The English Years

1. Twickenham and London

The feeling that had led Nathaniel Hawthorne to seek out his "Old Home," and that had led Sophia and Una Hawthorne to return to London in 1870, was probably still viable in the romancer's son when he began his seven years' residence in England. Added to this impulse—which was not one of unqualified admiration, as we shall see—was Julian Hawthorne's own realistic view of his place in the socio-literary milieu of the time. He was to write, in 1887, that "the true rewards of literature, for men of limited calibre, are the incidental ones,—the valuable friendships and the charming associations which it brings about." ¹ Forty years later, in Shapes That Pass, his opinion had scarcely changed. He felt that his chief profit in writing his early books was the introduction to English society which my name gave me. The literary profession is always good for that, and if the writer's father was also a writer, and distinguished, so much the better. A man's third and fourth decades are his society period, or so I found them, and it was both pleasant and fortunate for me that I passed the better part of them in England. For not often in English history have more men and women worth
knowing been gathered in London than during the last quarter of the nineteenth century.²

There were other reasons for Hawthorne's choice of England, in addition to those of sentiment and a perhaps craven exploitation of the prominence of the family name there. He planned, for example, to offer a home to his sister Una. He thought that his income would increase;³ and even though he did not expect his financial difficulties to disappear, perhaps he felt that life in London could not be more impoverishing to his spirit than life in merely "inexpensive" Dresden. He had grown very weary of that city, as Saxon Studies attests, and desired, as Damon had recorded, to be "checked in a proper manner by the best literary opinion of the age." There was, finally, a good business reason for Hawthorne's decision to make England his home. Several years before, in May, 1868, the House of Lords had "concluded that an alien became entitled to copyright by first publishing in the United Kingdom provided he were at the time of publication anywhere in the British dominions. The best means of securing a valid British copyright was, of course, to be in England when one's book appeared."⁴ Hawthorne had made the long trip from Dresden to London twice already, in order to secure the copyrights for Bressant and Idolatry; in England, he now certainly felt, he could more closely superintend his business affairs. An authority on American writers in England during this period declares that such authors as the two Hawthornes, Henry James, James Russell Lowell, Bret Harte, and Joaquin Miller "profited by residing in Europe at a time when certain of their works were first published in London, and thus enjoyed, along with royalties presumably greater than the average for Americans, publication in a more dignified and expensive format and so, often received, through the business connections of their publishers, more favorable attention in the review columns of newspapers and magazines."⁵ In short, all roads led to London.

On October 11, 1874 Minne wrote Una a long letter⁶ (with
a scribbled greeting from Julian to his "Dear Old Unus Vicunas San Salvador") that gives a pleasant picture of the discovery of the family's new home. Minne first alluded to her plan for a long lease, adding with unconscious irony to Una, "So you see you have the prospect of a long life in England before you." She went on:

We found a most delightful little detached villa in Twickenham, situate (to be English) at the end of a cul de sac, so that there is no noise of passing carriages to annoy Julian; with a most charming little lawn planted with standard roses, in front, a small conservatory at the side and another garden at the back. Inside we have on the ground floor (there is no basement) a good-sized drawing room, dining room and study, kitchen, scullery, larders, &c. Upstairs there are four large rooms, for nurseries and bedrooms and one little room that is to be a morning room for you and me; in the attic are four rooms. The rent, my dear, is but £55 a year! $275 in our money!  

The Hawthorne home at Twickenham was some twelve miles south by rail from Waterloo Station in London. But frequently, after a night of London dinners and revelry, Hawthorne would walk home through Richmond, and over Richmond Bridge:

The Thames here [he recalled] is at its most lovely; to the left embowering trees overhang the river-bend and the path that leads to Kew Gardens; on the right, topping the hill, was the Star and Garter Inn, with a rearward of vigorous oaks. It was often my fortune to cross the bridge about sunrise of a June morning. The shadows streamed far westward from the brightness. The rowboats moored along the banks hardly swayed in the glassy stillness; even the anglers were not yet abroad, and the colours were rich and sweet on sky and stream.

From the bridge the reaches of the road passed a grey old church amid its gravestones, traversed the little town with its sleeping shops, and leaving the residence of the French princes on the left, with cedars of Lebanon rising above its high wall, came out in the open, with Pope's villa in the distance, and the fantastic castle which Horace Walpole built at Strawberry Hill.
The road then opened into a region of stuccoed dwellings, each in its little walled garden; at the end of the road was Hawthorne's home, Ways End, the name inscribed in capitals on the square gatepost. The landlord, Captain Sleasby, had a "poisonous predilection" for Hawthorne's society, a feeling not reciprocated; nearby also lived a Dr. Diamond, a venerable figure who operated a private lunatic asylum on the premises and who proved a gracious and hospitable friend. Another acquaintance in nearby Teddington was the novelist Richard D. Blackmore.

The Hawthorne entourage had settled at Twickenham attracted by the low rent and by the seclusion. It was "a good place for story-writing," Hawthorne recalled, "and for visits of friends who were friends enough to come out from London." 9 The daily routine was simple, and was recorded in Hawthorne's notebook as the "Order of Exercises":

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Time</th>
<th>Activity</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>9–2</td>
<td>Write 5 pages of fiction.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2–5</td>
<td>Lunch, read, or write reviews.</td>
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<tr>
<td>5–7</td>
<td>Exercise. Dress.</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30–8:30</td>
<td>Dinner</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30–11</td>
<td>Ad Libitum. Bed.</td>
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Hawthorne's reading at Twickenham continued, as it had earlier in the 1870's, to range over the whole of literature. In 1880 he compiled for his own amusement a list of the authors he had enjoyed reading. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Emerson, Carlyle, and Thackeray figure most prominently in his list. Of Dickens he enjoyed only "pages here and there," and of George Eliot, "Romola, perhaps." The list, while enormous and varied, is nevertheless rather predictable: Shakespeare, Heine, and Poe; Balzac, Dumas, and Sand; Sterne, Fielding, and Smollett; "Monk" Lewis; Tennyson and Browning. 11

There was always time for the nursery, however, and Julian and Minne enjoyed writing down the "Sayings of the Children." 12 Hildegarde, wrote her father when she was about
four years old, “laughs and tells little stories in the most af-fectedly vivacious style, throwing her head on one side, casting down her eyes, laughing lightly. Sometimes is excessively im-pertinent without really meaning to be so. She is very sweet with Henry, taking quite a maternal interest in him. But Jack and she quarrel dreadfully; one always wants what the other has; only yesterday she made a great mark under his eye with a pencil.” But she was also “growing quite poetical, makes little rhymes, likes to hear Tennyson read.” The father noted in 1876 that “Henry is growing a bright fearless boy, Hildegarde is portentously clever and old womanly; Jack still timid but very witty.” At Christmas of that year there were two horses for the boys, but Hawthorne writes, “I had to punish [Hildegarde] for hurting Jack. She pleaded that he had teased her, saying ‘No, Miss,’ and making faces at her. She also said, ‘Well, I kissed him afterwards; I always kiss him after I slap him.’” A fourth child, Gwendolyn, was born to the Hawthornes in October, 1877; their fifth child, Beatrix, in 1878; and Frederick in 1880. The last child born to them in Europe, Gladys, lived only two years, and died in America.

The friends who were “friends enough to come out from London” were numerous, and the house at Ways End echoed with discussions far into the night. Hawthorne’s closest companions in England were Richard Halkett Lord, William Jer-rold Dixon, and Charles Dickens the younger—all, it is to be noted, sons of famous men like Hawthorne himself. The first, Lord, a stepson of the founder of *Punch*, was under forty, black-haired, and full-bearded; his was a strong, sensual, intel-lectual nature, Hawthorne thought. His vigorous and adven-turous life appealed to the American’s imagination, as did his broad knowledge and biting conversation. Lord was poor, and escaped the debtor’s law only by having a room at the Temple. In 1887 Lord and Julian Hawthorne met again in America, and the old English friend was adopted into the Hawthorne residence at Sag Harbor, Long Island, for the next six years. Willie Dixon was a gentle man habitually bullied and wronged
by his father, the now-forgotten writer Hapworth Dixon. He was attracted to the stage, and he and Hawthorne once collaborated on a four-act comedy of English art and society life designed for Ellen Terry. Dixon died suddenly in Ireland in the summer of 1879. The third close friend was Charley Dickens, who had inherited from his father the editorship of All the Year Round, and perhaps some of the same problems that Julian faced as the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Charles Dickens the younger was "plain and likable, and had no small literary ability," Hawthorne wrote, "but his father's renown took his own breath away." Dickens wrote a popular yet erudite Dictionary of London, and was one of the lively group that congregated at the Savage Club, which had been "instituted for the association of gentlemen connected professionally with literature, art, the drama, or science." The club was the center of well-bred Bohemianism in the 1870's: the Savages "demanded brains, talent, genius even, but not mastership; and nothing would do if the applicant were not a good fellow. Tennyson, Browning, Millais, Tadema, for instance, were not on the roster; but the Club mothered and nursed men less effulgent, but of wit, humour, and capacity; not of the heights nor depths, but of the middle parts of fortune which Shakespeare approved." Another excellent friend during Julian Hawthorne's English sojourn was the poet Coventry Patmore, whom he met for the first time in 1877 at Hastings, the ancient Channel town. Patmore was then about fifty,

his grey hair thick and wavy, his young, dark eyes sparkling, laughing, piercing, sympathising under that great four-cornered forehead, his face tapering to the pointed chin. He stands on the hearth-rug, and from him come waves of speech, joyous, meditative, tender, ironic, philosophic, or mere sparkling narrative.

Patmore graciously welcomed the son of the novelist he had met in 1859, when he was assistant librarian at the British Museum. In the late 1870's he had become something of a
Swedenborgian, and thus found a common ground of thought with Hawthorne, who had studied Swedenborg intensively. The two men also enjoyed tramping over the downs near Hastings, and along the beach. Occasionally, at Patmore's house, Hawthorne would meet Monsignor Capel, who had guided the poet into the Catholic church. "Capel had great qualities," Hawthorne wrote, "and his conversation was soothing and beguiling, especially after Madeira. 'I have told Hawthorne,' said Patmore, 'that a man with a mind and imagination like his has no business to be out of the Church'; and Capel said: 'He is like some others—he is in the Church without knowing it!' The truth was, I thought, that the chief attraction of his faith, for Patmore, was that it kept his imagination and poetic faculties ever at work making its fallacies appear logical and true. And I fancy the Monsignor perceived this, and took care not to disturb him by insisting upon points of dogma." 

The roll call of the great and near-great whom Julian Hawthorne also knew in his English years is impressive. His first book, *Bressant*, had been benignly noticed in the London *Spectator* by its editor, Richard H. Hutton, who began his review, "Here is a case for Mr. Galton!"—an ominous chord, perhaps, but not an unfriendly one for Hutton to strike. Hawthorne wrote requesting to see Hutton, whom he found in his dark, book-littered den on Wellington Street in the Strand. The novelist thought Hutton a man of profound literary erudition, with a kind of "fierce, shy heartiness" in him. He and Hawthorne became good friends; he was "for ten years a rock in the maelstrom for me," the latter recalled. At the time of Hawthorne's first appearance at the *Spectator* offices, it was probably the most influential of the weekly journals, and the American writer was undoubtedly delighted at his appointment to its book-reviewing staff. Hutton took Hawthorne around to his club, the Garrick, where he renewed his acquaintance with Eustace Clare Grenville Murray, the writer, diplomat, and
founder of the London *World*, whom Hawthorne had first met in Dresden when Murray was an honorary member of the American Club. Julian was also befriended by the delightful family of Thomas Henry Huxley, whom he visited in their home at St. John's Wood. There were the already venerable figures Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins, and George Eliot, whom Hawthorne met briefly in drawing rooms or newspaper offices. Matthew Arnold, whose social graciousness Hawthorne admired quite as much as his chilly intellect, was a somewhat closer acquaintance. At the house of Baron Trübner, the publisher, Hawthorne met George Meredith, whom he came to know very well; Hawthorne joined in the "Sunday Tramps," led by Leslie Stephen, editor of *The Cornhill*, and emanating from Meredith's home at Box Hill. At the drawing rooms in Mayfair, in Bloomsbury, and in Kensington, Hawthorne also met and admired Whistler, DuMaurier, and such lesser artists as Fred Leighton, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and Howard Helmick; it was DuMaurier, Hawthorne recalled, who made him at home in English society. Hawthorne came to know well Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, an old friend of his father, and thus as reliable a bulwark to him as those other close family friends Bennoch and Bright. There were lively receptions held by Christopher Murray, and more humble ones at the home of Robert Edward Francillon, a once popular novelist and journalist, "steady, standardised, meritorious, uninspired." He and Hawthorne, five years his junior, met probably late in 1876; Francillon's preoccupation with the occult, which extended to casting elaborate horoscopes for his friends, undoubtedly interested Julian Hawthorne. He was also flattered by such letters from the "established" Francillon as the following:

I am very glad indeed that you wrote "The Rose of Death" and "Calbot's Rival," not only for my own sake but for the sake of the Dream Literature which is in need of a master. That Third Presence in the latter is the most fascinating of all nightmares.
My hope and belief that you are destined to be our guide through Dreamland is not altogether comfortable concerning what we may find there. At the home of George Smalley and his wife, Hawthorne conversed amiably with Robert Browning, another old friend of his father and his sister Una. “Browning had become another Browning,” Hawthorne remembered, quite different from the figure of the Florence days. “His silver hair was brushed close to his head, his short, pointed beard was carefully barbered, his silk hat and all below it were of Piccadilly and Pall Mall, he was staid, grave, urbane, polished; he was a rich banker, he was a perfected butler, no one would have suspected him of poetry.” An affinity for port wine, rather than for literary discussion, drew the two men together.

Within the inner circle of his English friends, then—Lord, Dixon, Dickens, Patmore—and also within the outer circle, which included the illustrious company just enumerated, Julian Hawthorne moved comfortably and easily, enjoying the high art of conversation in a conversational age, and mingling, perhaps always with an eye to his literary fortunes, with the most important figures in the world of publishing, literature, and the arts. At the teas, the dinners, the receptions, and the balls, his name, and also his work, served as immediate assurance of acceptance and warm hospitality. None of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s shrinking timidity in social intercourse had descended to his son.

Yet there is a darker side to the picture, one that fails to emerge in the charming English recollections in Shapes That Pass written some sixty years later. As a child, we recall, Julian had been anything but a partisan of the English. Now that childish hostility had a more concrete basis. He wrote to his good friend Edward Carter in January, 1876—just a year after he had settled in Twickenham:

Now that I have begun to get the better of Fate, I am beginning to look towards home. I want to tread on these English
before I leave them, and I think a year will be sufficient. England, unless, as Landor says, you have a solar system of your own, is a dreary place. If you can afford to knock every body down that you meet, and drink whiskey with them afterwards, you can be happy. If not, you meet them on the uncongenial side, and are depressed. When I leave here, I shall like them much better than I do now.23

The departure, however, was to be delayed six years; and in the meantime the continuity of Hawthorne's feelings may be observed in his calling the English "detestable" two years later in a letter to—of all people—Henry James. One shudders to think of Hawthorne actually having written, as he planned, a study of the English as a successor to *Saxon Studies*.

With most of the well-known Americans in London at this period, Julian Hawthorne was on the friendliest of terms.24 There was, for example, Joaquin Miller, a fellow member of the Savage Club,

a licensed libertine, charming, amiable, and harmless, amusing the Club and himself by costuming his part as Poet of the Sierras: sombrero, red shirt open at the neck, flowing scarf and sash, trousers tucked into spurred boots, long hair down over his shoulders, and a great blond beard. 'It helps sell the poems, boys!' he would say, 'and it tickles the duchesses'. The Club understood him and approved his dramatisations and Munchausenisms.25

At his home in Twickenham, Hawthorne entertained such American visitors as Charles Dudley Warner and the Shakespearean editor Richard Grant White, with whom Hawthorne took several memorable walks in the neighborhood.26 The greatest of the American writers in England in this period was, of course, Henry James, whom Hawthorne met at the homes of Wemyss Mackenzie, George Smalley, Lord Houghton, and others. When James came into a London drawing room, Hawthorne recalled, he "would be surrounded by group after group of admirers, in whose presence he could not overcome a naïve embarrassment. He talked hesitatingly, as if seeking the right
word; his rather prominent brown eyes, the eyes of the seer, avoided the questioning gaze, turning aside, turning to the ornaments on the ceiling; he smiled deprecatingly at all compliments, making a bon-mot in self-defence; and after half an hour, he would leave with some excuse about getting back to his books."  

Hawthorne had known James from his teens in New England, having gone to school with two of Henry's brothers. Since then their careers had followed singularly divergent paths, Hawthorne's in the direction of the popular and romantic, James's in the direction of the intellectually and emotionally refined, the artistically dedicated. James, it will be recalled, had written a rather cruel review of Julian Hawthorne's *Saxon Studies* for the *Nation* in 1876.

In 1878 James was asked to prepare a study of Nathaniel Hawthorne for the Macmillan series, and he turned to the novelist's son for firsthand information. After a cordial exchange of notes, the following letter was received by Hawthorne at Hastings, where he was spending the winter of 1878-79:

I must thank you without delay for your very liberal response to my appeal, and your kind allusions to hospitality. . . . I am well aware that it will not be an easy matter to give an account of your father's life and genius save on a very modest scale. I have undertaken the task reluctantly, and chiefly for three reasons: —I. The Editor desired greatly it should be done, and was evidently determined it should be by some one. II.—It seemed to me that, this being the case, it should, if possible, be done by an American. III. I could think (in all modesty) of no American who didn't seem likely to do it worse than I.—For, with 1000 thanks for your compliment to my own critical powers, I must say that I don't think we are a race of accomplished critics,—I feel as if, also, I ought to notify you that I don't find the circumambient people a "detestable" one. On the contrary! I could never bring myself to live, regularly, among a people I should distinctly dislike,—it would be too gross a wrong both to myself and to them. But we will talk of that too.  

James did go to Hastings, "in doubt and distress," Hawthorne recalled. They took long walks together along the downs and
the beach, and James repeated, "I don't want to do it. I'm not competent: and yet, if I don't, some Englishman will do it worse than I would. Your father was the greatest imaginative writer we had, and yet, I feel that his principle was wrong. Imagination is out of place; only the strictest realism can be right. But how can a barely known scribbler like me offer criticism on him?" When the book appeared, Hawthorne spoke justly of it as "an honest and painful piece of work, [which] will endure." Aside from the visit at Hastings, the meetings in the drawing rooms, and Hawthorne's occasional calls on James in "his little room secluded from the city's uproar," there seems to have been little that could be called friendship between these two American contemporaries.

2. Una Hawthorne

When the Hawthornes arrived in England in 1874, Julian's sister Una had temporarily abandoned her settlement work in London to pay a visit to Rose and George Lathrop in New York. The estrangement between her and her sister had clearly not been as severe and long-lasting as that between Julian Hawthorne and the Lathrops. Una wrote proudly to the Hawthornes in December, 1874, that she had met John Greenleaf Whittier at the Lathrops' home, and that he had complimented her on a poem she had recently published in the Independent; "One feels," Una noted, "that what he says means something." Of far more significance than the compliment from Whittier was her meeting a young man named Albert Webster, "ambitious for recognition as a writer [and] interested mainly, it appears, in her name." That Una met Webster in 1874 and not on her next and last visit to the Lathrops in 1876, as earlier biographers have declared, is proved by her unpublished diary for 1875 and by Julian Hawthorne's biography of his parents, in which he writes:

After leaving London [probably at Christmas, 1873] she lived for a time with her brother in Dresden; and then made a visit to
her married sister in New York, where she became acquainted with Albert Webster. . . When I moved to London, she re­joined me there; and Webster wrote, offering her marriage. She accepted him.34

Una joined the Hawthornes in their new home at Twickenham on the first of March, 1875. Her diary records that she went to church regularly, paid and received calls with Minne, and illuminated books; and she notes her brother’s brief trip to Paris in 1875. Then suddenly, in the midst of trivial observations, she cries out (August 12): “Wrote to Mr. Webster. Oh I am heartsick and sorrowful. How can I wait to hear from you, Bertie, my love, my love! Shall I ever be able to tell you the love that stifles my heart?” 35 It was no doubt to see her fiancé again that she crossed the Atlantic in 1876, again staying with Rose and George. Webster, it appears, was in the last stages of consumption, and George Lathrop recommended to him the climate of the Sandwich Islands. Besides, there he could have the expert medical attention of George’s father. So he and Una parted again. We hear of Una happily working on her wedding dress, unaware that just as she had lost Storrow Higginson and George Lathrop, so she was to lose Albert Webster too. He died on shipboard a few days out from San Francisco, and a friend wrote to Una, telling her the news:

The letter came one afternoon [wrote Julian Hawthorne], as we were all sitting in our little library. She began to read, but after a moment quickly turned over the page and glanced on the other side. “Ah—yes!” she said, slowly, with a slight sigh. She made no complaint, nor gave way to any passion of grief; but she seemed to become spiritualized,—to relinquish the world, along with her hopes of happiness in it. She made no change in her daily life and occupations. She was a “district visitor” in the church, and she continued to make her regular rounds as usual. But before the end of the year her dark auburn hair had become quite gray, and her vital functions and organs were (as the physician afterwards told me) those of an old woman.36

Una’s Aunt Ebe was troubled, as were all the members of the family: “Una cannot go on from day to day,” she wrote to a
friend, “as I have always done, when there was no reason why I should not, finding interest and a moderate degree of pleasure in what did not at all concern me personally. Neither is she particularly fond of reading.” But Una Hawthorne did go on, for a few months at least. In the late summer of the following year, 1877, she visited friends in a Protestant convent that she was thinking of entering at the town of Clewer. A few days after the parting from her brother and his family, Hawthorne received a telegram saying that Una was dangerously ill. He arrived too late. His notebook for that day, September 10, records simply, “Una died about half past ten o’clock this morning, at Clewer, in St. Andrew’s Cottage.” On September 13 his entry is equally brief: “Una was buried today beside our mother in Kensal Green Cemetery, at about three in the afternoon. She was 33½ years old.”

So ended the unhappy life of Una Hawthorne, the firstborn of Nathaniel and Sophia. In worldly terms she had accomplished nothing; as a human being she had succeeded. “No occasion for the manifestation of truth, charity, generosity, self-sacrifice, ever found her wanting,” her brother observed, with a brother’s genuine love and admiration. Unfortunately, Una’s death only served to increase much of the old gossip concerning her insanity, gossip that her brother-in-law George Lathrop churlishly confirmed in a letter to the New York Tribune on June 25, 1879. He wrote that he wished to set the record straight concerning Una’s supposed engagement to him before he and Rose were betrothed. No such engagement ever existed, he declared. In an egregious display of bad taste, he added that Una had indeed had a recent attack of insanity, having also had one ten years earlier.

3. The Hawthorne-Lathrop Quarrel

Although his remarks about her sister Una Hawthorne must have pained George’s wife, Rose, they were only part of a continual display of bad manners between the Lathrop and Hawthorne clans. It has been noted earlier that the two families
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had fallen out originally over George's supposed betrayal of Julian Hawthorne's trust in 1872; the Hawthorne-Lathrop feud was to continue for ten years longer, with only a temporary armistice. The most serious phase of the quarrel began with Lathrop's publication, in 1876, of *A Study of Hawthorne*. Lathrop was then only twenty-five, but even now his maturity of judgment is admirable. The work was primarily, as the title stated, a study, rather than a biography; but it was nonetheless irritating to Nathaniel Hawthorne's son, who perhaps was already planning the definitive biography of his parents, which appeared eight years later. Certainly, that the first major work on his father should be written by this pretender to the family reputation, and not by him, was infuriating; and it was doubly so since Lathrop thus became a Hawthorne authority of sufficient prestige to be invited to write the introductions for the volumes of the great Riverside edition of Hawthorne's collected works. Julian Hawthorne fired the first gun in the battle in a long, bitter letter to the New York *Tribune* of July 8, 1876. He cited his father's aversion to being made the subject of a biography, and noted that many of Mrs. Hawthorne's papers, including letters of a "peculiarly private and delicate nature," which had been given to the son as a "legacy," had fallen unexpectedly into the hands of Lathrop, who had "connected himself with [the family] by marriage." Ever since 1872, Hawthorne declared, he and Una had

used every means at our disposal to prevail upon Mr. Lathrop to surrender the papers of which he had thus accidentally got control. Mr. Lathrop at first maintained that he had an equal claim to them with myself; but subsequently he agreed to return them after having had opportunity to make himself familiar with their contents. To this condition I was obliged to accede.

. When at length the papers in question began to be given up, it appeared that Mr. Lathrop had considered it justifiable to retain copies of all such passages in them as had specially interested him; and furthermore that he proposed using the information gained from their perusal to fill out the pages of his "Study."
Hawthorne flailed his brother-in-law for "imbibing" the private letters and memoranda, and taking the objectionable course of paraphrasing them in his narrative. Lathrop was accused of having created a hero in his book who was little more than an enlarged picture of Lathrop himself. More seriously, he had violated unspoken family wishes: "He was attempting a work which no member of Mr. Hawthorne's own family would have ventured to undertake." There is even an outright, though cunningly expressed, attack upon Lathrop for forcing himself "into prominence by attaching himself to a famous name." Hawthorne concludes:

If the testimony of one who knew his father well, and has diligently studied his writings and meditated upon his mind and character, and whose opinion is substantiated by those of his own sister and of the sister of Nathaniel Hawthorne,—if such testimony carry any weight, then Mr. Lathrop's "Study" will not be taken at its own valuation. It was composed and published in violation of a trust and in the face of repeated warning and opposition; and after all it conveys no just or truthful representation of its subject.

It was thus that Hawthorne unburdened himself of four years of resentment against his brother-in-law. The reaction of the newspapers, however, was almost universally hostile to Julian Hawthorne. One journal typically observed that "Mr. Hawthorne has added strength to the performance which he seeks to discredit by telling Mr. Lathrop's readers what they did not know before, that his work is founded upon authentic family papers. It is a pity that Nathaniel Hawthorne's memory should be made the theme of a family quarrel conducted in the public journals."

Lathrop's rejoinder came on July 13, 1876. In contrast to the long, vituperative letter he was answering, his was short, modest, and firm. He denied knowing that the surviving papers in question belonged exclusively to Julian Hawthorne, and asserted that he had actually used only half a dozen of them, and
those "not, moreover, of a confidential nature." Lathrop stressed that the biographical passages of his work were subordinated to the prevailing critical emphasis: this, he says, "all unprejudiced and discriminating persons will perceive." The Study, he concludes circumspectly, "was not undertaken with any expectation of injuring any one, least of all any member of Nathaniel Hawthorne's family, but with a sincere love and reverence for his memory." The defense is ably presented and is borne out by a textual examination of his work.

The following newspaper account of the quarrel summarizes the general public dissatisfaction with Hawthorne's performance and stresses Lathrop's respectable credentials. First the Study itself is quoted:

"It will be seen, therefore, that my book makes no pretension to the character of a life. The wish of Hawthorne on this point would alone be enough to prevent that. If such a work is to be undertaken it should be by another hand, in which the right to set aside this wish is much more earnestly vested than in mine."

If Mr. Julian Hawthorne is meant by this [the newspaper goes on], let us hope that the father's wish never will be set aside. It must strike a sensitive reader that Mr. Julian Hawthorne is the last person to treat of his parent's genius and work, because his writings, so far published, argue him extremely unsympathetic. Unless a great change should come over the spirit of his literary ventures, he would be sure to exasperate a large number of his father's admirers and hurt his own position in their eyes. . . . The violent and personal letter which he has written to the New-York press about this little book and its author proves very conclusively how unfit he himself is to attempt what Mr. Lathrop has pleasantly and modestly carried out. Mr. Lathrop is widely and favorably known, is the assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly under Mr. Howells, and cannot be hurt by the unveiling of a family quarrel which Mr. Hawthorne's letter would seem to promise.

Julian Hawthorne's hearsay evidence about the numerous quarrels and reconciliations of Rose and George Lathrop had not been calculated to increase his esteem of his brother-in-law.
Perhaps rumors had already crossed the Atlantic, too, about Lathrop’s alcoholism, which, in the late 1880’s, was rapidly to ruin his once promising career. But in 1876, the year of Una’s second visit and the public quarrel, a child, Francis Hawthorne Lathrop, was born. George and Rose bought the old Hawthorne home, the Wayside—and then George quarreled unexpectedly with Howells and lost his position on the Atlantic. He was unemployed for several years, until 1879, when he went to work for the Boston Sunday Courier. Two years later, on February 6, 1881, Francis Lathrop died of diphtheria, an event that caused Julian Hawthorne to write the following sincere letter of condolence to his sister on March 15:

I remember how you and I used to be children together here in England, five and twenty years ago; we had our childish quarrels then, and made them up before nightfall. Is there any quarrel so just that it may not be made up before the last nightfall of all? I have never lost the feeling that you were my sister, or the wish to be to you all that a brother could be. You and I are all that is left of us now; and it is strange that we should stand apart.

He then offered her husband any service he could perform for him in England: “I say that in no conventional sense, but with all my heart. It is a favor which I ask, not offer.” It was on the basis of this letter, and Rose’s undoubtedly warm answer, that a reconciliation was effected between the families. George and Rose went to Europe in the summer of 1881, and were received kindly by Julian and Minne in their temporary home in the little artists’ colony of Bedford Park. Rose wrote to Elizabeth Palmer Peabody on August 28, “As for Julian, you may be sure my gratitude for the reunion with him is great. He is lovely to George, and is in fact the dearest brother!” While Rose stayed with the Hawthornes, George traveled briefly in Spain, gathering material for his Spanish Vistas. Both families returned to America in 1882, and Lathrop cordially offered the Hawthorne clan his home at the Way-
side while he and Rose lived in New York. But this was to be only a momentary interlude of peace.

4. Financial Problems and Twice-Told Tales

Except for acting as hostess to her husband’s frequent visitors at Ways End and, later, Bedford Park (after a fire at the Twickenham house, during which “she pulled the babies out of the flames,” according to her husband), Minne Hawthorne does not seem to have taken part in Hawthorne’s social adventures in London. There were the children to look after, and the household accounts to keep, and quite as much worry on the latter score as the former. Financially, these were trying years for the Hawthornes. Although he attempted to write four or five pages of fiction a day, Julian Hawthorne’s production varied with the exigencies of the household. In some years he would write virtually nothing save a few stories and articles; in such a year as 1879–80, however, when he composed most of Fortune’s Fool, he would, to avoid noise and interruption, begin writing at eight in the evening and continue until six or seven o’clock the next morning.\(^4^\) Then there was the problem of magazines and publishers who printed Hawthorne’s works but were remiss in payment. The novelist had encountered this phenomenon early in his career while Bressant was being serialized; and Appleton’s was the villain in another sharp maneuver by Oliver Bell Bunce, who, Hawthorne discovered in February, 1877, had been underpaying him since the previous July at the rate of five shillings sixpence a page, since the Appleton’s Journal page contained 1,120 words and not 1,000, as Bunce had estimated.

Hawthorne’s opening journal entry for the year 1875 is cheerful. “We begin this year deeply in debt; but with many blessings, such as a roof that we call our own for seven years, health and strength, three handsome children, and a few true friends. My literary reputation is on the increase, and my
writings command the largest market price."

The tone of a letter to Edward Carter a year later is more somber:

Since my family has attained its present respectable dimensions, I have heard something of the howling of the wolves in the forest; and more than once have been forced to stand hard to my defence. This may surprise you; for the general impression (which I am by no means concerned to efface) seems to be that I am . . . rolling in gold. The truth is that like many other men of transcendent genius and worth, my reputation is much sounder than my bank account.

Full household and business records have survived for the year 1877, and the picture they give is of a struggling, frequently impoverished family. Hawthorne wrote the following rather grim entry in his household book in January:

We begin operations [for the year] with 6s ready money in hand; a pierced sovereign, which we shall try to change at the Bank of England, and a five shilling piece, a rare impression, which we must also try to get changed. Also a thousand pounds and upwards of debts.

The January accounts show receipts from the sovereign, from Una and Mrs. Amelung, and from Chatto and Windus for a story, a total of over eighty-four pounds; the expenses included amounts for the loan installment, fire and life assurance, household accounts, and sundries, amounting to over sixty-seven pounds, which should have left a balance of around seventeen pounds; but, Hawthorne continues,

This exhibit shows what we have received, but gives no trustworthy idea of what the current expenses of the month actually are. Nor can we know this until we are out of debt; because we pay instalments on our debts as often as we have money in hand.

We have a total of necessary expenses of about £534 a year. By writing four pages a day on the average, I should make over
£1000 a year, which would leave us over £400 balance. Take £200 of this for incidental expenses, and we have £200 to pay debts with. By publishing magazine articles in both England and America, the income would be enlarged to at least £1500, and the percentage on copies of books sold, and on interest on American investments, &c, ought to bring at least £500 more, making £2000. If this can be realised, we ought to pay our debts by the end of the year, and have something in hand.

Hawthorne added that he had bought about fifty pounds worth of clothes—unpaid for, of course—and that Minne had spent the extraordinary sum of two pounds for clothes, the first she had bought since her marriage! As a matter of fact, Julian Hawthorne did not make even a thousand pounds that year of 1877, the year which saw the death of his sister Una and the birth of his child Gwendolyn. He made 778 pounds, of which only about half was earned by his literary work in England. The rest dribbled in from his American sales and investments supervised by Peckham, from Una and Mrs. Amelung, and from Bennoch and Bright. Of the amount received, the records reveal that 774 was spent, leaving a balance of four pounds, and the burden of debt practically intact. Another problem was that the amount of income fluctuated wildly from month to month, from a low of £35 for May to a high of £152 in November. The situation was certainly close to desperate for the family, and remained so through 1881. The pattern of poverty that had been established as early as the days in Dresden and that continued through the English years did not disappear when Julian Hawthorne took his family back to America. The house at Sag Harbor was as much a fortress against creditors as the Twickenham home had been. It was of this latter era that Hawthorne’s son Fred wrote years later, but his words are surely applicable to the 1870’s as well:

[Hawthorne] was always hard pressed to support, by pen alone, his family. No matter where we lived, I still have indelible memories of tradesmen wearing out the ‘Welcome’ mats at our various residences, looking for payment for grocer-
ies, butchers and bakers, etc. We were generally in that situation, but it made the days when publishers finally came through with checks, and bills were paid, all the happier and temporarily carefree.48

It is in the light of these straitened circumstances that one may choose to see the unsavory episode that followed the publication of Julian Hawthorne's story "The Rose of Death," in September, 1876. It was a natural temptation for Hawthorne, as well as other writers of the time, to prevent the pirating of their stories abroad by the relatively simple expedient of rewriting those stories for the overseas market. The New York Sunday Times, the victim of this literary charlatanism, opened the discussion of the issue with a blistering attack upon the American writer:

We find that the story entitled "The Rose of Death," republished in The Times of Sunday from the Cornhill Magazine originally appeared in Harper's Bazar some five years ago under the title of "Otto of Roses." The story was purchased by Messrs. Harper & Brothers from Mr. Julian Hawthorne, and that versatile person would appear to have slightly expanded and touched up this early production and resold it to the publishers of the Cornhill. We have had some similar experience of the sharp practice of the novelist of the period in regard to stories purchased from Mr. Bret Harte, and to a story for which we were on the point of paying an agent of Mr. Wilkie Collins. It is perhaps natural that authors who are appreciably poorer because of the lack of an international copyright law, should be tempted, now and again, to indemnify themselves by selling the same wares twice.49

Hawthorne's reply to the Times is at once critical of their hypocrisy and defensive as to his own literary honesty. He writes:

You gave the story in your Sunday issue as if it were contributed by me directly to you, and did not credit it to Cornhill at all. I submitted my story to the editor of the Cornhill, advising
him that the idea upon which it is founded had been before treated by me; and further observing that after doubting whether or not to throw it into the form of a short novel, I had finally decided to fix it in its present form. And this form let me say, is widely different from that of the earlier version in Harper's Bazar. The whole subject has been conceived afresh; the tone and sentiment are modified; much new matter is added, much omitted; while of what remains scarcely a paragraph in the two versions is identical. It was altered, moreover, not from any motive of concealment but in accordance with the demands of mature critical and intellectual experience. I am not superior to pecuniary considerations; but neither are they so potent with me as to induce me to foist stale work upon the public, or to descend to empty and gratuitous self-repetition.

Let me add that in the course of the next few months I intend publishing in English magazines, several short stories, some of which own a more or less distant relationship to tales printed some years since in America. I would counsel you not to “repub­lish” these stories in THE SUNDAY TIMES.

To the New York World Hawthorne wrote a similar letter, but one much more critical of the “piratical” Times. “It may have intended to compliment me,” he declares, “by plundering my story, but it is certainly a graceless proceeding to attack me because its knavish profession was in danger of exposure. I would recommend the Times either to cease stealing or quit its assumption of tender innocence.” Under the ironic heading “Twice-Told Tales,” itself an implied criticism of Julian Hawthorne, the New York Evening Post commented succinctly that “the whole affair appears to have grown out of the absence of international copyright laws.”

In the late 1870's the Hawthornes had even been reduced to selling their silver, and word of their monetary problems got back to Mrs. Amelung, who had returned to New York with her boys. She wrote to her daughter that her son John had volunteered to take over Julian Hawthorne's business affairs from his old friend Peckham, who seems to have been a little put out by Hawthorne's “extravagance.” Mrs. Amelung first seems in agreement with Peckham, then has a change of heart a
few lines further on, and says, "Who knows better than I how self denying he is." She has advice, also:

My dearest child do not be offended at anything I say but do you not think that it has been proved by experiment that Julian cannot support his family by literature—would it not be better to try and get a position as assistant on a magazine or paper—if it paid but a small salary it would be certain—tangible.

But Julian resisted this and various other appeals through the years to abandon his free-lance career. He believed no doubt, that he had poured too much creative energy into active apprenticeship to abandon his profession entirely. And a career in literature was much more adapted to his social inclinations than would have been a career in, say, civil engineering. Even a regularly paying job would have robbed him of much of his hard-won sense of freedom.

5. Romancer and Novelist

By the late seventies Julian Hawthorne had become firmly established on the English literary and journalistic scene. England had, as we have seen, welcomed him as the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, as the author of two somewhat promising long narratives, and as the sarcastic delineator of Saxon customs. Soon after Hutton of the Spectator had adopted him as book reviewer, Hawthorne was reviewing and writing fiction for almost every newspaper and magazine in London: the Examiner, To-Day, the World, the Standard, the Pall Mall Gazette (which he served for a time as assistant editor), the St. James Gazette, Temple Bar, Cornhill, Time, the Contemporary, the New Quarterly, the Daily News, Belgravia, and University. Despite his numerous appearances in print, and the various literary and family controversies—with George Parsons Lathrop and with the Sunday Times—that kept his name in the forefront of discussion, Julian Hawthorne was not, it seems, regarded as a major writer of fiction. In identifying the most
significant fictional production of this period by American writers, critics pointed primarily to the "new school" of social realism led by Howells and James. The vein worked by Julian Hawthorne, the bizarre and fantastic intermixed with realism, was too idiosyncratic to attract the imitation of fellow writers, and no single imaginative work by Hawthorne, not even the impressive Garth or the Poe-esque fantasy Archibald Malmaison, was an unqualified critical success. In turning to Hawthorne's major fiction of the 1870's, one must remember that it was professedly commercial, yet, paradoxically, dedicated to an ideal of fiction that had no major adherents in the period.

The important works of the English years fall naturally into two distinct groups determined by emphasis. The first group is the lineal descendant of Idolatry and the early short fantasies. In Archibald Malmaison, Kildhurm's Oak, and The Laughing Mill and Other Stories, and in his juvenile tales, Hawthorne gave free rein to his penchant for Gothic-style narrative and mysterious supernatural phenomena. The second group of narratives descends directly from Bressant: there is a realistic, densely plotted frame in the novels Garth, Sebastian Strome, and Fortune's Fool, and supernatural events are either relegated to a minor role or are carefully avoided. By turns—for the stories in the groups mentioned did not appear in sequence—Hawthorne was romancer and novelist. The dichotomy that had been established in the years 1873-74 thus persisted, not only throughout the 1870's, but to the very end of his fictional career in 1896, when the two directions of his genius were illustrated in, respectively, Love Is a Spirit and A Fool of Nature.52

The best of the romances of the seventies is Archibald Malmaison (1879), Hawthorne's most melodramatically effective work of fiction. Crowded with many Gothic manifestations, it arouses still the horror intended; in contrast to the crude Gothicisms of such a story as "Calbot's Rival," which elicit smiles more readily than shudders, the Gothic effects of this romance are stirring, especially in the climactic scenes. The story proved
to be one of Hawthorne’s most popular, both in England and America; as he himself explained, with his familiar touch of irony, “It was the horror of ‘Archibald Malmaison,’ not any literary merit, that gave it vogue,—its horror, its strangeness, and its brevity.”

The framework of the story is purposely made realistic, for, though the author acknowledges in his introduction that “the artistic graces of romance are irreconcilable with the crude straightforwardness of fact,” he insists that his story is not a romance at all but literal truth, transcribed from the recollections of a friend named Dr. Rollinson. Archibald is the second son of a baronet, retarded until his seventh year, when he seems to awaken and undergo rapid development. His life then proceeds in seven-year cycles of atrophy followed by intellectual growth; in neither phase does he recall anything of the other, but his affections and enmities are reversed. A modified “ancestral curse” explanation is offered tentatively: “There was a hoary tradition to the effect that the son or grandson of the first emigrant had made some compact or other with the Evil One, the terms of which were that he (the grandson) was to prolong his terrestrial existence for one hundred and forty years by the ingenious device of living only every alternate seven years, the intervening periods to be passed in a sort of hibernation.”

During his first waking period, Archibald falls in love with Kate Battledown; but when, at the age of twenty-one, he wakes again from the torpid state that had caused Kate to reject him, he finds her, now an heiress, married to his enemy Richard Pennroyal. After Archibald’s brother’s death from the effects of a duel with the vicious Richard, the latter sues for the Malmaison estates. In a secret room in the house, Archibald discovers some old papers that negate Pennroyal’s claims and uses them to ruin him in court. He also steals Pennroyal’s wife from him, and, surprised with her, he kills the drunken husband in a duel and sinks him in the fish pond. His plan is to hide Kate away in the secret chamber until such time as they can escape together. But after he locks her in, Archibald’s cycle changes, in a chilling
scene, and he loses all memory of recent events. Seven years later he is suddenly again conscious of Kate waiting for him in the room, and hurries to her. The scene is handled with some restraint:

He went close up to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder: he seemed to grasp nothing but the empty stuff of her dress. With a terrified, convulsive motion, he pulled her round, so that the head was disturbed from its position on the arms, and the ghastly mystery was revealed to his starting eyeballs. The spectacle was not one to be described. He uttered a weak, wavering scream, and stood there, unable to turn away his gaze.  

Malmaison House serves as an excellent Gothic castle. It is over two centuries old, "an imposing pile of graystone"; there are "secret passages hollowed out within the walls themselves, and communicating by means of sliding panels from room to room." Ancient swords and breastplates adorn the great hall, and in the secret chamber is a suit of medieval armor. A portrait of Archibald's great-grandfather hangs in the east chamber, and the painted eyes look out with "a slightly frowning glance" at his heir. The hero, we read, "probably had a few of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances on his shelves, and he may have cherished a notion that a treasure was concealed in the vicinity." Through experimentation Archibald discovers the secret room in which the main horror of the romance is to take place. "Henceforth Archibald was as much a wizard" as his forefather, Hawthorne writes. The immurement of Kate is also a familiar adaptation from Gothic romance, like a corresponding scene in Idolatry. Despite the pasteboard characterizations and coincidental plot of this romance, it does manage in its final scenes to achieve its primary artistic effect: a sense of horror. In fact, since Archibald Malmaison is one of Hawthorne's very few stories in which the aesthetic intent of arousing horror is paramount, and Gothic devices are used in significant combination to achieve this end, we are justified in speaking of it as part of the genre of the Gothic tale.
Another exaggerated neo-Gothic tale of these years in England is Kildhurm's Oak (1880). A descendant of the Kildhurm family tells the author a tale that begins in Elizabethan times, when a much-injured wife plants an oak and waters it with her heart's blood. Through the centuries this oak grows to monstrous proportions overhanging a cliff near the Kildhurm Tower, whose dark, brooding aspect makes it a fine, Gothic-like castle. A curse has been attached to the oak by its first gardener, the wife, and it is known to mutter and grumble just prior to someone's death; at one crucial point, "From the grinding together of the mighty boughs were generated shrieks and human-like outcries, and noises like weeping and like mocking laughter, as though a knot of evil spirits were tearing each other to pieces in the central darkness of the tree." 59

Although the tale is episodic, the most important events are clearly those that surround Sir Norman Kildhurm's murder of a guest, Colonel Banyon, for his jewels. On an appropriately dark and stormy night, Kildhurm does away with the Colonel and ascends the screaming oak to cache his haul for the evening. But later he is found dead by his wife beneath the tree, with the flesh of his hand torn away. In a manner recalling Mrs. Radcliffe, this horror is carefully "explained," at the end of the story, as the result of his catching his hand in a crevice of the oak; but the supernatural interpretation—the personification of a malignant spirit in the tree—is not denied as a possibility, and constitutes one of Hawthorne's rare uses of the ambiguous terror. Lady Kildhurm, deranged by her husband's death, becomes something of a witch, a "sibyl, acquainted with supernatural lore." The melodramatic recovery of the lost treasure in the tree fulfills the ancestral prophecy and closes the tale. 60 Kildhurm's Oak is interesting for its use of the recurrent Hawthorne version of the Gothic, but it cannot be taken very seriously as a work of fiction.

The Gothic group of Hawthorne tales of the late 1870's includes, finally, The Laughing Mill and Other Stories (1879). The title story 61 uses a very common technique of Haw-
thorne's, the narrator who is himself involved in the events described. A lawyer named Firemount recalls how, twenty years earlier, he had heard the strange tale of the Laughing Mill from both the stout Mr. Poyntz and a wraith, the Scholar Gloam. The latter was the legitimate, and David an illegitimate, son of Squire Harold; the half-brothers lived with David's mother at the Mill, which was wont to make horrible unexplained noises. The Scholar brings up, and grows to love, a little child named Swanhilda, who had been washed ashore one day with a pearl-shell necklace at her throat; but she is attracted to the worthless David and bears him a child. In a ghastly night piece at the howling Mill, Gloam murders his half-brother and, unwittingly, Swanhilda. The narrator, it transpires, and Swanhilda's daughter Agatha are descendants of two branches of a Danish family that had feuded centuries before; he marries her and thus resolves the ancient quarrel. In this genuine Gothic tale, the aesthetic intent of producing horror is manifest (as demonstrated in two major episodes: the spectral appearance of Gloam, and the murder scene); and the Gothic devices are used to promote this effect. The same Gothic cloud hangs over two other stories in this collection, "Calbot's Rival" (an Anglicized version of the early tale "The Mysterious Case of My Friend Browne") and "A Christmas Guest."

The most lively story in this collection of 1879 is Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. Despite a glancing reference to mesmerism, the tale is a non-Gothic mystery story foreshadowing the detective stories of the late 1880's. As an after-dinner story, Gainsborough tells how in his youth in Europe, he found a Mr. Birchmore and his beautiful daughter Kate seemingly under the influence of Birchmore's evil valet, Slurk. The latter can mesmerize Kate, and has stolen papers from his employer that have put the man in his power—or so Gainsborough is told. By several clever tricks Hawthorne makes the revelation of the conspiracy a real surprise. The three had plotted from the beginning to seem to befriend the young Gainsborough only reluctantly, and then to steal the fortune in diamonds that he
was carrying on his person. Here, in other words, are several purely romantic elements—the father and daughter under an evil influence, and the youthful resolve of Gainsborough to "rescue" the two of them—given an ironic reverse twist. The reader is kept from suspecting the trio, because elements in the description of Kate correspond to those in the person of Mrs. Gainsborough, who appears at the beginning of the story. The young man comes down to reality when he is robbed; he is rescued, however, by a farm girl, and the thieves captured. This slick, melodramatic story was published separately four times in the decade after its first appearance in 1878, and translated twice.

An equally successful work of the English years was Julian Hawthorne's book of children's stories, *Yellow-Cap and Other Fairy Stories for Children* (1879). The supernatural contrivances in such tales do not appear as clumsy or forced as they do in the adult narratives. The best of the stories by far is "Rumpty-Dudget," whose hero is an evil dwarf and whose scenes evoke a sense of wonder and enchantment. For many years the stories that were most closely identified in the public mind with Julian Hawthorne were three of these romantic tales published during his English residence: *Archibald Malmaison*, *Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds*, and "Rumpty-Dudget."

In contrast to the romances, mysteries, and juvenile stories of this period, the three works most accurately called novels—*Garth, Sebastian Strome*, and *Fortune's Fool*—are long, serious, plot-heavy books with few outcroppings of Gothic sensationalism. The first major work of Julian Hawthorne to follow *Saxon Studies* was *Garth* (1877), dedicated to his friend, and the friend of his father, Francis Bennoch. This, Hawthorne's most carefully wrought longer work, is an analysis of the effects of heredity and environment upon young Garth Urmson of New Hampshire. Few of Hawthorne's novels are so firmly rooted in "place": the Urmsons' ancient house and the village of Urmhurst. As the community events, such as church gather-
ings, picnics, and fish fries, take place, the sense of background is solidly filled in with the best descriptive writing in any novel by the young pretender.

The glaring weakness in this portrait-of-the-artist-as-a-young-man (for Garth is an untutored painter) is the central figure. Garth is viewed melodramatically as the descendent of a long line of Puritan Urmsons, with the devil and angel in him battling for ascendancy. His Sturm und Drang period at Bowdoin College, his rather muddled views on art, and his "doubts and broken beginnings and marrowless compromises" are carefully explored; but the last of the Urmsons is, unfortunately, a bore. He is also a fool, for the main plot is centered upon his love for beautiful Madge Danver, a love that he carries on out of a sense of responsibility years after he has ceased to care for her. Madge, one of Hawthorne's finest creations, is a combination of sweetness and storm in an inconsistent pattern. Like Mrs. Cartaux in the later A Dream and a Forgetting, she admires the animal part of man, and she loves and remains true to Garth only so long as he seems to her the most powerful of men. We even believe her refusal to tend her lover in a desperate illness that to her appears "un-manly." Her strange personality is thus summarized by Garth's father to the hero's friend Selwyn: "You see the subtlety and perverted principles beneath the beauty and fascination, but you've taken no account of the goodness and sincerity that are mixed up along with them. That is what makes Madge so hard to deal justly with. Her love seems to come and go with the tide; but, in fact, it is her opinion as to the identity of the man with her ideal of him that varies." Madge's self-revelations in her scene with Selwyn are dexterously managed, and show the reader some of Hawthorne's most penetrating insights into the relationships of men and women.

Several of the minor characters are brilliantly drawn. Eleanor Golightley, the sensitive, haughty young violinist, who contends almost against her will for Garth's love, and who, unlike Madge, understands the hero, comes off almost as well as
Madge herself. Cuthbert Urmson, Garth’s father, is a winningly gentle ironist. His prodigal half-brother Golightley, who has swallowed up the family fortune in Europe with his aesthetic and speculative tastes and returned to Urmhurst with a stolen fortune in his pockets, is a creature of elegant falsity who is never merely despicable. Parson Graeme must be mentioned, Hawthorne’s most full-blooded character, a huge, ancient, rambling, and utterly delightful figure cut from the same cloth as Dickens’s grotesques. The fat, pursy Mrs. Tenterden is a good foil for Eleanor, as is the cynical Selwyn for Garth. Only in the characters of the half-breed villain Sam Kineo and his grandmother Nikomis, an Indian witch who represents symbolically the ancient Indian curse on the clan of the Urmsons, does Hawthorne’s compulsive romantic method manifest itself, and here his inspiration fails him.

The characters of Garth are infinitely more interesting than the narrative. The setting and story bear some obvious resemblances to those of The House of the Seven Gables. In commenting on that novel, Hawthorne later wrote that “the idea of a house, founded two hundred years ago upon a crime, is a thoroughly picturesque idea”; and perhaps he had thought it picturesque enough to use in almost the same way as his father had done. The blood feud in Garth, however, is not between families but between races. The theme of “reenactment,” which had appeared in the early stories, is here utilized to portray the hereditary consequences of sin; Garth inherits his ancestor’s disposition to commit murder, and his battles with Kineo reenact the drama that had taken place at the founding of Urmhurst. The artistic development of Garth, from his early theorizing about the immorality of Art painting an already perfect Universe, is intertwined with the working out of the family history of the Urmsons and the detective hunt for Golightley and Kineo, the thieves who had robbed Mrs. Tenterden and Eleanor of their money in Europe. The concluding chapters of the novel are crowded with the accidental murder of Cuthbert by Golightley, the capture of Sam, the flight of Madge to
Europe to realize her wild dreams of life, the subsequent marriage of Garth to Eleanor, and the laying to rest of the ancestral curse by the burning of the Urmhurst mansion.

Julian Hawthorne's handling of the general problem of sin in man is reminiscent of his father's treatment, but he makes a qualifiedly optimistic distinction, redolent of sentimental, non-Puritan Christianity. "The secret sympathy with sin," he writes, "lies nearer to the natural heart of man than sympathy with virtue, and an evil influence affects him more positively than many good ones—for he recognizes more of himself in it. Good, nevertheless, if the man acknowledge it not of himself but of God, may outweigh all the evil in the world." 68

The general consensus of the reviewers was that Garth had more purity and beauty of prose style, but less force, than its two predecessors, Bressant and Idolatry. Thus Edward L. Burlingame, writing in the North American Review, professed himself delighted with the first hundred pages of narrative, but then found the plot wandering aimlessly. Hawthorne, he declared, lacked a clear conception in beginning his work, and a "staying quality"; his novels ended as if he were tired of them, and were disfigured at the close by slovenly writing. Though giving Hawthorne credit for a distinct literary conscience, he thought that the writer lacked "a reverent ideal of work," and took the occasion to compare Hawthorne with Henry James:

In precisely that direction in which Mr. James is strong lies Mr. Hawthorne's greatest weakness. Were the two painters, one would use his rather cold, gray tints to fill out perfect drawing.

The other, conscious that he had some warm colors on his palette, would seek to make them do duty on his canvas in place of all the patient toil and care of art, lacking that which compels a man to finished and faithful performance. 69

In writing Garth, Julian Hawthorne had finally come to grips with the Hawthorne tradition, much more than in his early stories or his first two imaginative works. Garth may be considered the logical successor to Nathaniel Hawthorne's great series
of romances; the themes, the setting, and some of the characters, for example, are unmistakably linked with *The House of the Seven Gables*. But the differences are far greater than the similarities in this novel. As Burlingame noted, a sense of proportion and symmetry is absent. After the easy, charming narrative of Garth's early years, the subsequent chapters become cheaply melodramatic, and the conclusion is crowded and tedious. The delicious humor of Nathaniel Hawthorne is nowhere apparent; in its place are lengthy philosophical discussions rarely relieved by a flash of wit. Without enumerating all these marked differences, one more, the frequently inelegant diction, may be mentioned. No novel could have displayed more clearly than *Garth* that Julian Hawthorne's "monument" to his father was indeed but a bizarre Moorish temple.

*Sebastian Strome* (1879), Hawthorne's next major novel, has for its hero the lineal fictional descendant of Bressant and Balder Helwyse. Strome, a young divinity student, was "instinct with a sense of personal triumph and invincibility that seemed to lift him above human limitations." Strome's emotions are greatly exacerbated by his agnosticism, for he is the son of a pious clergyman incapable of understanding his aspirations. He is a hypocrite as well: he has seduced a girl named Fanny and soon afterward engaged himself to a young neighborhood heiress, Mary Dene. In certain respects, then, the plot repeats some of the central elements of *The Scarlet Letter*. Despite his problems Strome's plans are grandiose: to become not only a Jesuit but another Ignatius Loyola, and to rule by the human motives stressed by Machiavelli.

Like other Julian Hawthorne heroes, however, Strome finds his egoistic plans ground into dust both by circumstances and a regained personal nobility. His small fortune is dissipated by gambling; and when Fanny bears his child and dies, he forces himself to break his engagement to Mary, even though it means that she will fall to his old enemy, Selim Fawley. Abandoning his studies and subduing his spiritual pride, Sebastian descends into the slums of London to earn his living by woodworking.
and to bring up his little daughter. Mary, who had indeed married Strome’s rival, becomes the baby’s godmother. Fawley kills the child in an ostensible accident, but even though the “new” and now truly Christian hero abjures revenge, a brain attack carries off the slayer. A melodramatic exploit in the Crimea is introduced to patch up the plot.

*Sebastian Strome* is an essentially realistic novel of the interplay of character and environment, and although marred at times by an oppressive Christian sentimentality and by the introduction of stock figures in minor roles, it is marked by several stirring scenes and by the creation of two extraordinarily lifelike human beings, Mary Dene and Selim Fawley. Mary is a proud young tigress of a girl, beautiful and moody, whose intellect and nobility recall the qualities of Mrs. Casaubon in *Middlemarch*. Her pride and love are shattered in the great scene in which Sebastian confesses his unworthiness to marry her. She goes so far as to contemplate the murder of her husband in retribution for her months of agony with him as well as for his slaying of the baby. Partly demented as a result of her husband’s death and her recognition of her own motives, she allows her passions, long held in check, to rise to the surface as she meets Sebastian, in a scene that is Hawthorne’s greatest triumph in this novel. Selim Fawley’s Semitic origin and characteristics seem to have made him, for Hawthorne, a perfect villain. He is a speculator, a cruel husband, a murderer, and something even darker that is hinted at only vaguely; but his love for Mary, frustrated by her contempt for him, and his inconsistencies of speech and action make him convincing.

*Sebastian Strome* utilizes a tragic dissimilarity between father and son as a basic structural device. It would perhaps be unwise to attempt to establish overly close analogies between the themes of Hawthorne’s fiction on the one hand and his attitude toward his father on the other. But the facts remain these: that the writer felt deeply the disparity between his father’s genius and his own talents; and that in a half-dozen of
the novels and romances this disparity of ideals or interests or capabilities between father and son is made an important element of the plot. This projective theme appears also in *Garth, Fortune's Fool, Archibald Malmaison, Beatrix Randolph, Dust*, and *A Fool of Nature*.

*Sebastian Strome* was one of Hawthorne's greatest critical successes, perhaps partly because it was, for once, completely free of supernatural ornamentation. It reminded some reviewers of the old-fashioned, "muscular" novels of Charles Kingsley, while others viewed its themes as a deliberate rejection of those expounded in Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*. The *Scribner's Monthly* critic was most enthusiastic. "It holds the attention like a vise," he declared. "It abounds in ideas, new views of daily matters, bold and original declarations." 72

This survey of Julian Hawthorne's fictional production in England may conclude with a brief account of one of his most ambitious productions, *Fortune's Fool* (1883), and a summary of his artistic accomplishments thus far. Hawthorne began the story late in 1880 and wrote the first ten of its twelve serial installments in three months. But the two remaining sections were not written and published until 1883, after he had returned to America, and this delay probably spoiled the book. In *Confessions and Criticisms* Hawthorne explains at length the genesis and composition of this novel. He tells candidly how he lost his sense of correct proportion as the writing of the tale advanced, in much the same manner as he had lost control of the earlier *Garth* and *Sebastian Strome*. The story, he declared, "lacked wholeness and continuous vitality. As a work of art, it was a failure. But I did not realize this fact until it was too late, and probably should not have known how to mend matters had it been otherwise." 73

In the slow, unhurried opening chapters, Hawthorne describes the primitive forests of northern New England where the hero is born early in the nineteenth century. The familiar aura of wonder and mystery is cast over the "Witch's Head," a large boulder "invested . . . with a semi-supernatural impor-
tance," beside which the hero, Jack, grows up. He is the son of Floyd Vivian, lord of the Castlemere estates in England, who had died uncertain of his heir's existence. Vivian had drawn up two wills: one giving all to Madeleine, the daughter of his younger brother, and the second, which has priority, giving all to Jack, should he be found. Unknown to each other, Jack and Madeleine meet one day beneath the Witch's Head, become friends, and exchange keepsakes. Jack's is a locket, containing a portrait of Madeleine that is to inspire his search for beauty and love throughout his life. Jack is an untutored mystic, as attuned to the mysteries of nature as Leatherstocking. He goes West in order to live with the Indians, steals a chieftain's daughter, and develops his considerable skills in the clay portraiture of animal figures."

Madeleine, meanwhile, had returned to England, where she is brought up by her aunts. During the years of Jack's adventures in California, she becomes a beautiful, sophisticated heiress, whose artistic temperament draws her to the stage. She is encouraged in this direction by Bryan Sinclair, a professional adventurer, scoundrel, and lover. Sinclair leaves briefly for America in search of gold; accompanied by Tom Berne, over whom he exercises a weird magnetic power, he meets Jack in the Sacramento Valley and forces Tom to kill Jack's companion Hugh, who is, improbably enough, Tom's long-lost brother. Despite this unfortunate death, Jack and Bryan become friends, and the latter takes the young man back to England with him, impressed with his intelligence, his artistry, and his noble appearance. Predictably, Jack and Madeleine meet again, at a masquerade ball, and both recognize the keepsakes that they had exchanged; but they are still not cognizant of the fact that they are contesting heirs. Madeleine is drawn to her cousin, but knows that she is destined to love the sensual Sinclair. When her friends discover the extent of Sinclair's rascality in the past, they attempt to prevent the elopement of the couple; but Sir Stanhope, who loves Madeleine, is killed by Tom Berne. When Bryan tries to escape the country alone, he is also killed by the
man he had once enslaved. Tortured beyond endurance, Madeleine, while performing Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, carries out her role with utter verisimilitude and commits suicide in the last act. In a gesture characteristic of Hawthorne heroes, Jack then renounces his newly discovered inheritance and goes to Paris to devote himself to his sculpture, for he realizes that he cannot continue within the confines of his father's way of life.

A plot summary of *Fortune's Fool* must necessarily exaggerate somewhat its romantic and melodramatic aspects; but the total impression of the novel is of a serious investigation of the phenomena of innocence and sophistication. Hawthorne's hero is an unbearable innocent, a kind of serious Joaquin Miller, whose primitive metaphysical speculations induced by a withdrawn life close to nature recall those of Garth. Jack is not convincing because he is cast in Julian Hawthorne's "ideal" mold; in his search for the spirituality embodied in the face in Madeleine's keepsake, in his noble savagery among the Pacific Slope Indians, in his predictable reactions to English society life, he betrays an unsophistication more childish than childlike, more postured than sincere. Much more successful, because written more obviously out of Hawthorne's own real personality and view of man, is Bryan Sinclair. Although the nominal villain, Sinclair is the most attractive of Hawthorne's characters because beneath the cynicism of his talk and actions lies a basic honesty, a non-idealistic perception of the true relations between human beings. Contrasted to Jack's monosyllabic and oracular declarations are Sinclair's magnificently eloquent speeches that picture a code of conduct cutting through the cant and sham of society life. As Sinclair's protégé, Jack is thus a distinct disappointment, but Madeleine is a success. Her dark beauty, her passionate intensity in giving her love, her conflict between the roles of society belle and great actress, make her come to life vividly, like Cornelia Valeyon, Madge Danver, and Mary Dene in the earlier novels.

The events surrounding the composition of *Fortune's Fool*
explain something of the failure of its crowded concluding chapters. Like those in *Garth* and *Sebastian Strome*, they destroy the mood created by the slow, almost serene exposition of the first two-thirds of the book. Hawthorne devotes ten pages to Indian life in California early in the novel; but the murder of Sinclair by Tom occupies scarcely a page at the end. The already familiar contrast between innocence and sophistication, dramatized in Jack and Sinclair, is set carefully in the contrasting scenes of the forests of New England and California and the elegant homes of London society. In earlier stories this contrast had made use of a familiar convention, and the pattern was to be used after *Fortune's Fool*; but one suspects that Julian Hawthorne's view of the English as "detestable," mentioned by Henry James, stemmed from his growing personal aversion to the concealed viciousness of London society. Such a belief informs, for example, Hawthorne's authorial comments on society, which must, he declares,

sail on even keel over a sea which must be smooth, though it flow above dead men's bones and all grotesque and tragic horrors. If any one casts a demure glance of curiosity into those pregnant depths, he must not allow what he sees there to disconcert the urbane composure of his visage. If he himself, whether by chance or of purpose, sink beneath the surface, no boat must be lowered, nor any rope thrown over, for his rescue. The decorous passengers must still pace the dapper decks as unconsciously as before, and the look-out must still report all well, and fair weather present and to come. There is no doubt a certain fascination in this gay and solemn humbug. It implies a kind of bastard stoicism, which, for the sake of a glossy external serenity, suppresses everything that bleeds and breathes and speaks the startling language of humanity.  

Despite the purplish effectiveness of such isolated passages as this, its brilliant descriptive passages of American scenes, and its creation of one of Hawthorne's finest characters in Bryan Sinclair, *Fortune's Fool* is not a successful or memorable novel.  

The novels and romances produced during Julian Haw-
thorne's residence in England mark that period of his life as his most fertile and imaginative. The artistic success of the shorter melodramatic works *Archibald Malmaison* and *Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds* and the dense, rich atmosphere of the serious novels indicated the presence of great powers. Hawthorne was already a master of narrative excitement, of the ability to portray the shadings of dialogue, and of the creation of characters at once vigorous and subtle. But most of his critics discerned faults in the fiction, which were especially obvious to those seeking to evaluate it in the context of the elder Hawthorne's accomplishments. The first was the absence of balance and proportion in the long works: Hawthorne would begin well, unhurriedly, lay his groundwork carefully—and then conclude with a rush of melodramatic incident. The second was the presence of the elements of fantasy and the supernatural even in serious works like *Garth* and *Fortune's Fool*. Julian Hawthorne's allegiance to the Gothic mode tended to disfigure his novels and give them a mixed tone, as fantastic as if, for example, Silas Lapham had presided at seances, or Isabel Archer had had the power of clairvoyance. Finally, the abstract philosophical speculations on the nature of man, on human destiny and free will, and on the virtues and vices of civilization not only dammed the narrative flow but appeared out of place in stories whose settings and characters were bizarre or romantic. The speculations prevented critics from seeing such deeper themes as the one I have taken to be paramount, the value of love and brotherhood as antidotes to the civilized poison of lustful selfishness; indeed, the reviews completely ignored such themes, preferring their stale disquisition on the "mantle" of Nathaniel Hawthorne and the curious supernaturalist compulsions of the narrative. In his popular romances Julian Hawthorne was primarily enjoying himself, producing fiction that he knew would sell and add the necessary pounds to his income; in his novels he was perfecting his craft. The future augured well for Julian Hawthorne the novelist. But in the 1880's he was to reap a bitter harvest of disappointments.
The prolific, sociable, impoverished English years finally came to an end in 1882. Actually, Minne and the children made the journey to America in October, 1881. Hawthorne spent the winter of 1881–82 in Italy, gathering materials for a series of articles on the scenes of his father's romances, and at Kinsale, in Ireland, with his painter friend Howard Helmick. The reasons for the return to America at this time are not entirely clear. Hawthorne's paternal aunt was gratified at the decision, especially for the sake of the boys, for she had been afraid they would grow up all crusted over with English prejudices; that this was her nephew's feeling also is evident from a letter of 1874 in which she declared that Julian Hawthorne "wishes his little Jack to grow up an American. That is precisely what his father wished for him." Homesickness must not be discounted as well. Except for brief visits to Europe and India and a three-year idyl in the West Indies, Hawthorne after 1882 was never again to live away from his native land.