The natural world is a necessary implication of the spiritual, and the spiritual the only safe or adequate explication of the natural. Nature is not in the least absolute and independent, but an effect of spiritual causes as contrasted and yet as united as God's infinite love and man's unfathomable want. 21

In his writer's notebook of 1871-72, Hawthorne discusses in detail Swedenborg's Language of Colors, the Law of Correspondences, and such occult matters as the Adramandoni, the Garden of Conjugal Love. He displays a fascination with the problem of duality and argues (with himself) for the preeminence of the Spiritual. "True symbols," he writes, "are representative of divine things, in material form, which are symbols of no arbitrary manufacture, but are grounded in the deep-
est, most primitive nature and essence of Existence.” These banalities indicate, perhaps, a kind of delayed reaction to “great ideas” in the years when Hawthorne was attempting to teach himself what he had never learned at Harvard and what he felt he needed as novelist’s equipment.\textsuperscript{22} Intoxicated with spurious metaphysics, he became an Inebriate of Air and produced an \textit{olla podrida} best described as Swedenborgian Gothic.

Despite the fairly coherent philosophical basis of his theory of the supernatural in fiction, Julian Hawthorne lacked the ability to make his supernatural elements graphic, in the manner of Poe; unlike the elder Hawthorne, he neglected the tremendous possibilities of a \textit{suggestion} of supernaturalism, with the final “reality” left ambiguous. In a typical early review of Hawthorne’s fiction, for example, the \textit{Saturday Review} found “inherited” from Nathaniel Hawthorne the love of “relieving the workaday aspect of the tangible world by casting over its actors and events a mist borrowed from realms fantastic, imagined, or even supernatural.” But the younger Hawthorne, the journal went on, concealed the improbabilities of his narrative but poorly, and made the connection between his real and fanciful worlds too gross.\textsuperscript{23} Finally, Hawthorne did not let his ghosts fulfill their destinies as ghosts, but felt obliged to intrude and explain; and this is an explanation of his relative failure, despite his frequent use of the supernatural and other Gothic devices, to achieve pure horror effects. Stevenson puts the case well:

His handling of the supernatural lacks the pristine assurance of the Gothic tale of terror, from Mrs. Radcliffe to Poe. The second half of the nineteenth century witnessed the first invasion of the mesmerists, mediums, mahatmas, . . . [who] brought the practice of black magic up to date by investing it with a technical vocabulary, and expounding it in abstruse theses. In short, even superstition had to follow the new fashion and become scientific. Julian Hawthorne, therefore, whenever he introduced an apparition or a spell or a curse into his story, felt impelled to comment upon it in the best scientific terminology.\textsuperscript{24}
The generalized use of the supernatural in Gothic fiction accompanies numerous other typical scenes and devices. Of these the most important is the use of a castle, which customarily contains secret cabinets and corridors, and a labyrinthine network of subterranean passages. There are haunted wings, secret chambers, and the occasional terrifying spectacle of immurement. In the castle one frequently finds mysterious works of art, such as sinister ancestral paintings with figures that step out of their frames or roll their eyes and utter fateful words. One hears throughout a Gothic narrative strange shrieks of terror, mysterious voices, and dismal groans; and natural phenomena, in accordance with the pathetic fallacy, are stressed in order to serve the terrifying purpose as lightning, storms, and darkness attend the crucial events of the narrative. Heroes and villains follow a predictable pattern. The former are generally of Byronic lineage, characterized by defiance of convention, potentialities for great evil as well as great good, and frenzied inward conflicts; and the latter are most frequently “dark” personages in holy orders, whose crimes, which may include illicit or incestuous love, often form the basis for an ancestral curse. Other miscellaneous Gothic phenomena include prophetic dreams, double personality, and the use of a manuscript that has been transcribed or translated by the author.

The reader of the discussions of Julian Hawthorne’s novels, romances, and stories that appear later in this study will have little trouble finding significant examples of the writer’s use of Gothic paraphernalia. The Gothic castle appears, for example, in *Garth* and *Archibald Malmaison*; witches and wizards in *Idolatry* and *Garth*; the Byronic hero in all of Hawthorne’s early novels; double personality in *Archibald Malmaison*; the cabbalistic laboratory in *The Professor’s Sister*; the ancient manuscript in “The Mysterious Case of My Friend Browne” and “The Trial of Gideon”; and so on. But of Hawthorne’s major novels and short stories viewed as a whole, only three—*Archibald Malmaison*, “The Laughing Mill,” and “Ken’s Mystery”—have both the aesthetic intent of arousing pleasurable
horror and a significant combination of Gothic devices used to that end. Only these, then, can be considered as Hawthorne's genuine additions to the genre of the Gothic tale. Certain other works of fiction bear what may be called a Gothic flavor. The greatest influence of Gothic romanticism was exerted between 1874 (Idolatry) and 1880 (Kildhurm's Oak); from the latter date to 1888 ("Ken's Mystery") there is a rapid turning away from Gothic elements; and finally, between 1888 and 1896, Gothic features, with the exception of the perennial supernatural elements, disappear almost entirely from Hawthorne's works. One must reject as too sweeping Stevenson's categorical assertion that Hawthorne was "primarily . a devotee of . Gothic romanticism," and that "its distinguishing features are to be discerned in every one of the younger Hawthorne's novels, and not as superficial trimmings but always innate in the very heart of the story." 28

2. First Stories and Sketches

The short stories written in the first years of apprenticeship (1871-73) seem singularly different from the important modes of writing in the period. In the first place, Julian Hawthorne's fiction does not seek to exploit the new vein of local color being richly worked by Bret Harte, Sarah Orne Jewett, and George Washington Cable. Although his settings range from quiet New England towns to New York City, from Cape Ann in Massachusetts to the Dead Sea in Palestine, Hawthorne never explores the life and folkways of a single regional setting. More important, his settings do not bear an integral relation to the themes of the tales. Third, the realistic mode of fiction, as coming to be defined by Edward Eggleston and Howells, is deliberately eschewed in favor of rather old-fashioned romance, with, frequently, a supernatural twist. We may already see at work the critical theory that Hawthorne was later to expound; but since there is no evidence to show that that theory was already clearly developed in his mind, we must draw conclu-
sions about the temper of his early work solely from that work itself. Perhaps at first Hawthorne had really been interested in catching the flavor of contemporary life; such, at any rate, seems to be the main point of his parable "The Real Romance" (1872), in which the only character in his story that the fictional author finds not to be a "mis-formed, ill-balanced, one-sided creation" is the housemaid, whom he had patterned after a real person. This is theory, certainly, but not the kind that Hawthorne could live up to; for fifteen years later he was to write:

In two or three cases I have tried to make portraits of real persons whom I have known; but these persons have always been more lifeless than the others, and most lifeless in precisely those features that most nearly reproduced life. The best results in this direction are realized by those characters that come to their birth simultaneously with the general scheme of the proposed events.27

Indeed, "The Real Romance" is completely fanciful, does not exhort by example, and is quite as much concerned with poking fun at romantic stereotypes as in advocating a realistic mode. Hawthorne seems to have restricted his portraiture of real persons and events to such sketches as "A Golden Wedding in the Best Society," which stemmed from his careful observations in Dresden in November, 1872, and which was printed by the faithful *Appleton's* in January of the following year. The golden wedding ceremonies are those of the king and queen of Saxony, celebrated with six days of festivities and attended by the German emperor and his retinue. Hawthorne allows himself a certain scorn of the aged royal pair, who,

here, in Saxony, amid the dangers, turmoils, and revolutions of the nineteenth century, . . . have been living their royal little lives, doing their formal little duties, making their stiff little visits, enjoying their sober little glories, suffering their unimportant little misfortunes, worshipping according to the tenets of their bigoted old religion, and loving and relying upon each other in their courteous little way.28
This is rhetorical sarcasm, not analysis; but Hawthorne's eye is a sharp one, and his descriptions as he looks from his study window, mingles with the crowds in the streets, and attends a ceremony, betray a keen if not impartial observer. The attitude here resembles Una's ("these stolid, dirty Germans"); indeed, Hawthorne made a loutish German officer the villain of his first, but inconsequential, short story, "Love and Counter-Love," and he portrayed another evil German, Herr Rauberkerl, in "Mrs. Suffrin's Smelling-bottle." Later in the year 1873, The Galaxy printed "A Feast of Blood," in which Hawthorne surveyed the custom of dueling. Again we have the same shrewd perceptiveness and caustic tone that had marked "A Golden Wedding," and that prefigures the later, full-scale attack upon things German in Saxon Studies (1876).

It was to the romantic and supernatural mode rather than to the realistic that Julian Hawthorne turned in these first years of short-story writing. His imagination in his early tales, even the humorous ones, was directed to the mysterious, the spiritual, the fanciful; and he made extensive use of romantic coincidences. He looked to the past for his inspiration—in particular, to that segment of literary past dominated by his father—rather than to the present or the future. The young man's first "writer's notebook" of 1871-72—there were to be many such notebooks in the years to come—opens with lines that are vaguely familiar:

Personify Ruin, and the various forms under which he undermines victims.

Two persons make their wills in each other's favor, by agreement. Hoaxed by a false report of each other's death.

The mood in which a person soon to die would visit familiar persons and things.

A popular individual in Society to be traced by some one who has a grudge against him. Finally comes across his mossy tombstone.
These hints for stories are obviously in the Nathaniel Hawthorne manner, and the imitation of the elder Hawthorne's journals seems highly conscious. In another early passage we find an anecdote that suggests the kind of wretched material to which young Hawthorne could be drawn:

A man in England had married a woman from somewhere in the West Indies, I think. They lived in Sussex, near the sea. The woman was not, apparently, more than half civilised: she had some kind of a temple built for her, out in the grounds contiguous to the house, and here she used to go to perform the rites of her pagan religion. On what terms she lived with her husband is not known: but when he died, she exhibited great grief, and after his funeral she disappeared. Search being made for her, she was found—or rather, her burnt ashes were—in her temple. She had built a funeral pyre and immolated herself upon it, according to the custom of her people.

The tone is unfortunately that of Rider Haggard—not Virgil; although, had Hawthorne written a tale based on this sketch, he would undoubtedly have called it “A West Indian Dido.”

In “The Mysterious Case of My Friend Browne,” Hawthorne takes up the Gothic properties of an old manuscript, a poisoned ring, and even a palpable ghost escaped from Trinity Churchyard to wreak his revenge on the descendant of a man who had wronged him. In this story there is a precise reenactment in present-day New York of events that had occurred one hundred and fifty years earlier; and this very theme of deliberately created “wonder” is exploited again in the fantastic narrative “Mrs. Suffrin’s Smelling-bottle,” in which the characters play out in modern dress a tragedy that had taken place fifty centuries earlier at the destruction of Sodom. The phenomenon of clairvoyance, which had fascinated Nathaniel Hawthorne in *The Blithedale Romance*, makes its first appearance in two bizarre tales, “Dr. Pechal’s Theory” and “Mr. Maximilian Morningdew’s Advice.” In the former, Dr. Pechal, a “frowzy precise foreigner,” has “evolved the law which regulates the time, place, and circumstances, of the death of every human
being”; but his attempt to stave off his own death succeeds only through a lucky coincidence. In the latter story a youth is deeply troubled by a dream in which his immediate future has accurately been foretold. Hawthorne does not focus on whatever sense of wonder can be extracted from this rather stale situation; he merely requires us to accept the fact of the revelation and proceeds to recount the lad’s disillusionment at the hands of the cynical Mr. Morningdew. “The Strange Friend” foreshadows a whole rash of later stories in which a skeletal plot is made to serve as a springboard for extended metaphysical speculations, in this case on the distinction between earthly and heavenly love. The humorous tales of this period, “Why Muggins Was Kept” and “The Mullenville Mystery,” show an ingenious handling of the surprise ending, but even these are not free of romantic improbability. Much more successful than any of the tales so far mentioned is “A Picturesque Transformation,” which deliberately recalls the father’s story “The Prophetic Pictures.” Tremaine, a penniless painter, is in love with Hildegarde, who is also loved by her rich guardian, the Professor. Tremaine paints a great picture, and the Professor, seeking to exploit his rival’s cupidity, offers to pay him handsomely for copies of the original. The painter performs this work for two years, meanwhile postponing his marriage to Hildegarde; and as time goes on, the three faces in the picture become changed, hardening into the portraits of “three condemned souls.” Seized with horror at the change, Tremaine offers to forfeit the Professor’s money if Hildegarde will marry him; but she and her guardian have become engaged, and, it is implied, the Professor’s punishment will swiftly follow. In all these stories Julian Hawthorne does not explore very deeply the sense of horror possible in the melodramatic incidents he contrives; nor does he effectively use the supernatural as a means of moral insight. He scarcely dwells upon his ghosts, in fact, and the “unvariegated hue of common circumstance” (a phrase from “The Real Romance”) is freely mixed with the wilder fantasies. Even “A Picturesque Transformation,” with its sym-
bolic concern about the evils of the prostitution of artistic talent, is weakened by its melodramatic and mechanical structure.

More serious and carefully wrought than the above tales are "Star and Candle," "The Bronze Paper-Knife," and "The Minister's Oath," which are linked both by their attempt to study the consequences of sin and by the use of unduly melodramatic incidents to further this attempt. "Star and Candle," which was the seed of the long novel Sebastian Strome (1879), presents a hero whose selfishness is gradually transmuted into self-abnegation.\(^{33}\) Honslow, the sinner in "The Bronze Paper-Knife," finds that his bastard son Jim is stalked by the ghost of his friend's wife, who had died believing her own husband to be Jim's father. Alice, the woman's daughter, grows up a peculiar child, very much recalling Pearl in The Scarlet Letter: she was, Hawthorne writes, "an exquisite monstrosity as regarded mankind." She has a strange predilection for the paper-knife that Honslow had presented her mother, as if the "cold and bitter soul of that lady, when it left her body, had slipped into the hard, metal image, and perhaps found it quite as congenial an abiding-place." When Alice sees the branded letter "H" on Jim's forehead, she is impelled by some supernatural force to stab him; but she is forestalled by Honslow, who burns the dagger and banishes the curse. The concern with the consequences of sin is scarcely central to this long story. Hawthorne seems more interested in the figure of the revengeful mother, in Alice's inherited hatred for Jim, and in the symbolism of the knife: that is, in the melodramatic, rather than the moral, elements of the tale.

With some modification the same point may be made of Hawthorne's most ambitious story of 1871–73, "The Minister's Oath," which seems deliberately to invite comparison, on the basis of the title alone, with the elder Hawthorne's "The Minister's Black Veil." The heroine, Ellen Barret, jilts Harry Pelmore at a ball; and even though he quickly forgets his vow of eventual revenge, his former fiancée does not. Years later, Ellen is married to Pelmore's former rival, the young minister
Frank Morley. Their son falls ill, and Pelmore, now a physician, is called in to attend him. When the child dies, the wife, convinced that Pelmore had deliberately murdered him, makes her husband swear to kill whoever injures her, even though she never reveals her suspicions of Pelmore to him. Years again pass, and a girl has been born to the Morleys. One night, as the minister completes a sermon on "Sudden Death," Ellen seeks to have him withdraw his oath, but Morley refuses. The mother, going in to her baby girl, meets "sudden death" when a pair of scissors clasped by her child pierce her brain in the dark. Her husband becomes deranged at the sight of his dead wife and bloodstained child, and, true to his oath, attempts to kill the baby. But before any injury can be done, his brain weakens completely. The years again pass. Pelmore has raised his own son with Sallie Morley and has lived near the insane minister. The two youngsters chance upon the old sermon, and Morley, hearing Sallie read it, is seized with his old frenzy. His renewed attempt to kill the child is thwarted by Pelmore, who loses his life in the process, while Morley recovers his sanity.

The original oath itself, the motivating force of the story, seems absurd, for the husband did not vow to punish the "murderer" of his son but only whoever harmed Ellen. This seems a transparently obvious "setting up" for the events to follow, like the misunderstanding at the heart of "The Bronze Paper-Knife." The violent passages of time in a reasonably short story are likewise troubling; the materials here seem more than sufficient for a novel, and no single emotion or idea is long sustained. Hawthorne again seems most concerned with the melodramatic surface of his tale: the terrible night scene when the mother dies and the child plays in her blood, and the pathetic murder attempt at the close. The author does attempt to do something—very little, to be sure—with the effect of the oath on the minister's character; and the reader feels that surely here, if anywhere, the primary interest of such a story must lie. Hawthorne, however, merely describes something of this effect:
His whole life, since the night he took the oath, had been an unnatural and morally unhealthy one. Human and divine love had been at continual war within him, and he had beheld the demoralizing spectacle of the divine continually worsted in the struggle. To one of such exceptional fineness and delicacy of feeling as he nothing could be more destructive of all balance and proportion. The integrity, purity, and truth of the minister's nature were deeply compromised, the corruption having eaten into the very weapons and armor with which alone he could have hoped to keep corruption away.  

This sort of analysis is good as far as it goes. But Hawthorne has not yet developed the ability to go beyond melodrama, to dramatize such internal conflicts, or even to focus his narrative properly upon them as static forces, a model for which is a chapter Hawthorne knew well: "The Interior of a Heart," in *The Scarlet Letter*. Too much plot gets in the way, and the final impression one has is an incoherent blur of merely sensational events. If "The Minister's Oath" is a decided failure as a short story, it is nevertheless not a serious failure for an imaginative young writer who has yet to learn to compress his tale and to satisfy his readers' aroused expectations for a narrative of conscience. Although Hawthorne continued writing short stories to the end of his life, he learned to structure his more abundant fancies into novels and romances. 

The impression is inescapable that in the twenty tales and sketches written between 1871 and 1873, Julian Hawthorne was deliberately working the vein that had, in the elder Hawthorne, produced fiction of great power and beauty. To invite, even challenge, comparison on his father's own ground was, at this point in his career, foolhardy. To begin with, his style was hasty, slapdash, and, in diction, inexact. He lacked, and was indeed never to acquire, the historical imagination that had produced such tales as "The Gray Champion." Some of his themes seemed either unnecessarily crude or unbearably sentimental. Finally, his compulsive supernaturalist fancies were frequently handled carelessly or with a rather vulgar humor:
almost, sometimes, as if young Hawthorne scarcely believed in them and scarcely expected the reader to.

The difficulty in interpreting these early tales is not one of evaluation. One may state at the outset, categorically, that with one or two exceptions Julian Hawthorne’s best stories are not as good as Nathaniel Hawthorne’s poorest. But evaluation aside, the question of deliberate imitativeness remains puzzling. Two answers suggest themselves. The first is that Julian Hawthorne was attracted by a reasonably easy way of making a living; if magazine editors and publishers expected a Nathaniel Hawthorne-esque story of his “father’s son,” then that was what he would supply them. The second, more flattering, and equally probable answer is that the young writer produced his tales as a form of homage to his father’s name and memory. Perhaps both answers are in some measure true; to the end of his life it may be said that Julian Hawthorne both revered his father’s name—and exploited it.

The romantic directions apparent in these early stories were momentarily, in the writing of Hawthorne’s first novel, Bressant (1873), to be bypassed in favor of a stricter realism. In his second long work, Idolatry (1874), however, the Gothic and supernatural reasserted themselves; and for the next twenty years, the fiction of Julian Hawthorne evidenced this dichotomy between the realistic and the supernatural modes, in his “novels” and in his “romances.”

3. “Bressant: A Novel”

In the spring of 1872 Julian was “rotated” out of office in the New York Dock Department. He was then offered another engineering job in South America. The alternative was to develop beyond literary dilettantism, which had thus far been greeted with the success of immediate publication, and to attempt to support his family as a professional writer. He chose the latter course, bought twelve reams of large letter paper, and began his first major work, Bressant. In later years Haw-
HAWTHORNE'S SON

thorne was frequently to express regret that he had not re­mained an engineer—especially when, in the early years of the twentieth century, he was to rally friends to the support of his mining schemes in Canada. But despite the hardships he and Minne were to undergo in the 1870's, there is every reason to believe that Hawthorne was not at first displeased with his choice. Authorship is certainly "a blessed profession," he wrote in his journal for March 22, 1873.

The genesis of his first novel was recalled by Hawthorne in Confessions and Criticisms:

I finished it in three weeks; but prudent counselors advised me that it was too immoral to publish, except in French; so I recast it, as the phrase is, and, in its chastened state, sent it through the post to a Boston publisher. It was lost on the way, and has not yet been found. I was rather pleased than otherwise at this catastrophe; for I had in those days a strange delight in rewriting my productions; it was, perhaps, a more sensible practice than to print them. Accordingly, I rewrote and enlarged 'Bressant' but—immorality aside—I think the first version was the best of the three.

Bressant's lineage is Byronic, and he is endowed with strange magnetic powers. When he appears at the opening of the novel, he is a dedicated and ascetic young intellectual, unsophisticated and almost primitive in his social relationships. His mentor, Professor Valeyon, finds him a product of a theory of education that "aimed rather to give the man power in whatever direction he chose to exercise it, than to store his mind with greater or less quantities of particular forms of knowledge. The only faculty to be left uncultivated was that of human love—this being considered destructive, or, at least, greatly prejudicial, to progress and efficiency in any other direction." At first Bressant regards love only as a "delicious weakness," refusing to believe that it can coexist with lofty aims and strenuous effort; but before the end of the narrative, he declares: "Love is study enough, and work enough, for a
lifetime. Mathematics, and logic, and philosophy—all those things have nothing to do with love, and couldn't help me in it. It has laws of its own.” Bressant’s emotional and sexual awakening is dramatized in his alternating love for Valeyon’s two daughters: the “earthly,” dark, sensual Cornelia, and the fair, “spiritual” Sophie—the latter, in name, invalidism, drawing skill, and spirituality of temperament recalling to the reader the young Sophia Peabody. Although the stress on the redemptive power of love recalls a recurrent theme of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Julian Hawthorne’s concurrent stress on the power of sexual attraction is both coarser and more frank and worldly than anything to be found in the elder Hawthorne’s novels.

Bressant presents three themes that are to be dominant in the major fiction of the ensuing decades. The first is the primacy of love over selfish intellect. Hawthorne’s heroes, beginning with Bressant, are afflicted with the Faustian lust for knowledge and power, boundless ambition, and an egotistical contempt for their fellow creatures that isolates them from humanity. Julian seems to have taken for his text his father’s often-repeated views about the dangers of intellectual ambition, which had been expressed as early as his first volume of short stories. Discussing the painter in “The Prophetic Pictures,” Nathaniel Hawthorne had written:

Like all other men around whom an engrossing purpose wreathes itself, he was insulated from the mass of human kind. . . His heart was cold. . . It is not good for man to cherish a solitary ambition. Unless there be those around him by whose example he may regulate himself, his thoughts, desires, and hopes will become extravagant, and he the semblance, perhaps the reality, of a madman.42

There appears in Julian Hawthorne’s heroes the same grave imbalance between head and heart that afflicts such familiar figures as Aylmer, Chillingworth, and Ethan Brand. In the younger Hawthorne’s stories, these heroes tend to begin their
lives in quest of learning in a serious profession; they are scientists, divinity students, or, very commonly, artists. Their intellectual self-absorption inevitably fades, however, as they learn, through the development of their affections, to accept a humble lot. One may view this thematic material as a by-product of an overly sentimental interpretation of standard Christian doctrine, especially if one views humility as a poor substitute for unfettered rational inquiry.

A related theme dramatized in Bressant is the necessity for a choice between sacred and profane love, a problem that Hawthorne had first explored in "The Strange Friend," and that was later to face such characters as Lancaster in Dust, Boardwine in A Dream and a Forgetting, and Merlin in The Professor's Sister. Artistically, however, Hawthorne was unmoved by the spectacle of the "good" women, his nominal heroines, who, from Sophie in Bressant onward, are unmitigated bores. Women with a little bit of the devil in them, on the other hand, like Cornelia, stir his pen to individualizing creativity. Cornelia, the beautiful, passionate sister, is the lineal antecedent of such brilliantly portrayed Hawthorne women as Madge Danver in Garth, Mary Dene in Sebastian Strome, and Perdita Grantley in Dust. Unfortunately, Hawthorne's use of the dual-heroine convention as a dramatic form for his investigation of sacred and profane love is not successful. It results generally in a sacrifice of dramatic force, in a vapidity of treatment; one wishes that his heroes would not always wind up in the arms of the fair, and patently insufferable, angel.

A third theme introduced in Bressant and repeated unvaryingly in every succeeding novel and romance is the contrast between the purity and innocence of small-town life and the wickedness and corruption of the big city. Hawthorne was not, of course, a reformer complaining of the evils of urbanization; his view is sentimental rather than intellectual, and falls into the stereotype that was only rarely to be questioned before the appearance of Ed Howe, Hamlin Garland, Edgar Lee Masters, and Sherwood Anderson. The village town in Bressant is
portrayed with the deep affection we may expect from a writer who grew up in Concord; and the country scenes of such novels as *Garth*, *Fortune's Fool*, and *Beatrix Randolph* are handled with the same loving attention to detail. The evil contrast in this first novel is supplied by New York, where Cornelia is exposed to wicked society life. Even granting Hawthorne's easy adoption of a literary convention, one may question his sincerity here, even more than in the use of the themes discussed above, or certainly more than in his use of supernatural themes. He loved society, adventurous women, and life in such great cities as New York and London. On the other hand—and again granting the convention—one may suspect in this glorification of simple country life a sincere but suppressed longing for the recovery of his childhood.

Hawthorne's own copy of *Bressant* (preserved in the Julian Hawthorne Collection at the University of California, Berkeley) contains scores of the author's changes penciled into the text—changes that, it would appear, were designed for a second edition in 1875 that never was published. Not only is the language tightened and many trite passages omitted in this revision but the melodramatic plot (as distinguished from the narrative of the hero's emotional development in contact with the sisters) is greatly altered and improved. As the plot stands, Professor Valeyon, at whose parsonage Bressant is studying for the ministry, believes the young man to be the son of Abbie, his old love, who had left her husband and now keeps a boardinghouse in the nearby village. Bressant learns the truth from his real mother, the New Yorker Mrs. Vanderplanck, however: that he is her illegitimate son, who had replaced Abbie's dead child in his father's household. In the most powerful scene in the novel, which anticipates the soon-to-be fashionable truth-telling scenes of Ibsen, Bressant savagely berates Abbie for her life of supposed purity, which, he declares, has been the fraudulent cloak of her unforgivable sin in abandoning her sickly child in order to live independently.

Bressant, who had planned to marry Sophie and become a
country parson, finds that in order to fulfill his plans he would have to give up his claim to his father's fortune. Ashamed of his own brutal motives, and shamed even more by the revelation of his true birth, he decides to run away to Europe with Cornelia, who has won his love by "dishonorable intriguing and reckless self-desecration." On the train to New York, a young lad talks to him, and when the boy evidences a mystic acquaintance with the situation, and even goes so far as to point out the lessons of the tale, Bressant realizes that it is the spirit of Sophie, who is lying gravely ill at home, speaking to him. He returns to the parsonage; and although Sophie has died, a ray of sunshine descends from heaven at the close and shines on him, presaging better days. These days will be spent, after all, with Cornelia, for the spectral boy had proclaimed: "Let it be the work of your lives—a work of penitence and punishment—to elevate and refine your love, which has been degraded, until it becomes worthy of the name of love, in its highest sense. You have lowered each other, and now each must help to raise the other up."

Yet Bressant is a surprisingly unsentimental work of fiction, despite its "ideal" portraits of Sophie Valeyon and her absent-minded old father, and its tedious conclusion. The unabashed carnality of the love between the hero and Cornelia; the attack upon hypocrisy; the exploration of the phenomena of innocence and sophistication: all of these mark the work's considerable originality. The psychology of love interested Hawthorne, and even though its dramatic form is fairly primitive, its manifestations in the sexual and emotional awakening of Bressant are recounted with great power. Certain scenes, also—Cornelia's rage at losing Bressant's love, Bressant's attack on Abbie—indicate artistic skill in tracing the subtleties of emotional states. These are valuable things to find in a first novel. But the defects of Bressant are at least as obvious as its virtues. The style is undistinguished; the ponderousness of Bressant's utterances is rarely offset by the author's wit or anything that can be called a sense of humor. The mechanical contrasts of character, the
overly involved and melodramatic plot, the disfiguring elements of the marvelous that enter at the most inappropriate moments, betray an immaturity of dramatic treatment that marks the novel's distinct failure as a work of art.

Equipped with letters of introduction to Henry S. King and other London publishers, and with the manuscript of *Bressant* in his trunk, Julian Hawthorne left New York for Europe about June, 1872. Minne's mother and her two brothers Frederick and Lees either made the journey with the Hawthorne family of three or else joined them later in Dresden. Robert Carter had advised seeing King about the simultaneous publication of *Bressant* in England and America; Carter was to take care of the publication arrangements with *Appleton's*, and Hawthorne's old Harvard friend William G. Peckham, Jr., was to handle his financial arrangements in America, much as Hillard had managed Hawthorne affairs for the family earlier.

For Hawthorne the trip to England was a sentimental pilgrimage, for he had not visited the country in his second trip to Europe (1868-70). Here his mother had died, and his sister Una was still living, alone, but surrounded by old and steadfast admirers of the Hawthorne family like Robert Browning, Francis Bennoch, and Henry Bright. The Hawthornes landed in Liverpool, on a hot, close June day, and Julian promptly revisited the familiar scenes of his youth, such as Mrs. Blodgett's boardinghouse. It was "unaltered," he said, "but she and her captains were no more. I began to feel very old." He called also on an old college acquaintance named Dudley, now occupying the elder Hawthorne's former position as American consul. The trip to London was exhilarating: "My memory of England flowed back to life once more. The train slipped fast and smooth through this serene beauty: grey castles peeped at us over tree-tops, but habitations were few, small though the ancient island be. The River Trent, like a lusty porpoise in a tranquil nature, neighbored us along the valleys. The deepest solitudes were peopled with the history of a thousand
years.” From the Queen’s Hotel in London, Hawthorne walked out to see the city on a rainy day. “The street names,” he recalled, “were a benediction from my forefathers.” The names and the magic associations of Old London—Drury Lane, Cornhill, Fleet Street—were to be some of the magnets that eventually drew Hawthorne and his family back from the Continent. Meanwhile, he undoubtedly spent some time with Una in order to introduce her to Minne, now pregnant with their second child, and little Hildegarde, who was just a year old. Then the family was off to Dresden again. Despite the excitements of London, to which Hawthorne was to return within two years for a seven-year sojourn, Dresden still held out the lure of inexpensive living. Besides, perhaps Julian and Minne wished to recapture something of the romance that had first flowered in Saxony three years earlier.

The third and final draft of the 115,000-word novel *Bressant* was completed in Dresden on September 17, 1872, about three months after the Hawthornes moved there. By September 26 King in London had received the book for consideration. On November 9 he accepted it, paying £100 outright. King had been cordial to Hawthorne, and there were to be no difficulties attendant upon the English publication of his first novel, which appeared with the King imprint, “robed in crimson and in two volumes,” as Julian Hawthorne put it, on April 22, 1873. But Hawthorne soon ran into difficulties with *Appleton’s*, in which magazine he had hoped to serialize *Bressant* before its appearance in book form. On November 14, 1872, Carter wrote to him that after receiving the final draft, William Appleton and Oliver Bell Bunce had decided not to publish *Bressant* in the periodical:

As a serial in the Journal I confess to a little fear of it. While there is nothing that can be quoted as positively objectionable there is a tone to which some scrupulous readers might demur. W[illiam] A[ppleton] thought it had not incident enough and he doubted its moral tone. Mr. Bunce next read it and came to about the same conclusion as Willie.
On January 30, 1873, Carter reported a turn of events:

After much effort I have succeeded in getting [Bunce] to accept "Bressant" for the Journal. The Appletons will not only pay for its use in the Journal but a copyright on the volume when reprinted. Write to King and tell him to send proofs of his edition as fast as possible, for I want to make the two editions conform as much as I can.

Carter still retained a few doubts about the tone of Bressant, however, and he offered Hawthorne some advice on altering one of his minor characters. The novelist could take such advice in stride; and anyway, he would have been more than willing to oblige the friend who not only got his work printed but wrung his money out of the unsuspectedly tight-fisted Appletons. Hawthorne had published "A Golden Wedding in the Best Society" in the January number of Appleton's, and Bunce had promised Carter to send Hawthorne his check promptly. But Carter soon discovered that Bunce was remiss in his promise, and was forced to "stand over him" until he procured the check, which he sent on to his protégé.

Further troubles with Appleton's Journal were in store. By May 4, 1873, the novel had concluded its run in the magazine, and Hawthorne was anxious for payment at the agreed-on rate of fifteen dollars a page. On June 27 Carter wrote him of Peckham's difficulties in acting as his agent:

Peckham some weeks ago began negotiations with Bunce to get pay for "Bressant's" appearance in the Journal. Not succeeding, why I can't understand, as Bunce was more than usually incoherent on the subject, he called on me for aid and by vouching for him and his authority and making explanations generally I got a cheque for him for $610, that is 61 pp at $10 a page. I think you ought to be satisfied with $610. The Appletons will not like to pay more as they do not think the novel helps the journal any, but on the contrary rather hurt[s] it by its immorality, of which, really, a good many complaints have been made.

Carter goes on to note that two thousand copies of the first edition of June 7, 1873, had been printed, to be sold at $1.50 a
copy, and that since Hawthorne was to receive ten per cent of retail sales, he should be receiving $300 soon. "As the sale has only just begun," Carter concludes, "you will doubtless get much more than that. The English notices are very good and the Appletons have quoted freely from them in their advertisements. I have helped you what I could in a notice in The Sun. George L[athrop] I suppose will send you the Boston notices. None have appeared in the New York papers except a sneering one in the World."

On August 12, 1873, Carter wrote Hawthorne that Bressant was continuing to sell, and that the Appletons were certainly advertising it sufficiently.

Despite their reservations about the novel, which Carter had been quite frank in describing, the Appletons obviously hoped to help create a market for Julian Hawthorne's writings in the future through the heavy advertising they poured into Bressant. A letter from Appleton's on September 12 makes this very point and indicates that the book had already gone into a second printing. Thirty-four hundred copies had now been printed, and five hundred and fifty were left: "It is selling much better than at first, about 750 being sold during last month." Yet Hawthorne was deeply chagrined, first, over what he considered the penny-pinching rate of serialization, and second, at the difficulty Peckham was encountering in securing his checks. A month after the fairly cordial letter from Appleton's just cited, Hawthorne wrote to his agent, Peckham, "tearfully grateful" for checks that Peckham, after long delays, had just sent to Dresden, and superimposing a sketch of the Hawthorne family traveling from "Poor House" and "Pawn-Broker's" to a new house and the bank. Hawthorne comments cholerically: "I find no redeeming traits whatever in the Appletons. I have written to them courteously informing them that I should abstain from business relations with them in future. O is there no way of wringing from them their ill-gotten gains?" Hawthorne had become incensed enough to offer his second work, Idolatry, to Osgood in America, and persisted in his plan despite a cautionary note from Carter on March 3 of the following year:
"The Appletons seem to feel a good deal disappointed at not getting that great work [Idolatry] and I still think you would have done better to have let them have it. I have an impression somehow that Osgood is not in a sound condition." Later in the 1870's, Hawthorne and the Appletons again joined fortunes. But 1873 marks the first year of real poverty in the Hawthorne household, and the agonizing weeks of waiting upon a publisher's checks.

In April, 1873, Hawthorne had made a brief visit to England in order that he might be present at the taking out of his copyright for Bressant. Henry King greeted his newest novelist with "silken courtesy," invited him to spend the night at his home, and arranged for the English copyright. Hawthorne saw his sister, "who is very thin," he wrote in his journal, "and has a cough: seems happy, however. She is dressed in a black cloak very much as a sister of charity." Back in Dresden, Hawthorne and his family—which now included Minne, Hildegarde, John Francis Bennoch Hawthorne (born December 7, 1872), Mrs. Amelung, Minne's two brothers, and Emma the nurse—were living in a large, handsome house with about a dozen rooms. Hawthorne described Hildegarde in the summer of 1873, when she was not quite two years old, as "highly intellectual, but flat-headed, curly-haired, pretty, and healthy." The firstborn son, "Jack," whose godfather was Francis Bennoch, had "much of the old sea-captain in him. He is bluff and hearty. He is a German, and has something of German ponderousness." Hawthorne's study looked out over a stone church with a massive spire. In a corner stood his father's writing desk, easy chair, and cane-bottomed arm chair.

This year, 1873, was one of exhilaration at the publication of his novel in both England and America, but also one of somber anxiety, primarily financial but partly artistic. Hawthorne's feelings are fully documented in his contemporary journal, and in letters to Una and his Aunt Ebe. The new sense of duty appears in a letter to his sister of February 17, 1873, when he writes that "life has ceased being a picture and a song to me:
truly it is a mighty responsibility." He calls Una and Minne his "gentle-readers," adding that he never should have written anything but for his wife. He is expecting a good public reception for Bressant, then running serially. A few days later, Hawthorne wrote at somewhat greater length to his sister that the experience of seeing his first book in print has been somewhat dulled, for me, by my previous indulgences in periodical literature. [Bressant] is rather morbid, and not crisp and telling... Minne thinks it fine; but, were it not for the consideration of lucre, I would suppress the edition at once.

The next book shall be a breeze to blow away the heavy vapors of the first, and make people forget it ever lived. You would be awfully impressed could you behold the accumulation of my notes and reservoirs for the forthcoming work.

In June, three weeks after Bressant was finally published in America, its author wrote candidly to Aunt Ebe:

By this, you have received and read that book of mine—"Bressant"... [I] consider it... a good book spoiled. But it is not so bad as to forbid the hope that I shall do better: and it was written under many disadvantages, both physical and mental, not likely to be repeated. Meanwhile, the critics are uniformly well disposed towards it and me, and one or two are even incoherently laudatory: for nine tenths of which I have my name to thank—not my work. People would willingly persuade themselves that my "father's mantle has fallen on my shoulders"—as they express it: but I shall never wear mantle of his: it will be cut to another pattern, and woven from quite other material. This I prove, not from the internal evidence of "Bressant," but from the internal evidence of my own mind and tone of thought... I can not reach the serene power and purity of his level, [but] I shall make a respectable place for myself, and one that no one else will [be] likely to contend with me.

The statement as to his own work in relation to his father's is at once modest and confident. It is echoed in Hawthorne's journal of that month:
People are rather desirous than otherwise that I should prove worthy the name I bear: and will cling as long as possible to the belief that I yet may. I may succeed—nay, I will, if I have life and faculties spared me: but my monument will be to the elder Hawthorne’s as—a Moorish temple to the Parthenon. I can never reproduce nor even imitate the simple grandeur and pure intuition of that man. And so I shall wisely walk in as divergent a path as is possible, consistently with self-respect and truth.  

Hawthorne did not yet understand fully the incredible difficulties that were to attend the attempt to walk in a “divergent path.” He was conscious of the problem, obviously, but he felt confident enough in his own powers to surmount it. Yet he could have applied just as well to himself the advice he gave his sister Una when he learned that she had written to the London Daily News appealing for funds for her charity work. “Remember,” he cautioned her, “that those who send subscriptions are paying you, not for carrying on a charity school, but for being Nathaniel Hawthorne’s daughter.”

Hawthorne marked his twenty-seventh birthday in his journal in substantially the same sober, sanguine mood:

Yesterday 27 years ago I was born in Boston. I had there a father who was a man of genius. . . Now I have neither father nor mother; my sister is living alone in London; another sister might be dead for all she is to me. . . I am poor and likely long to be so.

Here I am living in Dresden, married, with two children: and supporting myself and my family on no better prop than this pen. I certainly never was so happy as now, though entirely removed from that world of friends and relatives where twenty-three years of my life were passed. I have no sense of loss, of homesickness, of longing: save the ever-present longing to be a man honored by men, for having done them good that no one else could have done quite so well.

4. “Idolatry: A Romance”

Despite the new conditions under which he took up residence in Dresden in 1872, Julian Hawthorne’s life there in the ensu-
ing two years was in some respects akin to the carefree days he had spent there earlier. In December of 1872, for example, he attended "the first party of the season" at the home of his friends the Hales, and there were other social events that must have been *de rigueur* for the Hawthornes. There were the functions of the American Club, which he visited occasionally, but which he now found "paralysing and palsying. It is like a stale burial vault, haunted by the memory of past gentility." In May, 1873, the novelist reported to Una that a crew had been formed, consisting of Hawthorne and four Englishmen, and that they often spent the day rowing up the river to a nearby beer garden. Christmas, 1873, was a happy season, for Una journeyed down from London to spend the holiday with the Hawthornes. The Hawthorne physique was not neglected either in this period. The former star of the Harvard gymnasium ran four or five miles every morning, and exercised with a twenty-seven-pound dumbbell; he proudly records, on March 19, 1873, that his upper arm measures 14 1/4 inches, his forearm 11 3/4 inches, and his chest, inflated, 45 inches. "Am thinner than ever before," Hawthorne wrote that March, "but hard and solid all over." Only his smoking seemed to disturb the health-minded young man, for he confided to his journal that he sometimes smoked as many as fifteen cigars a day.

Finally, Dresden was enlivened by the visits of friends. Fred Wilmerding, with whom he had worked for a year in the Dock Department, appeared in Dresden, suddenly developed, Hawthorne says somewhat enviously, "into an agonising swell, with $10,000 a year and unlimited expectations." A college friend named William Morton, with whom Hawthorne was to act out the major tragedy of his life forty years later, also appeared, on his way to the African diamond fields. Morton, who was to become an eminent physician and surgeon, was, like Hawthorne, the son of a powerful and original father. Julian describes him as handsome, quiet, outwardly lazy but inwardly resolute and energetic, and currently involved in a love affair whose outcome was to be unhappy. Another visitor, probably in
the early part of 1874, was a college friend identified only as "Damon," who wrote a long and interesting dispatch to the Springfield Republican about his encounter with the sometime expatriate. Recollecting that Julian Hawthorne had been advised by his father to earn his living in any field other than authorship, and recalling too that at Harvard Hawthorne had not been of a studious cast of mind, Damon expressed the widespread surprise of his college acquaintances at the new direction of his friend's ambitions. After a long separation Damon found Hawthorne in one of the best houses of one of the finest streets in Dresden, amid luxurious surroundings. He was struck, the newspaper dispatch reads, by the change in his appearance:

There was the same massive, broad-shouldered form, with limbs like small doric columns, and the head large as Franklin or Webster's surmounting it; but the hearty fullness of face and waist had disappeared, as well as the sun-burnt complexion, and, instead, the sharply chiseled lines and white forehead that told of the hard-worked scholar and writer. Still, the general bearing could not be described as one of debility, or ill-health.

Hawthorne was eager to learn of America "and all the people and things in it," but seemed newly attracted by England. The favorable comments of the English press on Bressant had surprised him, in contrast to the rather sharp criticisms, on the grounds of indecency primarily, leveled at the book by such American sources as the Boston Advertiser and the New York Nation. Though believing that the English were strongly partisan and insular, he felt that they seemed even readier to acknowledge merit in an American author than in one of their own. He had even "quite determined . . . to leave Dresden, and go to live in London, where he would make friends and be supported in his writing, as well as checked in a proper manner by the best literary opinion of the age." Damon's conversation with Hawthorne ranged over such topics as the superiority of Nuremberg beers and the identity of Bacon and Shakespeare, a
view that was part of the Hawthorne family inheritance. Julian Hawthorne discussed his reading in philosophy and especially metaphysics, which was to be a lifelong concern, and noted his particular admiration for Goethe, Emerson, and Thackeray. Damon found his discussions of authors full of a "readiness of expression and nicety of criticism that nearly equalled the manner of an essayist." 

As early as February, 1873, Hawthorne was hard at work on *Idolatry*. Probably he had begun gathering materials for this romance as early as November, 1872, a few months after he had completed the last version of *Bressant*. Most of 1873 and part of 1874 were devoted to this new work, which eventually was rewritten four times, and completed on April 8, 1874. By March 10, however, King had received almost all of the manuscript, and it is thus possible that Hawthorne made final changes and corrections. *Idolatry* was dedicated warmly to Robert Carter, the man, Julian Hawthorne declared, "responsible for its writing. Your advice and encouragement first led me to book-making." In his preface to the work, Hawthorne modestly pleads his case for the acceptance of *Idolatry* as a simple Gothic entertainment:

The first duty of the fiction-monger . . . is, to be amusing; to shrink at no shifts which shall beguile the patient into procrastinating escape until the moment be gone by. The gentle reader will not too sternly set his face against such artifices, but, so they go not the length of fantastically presenting phenomena inexplicable upon any common-sense hypothesis, he will rather lend himself to his own beguilement.

The "artifices" of *Idolatry* are little short of extraordinary. Taking a different tack from the essentially realistic *Bressant*, this work introduces a wildly romantic tale, complete with many discernible Gothic manifestations, into a peaceful New Jersey landscape. It is one of the worst of Julian Hawthorne's stories, despite the inordinate amount of time and creative
energy poured into it. The biggest difficulty with *Idolatry* is its mixture of the serious and the ludicrous, the never-quite-sublime and the patently absurd. A brief account of the plot will clarify this difficulty.

The opening chapter of *Idolatry* immediately creates the mood of a strange and mysterious, and also somewhat ridiculous, enchantment. In a Boston hotel, asleep, lies Dr. Hiero Glyphic. He is wearing a magical diamond ring, in whose depths the author deciphers his previous history for the benefit of the reader. Dr. Glyphic had, many years before, brought to America an Egyptian youth named Manetho, who chose to become a priest. His intended bride fell in love with, and married, a man named Thor Helwyse, and bore him twins before she died. Having vowed vengeance on the Helwyse clan, Manetho, with the aid of a disfigured nurse whom he did not recognize as his old inamorata Salome, stole Helwyse's supposed daughter Gnulemah. In Dr. Glyphic's strange house on the New Jersey Palisades, he brought her up—"poisonous" in her innocence of wrong—as a supposed incarnation of evil.

Elements of Gothic romanticism begin to emerge most clearly when Balder Helwyse, Thor's son, seeking to claim his share of the Glyphic fortune and not knowing that the old Egyptologist is dead, arrives at the mansion. In the oak-paneled hall "the essence of mediaeval England lingered," but each room in this castle with a Gothic exterior is decorated in the style of a different country. In a tomblike Egyptian chamber, Helwyse finds the mummy of Dr. Glyphic himself. Leading off from the Egyptian room is the priest's secret retreat, reached only through a sliding panel. The old nurse Salome possesses "an eye which, two hundred years ago, would have convicted its owner of witchcraft." But the most unusual Gothic feature of the tale is the nature of Manetho's revenge, for he plans to marry the unsuspecting twins, Gnulemah and Balder, to each other. This Romantic incest theme is partly negated by the ironic revelation that Balder's twin sister actually had died in a fire when a year old, and that Manetho had thus brought up as
the instrument of his revenge his own illegitimate daughter by Salome. Yet, since much is made of Manetho's own passion for Gnulemah prior to the revelation, perhaps the theme is more subtle than may at first be supposed. A deep darkness attends the crucial events here, for as the romance ends, with Manetho dying, Gnulemah is blinded by a great lightning storm. Hawthorne intrudes: "Had that vast cloud come to shut out [Manetho's] soul from heaven, and was its mighty voice uttering the sentence of his condemnation?"  

Gnulemah is interesting only in so far as she is allied to the persecuted maidens of Gothic romanticism, and like Rappaccini's daughter, to the poison-maid motif in folk literature. In such passages as the following one describing her, Hawthorne descended to the nadir of his talents: "Womanly she was—ininstinct with that tender, sensitive power, the marvelous gift of God to woman only, which almost moves the sick man to bless his sickness. A holy gift,—surely the immediate influx of Christ's spirit. Man knows it not, albeit when he and woman become more closely united than now, he may attain to share the Divine prerogative." Helwyse is a more successful character. He is linked with Hawthorne's Byronic heroes, for "he aimed at knowledge and power beyond recognized human reach." At one point the figure of Raskolnikov is superimposed upon the Byronic ideal: "Possessed of a strong, comprehensive mind, [Helwyse] had made a providence of himself; confounded intelligence with integrity; used the moral principle not as a law of action but as a means of insight." Helwyse is ruled by his intellect, his aesthetic sense, and his search for power. "God," declares the author, "was his elder brother—he himself in some distant but attainable condition." Manetho's view of sin points up the spiritual kinship of hero and villain: "I will admit," he tells Balder, "that the vast majority of criminals are weak and foolish; but that does not affect the dignity of the true sinner,—he who sins from exalted motives. Ignorance is the only real crime, polluting deeds that, wisely done, are sublime. Sin is culture." Against these values Hawthorne places the
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Primacy of love and the universe of feelings within, a universe where "the cockle-shell of mental attainments is lost like an asteroid in the abyss of space." The hero's egoism is finally conquered by his love for Gnulemah; but for Manetho there is only retribution.

Despite minor virtues, such as the character of the believably villainous Egyptian priest, the romance is enervated not only by the absurd plot but by the interminable and sentimental digressions. The critical reader must agree with the self-deprecatory Hawthorne in his preface to Idolatry, when he states, "Not seldom does it happen that what he [the writer] proffers as genuine arcana of imagination and philosophy affects the reader as a dose of Hieroglyphics and Balderdash." Yet in some ways Idolatry marks an advance over Bressant; it is much more ambitious in its attempt to fuse philosophy with romance, somewhat in the static, moralizing vein of The Marble Faun. The young man was obviously entranced by new, large, vaguely Swedenborgian ideas. He could not, however, dramatize them successfully with his essentially foolish plot and characters; the latter lack the nobility and depth of perception of even the weakest of Nathaniel Hawthorne's major figures. In other respects it is clear that Idolatry showed an unfortunate direction for Julian Hawthorne's muse to take. The glimmerings of supernaturalism in Bressant—the clairvoyance of Sophie, the hero's "magnetism," and the spectral appearance of the boy—are here succeeded by all the outpourings of the romantic fancy: enchanted rings, tombs and crypts in the Gothic castle, immurement, the incest motif, murder and revenge, Byronic hero and dark priestly villain: in a word, all those barefaced sensational things that were so to cheapen Julian Hawthorne's art in the ensuing decades. In the long view the failure of Idolatry could be minimized if it were merely a way of working youthful excesses out of the writer's system; but unfortunately, the tone and compulsive themes of the fiction stemmed unerringly from Hawthorne's view of spiritual reality and his dubious interpretation of his father's art. The Atlantic Monthly commented
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sagely that "the author seems less to be working off his likeness to his father than working into it," and added that *Idolatry* even verged occasionally upon a "burlesque" of the elder Hawthorne's "exquisite fantasies."  

Hawthorne's later fiction was to be memorable only—but alas, even then not always—when the supernaturalist excrescences typified by the themes, characters, and setting of *Idolatry* were abandoned.

Julian Hawthorne's romance was reviewed by at least forty newspapers and magazines in America and England, many more than had noticed *Bressant*. Reviews ranged from the rhapsodic to the damning, with almost every reviewer making the already stale comment about the father's mantle descending (or not descending) upon the shoulders of the son. The following portion of the intelligent review in the influential *Athenaeum* of London may be considered fairly typical:

All of us who have either known Nathaniel Hawthorne personally or through his works, are watching with keen interest, and no less keen jealousy, Julian Hawthorne's literary career. Has the cloud woven mantle of the father really fallen on the shoulders of his son? Are the rare and special gifts which men call genius an hereditary possession?  

Or, on the other hand, have we here only literary aptitude and facility, which, though good in their way, are of inferior worth, and will but dim the lustre of a great name?  

There are reminiscences, as it were, of Nathaniel Hawthorne in the book. There is something of the same fantastic imagination. But the contrast is greater than the resemblance. The power is not restrained. The moralizing, which, in the father, took the form of a suggestive hint or stray misgiving, too often becomes a wild and random declamation. The imagination runs riot, and the fantastic element is at times exaggerated into the grotesque. . . . A sensual coarseness peeps out at times. . . . In Julian Hawthorne's book there are passages a woman should hardly read aloud. There are passages of almost exquisite beauty here and there. . . . Careful work and self-restraint are what are mainly needed; with them, Julian Hawthorne will do much; without them, each novel he writes will be more extravagant and less powerful.
These themes were all repeated with variations in the other reviews. Thus the New York Times found the book "extravagant, audacious, imperfect, but fascinating," and the Academy censured its "morbid and unhealthy" moral tone. The Sun was severely critical, largely of style, condemning the "boldness, recklessness, want of discrimination, and bad taste in the use of words." The Galaxy praised Hawthorne's "inventive power," and the Saturday Review attacked his use of the romantic mode as excessively improbable. Hawthorne's aunt, Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, writing in The Western, was all idolatry: "Besides cultivated senses, brilliant imagination, and spiritual insight, there are sentences indicating a reflective wisdom and moral and religious experience, hardly to be looked for in combination with the other gifts of so young a man." Francis Bennoch was moved to write the author: "The deep, daring soundings of human passion, and general human nature, have so far as I know, never been sounded so deep before. The style is admirable, the language clear, terse, idiomatic and wonderfully varied. ... Bressant was great. Idolatry is ten times greater." 80 Henry A. Bright, in another letter to Hawthorne, was more restrained: "I have read both your novels greedily. —I am obliged to say that I don't like 'Idolatry' as well as 'Bressant,' but it is impossible not to recognise the very considerable power both novels show,—a power which with the necessary restraint is, I am sure, capable of great work." That Hawthorne was himself conscious of the defects of Idolatry is betrayed by a significant remark in his journal on the tenth anniversary of his father's death, in 1874. "This tenth anniversary," he notes, "reaches me far below the point I ought to have attained." 81 Two years later he wrote to Carter, the man "responsible for its writing," who had reacted to Idolatry with frigidity. "The execution," he declared, "is in some places atrociously bad—I suppose because I could not help feeling that I was writing in the teeth of the general sympathy—a very dismal weakness in me. It was also written five years too
soon." The most charitable judgment today would be that the novel had been best not written at all.

5. "Saxon Studies"

From the weird and absurd fantasy of Idolatry, Julian Hawthorne turned to the rich fabric of contemporary manners. On June 6, 1874, he first noted his plan to write "a dozen chapters on German life." Actually, however, he had already written several sketches based on his earlier and later Dresden experiences. The first of these were articles printed in the form of letters to the London Times late in 1872; and two sketches, "A Golden Wedding in the Best Society" and "A Feast of Blood," appeared in American magazines in 1873. By July of 1874 he was writing to Una that "I am busy writing that Book on German life, which flowers beneath my hand quite promisingly. I think it will be more popular than my unfortunate novels. I am also making notes for my next romance." Saxon Studies began appearing in Alexander Strahan’s Contemporary Review in November of 1874 and ran through the issue of August, 1875. Serial portions also were printed in Living Age and the Eclectic Magazine.

Hawthorne’s preface to Saxon Studies indicates that he was not writing a “travel book” or a detailed and objective evaluation of Saxon life itself. He admits that his “interest in Saxony and the Saxons is of the most moderate kind,—certainly not enough to provoke a treatise upon them. They are as dull and featureless a race as exists in this century, and the less one has to do with them, the better.” His declared aim was to find a concrete nucleus around which he could group his thoughts, fancies, and observations of human nature. He notes that the chapters of Saxon Studies, while appearing serially, were jiterly denounced in the Dresden journals, but adds that he himself would be "hugely diverted to find himself masquerading in a character so alien to his ambition and capacity as that of a patcher-up of dilapidated manners and morals." These
protestations may be sincere, although there is a good deal of the disgruntled visitor shaking the dust of an unhappy experience from his feet in the pages of Saxon Studies. The book, patched as it is from notebook jottings and from memory, has a mixed tone. Many of its observations of human nature are trite and sentimental, on a par with the typical pseudosophilosophical passages of Idolatry; but the descriptions of Saxon life and customs are vivid and telling, and through these descriptions runs an irony (occasionally vindictive) that is itself uneven—sometimes heavy-handed, sometimes subtle.

Hawthorne surveys this "flattened swarm of mean-featured houses spreading dingily on both sides of a muddy river"—its streets and squares, its beer gardens, its masquerades, its opera performances—and finds the whole panorama wanting in grace, in distinctiveness, in beauty. Thus he observes that "the Saxons have a less correct ear for music than any people with which I am acquainted"; that Dresden's "only distinctive characteristics are its ubiquitous evil odor and its omnipresent dirty plaster" and the like. These remarks are, to be sure, tempered with others that give some credit to the quality of Dresden life. But typically, as in describing the Saxon soldiers, Hawthorne praises with his right hand while smiting with his left:

Saxon soldiers are the best in the world. They can swallow most discipline. They submit to so much stuffing with rules and regulations, great and small, that little of the original creature is left save organic life and uniform. They are a docile sort of Frankensteins. Much is signified in the fact that their captains address them as "children," while we Americans, and our English friends, try to inspire our warriors by appeals to their "manhood." Men, forsooth! Such is the fruit of illogical sentiment. But persist in calling a person child, and treating him so, and presently he will share our view of the matter, and thus become fit for the camp.

Hawthorne's final judgment in the book is probably the same that he imposed when the Hawthorne family left Dresden for-
ever. It is a summary of the attraction that the city had held for him, and of the final disappointment he came to feel:

The city charms at first sight—at a distance—or mirrored in the glass of the imagination. There is a mirage of grace and neatness about it that captivates us unawares. Howbeit, a nearer acquaintance dispels all illusions; we discover various unlovely traits, intrinsic no less than accidental. The place is in bad hands—vulgarly companied and beset—invested with a questionable atmosphere—and what is worse, does not seem to mind it. It is impossible to enjoy its beauties apart from its defects: the latter are innate, the former purely superficial. It is the more disappointing from having bid fair to interest us; but the parting disappointment is the saddest of all,—that so few and slight regrets attend our last farewell! 89

Although Saxon Studies was widely read serially, it quickly slipped into oblivion, primarily because both the English and American publishers, Strahan and Osgood, went bankrupt in 1876, and thus circulated only review copies of the book. Hawthorne himself is authority for the fact that the book was banned in Germany by order of the emperor. 90 This oblivion is all the more unfortunate because Hawthorne thought Saxon Studies, which was part of the not-so-innocent-abroad tradition, "the best book I ever wrote." 91 It reminded some reviewers of the elder Hawthorne's Our Old Home, others of Emerson's English Traits, a book Hawthorne greatly admired, and still others of Henry Mayhew's German Life and Manners (1864), a book equally critical of the Saxons but founded more solidly on factual observation. The Academy conceded to the book certain picturesque passages and some truthfulness, but deplored the total denigration of Saxon taste and public behavior, and the excess and exaggeration that gave a misleading impression of German life. The Dresdener Nachrichten reviewed viciously this "outrageous libel!" by a "bumptious American" against not only Dresden but the whole of Germany and, in a curious parallel to English-language criticisms, traced the son's xenophobia to certain remarks made by Nathaniel
Hawthorne in *Our Old Home*. The most interesting review of the book appeared in the *Nation*, which, after having dismissed *Bressant* as containing “a morbid fingering of unclean emotions,” had ignored the appearance of Hawthorne's next novel. The review was written by Henry James, who had already been negative about *Idolatry* in the columns of the *Atlantic*. James found in *Saxon Studies* a pervasive “immaturity of thought” and “combined ill-humor and conscious cleverness.” The critic regretted Hawthorne's failure to report on private manners and morals, on opinions, conversations, and the theater, literature, press, and the arts. He had obviously missed the point of Hawthorne's preface.

By the end of 1874 the Hawthornes were in England at last. They had probably wanted to move earlier, if we can credit Damon's interview with Hawthorne on this point. But Minne had again been pregnant during the early part of 1874. Henry, the Hawthornes' third child, was born in Dresden on June 8. In July, Hawthorne wrote to Una that they were “of course in extreme pecuniary distress,” but that Minne was “painting silk fans like a maniac” to add to their income. The family, which, with Mrs. Amelung and her boys, now numbered eight, left for England in September, and by January 1, 1875, had moved to their permanent home there, Ways End, Belmont, Twickenham.