The Decline of a Reputation

1. The Temple Falls

After the appearance of Confessions and Criticisms in 1887, Julian Hawthorne, despite private despairs and public self-mockery, continued to write fiction at his usual prodigious rate. The only serious novel written between the inept John Parmelee’s Curse (1886) and A Fool of Nature (1896), however, was the successful A Dream and a Forgetting (1888). Contrasted to this realistic study of New York life, and to several thoughtful short stories, is a large group of tales that, in one way or another, conjure up the spectacle of romance. These include the five short novels advertised as the “Byrnes-Hawthorne Series,” and another sensational adventure work, An American Monte Cristo; the fanciful and grotesque stories The Professor’s Sister and The Golden Fleece; and almost all of the short stories collected in the volumes David Poindexter’s Disappearance and Other Tales and Six-Cent Sam’s.

Like Love—or a Name and Beatrix Randolph, A Dream and a Forgetting is set mostly in the world of New York society, which Julian both admired and damned. The hero, a conceited young poet named Fairfax Boardwine, is in love with a fair country girl, Mary Gault. In a dream one night she happens
upon a marvelous story, which she tells to her poet-lover, who, embroidering it with the full force of his imagination, produces his masterpiece, the narrative poem from which Hawthorne's novel derives its title. Boardwine is too much of a prig to ascribe any of the success of the poem to Mary, and she too loving to require it; but the narrator at least sees the realities of the situation.

The "pure" native-town scene now shifts to "evil" New York, whither Fairfax goes to play the social lion, and where he meets the most fascinating character of the novel, Mrs. Cartaux, the wife of his publisher, who is enmeshed in an unhappy marriage that has never aroused her passion. Her haughtiness is conquered by Boardwine's boldness, and she not only aids him in adapting his poem for the stage but plans to run away with him immediately after the first performance. The narrator, a staunch friend of Mary, suspects all this and plans to foil the seduction; but when Boardwine's play is hooted off the stage, Mrs. Cartaux, "not the sort of woman to sacrifice herself for a beaten man," dismisses him contemptuously. The penitent Fairfax returns to Mary.

Despite the mechanical conception of character contrast ("Mary was my good angel," Boardwine says, "while Mrs. Cartaux was my evil genius; it was under her influence that I tried to change the poem into a play—to degrade it from an ideal into something popular"), Hawthorne does handsomely with Mrs. Cartaux. The "experience of passion" that Hawthorne had found markedly absent in the novels of Henry James informs such passages as the following:

She longed to come in contact with some man in whom the masculine quality was present in its most virile form, who was redolent of human nature and human want and passion. Evidently, then, these elements must have been absent from her experience hitherto; and this might be the explanation of her coldness. She wanted to be grasped by a powerful hand, to be conquered by sheer strength, to be made to feel that there was a force in the world superior to the arguments of reason, the
dictates of prudence, or the rules of morality. In other words, she had not yet fully come into her birthright. 

Mrs. Cartaux is not so great a character as Perdita Grantley or Cornelia Valeyon, for she never attains to an understanding of her actions. Hawthorne himself is capable of creating this fascinating creature, but not of understanding her fully; for at the end he takes the dreary conventional view and condemns her for her "cynical creed of life." *A Dream and a Forgetting*, despite its realistic emphasis, contains the familiar improbabilities of narrative, and is, finally, only a pale copy of such dense, complex works as *Sebastian Strome*.

Linked with *A Dream and a Forgetting* by virtue of their serious investigation of the psychology of love are two stories in the volume *David Poindexter's Disappearance and Other Tales* (1888). In the first, "'When Half-Gods Go, the Gods Arrive,'" Ambrose Drayton, an elderly returned American expatriate, falls in love with Mary Leithe, daughter of an old friend. Just before Ambrose can bring himself to declare his love (which Mary would have returned), a young fellow named Redmond appears, and Ambrose, doubting himself and his gray hairs, loses his chance. The subtle weavings of the old man's emotional state are well caught. Even better is the story "'Set Not Thy Foot on Graves,'" in which the narrator, Claude Campbell, an artist, confides to his journal details of the reappearance of a woman named Ethel, now Mrs. Courtney, who had jilted him seven years before. In the absence of her husband, and conscious of their wasted lives, Claude feels his love for her returning. When Courtney dies unexpectedly in an accident, Claude is now free to court Ethel again, for she loves him. But he hesitates, and finally goes West. While she was married, Claude's imagination was happy with the idea of loving her in some dim future; but when she became accessible, he was impelled to relinquish her. "Perhaps," he muses, "by force of habit, I had grown to love better than love itself, those self-same forlorn conditions and dreary solitudes which I was
continually lamenting and praying to be delivered from!" \(^3\) This is good, and the subtle dialogue between the two old lovers over which the shadow of the past hovers is also unusually well done.

Against this slender output of serious fiction in the late 1880's and early 90's must be placed a very large body of romantic work either sensational, melodramatic, or familiarly, Gothic. In 1887–88, for example, Hawthorne produced five short novels based upon the files of Chief Inspector Byrnes of New York. The popular group of stories was launched in the same year as the first of the Sherlock Holmes tales, *A Study in Scarlet*, and Fergus Hume's *Hansom Cab*, "the best-selling detective story of all time."\(^4\) The series belongs most closely, however, to the "realistic" tradition of detective-crime literature. Beginning in 1856 and continuing until about 1890, declares an authority on the genre, "a gout of books gushed forth from the presses, professing to be the memoirs of this police officer or that, many of which were fiction concocted by professional writers."\(^5\) "Such narratives," wrote Hawthorne, "have the advantage over the conceptions of the imagination, that they are a record of facts, not fancies, and carry the authority and impressiveness of fact."\(^6\) The stories are thickly plotted in the best Hawthorne manner, and abound with romantic complications, but they do not fasten strongly enough on the intellectual overtones of the tale of ratiocination. The best novel of the series is *An American Penman*, an account of whose plot will demonstrate the prevailing tone of the whole group of stories.\(^7\)

The hero is Count Ivan Fedovsky, a Russian nobleman traveling in Europe who loses money gambling at Monte Carlo, and then learns he has lost his estates in Russia. Going to New York with his English servant Tom Bolan, he attempts to begin a new life, but fails, even though he is charmed by Sallie Vanderblick. She erases from his heart his early love for Vera, whom her father had married off to prevent his marrying her, and whom Fedovsky had seen involved in shady dealings on the Riviera. The count becomes involved in a robbery, and thus meets Inspector Byrnes, to whom he tells his story, and who
decides to give him a secret mission in Europe uncovering the head of a group of international forgers (or "penmen"). This is a man named Willis, whom Fedovsky had also seen with Vera at Monte Carlo. Willis attempts to have the count murdered, but Fedovsky escapes and tracks Willis to his headquarters, Vera's house in Italy. The unfortunate Vera, who was an enslaved accomplice, poisons herself at the end, revealing before she does so that Fedovsky really retains his estates. The dark, passionate, sinful Vera appears seldom, but very effectively; beside her, Sallie is a pallid heroine. The European adventures are excellently told; much of the latter part of the novel is set in Dresden, which of course Hawthorne knew well; and the Monte Carlo scenes are vivid. There is more sheer excitement about the melodrama—as in the scene in a darkened theater in which Fedovsky is almost garroted—than in the other detective stories. Hawthorne's interest in criminal activities, manifested in this series, was to be demonstrated again a few years later in *Confessions of a Convict* (1893).

Criminals, detectives, the beauteous maiden and the *femme fatale*, cursed jewels, and just about every sensational trick that Hawthorne had learned thus far appear in another novel of these years, *An American Monte Cristo* (1888), which was especially popular in England. A painter named Keppel Darke, falsely accused of the murder of his loved one's guardian, manages to escape his captors and (through an incredible coincidence) secure an immense fortune in jewels belonging to the French crown. He returns to New York as the Count de Lisle and succeeds in solving the crime—Hawthorne here adapted the disguise motif from "Countess Almara's Murder"—and in winning the fair ward Olympia. It may be glittering rubbish, but we know that at least it paid some of Hawthorne's bills.

The old supernaturalist compulsions of Julian Hawthorne, which had been released only intermittently in the early 1880's, returned in full force in his romance *The Professor's Sister* (1888). The first chapter, titled "Metaphysics," is a pseudo-
profound discussion of the certainty of the existence of the world of spirits, and of the possibility of reincarnating those spirits. No intellectual excitement is generated, and the cloudy talk about the Buddhist "astral light" is deficient in both meaning and interest.

The familiar wicked-stepmother folktale is adapted handily to Hawthorne's purposes. A young student named Ralph Merlin loves Hildegarde, much to the chagrin of her stepmother Catalina, who loves Ralph. After her initial attempt on Hildegarde's life is foiled by the spectral appearance of the girl's brother, a professor named Conrad, Catalina manages to poison Hildegarde. At this point in the story, one is much struck with Hawthorne's depiction of Catalina, one of his fascinating and deadly women of the world, like Mrs. Cartaux: "You received from her a powerful impression of sex. And she made you feel that she valued you just so far as you were man."

Professor Hertrugge takes the narrator into his magical retreat and subjects him to electromagnetic powers so that he feels at one with the universe and sees the dead body of Hildegarde come to life. The professor, who is also a clairvoyant and who carries out the doctrines preached in the first chapter, "indulges in practices which in old times would have brought him to the stake," and Hawthorne suggests that "his results were achieved by sheer witchcraft." Conrad causes the spirit of Hildegarde to appear in a terrifying manner to her murderess. Finally, two years later, he raises her in the flesh and marries her to an understandably stunned Merlin. Catalina goes mad upon seeing the reincarnated girl—this is Conrad's revenge—but when Ralph is mortally wounded in a struggle, Hildegarde chooses to die again with him, so that they may be joined in the spiritual world. Hertrugge bears an interesting resemblance to Nathaniel Hawthorne's psychopathic scientists like Aylmer and Rappaccini, abstract speculators who engage in practices beyond the sphere of human limitations. Ralph sets the moral tone to the professor at the end of the story: "It was all wrong—what you attempted and I acquiesced in." These overtones are
perhaps the most interesting thing in this last important neo-Gothic romance.

Four years were to pass before the appearance of Hawthorne's next work of fiction, the short romance *The Golden Fleece* (1892). Many of Hawthorne's old tricks with the supernatural are produced and made to go through their tired paces; they betray the author's weariness and lack of inspiration. In this story we find a double reincarnation (the phenomenon first used in the early tales and repeated in *The Professor's Sister* continued to interest Hawthorne) of a priest and priestess of the age of Montezuma, Kamaiaakan and Semitzin. The former has called forth the princess to reveal the whereabouts of a treasure hidden from the conquistadores and has placed her in the body of Miriam, daughter of General Trednoke, on whose California ranch the main events take place. The dual personality theme of *Archibald Malmaison* is here revived and stated by Kamaiaakan: "Two women, both tenants of the same body, both in love with the same man, and therefore rivals of each other, and each claiming a right to existence." 10 Harvey Freeman is the hero in love with this schizophrenic maiden. He and the general engage in a search for a spring that can irrigate the nearby desert, but it is Semitzin, clothed in the magical "Golden Fleece," a woolen garment of Montezuma's time, who sets the spring flowing. Kamaiaakan dies, however, and Semitzin with him, thus leaving Miriam in possession of herself and the hero. Except for the graphic descriptions of the Southern California desert, *The Golden Fleece* is not a memorable piece of work.

Most of the short stories produced in the decade after Hawthorne's involvement with journalism show the same preoccupations manifested in *The Professor's Sister* and *The Golden Fleece*. In the collection *David Poindexter's Disappearance and Other Tales* (1888), Gothic elements such as clairvoyant heroes and heroines, secret passageways, and medieval castles appear in such tales as "My Friend Paton" and "Ken's Mystery." The title story of the volume is a reworking of familiar materials. The Reverend David Poindexter, chained to the little
English town of Witton, is liberated when he inherits his uncle's money and property. Corrupted into gambling by the young bloods of London, he soon loses his new wealth and, in the process, his betrothed. The "Wicked Parson" then finds that he has a cousin named Giovanni Lambert, his uncle's true heir, who is his double. When Giovanni is killed in an accident, David disappears and returns later as Lambert to claim the estate and live out his life as a changed man. "Thus," writes Hawthorne, "he could escape from the individuality which was his curse, and find his true self, as it were, in another person."

We see several familiar patterns: the simplicity of Witton versus the fashionable corruption of London; and the description of David's Italian aunt as a "foreign woman of great beauty, but of doubtful character and antecedents." The fall-of-the-egoist theme so characteristic of Hawthorne is also present, but the change in Poindexter is as unconvincing as it is in Warren Bell. "Ken's Mystery" is the liveliest of the romantic tales in this collection of 1888. It begins at Halloween, as the narrator visits his friend Keningale, whose youth has been blasted by a strange experience in Ireland. Ken tells a weird Gothic tale set in a seacoast town like that in Noble Blood. It was on another All Hallow's Eve that Ken had left a soldiers' drinking party under the influence of the story of the fair Ethelind Fionguala who, two centuries before, had been carried off by vampires and perhaps had become one herself. Returning to his house, Ken passes through a graveyard and, led by an obliging wraith, returns two hundred years through time, to become the banjo-strumming lover of the thirsty Ethelind. After courting the damsel in a gloomy old house, Ken awakens to find that his banjo has aged two centuries. The tone of this quaintly Gothic piece is set by such remarks as "The medieval age was alive once more."

Similar in spirit to this undistinguished volume was Six-Cent Sam's, a collection of short stories that comprised the bulk of Hawthorne's fiction for the year 1893. The frame for this group of thirteen tales is "Six-Cent Sam's," a New York
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hideaway of the 1890's. Eight of the stories are told in a symposium at a Christmas dinner, and most of them deal in one way or another with the familiar elements of supernaturalism in the form of mesmerism, seances, and the appearance of disembodied spirits. Two of the stories are of more than passing interest. The first, "The Author's Story," has for its hero an unbalanced painter named Linden, who is engaged upon creating "the incarnation of perfect maidenhood" on canvas; his model is an exquisite creature who is perhaps growing to love him. After completing his painting, Linden murders his model and then commits suicide. The reasons are left somewhat ambiguous by the narrator. The girl as "incarnation," Linden had believed, "should remain immaculate. [She was of] the type of maidens fit for love, but innocent of love's embrace." As for himself, it was not merely his achievement of his supreme canvas that brought about his decision. "Did Linden love the girl?" Hawthorne asks. "Did she love—or was she ready to love him? If so, no common tragedy was consummated on the day they died. It was death for an ideal, and something more—an act of self-abnegation seldom paralleled." Thus the murder and suicide could perhaps have been Linden's way of preventing the desecration of the love-ideality of his portrait. This short story, one of Julian Hawthorne's most successful, achieves a tone much like that of the elder Hawthorne's best tales: the overtones of the intriguing and ambiguous love story are moral. The second interesting tale in Six-Cent Sam's is "The Captain's Story," a powerful narrative dealing with a man named Juan Cordoba, who is brought up by his witch-mother in Mexico to believe in astrological portents, and who expects that on a certain day in his life he will find a great treasure. He becomes a prodigal, a murderer, a brigand in Panama, and then a convict. While in chains in Brazil, on the very day he is to make his fortune, he finds what he foolishly thinks is a lump of glass and gives it away before realizing that it is the great diamond fated for him. "When a man has lived wholly under the dominion of a fixed idea," the narrator says, "and some-
thing happens to deprive him of that, his life, in a sense, comes to an end.” Juan is later pardoned and lives out his days as a wretched beggar.

The interest in astrology displayed in “The Captain’s Story” becomes a characteristic Hawthorne theme in the 1890’s. It appears not only in the novel A Fool of Nature (1896) but in two short tales, “The New Endymion” and “An Inter-Planetary Episode.” The treatment of this “science-fiction” material does not resemble Jules Verne’s: there are no exciting journeys to outer space, for example. Rather, as in the last-named story, there is a communication of so-called spiritual states between beings on different planets. Penryn’s daughter Yoga falls into a trance each time Mars’ orbit swings closest to earth. Harvey, a specialist in nervous and mental diseases, manages to communicate with the spirit of the girl, which has been translated to Mars. When Yoga is abandoned by her Martian lover Kanor, she suffers her earthly death. The story, which is marred by excessively trite diction, springs, like so much of Julian Hawthorne’s fiction, from his abiding belief in the reality of the spiritual world.

The decline in Julian Hawthorne’s art in the late 1880’s and early 1890’s is perhaps too obvious for extended comment. In the two earlier periods discussed, in England and America, he had produced memorable works of fiction: Garth, Sebastian Strome, and Love—or a Name. The romantic mode had been balanced by the realistic, the popular by the serious. With the growing involvement in journalism, such ethical lapses as the Lowell interview, and certainly a severely weakened imagination, Hawthorne’s fiction reached its lowest ebb. Romances dominate; characters continually run to type, and the themes appear only as stale reworkings of the more thoughtful fiction; in short, craftsmanship is replaced by cunning. His name was still valuable, and he was as prolific as ever; but the work, with the few exceptions noted, is shoddy and trivial. The great career promised by even such artistically unsatisfying works as Garth and Sebastian Strome had, ten years later, come to
naught. The Moorish temple envisioned in Julian Hawthorne's letter of 1874 as the "monument" to his father had already crumbled; the Parthenon still stood.

2. Hawthorne and Whitman

 Julian Hawthorne's ambitions had taken several new directions in this period. First, he had adopted historical hackwork as an additional source of income. His first attempt was his supplementary chapter to Thomas Colley Grattan's standard History of the Netherlands (1889), and he contributed a similar chapter of recent events to John Richard Green's England (1898). In 1892 he wrote a two-volume Story of Oregon, a lively and interesting piece of work; in its preface he seems to defend his new kind of enterprise to himself:

History is to-day at least as much a fine art as is the writing of imaginative fiction; it is no less rich in the interest arising from the manifestations of human nature; and it is fertile in the problems of social and political science.\textsuperscript{12}

And we find in his appraisal of contemporary life something of his characteristic opinions:

To-day . . religion seems rich in forms but poor in spirit; . . science is knocking at the door of the unseen, and can gain no admittance; literature refines upon itself and ceases to create; . . social life is as the glittering crust suspended over a dark abyss.\textsuperscript{13}

For his Story of Oregon Hawthorne was paid one thousand dollars, which perhaps compensated for the fact that he never received the proof sheets. The publisher, The American Historical Publishing Company, seems to have then affixed the valuable Hawthorne name to another history that appeared the following year, History of Washington, the Evergreen State, supposedly by Hawthorne in collaboration with a Colonel G. Douglas Brewerton.\textsuperscript{14}
Yet another nonfictional pursuit of these years was the composition, jointly with Leonard Lemmon, a Texas school administrator, of a textbook called *American Literature* (1891). It was one of Hawthorne's most popular and perhaps most influential books, which saw numerous editions and did not go out of print until the 1920's. This was one of the first texts devoted exclusively to American literature, as distinct from English, yet the student was warned unchauvinistically:

In dealing with the subject of American Literature, optimism is not expedient only, but indispensable. Unless we can see promise in it, there is not much, as yet, that we can see. After a few great names, we are at the end of our original creative geniuses. All the rest are either reflections of these, or of European models, or else are really nothing at all but print and paper.\(^1\)

The volume reflects contemporary judgments of the leading figures of American literature. In keeping with Hawthorne's frequently expressed opinions, Emerson and Nathaniel Hawthorne emerge as the great heroes, and Lowell is identified as "the most distinguished" of living writers.\(^1\) Other now well-regarded figures do not come off so well. Mark Twain, classified only as a "humorist," receives the same amount of space as Charles F. Browne, and *Huckleberry Finn* is not even mentioned. Herman Melville is barely noticed except to compare him favorably to Cooper as a writer of the sea; *Pierre* is dismissed as "repulsive, insane, and impossible."

The most vicious attack in the book, one which was to have significant repercussions, is levelled at Walt Whitman:

It is a question whether, when the shock of his grotesque style and still more grotesque "claims" is over, he may not turn out to be a comparatively commonplace and imitative writer. Much of his apparent originality is certainly due to his remarkable ignorance. . . Since he could not use the instruments that had sufficed for Homer, Shakespeare, and Tennyson, he betought himself to decry these as effete and inadequate, and to bray forth his message upon a foghorn. . . . In proclaiming a revolt against
the errors and prejudices of the past, he succeeded only in revolting against common sense, good taste and literary sanity."

The specter of continuous public controversy that marked the career of Julian Hawthorne after 1876 once more was aroused by these remarks, as Whitman's outspoken admirers leaped to his defense. Horace Traubel quoted some of the anti-Whitman passages in his journal, *The Conservator*, cast doubts upon Hawthorne's authorship, and sneeringly compared the remarks to Hawthorne's earlier praise of Whitman at the poet's birthday dinner in Camden in 1889. Julian Hawthorne had warmly toasted Whitman in the following words: "Surely the man or poet whose sympathy can extend from the highest specimen of our time [Abraham Lincoln] to the lowest nameless outcast, is worthy of more than all the sympathy and honor that we contain." Hawthorne quickly rushed to his own defense in the next issue of *The Conservator*. He took Traubel to task for quoting out of context and assumed complete responsibility for the text and its opinions. Instead of taking the position that he had merely changed his mind between 1889 and 1891, he chose instead—quite convincingly—to excuse his speech as "straining a point," in order to be in harmony with the occasion. As a critic, Hawthorne declared, he was bound to tell "the whole truth" as he saw it:

I wished to do what service I might for our literature, and there could be no service in following the hackneyed lines worn by the compilers of former "Manuals," and echoing their perfunctory eulogies. I said, therefore, what I thought, with such explicitness as I could command; and I am gratified to see that this astonishing innovation has fluttered the dove-cotes of conventionalism and fatuity."

Traubel, in the same issue, answered Hawthorne's criticism by printing the entire offensive section from *American Literature*, asserting its entire and obvious inconsistency with the remarks of 1889, and resting his case. Although one investigator con-
eludes that he “exposed Hawthorne courteously but completely,” 20 Hawthorne’s motives appear sounder than his judgments.

Despite the genteel wrongheadedness and conventionality of many of the judgments made in American Literature, the major part of the book is penetrating and well written, and absolutely fair and right in its opinions of such writers as Franklin, Irving, Emerson, Hawthorne, James, and Howells. There is even mention of Julian Hawthorne himself, who is correctly classified in the modern “Imaginative” group, which included Aldrich, Gilder, Hearn, Lanier, Stedman, and Stoddard. The schoolboys were told that

Julian Hawthorne has been a copious writer. . He is at his best in the imaginative vein; and such stories as Bressant, Idolatry, Archibald Malmaison, “The Pearl-Shell Necklace” [“The Laughing Mill”], and “Sinfire,” indicate powers in the writer which, if conscientiously and carefully employed, might produce good results. 21

It is somewhat amusing to find, in this surely ironic commentary, that Julian Hawthorne was still to be looked upon as a promising writer, twenty years after the launching of his career and after the publication of two dozen novels and romances and two volumes of short stories. One may, if one wishes, find the real analysis of Julian Hawthorne in the passage ostensibly devoted to the career of Bayard Taylor. The section, stylistically Hawthorne’s, seems composed with a peculiar fervor, and is immediately applicable to the state of mind he had himself reached in the 1880’s:

[Taylor] desired to be a great poet: poetry was the end and aim of his life. He bent himself to his lofty task with hopeful ardor. He wrote better than he had ever before written; he produced poems which were good, admirable—all but great. But they were not quite great: and no one recognized this truth so quickly and clearly as he. He had miscalculated his powers; they had sufficed to bring him almost within reach of his goal, and
there they failed him. It was a tragedy of the soul, to be appreciated by those only who were as finely organized as he. He had dreamed of being first; and to find himself, at the end of his career, anywhere else than first was to him no better than to have fallen at the outset. He died, while yet comparatively young, a disappointed man, though only those who knew him most intimately suspected it.\textsuperscript{22}

This forms an accurate and poignant, if premature, epigraph to the literary career of Julian Hawthorne.

In the midst of writing the miscellaneous articles, romances, and histories of 1892, Julian Hawthorne was seized with one of his sudden enthusiasms for travel. His wife Minne wrote to Rose Lathrop that the whole Hawthorne family, to be christened the "Literary Argonauts," was to sail to the South Pacific in a yacht to settle down for the remainder of their lives. Hawthorne was to continue his newspaper and magazine writing, and to produce pirate novels with all the "local color." Minne exclaims: "Picture a whole family, all ages and both sexes, among the South Sea Isles. O Typee! O Omoo!" There was to be no definite course, but merely a pleasant sail until the ideal island was found. In a flash of business inspiration, Hawthorne publicized the venture widely, and many others volunteered to join the Argonauts, paying up to five thousand dollars for the privilege. Everything was ready by the end of 1892, and even the yacht that was to carry the adventurers was purchased. But for some unknown reason, the plan fell through as suddenly as it had come into being, and an adventure into the exotic was to be delayed for a full year.\textsuperscript{23}

Meanwhile, in 1893, in the months before the Hawthornes set sail for Jamaica, two works of nonfiction were produced. The first of these was \textit{Humors of the Fair}, a rambling, carelessly organized book that expanded several articles on the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 written for \textit{Lippincott's} and \textit{Cosmopolitan}. In Julian Hawthorne's sarcastic statement about "Machinery Hall," we get an echo of the frustration of his plan of the previous year: "Where would we be without machinery?
In Asia, or in the Fiji Islands. What would we do there? Nothing, except eat, sleep, and be happy. Whereas, we can have dyspepsia, insomnia, and nervous prostration here, and work and be miserable from morning till night.” There are interesting remarks here and there about the American character and the eventual, desirable, decay of “Fine Society”; but by far the best-written sections of the book are those dealing with the sculptures and paintings in the Palace of Fine Arts. One finds here none of the timid, tentative judgments of a Nathaniel Hawthorne in regard to art; the cosmopolitan Julian Hawthorne knew what he liked and why he liked it. He admired particularly Sargent’s portrait of his friend Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth and praised the works of his old London acquaintances Whistler and Alma-Tadema. He poured his scorn on a sentimental picture called “Breaking Home Ties,” by an artist identified with “the class of paintings of real scenes of which the Englishman Frith is the master. From a purely artistic standpoint it is almost worthless; but it is the most popular painting in the Exposition. It ‘comes home’ to the People.” He found the nude sculptures to have the “taint of the model” upon them, and compared them unfavorably with such classical works as the Faun of Praxiteles (a familiar reference point for a Hawthorne) and the Discobulus, which showed “the beauty of humanity, but of no specific human being.” American artists, he felt, never attain the unconsciousness of the antique, and since their statues “know that they are naked,” they are immodest. He theorizes:

Our statues are too apt to be in the painter's vein: the subjects and the expressions of emotion we select are not adapted to the material employed. Emotion may, indeed, rightly be expressed in marble or bronze; but it should be emotion at a culminating point—at a point of rest. No transient action should be represented; the counteraction of opposite forces should be so complete, that the figure or group could retain its present pose forever without seeming to do violence to nature. This was the law evidently observed in the best ancient sculptures, and its
value is shown by the fact that the latter are still the best in the world.\textsuperscript{26}

He excepts from this general condemnation of modern sculpture the work of his friend Edward Kemys, whose animal figures Hawthorne extols here, as he had in \textit{Confessions and Criticisms}. Even though \textit{Humors of the Fair} is scarcely a valuable book, it shows Julian Hawthorne as that rarity, the erudite journalist.

From the elevated comments on ancient and modern art, the versatile Hawthorne turned to the grim realities of prison life in \textit{Confessions of a Convict} (1893), a book he purportedly edited from the manuscript of an inmate at the State Prison at Auburn, New York. The prisoner's account, declared Hawthorne, "contains criticisms on the management of our jails and on the dealings of the police with criminals out of prison, as well as statements reflecting on the moral integrity of persons conventionally supposed to be honorable, all of which are more or less serious and startling." \textsuperscript{27} This was overstating the case. There are, however, vivid descriptions of the rottenness of prison food, the corruption of the officials and guards, and the problem of the insane prisoners, and a muckraking account of how prisons "recruit" many of their inmates through the collaboration of tavern owners and police. The portraits of the inmates are superficial, and the book is too frequently a muddle of incoherent materials; the problem is compounded in the final section, which is devoted to an objective account of criminal activities in America. The book shows Julian Hawthorne's continuing interest in the life of crime, an interest demonstrated in the popular "Inspector Byrnes" books of the late 1880's. And it makes a masterfully ironic forerunner to Hawthorne's poignant and powerful account of his own incarceration twenty years later in \textit{The Subterranean Brotherhood} (1914). What Julian Hawthorne wrote or "edited" here in his customary slapdash style, concentrating on sensational elements, was to be repeated.
in many details later but with an absolute sincerity and power that came then from personal experience.

### 3. The Kingston Years

The Argonaut project, which had slumbered for a year, came to life again late in 1893. In the diary he was to keep at Kingston, Julian noted that “we mean to buy, ultimately, and cultivate fruits and vegetables for the market—always supposing our $7000 from the Chicago land holds out.” Hildegarde Hawthorne clarifies this cryptic reference in her fictional account of the West Indian years, *Island Farm*, when she declares that one of her brothers had superintended the sale of a valuable piece of land for $10,000, freeing the family from the necessity of remaining at Sag Harbor. She goes on:

> It was decided that the tropics should be the next home, partly because the Princess [Minne Hawthorne] needed a softer climate and an easier life than she had known for some time, partly because Papa and she thought that there was a real opportunity to start a business in the island that would assure a future to the boys."

With the assistance of his literary and journalistic friends, including George P. Lathrop and John Habberton, Hawthorne attempted to secure the post of consul at Kingston from President Cleveland; but this imitation of his father failed. Without employment, then, Hawthorne and his family arrived in Jamaica, British West Indies, on December 9, 1893, and began a tranquil residence that was to last almost three years.

“We found a lovely Island, and eternal summer,” Hawthorne wrote in his journal soon after arriving. The Hawthornes had leased a house “at $30 a month. 1000 acres of ground, large house, in West Indian style. It has been of course lovely summer weather since we came with a shower about every day. Temperature average 80° We are all well,
and Minne better than at Sag Harbor. We have big appetites. We know about a score of people, including Governor Blake.' A few weeks later he wrote, "It is a lazy life. But I have some sleep to make up." The family spent the peaceful months visiting, hiking, dancing in the evening, and driving through the island in their new American carriage. Hawthorne's American agent was his friend Joseph M. Stoddart, the publisher of Lippincott's, who arranged for the publication of Hawthorne's miscellaneous articles—mostly descriptive pieces about Jamaica—in his own magazine, in Cosmopolitan, and in Once-a-Week. Judging from the very small number of articles published in 1894 and 1895, the Hawthornes were not hard pressed for money. But the relaxation of the Kingston years did not imply a corresponding ebbing of creativity, as the events of 1895-96 were to demonstrate.

In 1895 the New York Herald offered a prize of $10,000 for the best American novel submitted in competition that year. Eleven hundred novels were offered, and when the judges announced their selection, a Miss Judith Holinshed of Kingston, Jamaica, leaped into sudden literary prominence for her prize novel, A Fool of Nature. The only genuine thing about Judith Holinshed, however, was her initials. The writer, as the New York newspapers, including the Herald, soon declared to the world, was none other than that old hack Julian Hawthorne, who had not written a major work of fiction since 1892. In a letter to the Critic Hawthorne concocted a delightful suppositious history of Miss Holinshed; however, his barely credible account of the story's being written in three weeks is actually supported by a private letter in which he declares that he "rattled it off on this typewriter in 24 and a half days." The pseudonymous authorship was probably undertaken in the same high spirits manifested in the Critic letter, and is reflected obliquely in the theme of the novel.

A reader obsessed with Julian Hawthorne's literary delinquencies comes to this new work prepared, perhaps, to make some opprobrious remarks about American literary taste in
1895; but he remains to be charmed. The theme and treatment show unquestioned maturity, an absence of supernatural frippery, and a first-rate sense of humor. Despite its limitations _A Fool of Nature_ is a sparkling and delightful production, in the first rank of Hawthorne's fiction. The influence of Oscar Wilde in the early years of this decade has left its mark on the witty pages of this novel; it is amazing that Julian Hawthorne, whose sense of humor is the least discernible element in his fiction, should have fashioned such a wealth of witticisms and the "humor" characters to speak them—the Reverend Plukeros Agabag, General Stepyngstone, Mrs. Dorothy Tiptoft, and others. In the conversations at the St. Quentin Club in Boston (reminiscent of the Mulberry Club in _Sebastian Strome_) and at the Whiterduce dinner party, Hawthorne reaches his highest technical proficiency in dialogue; it is a far cry indeed from the muddy metaphysical exchanges of _The Professor's Sister_ to the light-hearted effervescence of _A Fool of Nature_. One only hopes that the hero, Murgatroyd Whiterduce, is not expressing the author's sentiments when he says about the Club wits: "They seem always to be making fun of everything so as to make you feel uncomfortable. It makes you laugh, but it doesn't make you feel good." 31

The plot of the novel involves the coming-of-age of young Murgatroyd, who is not at home with his society friends but only with low companions. It emerges that "Murgy" was a changeling son, the offspring of a villainous Irishman, and has been the innocent cause of a twenty-year misunderstanding between his supposed parents. When Murgy's "father" is murdered and his "mother" dies, the young man, who had been a fool in society but withal warmhearted and generous, embarks on a process of education and mental growth that enables him to cut quite a decent figure in the world. "There was a terrible realism, or naturalism, about this young man," the author comments. "He did not take the conventional or sentimental view." Murgatroyd is thus allied to such "natural" heroes as Jack in _Fortune's Fool_ and Garth.
Yet one of the ironies of the story is that the son is seeking to make himself worthy of the family name, when actually the elder Whiterduce had been an unscrupulous would-be dictator. Pynchepole Whiterduce had been planning, exactly like Seth Drayton in *Love—or a Name*, to build a secret dictatorship in America: "Power was his single aim; power absolute and practical, yet abstracted to the verge of spirituality." His murder by Murgy's blackmailing father ends his plans. The development of Pynchepole in this story is not interesting, however, and at his death we have none of the feelings we share with Warren Bell when the latter comes upon the elderly Drayton, a suicide in his study.

The novel is rewarding for its truth-telling scenes, which may be traced in Hawthorne's fiction from Bressant's raging against Abbie, to Perdita's denunciation of her adopted father in *Dust*, to the scene in this novel in which Isabella, Murgy's betrothed, confronts her mother with the proof of her hypocrisy and cries, "It seems to me as if this smooth, tinkling, smirking, rotten-hearted respectability would drive me mad." The novel's minor characters—Dr. Maydwall, the unconventional physician; his friends, the astrologer Gabriel Negus and the voice teacher Polydore Seamell; and several "New Women"—are not carefully developed. Several features of the story, such as the ideal of unalterable heredity—Murgatroyd is a "low" person though brought up in a cultivated household from babyhood—may today appear antiquated. But the growth of the hero to manhood is convincing, and the flash of wit lights up these last important pages of Julian Hawthorne's fiction.

In a burst of enthusiasm over winning the *Herald* prize, Hawthorne immediately produced a new romance, *Love Is a Spirit* (1896), which, failing to follow up the bright new directions apparent in *A Fool of Nature*, returned to those fictional preoccupations that had proved so disastrous in most of his writing in the 1870's and 80's. He repeated the sort of theme and treatment he probably thought most desirable: the false, "loftier" pitch of diction and sentiment, with constant emphasis
on spiritual truth, and the reality of spiritual existence after death. The setting is a West Indian island, the two characters, the fair virgin Yolande and Strathspey, who is separated from his wife and falls victim to the heroine. The conversation between the lovers in the first half of the book is expanded to many times its appropriate length by the author's ruminations on such higher themes as truth, beauty, evil, and spirit versus flesh. The lush, tropical setting is suitable for the heavy luxuriance of the exalted reflections. The lovers are separated when Yolande dies; but she returns to life for one happy day, and the two ride about on a spiritual, not an earthly, island. This amounts to romance without a concomitant feeling of wonder. Hawthorne's specialized variety of supernaturalism is here, seeking to objectify in story the truth of the spiritual world. At one point Strathspey muses about the reincarnated Yolande:

All day he had been led by a spirit! From the moment when his life had been saved from the falling tree until they halted on the brink of the ravine, he had dwelt as a spirit among spiritual things. For that world, though unperceived, abides always not elsewhere than where we are. To us at all times, have we but eyes to see, may be visible, as to the young man who was with Elisha, the mountain and the chariots of fire.  

One can only vainly wish that Julian Hawthorne had ended his career as a writer of book-length fiction on the note of high comedy and silver laughter maintained so brilliantly in the novel *A Fool of Nature*, rather than on the note of semi-erotic spirituality and false sentiment that disfigures the romance *Love Is a Spirit*. The reality of the spiritual world, in which Julian so fervently believed, as he had been taught in his youth by Emerson and Swedenborg, was never successfully objectified in his fiction; supernatural fancies refused to come to life. The important fiction is set almost exclusively in that world of society and politics that Hawthorne knew and described so well. One pities the waste of talent on unmalleable materials. Julian Hawthorne's allegiances and preoccupations unfortu-
nately led him, as a writer of fiction, into precisely the wrong paths.

4. Journalist and Editor

The idyllic years in Jamaica, which had witnessed the production of one of Julian Hawthorne's best novels and one of his worst romances, ended in 1896, when the Hawthorne family returned to the United States. Minne's health had improved, their business plans had not prospered, and an offer had come for an editorial position on a magazine. Hawthorne even planned to give public readings of his own tales in the manner of Dickens and Twain, and hoped to realize $3,000 a season from the enterprise, with Major Pond's help. For the most part the next ten years were to be spent in exciting journalistic assignments for the New York Journal, Cosmopolitan, and other periodicals, in occasional lecture tours, and in the production of several shelves of editions. Though Hawthorne wrote an occasional story until the end of his life, few of these were ever printed, and no novels at all were written. Despite the prize awarded to A Fool of Nature, few journals had bothered even to review it or the succeeding romance, Love Is a Spirit; and this fact may have finally extinguished Hawthorne's fictional ambitions.

Unlike the parochial years of journalism in London and New York, the years around the turn of the century saw Hawthorne traveling widely. His first assignment upon his return to America was to cover the presidential trail of William Jennings Bryan as a special reporter; the newspapers puffed up the pictures of Bryan and Hawthorne sitting together in shirtsleeves on a sun-baked Kansas porch discussing some profound political matter. Hawthorne also interviewed most of the leading men at the turn of the century, including such figures as Thomas Edison, Nikola Tesla, and Robert Ingersoll; some of them, like Ingersoll, became his friends. In 1897 came one of the "keenest experiences" of Hawthorne's life. He was commissioned by
Cosmopolitan to report on the plague and famine that had struck India with devastating fury. Though he sneered at the Hindus as “the most ignorant people in the world,” considering them “paralyzed by prejudices,” he was horrified by conditions in Bombay, where millions of people were dying, and wrote vivid descriptions of the city and its incredible living conditions. In the following year he was dispatched by the New York Journal to cover the Spanish-American War; in Cuba he joined a platoon of famous correspondents including Stephen Crane, Richard Harding Davis, Frank Norris, John Fox, and Stephen Bonsal. A brief tour of duty as feature writer for the Philadelphia North American (1900–1902), to which he contributed columns of “Kerbstone Philosophy” and excellent coverage of the McKinley assassination, was succeeded by several years in New York as sports editor of the American. Very different from this fugitive bread-and-butter work was a series of articles for the socialist Wilshire’s Magazine that he began to write in 1901. During the preceding year Hawthorne had become involved in still another literary “quarrel,” but in this case a comic one: the once-famous question that for a time convulsed the literary world, “Did Rudyard Kipling write David Harum?”

The decade following 1896 also saw Hawthorne feeding upon his considerable literary reputation to produce some of the sumptuously bound editions of literature then very much in vogue. In 1897, in association with J. P. Lamberton, he edited a ten-volume compendium called The Literature of All Nations and All Ages. Its success led not only to its fourfold re-issue under varying titles but to a host of similar editions, including a twenty-volume Masterpieces of the World’s Literature, Ancient and Modern (1898) and the World’s Great Classics (1899), in sixty-one volumes. To these massive works Hawthorne lent not only his name but his considerable erudition, in the form of introductions and brief historical sketches. These were commercial enterprises, of course, with genteel fronts like Stoddard and Timothy Dwight and related “courses of reading under the
auspices of the four leading universities." More specialized work of this kind was also produced. There was, for example, *The Library of the World's Best Mystery and Detective Stories* (1908), one of the very earliest of American anthologies of crime literature. The Library was expanded into ten volumes the following year and retitled *The Lock and Key Library*. In this work Hawthorne created from *Bleak House* 's fourteen chapters on Inspector Bucket a new narrative, *Inspector Bucket's Job*, which Haycraft calls "an ingenious and on the whole surprisingly successful" work. The historical hackwork that Hawthorne had begun in 1889 was also continued past the turn of the century. In 1898 he helped to edit a history of the United States; his own three-volume *History of the United States*, published also in that year by Collier, became extremely popular, and was brought up to date in 1902, 1910, and 1915. A well-written book called *Spanish America, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time* (1899) was also widely read. The opening chapter of the book is especially intriguing for its attack upon the tenets of the evolutionists.

Somewhat more biographically interesting than the volumes so far mentioned was Julian Hawthorne's edition *The Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, a collection that appeared in 1900 under the Collier imprint. It is an undistinguished gathering of tales in a cheap, "popular," three-volume format. However, it seems to be the last chapter in the Hawthorne-Lathrop relationship; for even though Julian's *Works* scarcely replaced the standard Riverside edition associated with Lathrop's name, it rather crudely satisfied Hawthorne's long-cherished dream of producing a "definitive" edition and evaluation of his father's fiction. Nathaniel Hawthorne's life and milieu were also the basis for several biographical works of this period. The first was a series of articles for the Denver *Sunday Post* in 1900, which discussed, in addition to his father, the careers of Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott. Hawthorne had discovered the great subject of his later years. He wrote:
Men and women whose names are consecrated apart in the dearest thoughts of thousands were familiars and playmates of my childhood; they supported my youth, and bade my manhood Godspeed. But to me, for a long while, the favor of these gracious giants of mind and character seemed agreeable indeed, but nothing out of the ordinary; my tacit presumption was that other children as well as I could if they would walk hand in hand with Emerson along the village street, seek in the meadows for arrowheads with Thoreau, watch Powers thump the brown clay of the "Greek Slave," or listen to the voice of Charlotte Cushman, which could sway assembled thousands, modulate itself to tell stories to the urchin who leaned, rapt, against her knees.39

In *Hawthorne and His Circle* (1903), Julian Hawthorne wrote a lively account of the family's life abroad between 1853 and 1860. The objectivity of *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife* is replaced by the son's own point of view, and indeed, his own adventures in England and on the Continent form the bulk of the recollections. In the following year Hawthorne published a small group of his father's letters to William D. Ticknor and wrote a brief interpretation of his father's last years in Concord.

There is very little evidence concerning Julian Hawthorne's personal and family life for the period between 1896 and 1912.40 Among certain members of the family still living, there is considerable reticence on the subject, and speculation is not encouraged. Minne Hawthorne, so vivid a figure in her letters, disappears from both public and private view in these years, not in fact to reappear until one learns of her illness and death in 1925. Manning Hawthorne, her grandson, remembers her as a remarkable woman. "She had a wonderful way with children," he writes. "The greatest treat in my childhood was to stay with her. Her children were all devoted to her all their lives."41 An estrangement between Julian and Minne Hawthorne took place; it was doubtless connected with Harwthorne's friendship for young Edith Garrigues, a talented painter whom he met around 1906 and who was to be his constant companion until
their marriage after the death of Minne Hawthorne. Edith was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, on August 29, 1874, and was brought to the United States when a few months old. Her father was the distinguished gynecologist Dr. Henry Garrigues, and her aunt was married to Thomas Masaryk, president of Czechoslovakia. Hawthorne described her warmly in a letter to his old English friend Sir Frederic Macmillan:

She is an artist; her paintings are in the great tradition; she is a sculptor too, and a creator of the House Beautiful,—if that happens in her way. . . . She is lovely to see and hear. . . . She is thirty years my junior, but doesn’t look even half of that.42

Hawthorne’s sons and daughters married and dispersed in the early years of the century; of them all, Hildegarde had probably the most interesting career. Julian Hawthorne had arranged for the publication of her first short story, “A Legend of Sonora,” in Harper’s Magazine in 1891, when she was barely twenty. Beginning with A Country Interlude (1904), Hildegarde Hawthorne produced over thirty books of adult and juvenile fiction, poetry, and biography. The latter included a work on her famous paternal grandfather, Romantic Rebel, and lives of Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Frémont, Matthew Maury, and Napoleon II. The willfulness of temperament recorded in the family journals and letters of the 1870’s persisted into her maturity; her “bossiness” allegedly terrified her sisters Imogen and Beatrix, and even alienated such close family friends as the Wilshires. In 1919 she engaged in war work in France for the YMCA and the American Red Cross; after her return from abroad she married John M. Oskison in 1920. A relentless traveler, camper, and sportswoman, Mrs. Oskison, a member of the Authors’ League of America, died in Berkeley, California, in 1952. She matched her father in her vigorous constitution, her prolific literary output, her socialistic proclivities, and her impassioned Swedenborgianism.43

Hawthorne’s surviving sister, Rose Lathrop, had been formally separated from her husband George in 1895. The follow-
ing year she turned to helping care for indigent victims of incurable cancer, a work to which she devoted her remaining years. In 1899 she was received into the Dominican order as a novitiate with the name Sister Alphonsa; two years later she founded a home for her patients at a town in New York State that was renamed Hawthorne, and as head of the Rosary Hill Home there became Mother Alphonsa. Until her death in 1926, she was a devoted friend to her brother.

5. The Socialist Period

One of the most important friendships of Julian Hawthorne's life was formed at the turn of the century with the millionaire socialist Henry Gaylord Wilshire, who published Hawthorne's utopian speculations in his magazine and, many years later, subsidized the writer's exile in California. Wilshire, fifteen years Hawthorne's junior, was born in Cincinnati of a prosperous family, studied briefly at Harvard, and, after a brief career as a San Francisco boulevardier, turned to socialism in the late 1880's. To Upton Sinclair, one of his disciples, he insisted that his conversion had been purely intellectual: he had become convinced that capitalism was self-eliminating, and that its breakdown was near. Wilshire founded the Los Angeles Weekly Nationalist in 1889, and in the next year ran unsuccessfully for Congress. Widely respected in California radical circles, he nevertheless did not neglect capitalist enterprises; he amassed a fortune in Los Angeles billboard advertising, laid out the great boulevard in that city that bears his name, and founded the city of Fullerton, where he maintained several prosperous ranches. For his flamboyant courting of jail for his beliefs, Wilshire earned the title of a "Socialist Barnum."

The initial number of The Challenge, with the motto "Let the Nation Own the Trusts," was published by Wilshire in Los Angeles in December, 1900. In the following year he moved his magazine to New York, only to find that the United States Post Office was to deny it second-class mailing privileges. He
promptly renamed the journal *Wilshire's Magazine*, moved it to Toronto, and eventually won his battle in the courts for mailing rights. *Wilshire's Magazine* gradually became "the most widely circulated socialist journal in the United States during the Progressive period," and the Wilshire Book Company published pamphlets by such leading socialists and agnostics as Sinclair, Jack London, and Clarence Darrow. Wilshire himself was a handsome, well-groomed, and articulate spokesman for his causes, who later became the confidant of such English radical intellectuals as Shaw and Wells. Sinclair, who came under Wilshire's influence at about the same time that Julian Hawthorne did, describes "Comrade Wilshire" as "a small man with a black beard and mustache trimmed to sharp points, and twinkling mischievous eyes—for all the world the incarnation of Mephistopheles." Perhaps like Sinclair, Hawthorne too found *Wilshire's Magazine* "like the falling down of prison walls about my mind. There were actually others who understood."  

Hawthorne's general libertarian sympathies, which appear clearly in his *Wilshire's Magazine* articles, may be traced back at least as far as 1891, when he attacked the imprisonment of a journalist, E. H. Heywood, for publishing articles in defense of free love. Though Hawthorne felt Heywood to be merely a "harmless eccentric," he defended him as a reformer and declared that the suppression of free speech is self-defeating. In an opinion more in accord with present-day thought than with that of his contemporaries, Hawthorne argued that "obscenity and lasciviousness reside not in words, but in motives. A vicious motive has never been proved in regard to the outpourings of Mr. Heywood's muse. He ought not to be put in gaol any more than Robert Ingersoll or Walt Whitman. It would be better to have the country flooded with genuinely vicious and obscene literature, than to establish the precedent of imprisoning men for publishing their honest opinions." Hawthorne's stirring letter had an alleged biographical base: it was written, he says, in "contrition" for the acts of his forefathers who had helped to "burn" witches in New England.
The equation of personal and artistic liberty implied in Hawthorne's defense of Heywood was to be conjoined ten years later with the socialist ideal for the restructuring of society. We can see the link in Hawthorne's statement, "Socialism is the best thing in the world. Personal liberty can never be known or enjoyed by any man living under any other conditions." His socialist thinking, shot through with paradoxes as it is, emphasizes the primacy of personal liberty in an artistic-oriented community. Just as his Emersonian literary aesthetic led him toward conceiving the artist as seer and prophet, his concurrent political theory led him into rebellion against Hobbesian enlightened selfishness. Though he dismissed Marx, he believed that man would evolve toward a lawless, selfless community:

The life of man under Socialism must not be virtuous, self-conscious, or moral, nor immoral, of course, either, but unmoral, spontaneous, unself-conscious, selfless, realizing self only in others, and, therefore, really for the first time in history good. Hawthorne described the progress toward socialism only vaguely; at first he even prophesied the hanging of some great capitalists who had distorted "natural law" into their own law, maintained to support the privileged classes. But this statement brought forth a strong rebuttal from Wilshire, and Hawthorne modified his theories. His contributions to *Wilshire's Magazine* are not concerned with the mechanics of change: although Hawthorne often expressed his admiration for such reformers as Tolstoy, Ruskin, Riis, and G. W. Curtis, he himself never acted, never faced political and social realities. He was concerned only with picturing and preaching the ideal state of things in the future.

In that future, art was to be one of the great social functions of mankind; for socialism, by relieving man of the burden of laboring for the bare means of subsistence, would free him "to study the arts which beautify and ennoble life." In Hawthorne's rather naïve aesthetics, all artists are socialists because they are in harmony with natural law:
Art may be regarded as the good of the individual universalized for the good of the many. The artist gets his personal impression of beauty in a subject, and he plucks out its soul and represents it as a work of art, which others, seeing it, and consulting their own personal experience, recognize as beautiful and true, only elevated somewhat above what they have personally felt and seen.61

Appreciation of art, then, was a kind of ownership; in non-economic terms, the brotherhood of art-producers and art-viewers was the spiritual side of socialism. This sense of brotherhood was inevitable after socialism; it was also immensely important on the way to socialism. From the point of view of the individual releasing his self, identity was to be sought through the achieving of unity, of what his father had called "holy sympathy," with all men and with the continuum of art.

To Julian Hawthorne America was the ideal ground for this future utopia of the artistic intelligence and the free citizen. America, he believed, had begun with the generating motive of communal selflessness, that is, with the socialist idea of government, and to that idea it must return:

The soul of the true America is now, as at first it was, Socialism. The nation, being a soul, was bound like individual souls to pass through hell on its way to regeneration; but is even more certain than the individual soul to get there. For the individual soul is subject to free-will, but the national soul is under unconscious and therefore inevitable Divine guidance, and must come out right anyway.62

This deterministic socialism hewed closely to the Wilshire party line. It should be noted that Hawthorne's individual-oriented socialism was always a shade more theistic than the New England utopianism of sixty years earlier; an anarchy under divine jurisdiction may be difficult to imagine, however.

Hawthorne's "political aesthetics," then, can be shown to be closely allied to his interpretation of Emersonian transcendentalism. The emphasis on the artist as seer and leader of man-
kind; the fusion in socialism of the ideal and the actual; the attempt to see history as the evolution of an ideal; the faith in America; and the promulgation at the same time of individualism and "identity": all point in the same direction. But it must be remembered that Emerson stood off from the Brook Farm project, and was ambiguous on the issue of man's moral perfectibility; and Nathaniel Hawthorne, though a member of the community briefly, expressed the gravest possible doubts, in such stories as "Earth's Holocaust," of moral positivism in the light of the debased condition of man's heart. To such latter-day socialists as Sinclair, who attempted to duplicate the Brook Farm experiment at Helicon Home Colony, and Julian Hawthorne, no such conservative doubts were valid. The latter embraced socialism enthusiastically as the ideal means to eradicate at one blow the trusts, on the one hand, and such deprivations of personal liberty as the incarceration of Heywood, on the other. Although we have in Hawthorne's novels such as Bressant, Sebastian Strome, and Love—or a Name, constant thematic emphasis on the evils of self-glorification and the necessity for altruistic love, the real link between his fiction and his politics of this period is his view of man solely in the framework of his social and moral environment. Hawthorne's utopianism is really optimistic determinism, the reverse side of Crane's and Dreiser's pessimistic determinism. It is his own rewriting of the Whitman myth into a "Spiritual Democracy," but without Whitman's understanding of the recesses, dark as well as fair, of the human temperament. This is not to argue that socialism is morally shallow; it is, in Hawthorne's thought, beyond legalistic morality. In the ideal, anarchic state, moral problems, choices, and complexities simply do not exist, for each man is a morally pure agent. Julian Hawthorne's thought had swung a full half-circle from that of his father.