The Growth of a Reputation

1. “A School by Himself”

After their brief sojourn at the Lathrops’ home at The Wayside upon their return to the United States, the Hawthorne family moved to Nonquitt, Massachusetts, where, unexpectedly, the baby Gladys died in September, 1882, a bereavement that deeply affected Mrs. Hawthorne for years thereafter. After a brief residence in Morrisania, near New York City, the Hawthornes settled down on a comfortable two-hundred-acre farm on Peconic Bay, three miles from the town of Sag Harbor, Long Island. This was to be Julian Hawthorne’s social and literary headquarters until the departure of the family for Jamaica in 1893. Here was born Imogen, in 1884, and a ninth and last child, Perdita, who died in the year of her birth, 1890; her father memorialized her in one of his best poems. Hawthorne’s oldest son, John, recalls that his father “used to take us out on long walks and also boating and entertain us with stories; we were very devoted to him, and he was a fine companion.”¹ According to Julian Hawthorne’s grandson Manning, none of the children went to school except for a few odd terms now and then. Hildegarde Hawthorne recaptures these years delightfully in her juvenile book Makeshift Farm
(1925), in which the entire family appears in fictional form. In a sequel entitled Island Farm (1926), she recalls how the children had loved the rambling farm on Peconic Bay, "because it was free and simple, because there was the sea to swim in, [and] all the pleasant living things of farm life."² To be sure, she adds, there had been much hard work and a scarcity of money; but these were compensated for by the picnics, the fishing and shooting, the jolly companionship of the children, and the visits of family friends. One of these friends, the poet and journalist Eugene Field, left a charming portrait of the Hawthorne children in a long poem of that name he wrote to commemorate his happy stay at "Makeshift Farm." The poem begins:

The Hawthorne children—seven in all—
   Are famous friends of mine,
And with what pleasure I recall
How, years ago, one gloomy fall,
   I took a tedious railway line
And journeyed by slow stages down
Unto that sleepy seaport town
   (Albeit one worth seeing),
Where Hildegarde, John, Henry, Fred,
And Beatrix and Gwendolen
And she that was the baby then—
   These famous seven, as aforesaid,
Lived, moved, and had their being.³

Field goes on to record delightfully the events of his visit: milking cows, playing pranks, sprinting on the beach with Beatrix, and his tall-tale-telling of the Wild West.

Although, as indicated later, Hawthorne was to turn to lecturing and journalism, his income for the years 1882–93 continued to be derived mainly from the serializations and sales of his novels, most of which appeared in both England and America, and some of which saw second and third editions. For example, the novel Dust, which had been begun in England and finished at Morrisania in December, 1882, sold out its entire
first edition of 1,300 copies on the first day of publication. Immediately upon completing *Fortune's Fool* in May, 1883—a work begun three years earlier—Hawthorne began writing and serializing *Beatrix Randolph*, and finished it early in July. His contemporary journal, while recording his numerous social involvements for the period, also records the steady, page-after-page production of the fiction and miscellaneous articles that were the support of the large family; and we can well credit John Hawthorne's remark that his father "was busy writing most of the time."*

Typical criticisms of Julian Hawthorne in this period were written by the critics James Herbert Morse, Charles F. Richardson, and John Nichol. The first credited Hawthorne with a distinctive fancy and imagination:

He has the creative instinct and more than the average writer's ability; but his early tendency to work in the Nathaniel Hawthorne vein seemed almost willful. It was the most difficult vein novelist ever worked; and to approach it without a tool sharpened presupposed a willingness to "square off" against the very Fates. The author puts together the elements of strong characters, invites the Destinies to take charge of them, but refuses to let go his own hold. *

The literary historian Charles F. Richardson, a few years later, praised Hawthorne's "higher themes," but also noted the "faulty construction and language" and blurred figures. In his study titled *American Literature*, John Nichol surveyed the whole of Hawthorne's fiction written up to 1882 and compared him favorably to his major "rivals," James and Howells. "It is boldness in Julian Hawthorne," Nichol stated in a familiar argument, "to write novels at all: the height of daring, to write them in the metaphysical manner: an almost incredible audacity, that he should take for his recurring text the ruining or regenerative results of sin." The younger Hawthorne's works, Nichol went on, display both reckless sensationalism and passionate intensity: he shows a
determination to cleave through the crusts of society to the lava reservoirs of the heart, [and] observing and reflective powers undimmed by the storms and gusts of feeling he represents and seems to share.8

These qualities, Nichol concluded, "indisputably stamp him as a man of genius." Hawthorne's staunchest critical support in the 1880's came, however, and surprisingly enough, from the Atlantic Monthly, which had abused Idolatry unmercifully, but which now had the greatest praise for such works as Dust and Beatrix Randolph. Chief among Hawthorne's enemies remained the Nation, one of whose comments displayed both its chronically bad temper and a generally prevailing puzzlement about a writer who remained deliberately unclassifiable. Hawthorne, the Nation declared, "has shouldered his way into notice and repute as a novelist by sheer force of persistence, and may be said to constitute almost a school by himself, unless, indeed, we give 'Ouida' a place in it." 9

The fiction produced between the return to the United States in 1882 and Hawthorne's involvement in journalism, the locus of which may be put at 1887, does not demonstrate an advance in technique or subject matter over the work produced in the previous decade. The prose style, for example, remains uneven, rarely displaying finished craftsmanship. To those critics like Burlingame who had complained that the length of his novels outlived his inspiration, Julian Hawthorne responded by shortening them; but the proportion between length and inspiration remained curiously constant. The variations in the quality of the fiction are as astounding as they were in the 1870's and were to be later. Finally, the writer continued to be torn between the realistic and supernatural modes, as he had been in England; thus the dichotomy early established between his "novels" and his "romances" persists. Yet this dichotomy must not be pushed too far, because the hybrid product becomes more typical: thus one sees the familiar elements of the sensational and the bizarre, with an occasional Gothic flavor, set within the superficially realistic dramatic and narrative framework.10 With
the appearance of *Beatrix Randolph* (1883), many critics felt, indeed, that Hawthorne was gradually but quite definitely abandoning the Gothic preoccupations of his earliest years. The friendly *Atlantic Monthly*, for example, declared:

There is a freshness about the atmosphere of the book, which suggests that Mr. Hawthorne’s return to his native country has benefited him. He has been quick to catch some of the local traits of New York. Although his unduly fantastic strain continues in the invention of this story, it is encouraging to find that he has for a time freed himself from those gratuitously wild and forced conceits which have often overlaid his natural strength with an appearance of weakness.¹¹

And the *Critic* agreed:

Each ebullition of his fiery and untamed genius is leaving a clearer and finer residue of moral conviction, of deep and tender thought, and of sympathetic insight; while he is turning his really fine imagination to actual life, [rather than to] impossible conditions, unreal circumstances, and elfish souls.¹²

These apparent new directions that the critics were so happy to point out in 1884 were, unfortunately, illusory. Julian Hawthorne continued to be ruled by the false aesthetic quoted in the discussion of his Gothic background: namely, and it is worth repeating here, that the style and method of the author of romances “purify and wax artistic” under the exertion of preventing his supernatural and fantastic elements from appearing crude and ridiculous. The novels, romances, and what I have called the hybrids of the 1880’s are bound together, whatever their intention, by a thread that runs through them all: narrative improbability. Thus the reader is asked to believe in *Beatrix Randolph*, for example, that an amateur soprano could successfully impersonate a famous Russian singer on the New York stage for an entire season; in *Dust* he is called upon to accept the fact that a banker who has been cheated by a gambling associate would leave the country and entrust his daughter to the gambler’s care: and these examples are chosen from
the more realistic of the novels! Obviously, Hawthorne could have constructed a completely probable plot; his failure to do so is deliberate. He had chosen his path, his own artistic theory; and one must admire, if not the fiction that resulted, at least the courageous single-mindedness of the attempt.

Granted the thread of narrative improbability that gives a characterizing stamp to all his works, the fiction of this period may conveniently be divided again into "novels" and "romances." The former include, in addition to the last long novel from Hawthorne's pen, *Dust*, the shorter works *Beatrix Randolph*, *Love—or a Name*, and *John Parmelee's Curse*. The romances are *Noble Blood* and six considerably shorter works: *Sinfire*, "Countess Almara's Murder," "Prince Saroni's Wife," "The Trial of Gideon," "Constance," and "Pauline."

In *Dust* (1883) one is confronted with the same kind of thickly plotted story as in *Fortune's Fool*, and there is the same contrast as in earlier and later novels between the sanity of country life and the fevered anxiety of high society. Marion Lockhart, the clairvoyant heroine of the novel, muses toward the end of her adventures:

> The old house at Hammersmith! ... It was there that her first happiness had come to her; and if Heaven ever permitted her to be happy again, it ought to happen there. All this fever of wealth and fashionable society was as a dream that is past; freshness and sanity had returned.¹³

Here is seen not only the customary conflict between the good little town (Hammersmith) and the big bad town (London) but the more revealing contrast between the "freshness and sanity" of small town mores and the "fever" of society manners. To Hawthorne's middle-class reading public, this theme undoubtedly struck a welcome, homey chord. Hawthorne always used this pattern from *Bressant* onward, most notably in *Love—or a Name* (1885), which shows the New York society circle of Seth Drayton to be corrupt, and in *A Fool of Nature* (1896), which directs the sympathies of the reader to the
“natural” hero, brought up by a corrupt aristocratic father. This glorification of the virtues of the middle class is, just as much as his addiction to a puerile supernaturalism, a deadening influence on Julian Hawthorne’s art.

Some twenty years before the novel opens, Charles Grantley had assumed the guilt for his friend and employer, the banker and gambling proprietor Sir Francis Bendibow, had fled England, and had left his daughter’s bringing-up to Sir Francis. Returning as “Mr. Grant” as the book begins, he is slain by the cowardly banker. He leaves his fortune to his daughter, Perdita, but when she declines to acknowledge him as her father, the money passes to a friend, Philip Lancaster, a poet.

Two conflicts are skillfully developed in the novel. The first arises from Perdita’s designs on Philip, who had known her in France as the Marquise Desmoines. The Marquise is one of Hawthorne’s wicked women of the world, a type, prepared for by the dark heroines of the early novels, that is to appear with increasing frequency in his stories. The second contrast stems from the change in Marion, Philip’s wife, who emerges from her cocoon of domestic simplicity and becomes a cynical lady of the town; because Philip is dismayed at the change, and at her supposed infidelity, Perdita’s intrigues almost succeed. But Philip’s invincible moral rectitude saves him from this disgrace, and he returns to a reformed Marion’s really chaste embrace. Hawthorne was to use this same general situation five years later in A Dream and a Forgetting, in which a femme fatale comes between a poet and his loved one.

In Dust, Philip, Marion, and Grantley are all uninteresting characters, but both the tormented and criminal Sir Francis and Perdita are memorable. The marquise is a vain, passionate, cunning animal; and she is also intelligent enough to realize the kind of woman she is. In Hawthorne’s most dramatic scene she cries out to Sir Francis:

See what you have made of me! You brought me up to think the thoughts of a woman of the world and a libertine while
I was still a child. You gave me nothing to care for but my own success—for money and power; and at last you married me to a worn-out formalist whose very virtues made sin seem delightful. I have never had help or sympathy from a human soul.  

The novel, whose commercial success has been noted, was uniformly well received by the critics. The *Atlantic Monthly*, though chastising Hawthorne for the historical inaccuracy of his diction and costumes (the novel is laid in 1816) and for the unbelievable self-sacrifice of Grantley, declared: "There is so much cleverness about [the novel], so much good writing, and so many skillful touches that one cannot help admiring the author's faculty."  

If *Dust* marks no distinct fictional advance for Julian Hawthorne, his next novel, *Beatrix Randolph* (1883), is a step backward. The reader who manages to struggle through the opening chapters of this tepid novel—chapters that constitute a veritable Slough of Despond—will find, to sustain him on his weary pilgrimage, only the fascinating, brief appearance of the diva Vera Marana, one of Hawthorne's foreign beauties. The reader revels in her naughtiness, only to look on in dismay as she falls victim to the sentimental heroine, the young and pure Beatrix. The latter poses as the Russian singer on the opera stage in order to restore the family fortune dissipated by her wastrel brother, and succeeds, improbably, in deceiving the most learned of New York critics. Several familiar Hawthorne themes enter in this novel. Beatrix's family comes from a small town in New York State, and the pristine purities of this community are contrasted with the sinfulness that confronts the heroine in New York City. We have again, as in *Garth* and *Sebastian Strome*, the disparity in aims between the son, Beatrix's brother, and the kindly father. A "vulgar Jew," General Moses Inigo, makes a convenient villain.  

Such conflicts as are developed are poor. Geoffrey Bel­lingham, a boring architect, becomes estranged from Beatrix, for example, because he thinks old Mr. Randolph, the father
whom she cannot acknowledge publicly, is her paramour. The appearance of Marana and her denunciation of Beatrix for usurping her name breathe the only semblance of life into this tale, disfigured as it is by tedious remarks about music and general comments at critical points in the action. Another contrast, between the standards of Europe and America, is pointed up by Hawthorne, and deserves citation as a species of debased Jamesian style:

[Beatrix] told herself that Geoffrey had perhaps made up his mind to condone Marana's delinquencies, taking into account her foreign training, her temptations, and the loose standard of morals that prevailed in Europe; but that he never would forgive Beatrix for having deliberately misled him,—she, an American girl, brought up amid all the enlightenment and fastidious rectitude of the great republic.

This statement, it must be added, is not ironic.

Two years after the appearance of the unfortunate Beatrix Randolph, Hawthorne published one of his finest novels, Love—or a Name. The story begins inauspiciously enough with the conventional introduction of a colorless young hero, Warren Bell, and a colorless young heroine, Nell Anthony. Bell's career parallels Julian Hawthorne's: expulsion from college, followed by a term in engineering school and a position in the New York Dock Department. Ambitious Warren attends the funeral of Nell's mother, and after being refused by the girl, who is repelled by his coldness and his lust for power, returns from her country town to New York, where he falls under the influence, unwillingly at first, of Seth Drayton.

Hawthorne's interest soon shifts from Bell to Drayton, and his study of the latter, an elderly, rich New Englander bent upon absolute behind-the-scenes political mastery of the United States, not only ranks as one of his best creations but elevates this story of political intrigue and corruption almost to the rank of DeForest's Honest John Vane. Drayton's cynical views of politics in a democracy, and of democracy itself, are tellingly
portrayed. "The characteristic of the mass of the people," he declares, "is fickleness, which justifies itself by masking its inconsistencies behind a clamor for reform, which, being interpreted, means something new. Since most men are fools, a wise man must withdraw himself from visible connection with politics altogether. . . . In this school and newspaper and ballot age those who wish to act truly great parts must wear a veil." His attack on democracy becomes even more violent. "This government," he states, "is the systematized robbery of the many by the few. No one is responsible, and no one cares. An alderman is a person by whose means wealthy corporations rob the city treasury. A State governor is an individual who organizes the depredations of his subordinates." Although it would be unwise to ascribe any of these views to Hawthorne himself, one can sense, in the vigor of the language, his concern with the evils of democracy as he had seen them manifested since his return to America; and one may perhaps see here the germ of the speculation that eventually led him to a passionate commitment to socialism. In support of Drayton, Hawthorne allows himself one authorial comment: "A political party," he says, "like an algebraic formula, is a device for dispensing with thought; though, unlike the latter, it is the product of emotion instead of reason." Finally, his views may be seen implicitly in the admitted probability of Drayton's success in buying off one presidential candidate, controlling another, and installing a third-party figurehead.

Bell becomes progressively more calloused by his association with Drayton and his friends, and not even Nell, who has come to New York, can sway him. He goes so far as to become engaged to Drayton's daughter Lizzie. But Drayton's schemes collapse when one of his associates, Peekskill, informs on his plans to a bitter enemy, Judge Muhlbach; and when Lizzie, shamed at her seduction by Peekskill, leaves home, Drayton is sufficiently affected to kill himself. The Nation found these final scenes too sordid: Hawthorne "winds up," it declared, "with a situation too brutal to be matched among savages." That Love—or a Name was rather strong meat for the reviewers of
the time is also displayed in a comment by Lippincott's, which asserted that if the author "wishes to show us consummate rascals we insist that he should wrap them in some veil of decency, if not of art, and not fill his pages with incidents and talk which properly belong to the police-court." 23

Several minor characters, such as Nell's chubby friend Susan Wayne and Warren's Irish crony O'Ryan, are well drawn, and Hawthorne seems to be able in this novel to follow a thread of narrative to its logical conclusions without sentimental or moralizing digressions. His last few pages are disfigured by this sort of thing, but are important for two reasons. First, they state clearly the theme of such novels as this one, Bressant, Sebastian Strome, and even Idolatry: "Love of self assumes many forms, noble and ignoble; but, whether it blaze gloriously or smoulder basely, its final outcome can only be a handful of dead ashes. After so many struggles, sophistries, triumphs, and jealousies, that is the end." 24 The transmutation of this "love of self" into love for others is, unfortunately, not dramatized as successfully in Warren Bell as it is in Bressant, Strome, and Helwyse: it is only the death of Drayton that, improbably, works a change in the hero. Second, Hawthorne's concluding pages are important in showing an antiphilanthropic attitude akin to that of The Blithedale Romance, as he declares:

There are many so-called philanthropists,—men who will cure the world with a patent nostrum, or a political formula, or a moral apothegm. But these infallible prescriptions, when they are analyzed, invariably resolve themselves into one essential element,—self. The men who have truly beatified mankind have done so unconsciously or inevitably, by an inborn divine energy of nature. . The test of a man is not whether he can govern a kingdom single-handed; but whether his private life is tender and beneficent, and his wife and children happy. 25

This realistic political novel, with its memorable portrait of Seth Drayton, remains one of Julian Hawthorne's most satisfactory productions.

John Parmelee's Curse (1886), which succeeded Love—or a
Name, is, in contrast, one of Julian Hawthorne’s poorest works. The “curse” of the title is not ancestral, as one might expect in Hawthorne’s fiction, but rather the curse of drug addiction, or, as the nineteenth century had it, “opium-eating.” Parmelee is a bank cashier, a respected man in the little community of Tisdale, whose wife had slowly deteriorated under the influence of drugs and finally had run away from her husband and child. Years later, Parmelee learns that his wife’s brother is planning a bank robbery in Tisdale. Now a drug addict himself, he runs off in a confused state of mind to New York, his daughter Sophie following with a black satchel containing the bank’s money that the cashier has himself appropriated.

Hawthorne manages one good scene in New York. The town is at a drunken fever pitch over an approaching election. A great rally is going on in Union Square, and the haggard, opium-clouded, yet eloquent Parmelee is hoisted onto the platform through a misunderstanding:

Parmelee stood before them and gazed out upon them, supporting himself with his hands upon the railing. He did not realize the meaning of his position; but he felt the great wave of emotion surging in upon him from that vast assemblage... He figured to himself that all these hosts of eager auditors were gathered together out of interest in his private concerns; and that they awaited in breathless suspense the recital of his misfortunes and of his hopes. He resolved, therefore, to take them into his confidence.  

His confused ramblings are surprisingly touching. But from pathos the story degenerates into cops-and-robbers melodrama. Parmelee is captured by his brother-in-law Blackmer and his gang in the expectation that he will disclose the whereabouts of the money, but is freed by a young friend of Sophie’s. In the hope of finding his wife, Parmelee goes to an opium den, and there is arrested together with Blackmer. A court trial clears up everything, and the shattered Parmelee goes back to his old position at Tisdale. There are almost no redeeming features to
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this poor piece of potboiling melodrama. It may be noted that Hawthorne again attacks the big city as symbol and agency of corruption and idealizes the small town.

Chief among the romantic stories of this period of Julian Hawthorne’s career is *Noble Blood* (1885), whose Irish setting is drawn from Hawthorne’s visit to Kinsale in 1881–82. The opening chapters of this slight work lead the reader to expect that Hawthorne intends to exploit the Gothic potentialities of an obscure Irish town. A traveling painter named Owen Ambrose happens upon an ancient tower, supposedly uninhabited, in which he sees a ghost; when he views the same apparition at night, he feels a thrill of “expectant horror.” He sets up his studio in the ruined tower, where he comes in contact with “medieval sentiment and substance.” We are even introduced to an ancient manuscript, with a family history in Italian that Ambrose proceeds to translate. However, these Gothic properties are not at the heart of the story.

The ghost, for example, is soon properly introduced as Miss Anastasia Cadogna, who, like Madge Danver in *Garth*, is a proud, strong-willed, and inconsistent creature bent upon marrying only someone of “noble blood.” Ambrose falls in love with her, but she fastens her ingenuously cynical attention on a silly Italian duke. The painter accidentally foils the elopement of the two and finds on the following day that Anastasia is really happy at this, for she loves him. “There’s something nobler” than noble blood, she finally admits. Then Owen is free to tell her that, according to the ancient manuscript, she is descended from an old Italian family and is thus herself of noble blood. This is a pleasant but unimportant romance.

Of the shorter romances of this period, three are intriguing murder mysteries: *Sinfire*, “Countess Almara’s Murder,” and “Prince Saroni’s Wife.” The first of these is by far the best. *Sinfire* (1887), providentially free from mangling authorial intrusions, maintains a smoothly flowing narrative and consistent point of view through the device of presenting Hawthorne as the editor of a journal kept by Frank Mainwaring.
Frank, a physician, is the youngest son of the Cedarcliffe estate; he is a kind of egoist manqué, a man competent enough, but lacking the incentive that would unleash the hidden lust for power he shares with many other Hawthorne heroes. His oldest brother, John, is fashioned upon the Squire Western prototype; the middle son, Henry, is a likable rake. We are led to believe that Frank is interested not in the estate, which would pass to him only upon the death of his brothers, but in the practice of amateur snake-charming, for which he has acquired a cobra named Sâprani.

Almost coincident with the arrival of Sâprani is the appearance of another dangerous temptress, a supposed cousin of Frank named Sinfire, who is not so easily charmed. For the first time in his life, Frank finds himself incited to a pitch of positive action. Through Hawthorne's device of Frank's first-person narrative, we find our sympathies in accord with his as he holds before himself the image of the great man he might become. He concentrates "the action and passion of a lifetime" into his Sinfire-inspired plot. Frank suspects quite rightly that she is of gypsy stock, but he misunderstands her motive in seeking to visit her revenge on Henry. When the latter is murdered, suspicion eventually falls on her. The love of Sinfire and Frank, which has restrained her from violence to his brother, has had the opposite effect on him. In an exciting denouement we learn that Frank himself has murdered his brother Henry as part of his plan to acquire the family estate; but his refraining from telling Sinfire this honestly, and then lying on the witness stand to shield her, have the ironic effect of turning the passionate gypsy against him. And since his life is shattered, not even the death of John by heart failure, and the passing of the estate to him, can stay him from deciding to press Sâprani to his breast—a death recalling that of the suffering heroine of Fortune's Fool. "Our wills and fates do so contrary run that our devices still are overthrown:" is the theme, then, reinforced by Frank's statements of his belief in Fate and predestination. The authorial trick of having the murderer con-
ceal his crime in his private journal until the very end seems rather cheap after the effect of the tale has worn off, but raises no doubts in the course of the narrative. Sinfire's motivations are often melodramatic and insincere. Yet despite these objections, she and Frank (and the gorgeous cobra) emerge as convincing personages in this compelling story.

"Countess Almara's Murder," a long story of 1886, evidences Hawthorne's continuing Gothic interests. The opening words, "Ten years have passed since the Countess's tragic end," lead the reader to suspect that the ambiguous "murder" of the title was visited upon the countess; but there is a trick ending. The narrator's painter friend Raleigh had once loved an Italian girl, but had had to give her up when their elopement was thwarted by her parents. As the story opens, Raleigh is leaving New York, and the narrator has a prophetic dream of danger imminent to his friend. He visits Raleigh's darkened studio after the artist supposedly has left, and in a scene of genuine horror, one of the best Hawthorne ever contrived and comparable to the discovery scene in *Archibald Malmaison*, finds him dead. As events turn out, the narrator learns that the Countess Almara had been the sister of Raleigh's first love, had borne him an illegitimate son years later in France, and had killed him when he had refused to marry her. The various "trick" elements of the plot—the identifying birthmark on Raleigh's son, and the countess's dressing in men's clothes when she visits Raleigh to slay him—are skillfully handled. But the reader foresees the end as soon as a few obvious clues have been planted, so that little suspense is created.

The earliest of these romantic murder mysteries, "Prince Saroni's Wife" (1884), was a great popular success. A diabolical Byronic figure, the prince, marries a young girl, murders her, and sails off to America with his true love, Ethel Moore, acting the part of the new princess. When the pair return, they are found out by Ethel's old monomaniac father, who never had believed his daughter a suicide.

Like the last-named story, the last three tales in this romantic
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Group, all of which belong to the year 1884, are of little more than passing interest. In the lengthy introduction to "The Trial of Gideon," the narrator describes his expedition to the banks of the Euphrates and his discovery of an ancient manuscript, which he proceeds to translate. The manuscript tells, in a style that Hawthorne makes drearily sententious, a story of the ancient city of Nebo and the cause of its destruction by flood waters. Another Gothic-hued tale is "Constance," which begins pleasantly with Hawthorne's autobiographical recollections of the England of his youth, and concludes, after a series of melodramatic incidents, with the Gothic spectacle of immurement in a Dresden boardinghouse. In "Pauline," Hawthorne tells an occasionally witty tale of a painter in love with a famous actress who wins her after a series of hardly memorable misunderstandings have been successfully cleared up.

2. Editor and Biographer

The temporary laying down of arms between the Hawthornes and the Lathrops came to an end in 1882, as a battle developed over Dr. Grimshawe's Secret, one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's extended studies for his projected English romance. As Julian Hawthorne tells the story, he had found the manuscript among his papers almost by accident:

It came into my possession... about eight years ago [in 1874]. I had at that time no intention of publishing it; and when, soon after, I left England to travel on the Continent, the manuscript, together with the bulk of my library, was packed and stored at a London repository, and was not again seen by me until last summer, when I unpacked it in this city [New York]. I then finished the perusal of it, and, finding it to be practically complete, I re-resolved to print it in connection with a biography of Mr. Hawthorne which I had in preparation. But upon further consideration it was decided to publish the Romance separately.28

This account is at least partly untrue, for Hawthorne had not traveled on the Continent "soon after" 1874. His earlier notice
in the papers that he was planning to publish a posthumous Hawthorne novel had grievously aroused Rose and George Lathrop, who were certain that they had seen everything the elder Hawthorne had written. They did not know that Mrs. Hawthorne had begun the transcription of another late work by Hawthorne that existed independently of both *The Dolliver Romance* and *Septimius Felton*, and that she must have given to her son alone. Rose went so far as to write the New York *Tribune*, August 16, 1882:

As it has been announced that a new and complete romance by Nathaniel Hawthorne, entitled “Dr. Grimshawe’s Secret” has been found and will soon be published, will you do me the favor to correct the error? No such unprinted work has been in existence. It cannot be truly published as anything more than an experimental fragment.  

In a letter to Aunt Ebe, Rose wrote that “Julian's shocking notice in the papers has been a great grief to me. His dishonesty has been a heavier blow than mere cruelty would have been, especially as I could hardly expect anything but the latter after his conduct toward us.”  

A few weeks after Rose’s letter appeared in the *Tribune*, Hawthorne wrote her a pained letter: “Now, my dear Sister, you know the reason why I have hitherto refrained from making any defense or answer to the direct charge of forgery which has been again and again brought against me, always on the authority of your statements. With the proof literally in my hands—ninety thousand words of this story in my father’s handwriting—I sit here day after day and wait for you to speak.”  

Rose and George did not publicly disavow their implied contention that the novella was at most a fragment finished by the editor but offered by him as a work completed by his father; but at least they came to believe that the manuscript was absolutely authentic. Not, however, before Julian Hawthorne, in his “Preface” to the published manuscript, had got in a final salvo at George Lathrop:
So many inspired prophets of Hawthorne have arisen of late, that the present writer, whose relation to the great Romancer is a filial one merely, may be excused for feeling some embarrassment in submitting his own uninstructed judgments to competition with theirs.\textsuperscript{32}

The unfortunate and sordid episodes that had characterized the relationship of Julian Hawthorne and the Lathrops had a curiously happy sequel. After 1883, through some unexplained agency, the Hawthornes and Lathrops became genuine friends. Rose's brother wrote her a letter remarking on the "great power and originality" of her literary gifts. "If you keep on writing," he declared, "you will become the most memorable of the women novelists of this country. But do not, on that account forego your lyrical poetry."\textsuperscript{33} He adds, in another letter: "You really have in you the entrails of Hawthorne's genius, if they are anywhere."\textsuperscript{34} Lathrop and Hawthorne were frequently seen together in the mid-1880's—reading for the benefit of the American Copyright League, attending dinners, and planning a new literary weekly.

Although the Lathrops did not know it, Hawthorne's edition of \textit{Dr. Grimshawe's Secret} was quite vulnerable before an informed attack; but that was not possible until this century,\textsuperscript{35} when the manuscript that Julian Hawthorne had disposed of piecemeal to various collectors was assembled by Professor Edward H. Davidson. The scholar arraigns Hawthorne for his "high-handed" and "casual" editing and for his "editorial sleight of hand." Julian Hawthorne, he states,

\begin{itemize}
  \item allowed himself every license an editor could arrogate to himself: he ruthlessly excised large sections of the two long drafts and patched together loosely related parts which originally had no connection with each other. What has existed \textit{as Dr. Grimshawe's Secret} has had scant resemblance to the novel Hawthorne left unfinished at his death.\textsuperscript{36}
\end{itemize}

It should be noted that Hawthorne cannot be pardoned on the basis that excuses Sophia Hawthorne's emendation of her husband's notebooks: gentility, or "correctness."\textsuperscript{37}
In the light of Professor Davidson's criticism, one might expect that the full-scale biography of his parents, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*, which Julian Hawthorne published in 1884 and which has always been thought his single most valuable work, may not satisfy modern standards of biographical scholarship. Certain flaws will be pointed out, but the book remains, over eighty years later, of the first importance to the scholar shaping a definitive biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The book, which is dedicated to Hawthorne's wife Minne, is presented as "a simple record of lives," and does not indulge in any literary criticism. Perhaps the most unusual feature of the biography is its presentation of the full life story of Sophia Hawthorne in conjunction with that of her husband. "To attempt," says the biographer, "to explain and describe [Nathaniel Hawthorne's] career without taking [his marriage] into consideration would be like trying to imagine a sun without heat, or a day without sun. Nothing seems less likely than that he would have accomplished his work in literature independently of her sympathy and companionship." Once this premise is neatly stated, the biographer proceeds to demonstrate its invalidity. The story of Sophia Hawthorne's life and concerns is interesting enough, but it sheds little light on the career of her husband, who had begun writing long before he met her, and who was as independent of her in his theories of politics and human conduct as he was in his literary imagination.

The biography is useful in gathering together Hawthorne's extant letters and appraising his relationships with the chief men of letters of his time. Frequently, the biographer simply presents thirty or forty pages of letters with no comment at all, and includes trivia along with matters of importance; but the basic data are all there. Julian Hawthorne was much attacked by later Hawthorne biographers for including an undocumented account of the novelist's supposed romantic attachment to a Salem coquette in the late 1830's; however, only ten years ago Norman Holmes Pearson showed that the incident was indeed based on fact, and that its shadowy outlines are to be
ascribed to Julian Hawthorne's reticence rather than to his romantic imagination. 39

Professor Pearson's vindication was based on the investigation of a volume of Julian Hawthorne's "Literary Memoranda" preserved in the Pierpont Morgan Library, which contains many of the biographer's notes for his book, including fragments from the recollections of his aunt Elizabeth Hawthorne and letters from the latter to Una Hawthorne. While these notes confirm the authenticity of the "coquette" story, they at the same time demonstrate rather painfully that the writer was not averse to altering or omitting materials given to him. Thus Hawthorne omits the printing of several of his father's youthful poems and cancels, when it pleases him, various references to himself. One representative example of this editorial emendation will suffice. The two passages printed immediately below are transcriptions of "Ebe" Hawthorne's letters to Una:

If Julian makes as much as George Eliot, as perhaps he may, he will redeem the family from the curse that was nearly all its inheritance from its ancestors. But I am wicked to say that, when our forefathers bequeathed us an unblemished name, and the best brains in the world.

You may tell E. P. P. [Elizabeth Palmer Peabody], or any one else, that I never heard of insanity in the Hawthorne family; we are a remarkably "hard-headed" race, not easily excited, not apt to be carried away by any impulse; in short, we are just what E. P. P. is not, and what she cannot comprehend that any one else can be.

And here is the biographer's synoptic text as it appears in Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife:

I never heard of any insanity in the family. We are a remarkably "hard-headed" race, not easily excited, not apt to be carried away by any impulse. The witch's curse is not our only inheritance from our ancestors; we have also an unblemished name, and the best brains in the world. 40
Hawthorne has combined the two fragments, gratuitously adding "witch's" to "curse," omitting mention of himself, and censoring the caustic flavoring of his aunt's remarks on her sister-in-law and on the nature of the family inheritance.

Still another kind of omission is made in the book, one motivated more by pique than by gentility or modesty. Julian Hawthorne had inherited his mother's feud with the publisher James T. Fields, and there is no mention in the book of the man who helped bring Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* before the public. This was a slight not to be overlooked by Fields's surviving admirers, and accordingly Thomas Bailey Aldrich of the *Atlantic Monthly* wrote to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had been assigned the review of the biography:

In your notice of Julian Hawthorne's book I hope that you will find it in your way, or be willing even to go out of your way, to give Julian a rap on the knuckles for his shabby treatment of Fields. It was he who discovered Nathaniel Hawthorne in his obscurity and despondency, and put hope into his heart. The literary history of Hawthorne that omits mention of J. T. Fields in connection with the publication of The Scarlet Letter & the later books, is no history at all. The whole thing is a little piece of small revenge, growing out of a needless quarrel brought about years ago by the pestiferous Gail Hamilton. It seems to me that it is only justice to Fields' memory that Julian Hawthorne's offense should not be overlooked.  

The rap was forthcoming in Higginson's long and generally slighting review of the book, and Aldrich wrote him again approvingly, "Your Hawthorne review is cruelly good. Of course I shall make a life-long enemy of Julian Hawthorne." Despite this and other criticisms leveled at the book, it was widely accepted at the time, and still is, as a monumental achievement in biography. Its texts are not completely reliable, but this deficiency is more than compensated for by the wealth of detailed information on Nathaniel Hawthorne's life, friendships, and literary career. The two volumes of the biography
were incorporated in the Riverside edition of Hawthorne's works (1884).

This major biography was only the first of Julian Hawthorne's long series of explorations of his father's life and times, and of his writings, which appeared more or less regularly in print until his death in 1934. To the years 1884 and 1886 belong four articles that indicated the range of the son's interest in the elder Hawthorne. In "The Salem of Hawthorne" and "The Scenes of Hawthorne's Romances" (1884), Julian Hawthorne evoked the physical settings of his father's life and stories with great success. "Hawthorne's Philosophy" (1886) analyzes at length his father's view of man, without, however, the graceful prose of Lathrop's *Study*, or the searching insight of James's *Hawthorne*. Specific critical analysis is also devoted to Hawthorne's major work in "The Problems of 'The Scarlet Letter' " (1886).

3. *The "Clubbable" Man*

Soon after his return to the United States, Julian Hawthorne was moving as easily in the public arena of literature as he had in England. Much of his fiction had been published in America as well as England during the 1870's; his new books and stories described above found a ready market; and he was to become even more widely known as lecturer and journalist. He was a literary figure without the actual power of Howells, the critical prestige of James, or the popularity of Samuel Clemens: approximately on the same level of esteem as Lathrop, Richard Watson Gilder, George William Curtis, or Charles Dudley Warner. On June 7, 1883, the year after his return to America, he was lionized in a dinner at Delmonico's by a dozen friends, "all of whom made speeches at me," he writes. At the farewell banquet for Henry Irving in New York in April, 1885, he was seated among such prominent guests as Charles Dana, Henry Ward Beecher, Bram Stoker, Henry Cabot Lodge, Gilder, and Lathrop. In that same month Hawthorne partici-
iated in a two-day series of "Authors' Readings" at the Madison Square Theater for the benefit of Lathrop's pet project, the Copyright League. Julian Hawthorne shared the speaker's platform with Howells, Warner, and Joel Chandler Harris on April 28; Clemens, Lathrop, and George Cary Eggleston were among those heard the following day. As an artist, Hawthorne had enrolled himself under the banner of Ideality, which he stoutly defended in print during this decade; and this fact undoubtedly caused him to be accepted by the two leaders of the literature of gentility: E. C. Stedman, "The Poet Laureate of New York" and author of a well-known poem on Nathaniel Hawthorne; and his friend of the 1870's, Richard Henry Stoddard. Stedman wrote to him warmly at a later date: "I have long suspected that the poet in you, more or less hampered the novelist. Remember that the novelist who is by blood and choice a romancer is a confessed poet." Hawthorne's "New York stories," Beatrix Randolph and Love—or a Name, were singled out for praise in George Lathrop's important article of 1886, "The Literary Movement in New York," which sought to document the gradual movement of leadership in literature from Boston to New York.

As usual, Julian Hawthorne took his socio-literary obligations seriously. In 1883 he became a member of the Authors Club, founded the preceding year under the leadership of his friend Stedman. The Club's membership also formed the nucleus of the American Copyright League. The Authors Club—whose members included such literary men as Edward Bellamy, O. B. Bunce, H. C. Bunner, Clemens, G. W. Curtis, the brothers Eggleston, Gilder, John Hay, Lathrop, Brander Matthews, E. P. Roe, and R. H. Stoddard—met fortnightly in its own rooms and gave public receptions to such figures as Matthew Arnold and Edmund Gosse. A crisis developed in the affairs of the club late in 1885 over the election of a minor Midwestern poet named Will Carleton. He had received sufficient votes to elect him, but certain members distorted the returns and also succeeded in postponing a new election. Hawthorne and Lath-
rop were furious, and in a long letter to Clemens, Hawthorne outlined the case and asked the humorist for his proxy. He declared candidly:

I don’t myself care for [Carleton’s] poetry, but I voted for him, because he is *par excellence* an American author, a man who has done honest work and gained solid and wide recognition. And there was another reason. The Club has lately been filling up with men who, because they have passed through a street in which there was a bookstore, are called “authors.” I hold that we have no right to exclude men who are bona fide authors, merely because half a dozen fellows can be found to say that they are “unclubbable” men. The Authors’ Club is, or ought to be, a representative and (so far as possible) complete organization of genuine American men of letters. The Club is valuable as a means by which our men of letters can meet each other when they wish it, and act upon or discuss, with a certain completeness, questions affecting their several interests. Such transactions as those of last night will ruin the Club if they are allowed to stand. I write to you, because I have every confidence in your sense and sincerity. I daresay you may hate Carleton, or that his poetry causes you to vomit: but I imagine that will not prevent your voting for him on general principles.

Hawthorne’s letter, which also contained further violent criticisms of the club while proclaiming its theoretical usefulness, was answered by Clemens within the week in a note that included his proxy. Where Hawthorne had been impassioned and lofty, Clemens was ruthlessly blunt. He agreed with all of Hawthorne’s strictures except the statement that such maneuvers “will ruin the Club”; “that sort of procedure,” Clemens declared, “has already ruined it.” It is no more an author’s club, Clemens went on pungently, “than it is a horse-doctor’s club.” Its name is “a sarcasm,” he added, and concluded that he would like to see a new one started “on a sane plan.” This last sentiment was received gleefully by Hawthorne, who declared, “I am ready to support the new Club whenever it chooses to be born.” The incident—which seems to have ended in a Pyrrhic victory for the pro-Carleton wing—is significant in showing
how seriously Julian Hawthorne took himself as a responsible man of letters and the extent to which he was so regarded by his contemporaries.

Another club to which Hawthorne belonged was The Kinsmen, an organization of writers, painters, and actors informally designed for the promotion of good fellowship in New York during the winter and London during the summer. Among its American members prior to its demise in 1887 were Aldrich, Bunner, Clemens, Gilder, Howells, Lathrop, and Warner. Bunner and Hawthorne were good friends, but the former could note with his customary sarcasm:

The N.Y. branch of the New London Society of Psychical Research held an impromptu meeting at Hutton's. I was dining there with Julian Hawthorne and Kemys, the sculptor. Hawthorne . is a psychic sharp, and has just been lecturing on the Philosophy of Magic. The manifestations, however, were meagre.

Two other major personal and literary friendships were formed at this period, with E. P. Roe and Eugene Field. Hawthorne's acquaintanceship with Roe had begun as early as 1886. On March 15, 1888, Roe wrote Hawthorne praising one of his stories, declaring: "It is as fine a bit of work as I have ever met with in literature, and deserves to be preserved always, as one of its gems. I can never do such work, but I can enjoy it!" Eugene Field and Julian Hawthorne developed a close friendship based upon their "mutual taste for the genuine in literature." Field admired the stalwart and athletic figure of Nathaniel Hawthorne's son, and Hawthorne was drawn to Field by the latter's comic identification of him in print as the author of his father's masterpieces. Hawthorne was one of Field's very few literary acquaintances in 1887, and when E. C. Stedman declined to write an introduction for Field's Culture's Garland, Hawthorne graciously assumed the task. His preface showed a clear understanding of Field's character and intellectual powers: "No man born on this continent," he de-
clared, "is a more robust American than he; no man scents a sham more unerringly, or abominates it more effectively; no man's ideal of American literature is higher or sounder."

When Field visited the East in 1887, he was squired in New York by Stedman and Hawthorne, who "introduced him in literary circles." In later years Hawthorne contributed another introduction to a collection of Eugene Field's writings.

Hawthorne was willing to exploit his considerable prominence as a man of letters for commercial rewards. For the season of 1884-85 the Redpath Lyceum Bureau announced lectures by Hawthorne on the following topics, which leaned to publicizing the novelist's prestigious years abroad: London Environs; Walks in England; English and American Society; English and American Novels; and Readings from Nathaniel Hawthorne's Works. The Redpath puff quoted the Springfield Republican on one of Hawthorne's lectures:

Julian Hawthorne won golden opinions in his appearance as lecturer at the Concord School of Philosophy. . . His manner is very modest, without the painful shyness which his father had, and in appearance he now very much resembles the elder Hawthorne. His voice is deep and pleasing, and by practice would become very agreeable to an audience; while few of the literary essayists who lecture have so keen and finished a style.

There were approving notices quoted also from the Philadelphia Press, the London Globe and Academy, and from Richard Henry Stoddard, who had written in the New York Mail and Express that "Mr. Hawthorne is clearly and easily the first of living romancers." Hawthorne was also lecturing in the late 1880's under the auspices of his close friend for the next decade, Major Pond.

The novelist's ambitions turned in a somewhat different direction in 1885. He was invited to become the literary critic of the New York World, then edited by Joseph Pulitzer, and to write feature articles for that newspaper. Hawthorne had been a critic for the London Spectator in the 1870's, and in this sense
he was not taking a new step; but the involvement with the press as a gentleman-journalist (the phrase is George Knox's) was new, and was only the first of a dozen such newspaper positions he was to hold until his death. It is an open question whether such journalistic affiliations increased his literary reputation, or helped to extinguish it. Hawthorne himself felt ambivalent toward journalism: he could both proclaim the virtues of the yellow press and write an article called "Journalism the Destroyer of Literature."

Only a year after his work on the World began, Hawthorne became involved in a quarrel even more celebrated than his public imbroglio with George Lathrop ten years earlier. This time Hawthorne was the more or less passive party, and his old tutor James Russell Lowell was the cudgeller. Hawthorne had interviewed the ex-minister, and had published the results in the World on October 22, 1886. Lowell's conversation ranged from English politics and English writers to the royal family, and some of his comments were not discreet, as when, according to the reporter, he described Queen Victoria as "very tough" and Prince Albert as "immensely fat." Lowell must have read the interview with stunned surprise, for he wrote to the Boston Advertiser:

Nobody could have been more surprised and grieved than I by Mr. Hawthorne's breach of confidence in his report of my conversation with him. It never entered my head that the son of my old and honored friend was "interviewing" me. The reporter has made me say precisely the reverse of what I must have said and of what is the truth.  

Julian Hawthorne promptly replied that Lowell must have known he was being interviewed; and he was backed by the World, which lauded Hawthorne as a man of integrity incapable of dishonest dealings and conceded to Lowell only the fact that he may have said "some things about his aristocratic friends in England that sound unpleasant to him now." The public debate elicited another round of comments by Lowell and
Hawthorne and a chorus of gleeful editorials from the press all over the country, only too eager to bait the sage of Elmwood for his conservatism, his attacks upon a brother journalist, and what one newspaper called his public exposition as a tuft-hunting toady. Hawthorne’s friend Eugene Field adopted Lowell’s “Biglow” diction to spoof the sage:

One night aside the fire at hum,
   Ez I wuz settin’ nappin’,
Down from the lower hall there come
   The sound uv some one rappin’.
The son uv old Nat Hawthorne he—
   Julian, I think his name wuz—
Uv course he found a friend in me,
   Not knowin’ what his game wuz.

And iz we visited a spel,
   Our talk ranged wide an’ wider,
And ef we struck dry subjects—well,
   We washed ‘em down with cider.
Now, with that cider coursin’ thru
   My system an’ a playin’
Upon my tongue, I hardly knew
   Just what I wuz a sayin’.

I kin remember that I spun
   A highfalutin story
About the Prince uv Wales, an’ one
   About old Queen Victory.
But sakes alive! I never dreamed
   That cuss would get it printed.
(By that old Queen I’m much esteemed,
   Ez she hez often hinted.)

Oh, if I had that critter neow,
   You bet your boots I’d larn him
In mighty lively fashion heow
   To walk the chalk, gol darn him!
Meanwhile, between his folks an’ mine
   The breach grows wide an’ wider,
And, by the way, it’s my design,
   To give up drinkin’ cider.69
George Knox's summary of the Hawthorne-Lowell affair is that

in spite of [the] crescendo of polemic editorial print in Julian's defense, one comes away somewhat suspicious. Universally conceded to be "unfortunate," Mr. Lowell's attack obviously disturbed journalistic prerogatives. At best they were willing to admit . . . that Mr. Lowell misunderstood Julian's visit or that he merely forgot what he had said. The late representative from the Court of St. James's came off badly and failed to maintain his awesome dignity by ignoring the whole affair.60

The scales in the quarrel of 1876 had tipped against Julian Hawthorne. In this battle ten years later, even though his adversary was a mightier man than Lathrop had been, the scales tipped toward him. Julian Hawthorne's reputation as a journalist and man of letters had reached its apogee.

4. The Inner Record

Amid his successes as writer of popular fiction, as clubbable man, as lecturer, and as gentleman-journalist, Julian Hawthorne, in the years 1883–87, began to feel, nevertheless, that his life in its deepest commitments was a failure. The note of frustrated literary ambitions is confided first to the journals and then to a few friends, and is transmuted finally into what is to become a characteristic tone of self-deprecation.

Gone by 1883 was the youthful self-confidence that had led Julian Hawthorne to hope for literary fame. In his diary for November of that year, he ruthlessly attacked his own fiction. He felt that he had no deep regard, only a theoretical one, for people and that he had failed to create any convincing character in his novels and romances thus far. He recognized that for his lack of emotional sympathy he had to overcompensate by coaching an indolent, cold, and indifferent imagination. "I am too certain," he declared, "too flippant, too indifferent to everything, the truth included. I have no reverence for anything, and
would sacrifice anything, truth included, for the sake of a startling or picturesque effect." He went so far as to vow never to write another novel (a vow he did not keep), and seemed to consider that his failure had been due, first, to his inability to cater to popular tastes and, second, to the curious mixture of the Gothic and the realistic that disfigured his work.

The sense of isolation he felt from other human beings was psychological rather than cultural. He ascribes this isolation to a shyness "connected with vanity and with timidity," and perhaps here is close to feeling that isolation which played so prominent a part in determining the direction of his father's genius. But the elder Hawthorne could dramatize the phenomena of isolation with a sense of ironic pity, as in "Wakefield," or consummate human sympathy, as in "Ethan Brand." It is almost as if the more asocial Nathaniel Hawthorne was, the more he understood men in society. Just the reverse is true of his son: the closer he was to men in society, the less he understood them:

I notice, in my association with men that I very seldom show more than one facet of myself. . . I desire to be thought a superior person, and I desire to be on genial terms with those I meet; but I'm invariably conscious of not being so much a man as I would fain appear. But this disingenuousness and acting in me, so monopolises my care and attention, that I am able to spare very little for my interlocutor; in preventing him from getting a square look at me, I prevent myself from getting a square look at him; and the crisp of the joke is, that, after all, people estimate me at pretty nearly what I am worth. . . I know this, and yet I keep up the masquerade. And the result is, that men are to me either fools or foes, according to the degree of their strength and penetration. I get on much better with women, because I can more easily and completely subdue them; and also for other reasons. But neither do they know me.61

Thus the self-critique extended to his psychological deficiencies, as well as to his composition of fictions; but one feels, in reading over the journal for this year, that Hawthorne was
more sincere in the latter concern than in the former. His fiction was not distinguished, and he knew that; but his public front was such a resounding success that he was graciously willing to accept that compensation.

Julian Hawthorne was not above this kind of self-dramatization to others as well. He must have written in about the same mood to James Russell Lowell approximately a year before their quarrel; Lowell's kind answer makes the later battle even more ironic. He counseled Hawthorne:

Your bitterness is, I am sure, but a passing mood. You have not failed except as all men feel that they have failed when they contrast what they have done with what they dreamed of doing. You have inherited more from your father than his great name (which will always handicap you more or less)—something, namely, that seldom runs over into the second generation, & have still a growing-time & a fine career before you.

In the next month (December, 1885), when Hawthorne wrote to the poet Paul Hamilton Hayne, the note of resignation in the face of failure becomes dominant. Yet Hawthorne throws off some of the blame on the current state of literary affairs:

I see that your own generous imagination has colored and vivified the suggestions found in my writing. If you have waited long to find the touch worthy of my origin—I have waited longer still, and shall wait forever. It will never come. I do not regret it. I do not desire it. Life has been too much a matter of hard work with me to admit of my indulging any literary ambition. I have never had the opportunity to write as I would wish. I used to fancy that the time might come: but I know better now. And, were it to come, very likely I would do nothing. I am happy and content, on the other hand, in a beloved wife and eight children, one of whom is already an angel in the house of angels. I live here by the sea (after many years’ exile in foreign lands) and thank God that I shall end my days in my own dear country. This is not a place, nor a time, for literary success. The energy and imagination of our country is occupied in other directions—in commerce, in the occupations by which a mighty Continent is developed. The flower of literature must
wait for appreciation until the turmoil is over. You and such as
you can find little hearing now: still less can I; but if we give
birth to any pure and good thing, I am confident it will not be
lost. 63

By the time of the "Preliminary Confession" in Confessions
and Criticisms (1887), the tone of despair, which had been
replaced by resignation, was metamorphosed finally into self-
mockery. Thus he can say about his early novels: "I had in
those days a strange delight in rewriting my productions: it
was, perhaps, a more sensible practice than to print them." He
speaks of "the many pages which circumstances have compelled
me to inflict upon the world" and states amusingly that the
publication of Saxon Studies in book form "was followed by
the collapse of both the English and the American firm engag­
ing in that enterprise. I draw no deductions from that fact: I
simply state it." By the late 1870’s, he goes on, "I had already
ceased to take pleasure in writing for its own sake,—partly, no
doubt, because I was obliged to write for the sake of something
else. Only those who have no reverence for literature should
venture to meddle with the making of it,—unless, at all events,
they can supply the demands of the butcher and baker from an
independent source." He concludes:

I cannot conscientiously say that I have found the literary
profession—in and for itself—entirely agreeable. Almost ev­
everything that I have written has been written from necessity;
and there is very little of it that I shall not be glad to see
forgotten. Not that I would appear to belittle my own
work: it does not need it. But the present generation (in Amer­
ica at least) does not strike me as containing much literary
genius. The number of undersized persons is large and active,
and we hardly believe in the possibility of heroic stature.
Form without idea is nothing, and we have no ideas. If one of us
were to get an idea, it would create its own form, as easily as
does a flower or a plant. . . . For my part, I do not write better
than I do, because I have no ideas worth better clothes than they
can pick up for themselves. 64
5. Hawthorne As Critic

Despite the wryness of the self-reflection in the opening pages of Julian Hawthorne's *Confessions and Criticisms*, the book contains a valuable array of critical opinions. Making no pretense to be a distinguished writer of fiction, Hawthorne could nevertheless quite seriously advance his critical views on other writers and the art of writing, which are here gathered formally for the only time in his career. Certain chapters in the book, such as those dealing with Trollope, Emerson, Theodore Winthrop, and Kemys, are interesting enough; but it is in the essays "Novels and Agnosticism," "Americanism in Fiction," and "The Moral Aim in Fiction" that Hawthorne presents his heaviest battery of critical apparatus.

One may profitably begin with Julian's theory of the imagination:

Ideality and imagination are themselves merely the symptom or expression of the faculty and habit of spiritual or subjective intuition—a faculty of paramount value in life, though of late years, in the rush of rational knowledge and discovery, it is fallen into neglect. It undoubtedly belongs to an abstruse region of psychology; but its meaning for our present purpose is simply the act of testing questions of the moral consciousness by an inward touchstone of truth, instead of by external experience or information.65

Despite his scientific training, Hawthorne emerges here as the spiritual son of Coleridge and Emerson. Art was the imaginative expression of a divine life in man, and depended for its worth not upon the touchstone of scientific truth or literal fact, for which Hawthorne had an abiding contempt, but upon its perception of "the underlying truth, of which fact is but the phenomenal and imperfect shadow." The imaginative process must begin in nature, to be sure, refuse to distort it, and
HAWTHORNE'S SON

proceed to a "loftier reality." "This excludes," Hawthorne stated emphatically, "the photographic method of novel-writing. Spirit gives universality and meaning; but alas! for this new gospel of the auctioneer's catalogue, and the crackling of thorns under a pot." More specifically, Hawthorne traces the death of the imagination to the ascendancy of science, which has "proved nature to be so orderly and self-sufficient, and inquiry as to the origin of the primordial atom so unproductive and quixotic, as to make it convenient and indeed reasonable to accept nature as a self-existing fact, and to let all the rest—if rest there be—go." Along with science has come agnosticism, which informs the temper and materials of the current literary situation. Hawthorne considered doubt a disintegrating influence upon art, for it meant conceiving of the universe as one of chance occurrences; and literary methodology was reduced to "the scientific method of merely collecting and describing phenomena," which could not result in the creation or perception of beauty. The devil in Hawthorne's system—as in Henry James's—was Emile Zola, who was capable only of "a mixture of the police gazette and the medical reporter." Along with Howells and James, Hawthorne believed that the greatest writer of his age was Turgenev. Yet American writers seemed to be more susceptible to the influences of the former, who was more typical of the new "agnostic" tendencies, than of the latter.

Far from attempting to attach any dogma to the creation of works of art, Hawthorne insisted that there was a consonance between art and morality, for the imaginative writer, in seeking the reality beyond nature, found at the same time the source of true morality. Therefore, in Emersonian terms, the artist was literally the giver of the laws, the moralist; as Hawthorne put it, instead of saying that "art should be moral, we should rather say that all true morality is art—that art is the test of morality." But by this he did not mean to justify the notion of art for art's sake, a theory he viewed with contempt.

Although he was fearful that American writers, lacking a
past, in the European sense," were overly receptive to evil influences in the contemporary situation, Hawthorne devoted an entire essay to defending the hardihood of American literature. He told American writers that the use of American materials was not a useful criterion for an "American" work; if, he said, "we cannot have a national literature in the narrow, geographical sense of the phrase, it is because our inheritance transcends all geographical definitions." Such books as Henry James's *French Poets and Novelists* and E. C. Stedman's *Victorian Poets* are not only American, he declares, but more essentially American than if they had been disquisitions upon American literature:

The reason is, of course, that they subject the things of the old world to the tests of the new, and thereby vindicate and illustrate the characteristic mission of America to mankind. We are here to hold up European conventionalisms and prejudices in the light of the new day. What is an American novel except a novel treating of persons, places, and ideas from an American point of view? The point of view is *the* point, not the thing seen from it.

In the light of these standards, Hawthorne's view of the two most widely discussed writers of his time, James and Howells, may fairly be predicted. He found in Henry James's early work, such as *The Madonna of the Future*, an acceptable blending of reality and ideality. But the latter was unfortunately to disappear:

[James] seemed to feel the attraction of fairyland, but to lack resolution to swallow it whole; so, instead of idealizing both persons and plot, as Hawthorne had ventured to do, he tried to persuade real persons to work out an ideal destiny. But the tact, delicacy, and reticence with which these attempts were made did not blind him to the essential incongruity; either realism or idealism had to go, and step by step he dismissed the latter, until at length Turgenev's current caught him.

In James, Hawthorne believes, "the subjects that best repay attention are the minor ones of civilization, culture, behavior;
how to avoid certain vulgarities and follies, how to inculcate certain principles: and to illustrate these points heroic types are not needed.” The critic also berated James for the excessive “dissection” in the novels and the absence of passion: there is a misgiving in the reader, he said, that “we do not touch the writer’s true quality, and that these scenes of his, so elaborately and conscientiously prepared, have cost him much thought and pains, but not one throb of the heart or throe of the spirit.”

Howells is dismissed more summarily, as the historian of “our domestic and social pathology”; he has produced, says Hawthorne, “a great deal of finely wrought tapestry; but does not seem, as yet, to have found a hall fit to adorn it with.” Hawthorne saw the future of American literature to lie not in the “critical composure” of James, or the “gentle deprecation” of Howells, but in an anti-agnostic, courageous revelation of the full range of man’s moral nature. To do that, it would not “shrink from romance, nor from ideality.”

As Emerson was Julian Hawthorne’s inspiration for his theory of art, so Nathaniel Hawthorne was the basic source for his theory of romance. The son drew together the remarks in his father’s prefaces which constituted that theory: in summary, the difficulties attendant upon the construction of a romance with common American materials are stressed, and the alternative—the supplying of an artistic “Faery Land”—defended. “The ruin of a soul, the tragedy of a heart,” states the critic, “demand, as a necessity of harmony and picturesque effect, a corresponding and conspiring environment and stage.” Thus it was what one may call reverberation that Julian Hawthorne detected as the key to Hawthorne’s romances; and by this standard the modern realists and naturalists fell miserably short.

The noble motives, consistent judgments, and occasionally eloquent arguments of Confessions and Criticisms mark the book’s value as an expression of the school of Ideality. The main lines of argument laid down here were to guide Hawthorne’s critical work throughout his life, a fact demonstrated
by the very similar opinions expressed in the Pasadena Star-
News columns thirty years later. Hawthorne’s aesthetics also
formed the basis for his embracing of Utopian Socialism after
the turn of the century. Unfortunately, though we have here a
coherent statement of principles, we cannot use the criticism to
impose a sense of order on Julian Hawthorne’s own hodge-
podge fictional production. As my incidental comments on, and
outlines of, the stories make clear, there is no development in
his fiction, of the kind, for example, that he saw in James’s. His
own novels use romantic paraphernalia, including the heavy-
handed Gothic props; but they are not romances in Nathaniel
Hawthorne’s sense at all, for they do not use the romantic
background as a method of reverberation for the actions and
passions of the characters. Julian Hawthorne, one must insist,
did not understand the human heart; and the romantic tricks,
the vigorously heroic characters, the supernatural elements, the
“imagination” all too obviously present, and the frequent au-
thorial intrusions on behalf of “romance” and “ideality” do not
succeed in evoking the “ loftier reality” that his criticism advo-
cated. Admittedly, if he had had something to say, the romantic
trappings could be defended; and if his style had been distin-
guished, much could be forgiven. But in the absence of what his
father called “the truth of the human heart,” all appears as
icing, with very little cake. Only when Hawthorne completely
divested himself of the romantic ideals he so cherished in his
criticism did he write his better works of fiction.