"Socialists ought not to fool with money-making schemes in capitalist society," Upton Sinclair once declared when his publisher Gaylord Wilshire began running a gold mine in California, a project that was to be as financially disastrous as his later speculations in magnetic nostrums. Sinclair's statement applies also to Julian Hawthorne, who, in the year following his last contributions to Wilshire's Magazine, embarked upon a money-making scheme that was to ruin at one stroke the personal and literary reputation so sedulously cultivated for sixty years.

Julian's Harvard crony William Morton had gone on to an illustrious career as a neurologist, but there had been a falling-out between the two old friends, perhaps before the turn of the century. On July 10, 1908, the long chain of circumstances that was to lead to the disgrace and imprisonment of both men began. Morton wrote, asking Hawthorne to see him, for he wished to ask him "to take part in a business proposition which may turn out to be of considerable value to you." 1 Hawthorne went, was greeted with Morton's "bland smile and soft speech and speeches," and literature dealing with certain Canadian mines. Morton had bought over eight hundred acres supposedly
rich in silver, gold, copper, and cobalt, with a yield as high as $3,000 a ton. The region was divided into claims of forty acres each, and a small part was set aside for sale of stock, to the value of $100,000. Morton hoped that these claims would be as successful as the then famous Cobalt mines in Canada. Hawthorne told these facts to his friend Edith Garrigues, and further described the interview:

He said, "Now what I propose to you is that you become a director in the company; all that you will have to do is to accept a block of stock, and to draw your dividends as they fall due."

I was very glad of all this because it makes the future, financially speaking, safe. The company of course is very exclusive and it was very kind of Will to ask me to join. It is evident, that though my name will be of some value the returns will far exceed any possible good I can be to the enterprise.

On September 18 of that year, Morton wrote Hawthorne from White Bear Lake in Northern Ontario, whither he had gone to inspect the property. His attitude toward the enterprise is all too clearly revealed in his letter:

But where does the public come in—They do come in. And, now you see them—and now you don't—that is by & by. Buy some stock—and goodby John. Here is Diabase Peninsula—that bare rocky chunk of land—good for minks and chipmunks up to this time now erected into a $20000000 fairy tale. Yet who shall say there is not $20000000 worth of silver in it—from here down to China. I believe there is... But seriously it is a good proposition.

Despite Morton's "come-on" in the original interview, Hawthorne's role in the enterprise was not to be merely a passive one. On light yellow stationery bearing the letterhead "Julian Hawthorne, Author, Journalist, and Historian," he wrote enticing letters to hundreds of people all over the country, many of them friends and acquaintances of half a century. Even Edith was addressed with the conventional pitch plus a personal note or two:
My beloved and revered Friend:—

Well, Edith, I just want to warn you in time against paying attention to the enclosed prospectus. If you want to make money,—SAVE it; don't do any risks on chances of making six hundred percent. It is better to be a poor artist than a rich one, because the rich ones always paint portraits, which is a degradation of True Art. I myself, though a director only, have abandoned Literature, which had always treated me in a way to stimulate to the highest pitch my craving for the Ideal:—she had not only dissembled her love, but had kicked me down stairs repeatedly. . . . I hope what I have said may influence you; but if not, a check to the above address will be appreciated. No subscriptions are received for less than Three Hundred Dollars.

(August 6, 1908)

The company issued handsome prospectuses, all of them written by Julian Hawthorne. To the years 1908 and 1909 belong four little pamphlets meant to catch the eye of the general public and solicit its savings. These ephemera were rather grandiosely titled Ishmael in Search of an Oasis; Julian Hawthorne and Company; Solomon Columbus Rhodes and Company; and The Secret of Solomon, and all proclaimed that the secret of getting rich was adventurous speculation. Hawthorne wrote to one correspondent in 1908:

I seriously object to selling any of the treasury shares through brokers. I know that I am going to make my fortune from my investment in this enterprise; I have put into it all I had. I told my associates, that I am satisfied there are enough people who know me, or know of me, who would believe in my representations, and would invest in the enterprise if they knew I was connected with it. In the past forty years I established a reputation which I am anxious to maintain and I want to know therefore that the company's literature is under its own control.

The tone is disingenuous—but Hawthorne was certainly believed.

Two other men were associated prominently with Morton
and Hawthorne in the enterprise. The first (and possibly the originator of the scheme) was Josiah Quincy, a descendant of the famed Quincys of Massachusetts, assistant secretary of state under President Cleveland and mayor of Boston from 1895 to 1899. The second was certainly the most notorious of the lot, a professional promoter named Albert Freeman.

The promotion succeeded astonishingly. Three and one-half million dollars were invested by the public in shares of the Canadian stock, but not a penny in dividends was ever paid. The United States attorney general, prompted by outraged buyers, soon investigated, and in 1912 the four men were indicted for using the United States mail for fraudulent purposes. Their trial began in New York before a federal court on November 27, 1912. They were accused by the government's prosecuting attorney of being the "most notorious gang of swindlers that had ever infested New York. We all know that some of these men bear honored names. Theirs is the greater crime, for they have prostituted them." The defense countered only that the defendants had believed in the gainful production of the mines. The parade of witnesses lasted until March 12, 1913, and all the defendants, except Quincy, were convicted. Albert Freeman was sentenced to imprisonment for five years, but afterward he appealed and was released on bond. Later, he received a retrial on a technicality, and his lawyers charged successfully that defense witnesses had been intimidated in the original trial by agents of the United States government. The slippery Freeman never spent a day in jail. Hawthorne and Morton, on the other hand, disdaining to appeal their convictions, were sentenced to one year, their terms to be counted as having started on the day the trial began, the preceding November twenty-seventh. On March 23, 1913, the two old Harvard men set out for Atlanta Penitentiary.

The editorial writers were generally unsympathetic. "Julian Hawthorne has exemplified," wrote one, "that no man is proof against the lure of quick wealth." Wrote another: "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his writings helped to make Salem famous, but
it took Julian Hawthorne to put the easy marks of Harvard in
the limelight with his classy literature on gold mines that ex­
isted only in his fertile brain.” The unkindest cut, perhaps, was
the comment “How much better it would have been if Julian
Hawthorne had written one Scarlet Letter instead of all those
yellow ones!”

Some writers, however, like Arthur Brisbane of the New
York Journal, were more charitable. It was to Brisbane—an
old journalistic friend since the 1890’s, whose father, like Juli­
an’s, had been at Brook Farm—that Hawthorne wrote feel­
ingly from Atlanta:

I understand the good motive of the pardon-petitioners and
memorialists: but I would rather have stayed here another year
than allow them to send their appeals to the President. I am not
concerned about myself personally, nor about the present, but
about my family, about the long future, and even about the
disgrace—not to my name, which can only be hurt by the act of
some one who bears it, but—of America itself. And for me to
appear in the light of a suppliant for pardon and clemency, in
such circumstances, is ridiculous, and would obstruct any ex­
planations of statements I might have to make to the public
hereafter.

Yet, in a letter from prison to his old acquaintance William
Jennings Bryan, Hawthorne, while repeating the noble tone
above, asks Bryan to use his good offices to secure a pardon for
him from President Wilson, and goes on:

The statements as to the mines which I made I believed at the
time and I believe so still, and were the thing to do again I would
act as I did then.

My position therefore is that whatever disgrace attaches to
this affair belongs not to me but to the government which found
me guilty and sentenced me to gaol, on a charge of which I am
innocent. This government being stronger than I is able to
dispose as it pleases of my body. But it cannot make me guilty
by saying that I am.
Despite this letter to Bryan, the help of well-wishers, and even a frantic appeal to President Wilson by Hawthorne's sister, Mother Alphonsa, nothing was done. Hawthorne and Morton were eligible for parole on the basis of good conduct on July 25, 1913, but even though the federal prison board recommended it, Attorney General McReynolds vetoed the board's actions.

The first picture of Julian Hawthorne in Atlanta is rather pathetic. On April 1, a week after he had exchanged his jaunty cap and checked suit for the prison garb with the number 4435 on the breast, Hawthorne attended a concert given by the University of Georgia Glee Club for the inmates:

The young singers on the platform had seen in recent weeks so many newspaper snapshots of the notorious son of the author of The Scarlet Letter that they spotted him without difficulty. With his drooping moustache only slightly gray and a look of alertness in his brown eyes, he appeared nearer forty than sixty-seven. The first half of the concert was devoted to comic college songs, and at the end of each Julian laughed and applauded with spirit. But in the course of the second half, which was given over to sentimental nostalgic numbers, he broke down and wept.4

On June 9 the friendly Washington Post reported that Hawthorne was the chief contributor to the prison newspaper Good Words,

and is giving cheer and comfort as well as moral education to all the other prisoners. He refuses to give interviews wherein he might appear as a martyr. He devotes his days to those who are in prison with him. He says that he feels he can turn his imprisonment to good account by studying the defects in our prison system, learning the temperamental needs of the prisoners, and pointing out the way of hope in the future. In forgetting himself and aiding others, Hawthorne has given to his punishment an air of heroism.

Probably by Hawthorne were two articles in Good Words picturing utopian conditions in jails of the future and damning
the dress and numbering of prisoners and the absence of proper names as calculated “to produce in the prisoner a feeling of radical and permanent separation from his fellow men.” Of the three poems he published in this newspaper, “Punishment,” “The Convict,” and “Footfalls,” the latter is the most poignant despite its crude diction:

In the cell over mine at night
A step goes to and fro
From barred door to iron wall—
From wall to door I hear it go,
Four paces, heavy and slow,
In the heart of the sleeping jail;
And the goad that drives, I know!

I never saw his face or heard him speak;
He may be Dutchman, Dago, Yankee, Greek;
But the language of that prison step
Too well I know!
Unknown brother of the remorseless bars,
Pent in your cage from earth and sky and stars,
The hunger for lost life that goads you so,
I also know!

The note of sympathy here expressed did not fail to impress Hawthorne’s fellow prisoners. At the conclusion of the sad year in Atlanta, the prison newspaper carried an editorial by its editor-in-chief praising the contributions of Hawthorne and Morton. “Their published articles,” he wrote, “have attracted the attention of the whole country to prisons and prison conditions. Their coming to this prison benefited the men here. Full of a sincere and understanding sympathy they were father confessors to their fellows; they heard our stories, and passed among us, leaving behind a trail of hope and encouragement.”

Hawthorne emerged from Atlanta at the end of 1913 bursting with anger and a sense of mission astounding in a man in his late sixties. The newspapers quickly picked up and reported his blasts at the penitentiary as a “living hell” and at Warden Moyer as “unfit” for his duties. He arraigned conditions in
Atlanta as repressive, cruel, and the equal of the most lurid descriptions in fiction. The remainder of the year 1913 and part of 1914 were spent in the writing of Julian Hawthorne's most deeply felt work, The Subterranean Brotherhood. The "inward impulse" to write the book was irresistible, Hawthorne declared, "in spite of the other impulse to go off somewhere and rest and forget it all. I had promised my mates in prison that I would do it, and I was under no less an obligation, though an unspoken one, to give the public an opportunity to learn at first hand what prison life is, and means."  

Hawthorne's method in the book is basically radical and prophetic rather than constructive. He argues that penal imprisonment for crime be abolished, a proposal he expects the public will greet as "preposterous and impossible." And yet, he declares,

nothing is more certain in my opinion than that penal imprisonment for crime must cease, and if it be not abolished by statute, it will be by force. It must be abolished because, alarming or socially destructive though alternatives to it may appear, it is worse than the alternative, being not only dangerous, but wicked, and it breeds and multiplies the evils it pretends to heal or diminish. 

He stresses, for example, the impossibility of criminals reforming themselves because of the inimical attitude of the police toward ex-convicts; the cruelty and barrenness of life imprisonment; the psychological cruelty of pardons that hang fire; the cruelty and corruption of the guards and stool pigeons; the waste and inefficiency of the administration in using labor; the horror of the "dark holes" in which prisoners are punished; the rottenness of the food; and the hypocrisy of the wardens who bamboozle inspectors. Against the formidable array of horrors, the prisoners can place only the sense of brotherhood that makes life in prison tolerable.

That sense of brotherhood Julian Hawthorne came to know and admire. And it was not only the camaraderie among the
prisoners that he idealized but also the unspoken brotherhood of all mankind, which had been a major theme in his fiction and in his politics. He asserted, in words that echo his father's belief in the "magnetic chain of humanity," that sin was universal:

The assumption that a criminal class exists among us separate and distinct from any and the best of the rest of us is Pharisaical, false, and wicked. The "Subterranean Brotherhood" are our brothers—they are ourselves, unjustly and vainly condemned to serve as scapegoats for the rest.7

Vanished, in this book, are the romantic obsessions of the fiction, the adulatory tones of the biographies, the self-pity of the journals. The book is original, sincere, powerful. But it was published in 1914, when the eyes of America were turned outward to Europe rather than inward to its own evils, and it was not widely reviewed or widely sold. The Subterranean Brotherhood deserves to be remembered.

2. A "Charming Lovable Writer"

The last twenty years of Julian Hawthorne's long life were, essentially, years of exile from the family and the traditions that had surrounded him since his return to America in 1882. Yet these exilic years were not disfigured by self-pity or senescent decay. Hawthorne's productivity increased rather than abated, and, following the tack indicated in Hawthorne and His Circle (1903), he set himself to the task of re-creating the social and literary milieus he had known in the nineteenth century. Reminiscence is perhaps always unreliable, and Hawthorne's recollections are in this respect no better than most; but the warmth and vividness and undoubted accuracy of the greater part of what he wrote in California assure him a tiny niche in literary history.8

After the writing of The Subterranean Brotherhood, whose chapters had been syndicated nationally, Hawthorne's friends helped to secure other writing assignments for him. In 1914 the
Wheeler Syndicate distributed a series called “Love Romances from the Bible,” by “An American author of national reputation who bears a name that is linked with all that is best in American literature.” The unidentified author was Julian Hawthorne, anonymous for the first time since his earliest short story was published in 1871. But the byline returned in the columns of the Boston American, which published, in 1915, an extensive series of reminiscences by the writer. His Harvard classmate Sam S. Chamberlain, with whom he had worked for Hearst’s Journal in the 1890’s and who was now editor of the American, was one of Hawthorne’s closest and most loyal friends at this time, along with Edith Garrigues, Gaylord Wilshire, and William Morton. Early in 1915, Morton wrote Hawthorne about a projected trip: “I feel the call of Florida, but it is a wild goose honk high in the air & I can only honk honk in reply for my wings are clipped. You are a base old bird of freedom.”

It was probably late in 1915 that Wilshire persuaded Julian Hawthorne and Edith Garrigues to settle permanently in California. He had an estate in Pasadena, and the two were invited to use a cottage on his grounds. Wilshire also attempted to use his influence to secure Hawthorne a position as feature writer on the weekly Los Angeles Graphic, but the editor allegedly snubbed the ex-convict, remarking to an associate that he felt Hawthorne had sullied a noble name.

Hawthorne continued to write miscellaneous fiction, very little of which was published; but the movies fascinated him, and he spent long months adapting some of his old stories for the screen, including Archibald Malmaison (retitled The Black Doll), Fortune’s Fool, and Beatrix Randolph. In 1920 he concocted a new tale about two sisters of dual temperaments, the soul of one of whom enters the other. An unidentified studio correspondent wrote to him, “If it is possible for me to give you the picture angle so that you can adapt your supernatural twist to it I believe some great pictures will result. . . . As your story stands it is impossible pictures material.” To another film-
maker Hawthorne wrote bravely in 1920 concerning an abstract of *Fortune's Fool* he had made for the screen, "I have had movie people on my trail for the last six or seven years, but never saw my way to accepting their propositions." Perhaps when Hawthorne was finally ready to accept "propositions," the movie people were no longer willing to make them; for Hawthorne never saw his stories on the screen.

In 1923 Hawthorne began an assignment with the Pasadena *Star-News* that was to continue to his death and that, after Wilshire's death in 1927, increased his financial independence. He contributed articles and reviews to the newspaper's book page, then edited by Harold Carew. Although some of this journalistic outpouring concerned current literature, most was devoted to an attempt to recapture the life and times of the late nineteenth century. Julian Hawthorne's memory was apparently inexhaustible, and his notebooks were thick. Some of the columns were later used in *Shapes That Pass* (1928) and *Memoirs* (1938). A related project of the 1920's was the publication of a brief series of reminiscent articles in the Dearborn *Independent*. An especially pleasant publication of this period was an illustrated version of *Rumpty-Dudget's Tower: A Fairy Tale*, which had exhibited an amazing longevity in the memory of adult readers since its first appearance in a book of children's stories in 1879. Hawthorne edited the story considerably for its 1924 appearance, but fortunately did not mar its unique charm.

Minne Hawthorne died on June 5, 1925, in Georgetown, Connecticut, after a long illness. On July 6 Julian Hawthorne married Edith Garrigues; "All well at last," his diary notes. During the 1920's the couple traveled up and down the California coast, living at various times in the San Francisco Bay area, and at Lake Tahoe, La Jolla, and Newport Beach, as well as Pasadena. It was for his beloved Edith that Julian wrote many of his poems in this period; indeed, his poetic output was characteristically enormous, old-fashioned sentimentally—and
bad. Perhaps typical are the closing stanzas of the obviously autobiographical "Infinitude":

In my grave maturity
I saw my valiant projects die;
Forty, fifty years were gone,
Projects plenty, nothing done!
Lonely, loveless, poor I stood
Musing on Infinitude!

Is the Word a flaunting lie?
In my crippled Age, quoth I.
Then a woman answered low,
Naught know I, yet this I know,—
Wasting Time cannot intrude
On holy Love's Infinitude!

Love?—long since he passed me by,
In my weary heart, said I.
But she pressed her heart to mine,
New Life glowed in my veins like wine,
And in her eyes I understood
The secret of Infinitude!

Julian Hawthorne's last public appearance was on the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday on June 22, 1931. Harold Carew was toastmaster for the event, held in Pasadena, and over 125 prominent literary figures attended. The major address was delivered by Helen Haines, Hawthorne's associate on the book page of the Star-News, who asserted—extravagantly, to be sure—that many of Julian Hawthorne's writings ranked "on an equal plane with his father's." His best work, she said, would be "read and re-read; it will be cherished as a thing beautiful, undimmed by time." Upton Sinclair, his old socialist friend, who was present, called him a "charming lovable writer." Messages of good will were received from eminent men of letters all over the country and abroad. Robinson Jeffers, for example, praised his "distinguished work," and Bliss Perry recalled "when a word of praise from him meant much to me."
Sinclair Lewis declared: “Just the other day I was reading his recollections [Shapes That Pass] and wishing that I possessed that grace and charm which enabled him to come so close to the great of literary and political England.” H. L. Mencken confessed to a “great liking” for Hawthorne: “No one, indeed, could fail to admire both his professional work and his extreme enthusiasm. He will go on, I believe, to a round century.” Other words of praise and fond reminiscence came from Hamlin Garland, Ellen Glasgow, William Allen White, S. S. McClure, Lincoln Steffens, William Lyon Phelps, and, most amusingly, from George Bernard Shaw, who cabled: “What—Julian still alive! And I had mourned him for years! Are you sure he is not an imposter? However, if you are convinced of his genuineness, give him my best regards.” The sentimental evening closed appropriately with the presentation to Hawthorne of a portrait of his father executed by a niece of Mrs. James T. Fields, whose husband, all chose to forget, had been so carefully neglected in the writer’s most important biographical work.

During the winter of 1933–34, Hawthorne suffered an attack of influenza, and was critically ill for several weeks. He kept up his writing into the spring; but a heart attack came in June of 1934, and on Saturday morning, July 14, he died in his apartment in San Francisco. He was eighty-eight years old.

Gaylord Wilshire’s son Logan recalls him, in a remark that makes a suitable epitaph, as “a Jovian character, remote and unapproachable, and somewhat shabby in the genteel tradition. There was a sadness at the back of his eyes and little was left of the Harvard oar and blood. Yet, he remained a noble ruin.”

3. Recollections in Tranquillity

One of the most sincere tributes to Julian Hawthorne had been delivered at his birthday dinner by his distinguished friend Hamlin Garland, himself past seventy. Garland had tried to help Hawthorne find publishers and speaking engagements and
had urged him to set down his Concord recollections at the greatest possible length. After Hawthorne’s death he was to volunteer his help to the widow in preserving the writer’s manuscripts. At the celebration he declared:

As I think of your span of life I am stirred by the events it covers. Reaching from your illustrious father in his Concord home to Pasadena with its new school of physics and astronomy, it covers more of change, of scientific discovery than any other age in history. Some call this change advance and I am willing to grant that claim but I am not so sure that we who write have gone very far beyond that group of men in Concord who from their cottages under the elms sent out great books to a smaller world. Of all men living you are best fitted to speak of them and for them. The long list of your own books is evidence of a brave and busy life, and among them none are more lasting than those which record your own experiences in Concord and your associations with the men of that group.\(^\text{14}\)

Although an occasional friend of Hawthorne like Helen Haines could allude to the power of his twenty-odd works of major fiction, these were generally neglected; the volumes of biography and reminiscence, as Garland suggested, were considered Hawthorne’s most lasting contribution to the literature of his time. The biography of his parents published in 1884 had been only the first in a long series of biographical books and articles dealing primarily with his father and the men he called, in a tentative title for one of his volumes, “Giants of Old Concord.” As he grew older, he fashioned various newspaper series, first for the Denver *Sunday Post* (1900), then for the Boston *American* (1915), and finally for the Pasadena *Star-News* and Dearborn *Independent*. Gradually, the biographies began to include autobiographical elements, especially, for example, in *Hawthorne and His Circle* (1903); and the solipsistic ring is completed with the late works of autobiography and reminiscence: *Shapes That Pass*, the reconstruction of England in the 1870’s, and the posthumously published *Memoirs*. Even though his later literary career depended on the public taste for
this sort of thing, Hawthorne invariably became crotchety when pressed unreasonably for additional biographical information; after one newspaper interview in 1933, he wrote sarcastically:

Intensive study reveals that this Hawthorne wrote a novel called "The Scarlet Letter," and likewise begot a son after the flesh, who, improbable though it may seem, is still living. Obviously, then, the first step of a would-be biographer is to locate his son and put him to the question. Let this person then disclose whatever biographical details he may possess, and our enterprise is well under way. This is better or at least easier than to consult libraries for such data, if any exist; and the son should be eager to gratify a curiosity all the more complimentary because so belated.\textsuperscript{15}

Hawthorne satisfied some of this curiosity himself in the articles he published in national magazines in the late 1920's and early 30's. In "Such Is Paradise: The Story of Sophie and Nathaniel Hawthorne" (1927), he lovingly retraced the same ground covered in his biography of 1884. The reverential mood also inspired the critical article "The Making of The Scarlet Letter" (1931) and the sentimental "Nathaniel Hawthorne's Blue Cloak" (1932). In these three short pieces Julian Hawthorne added very little new or worthwhile concerning his father's life or works; they are essentially rewritings, for a new generation, of ideas and themes he had treated before. A different chord is struck in "A Daughter of Hawthorne" (1928), which presents for the first time Hawthorne's impressions of his sister Rose. All old enmities are stilled as he praises her literary gifts and her selfless devotion to the victims of incurable cancer. He appears saddened, however, that her life had taken its final turn toward the church, feeling that her contributions to literature were thereby thwarted. Theodore Maynard, Mother Alphonsa's chief biographer, is more convincing when he declares that Rose Hawthorne's early career, her gifts, and even her unhappy marriage pointed unmistakably to the saintly
life that was her real fulfillment. Two other brief articles of this period deserve notice as indicating both the survival of Julian Hawthorne's quarrelsome disposition and his intense devotion to the family name. The first of these was an attack upon Lloyd Morris's biography of his father, *The Rebellious Puritan* (1927), which, like Newton Arvin's more famous work the following year, sought to picture Nathaniel Hawthorne as a withdrawn, isolated artist weighed down by the burden of man's sinfulness and his own gloomy heritage. Julian Hawthorne countered that his father was essentially a "man of action," a healthy, outgoing person whose concerns in his fiction were not mirror images of a twisted psyche. These statements of course foreshadowed and perhaps influenced such later interpretations of the father as Randall Stewart's. Hawthorne also opened fire on Stewart, however, in 1932, when the scholar's edition of Hawthorne's *American Notebooks* severely arraigned Sophia Hawthorne for her excisions and emendations of her husband's text prior to her own publication of it. Sophia Hawthorne's son castigated Professor Stewart on somewhat shaky grounds: primarily, that the deletions were of little importance or even improved the text. Already in his late eighties when this last article appeared, Julian Hawthorne displayed the same devotion to the family name and honor, and to his own interpretation of the Hawthorne heritage, that had characterized his entire public career.

In 1928 Julian published *Shapes That Pass*, a nostalgic book of recollections about the life he had led in London society in the 1870's. "Memory and love," he wrote, "are parents of art. So, my picture of England is not less true for being eulogistic." If he had simply quoted from his contemporary journals, he tells us, *Shapes That Pass* would have been a fault-finding book; he used the journals, finally, merely to orient himself, "and no longer allowed my view of the forest to be obscured by the trees." The book does not mention Julian Hawthorne's prolific literary and journalistic output in this period, discuss his problems and anguishes, or even touch on
HAWTHORNE'S SON

his domestic life. It is instead a testimonial of love and memory to a culture that Hawthorne deeply cherished, and not any the less accurate for that. Indeed, in its recollection of strong emotions in tranquillity, it would be a sort of poetry if we could make allowances for the sometimes incoherent, sometimes bloated style. Hawthorne's words do, however, conjure up the decade glowingly:

There were good men and fair women in that epoch, and nobody thought of apologizing for being Victorian. Society innocently welcomed its handsome and courtly scientists; art, long since untied from the apron-strings of the Church, saw nothing hostile in *pithecanthropus*; the clergy dined and wined and administered the Sacraments as usual; and if any of us felt restive under the orthodox Church of England service, we could be entertained with Oriental dance-interludes—the "Pas Theosophique," the Buddhist waltz, the Confucian polka—danced in costume, and to appropriate jingles. The bishops would look on, rosy-gilled and tolerant, and Monsignor Capel was also present, wearing the unfathomable smile of his Order; he might even beckon a pretty dancer to his knee for a kind word and a caress; he understood it all, and he feared nothing.

After depicting the "rich and glowing tapestry" of political life, Hawthorne goes on:

The Queen was in her pantry, eating bread and honey in preparation for her jubilee; Gilbert and Sullivan were lulling us with playful satires; Tennyson and Irving were aiding and abetting each other in that weird succession of dramas; George Eliot, George Meredith, and Swinburne were fearlessly expatiating, confident that the old literature was approaching its apogee, instead of facing its funeral; Huxley was lecturing; Tyndall was writing in *The Contemporary*; Millais was painting "The Pears' Soap Boy"; and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass" was the most popular romance in England. Our foundations were firm; radium was no more anticipated than was the war or bolshevism; if there were murmurs of approaching earthquake they were inaudible in the music of our purring. It was a golden age.17

228
Julian makes much, too, of his spiritual identity with the English, failing to mention the hostility he had displayed in his youth. "My blood," he says, "was English from as long ago as any Englishman's, and becoming a New Englander didn't change it. I see John Bull as my kin, and as the incarnation of a great human spirit on earth." 13

The richness and charm of Hawthorne's recapture of a bygone age in Shapes That Pass, which was the last book published in his lifetime, led his widow, four years after his death, to bring together for the first time in book form his boyhood and childhood recollections of life in Concord. She drew upon the Star-News columns and much material previously unpublished. 19 Hawthorne's method is explained at the outset:

[I] have felt the importance of the unimportant: not analysis of Emerson's "Sphinx," but the squeaking of his boots during one of his lectures; . . . not that Thoreau built a hut beside Walden, but that he lost his temper when the Selectmen put him into Concord jail. And because I was an unconsidered urchin instead of a Peer of the Realm, I was admitted to sights and contacts withheld from the elect.

But the urchin remembered what he saw, and lived long enough to understand its value for the succeeding era, which had been fed up and to spare with the heroic sort of thing. So, although academic historians may find small value in my reminiscences, archeologists will grin over the mouldering pages: "So, the Concord Group were human after all!" 20

Despite these sly comments, the book is filled with Hawthorne's mature judgments and prejudices. Thus he expresses his belief that Emerson is the greatest American poet in an anecdote that disparages Richard Watson Gilder. And alongside Thoreau's comment about Julian Hawthorne to his father—"Good boy! Sharp eyes and no tongue!"—he can state unerringly that "Nature absorbed [Thoreau's] attention, but I don't think he cared much for what is called the beauties of nature; it was her way of working, her mystery, her economy in extravagance [that attracted him]." Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne, the
Alcott family, Frank Sanborn, Elizabeth Peabody, Horace Mann, Lowell, and the James family all came to graceful life in the pages of the *Memoirs* through illuminating anecdotes, comparisons, and judgments. Some of the stories, however, are twice-told tales, as when Hawthorne, probably inadvertently, tells as if for the first time the intriguing story of Ada Shepard's conjuring forth of "Mary Rondel," a tale he had told before in *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*. The portrait of his father in this volume preserves the reverential tone used by Julian Hawthorne in all his published writings. He begins with recollections of his father as "playmate," the man whose large, supple hands could readily manufacture a manikin, a toy house, or a boat; the man whose painting of comic faces grinning unawares on the underside of lids and covers Julian never understood as an unconsciously symbolic and educative act. There are anecdotes about family life in Salem, the Wayside, Concord, and abroad, and some incidental comments on Hawthorne's fiction. But a reader of the *Memoirs* will discern that Ralph Waldo Emerson was almost as great a hero to him as Nathaniel Hawthorne, for during his adult life, in his role as literary critic and utopian socialist, Hawthorne had been ideologically the son of Emerson. *Memoirs* is lively reading despite the tepid quality of much of its prose. Along with *Shapes That Pass* and other biographical works, it will be valued by the literary historian who is able to discount its occasional unreliability and its often puckish tone.

Julian Hawthorne's brother-in-law, George Lathrop, at one point in his career had reason to reflect bitterly upon the old Hawthorne curse that had been, in a sense, passed on to him through his marriage to the great novelist's younger daughter. Of course, he was a genuine admirer of Nathaniel Hawthorne, but there can be little doubt that he hoped that an alliance with the great name would help his own fortunes in the literary marketplace. Like Julian Hawthorne, however, he came at last to see that the name was a two-edged sword. He confided to a

230
friend: "I firmly believe I might be a good novelist did I not have weighing upon me the enormous Hawthorne prestige. How am I to live up to that standard? It gets me all paralyzed. Everybody says, 'George Lathrop? Ah, yes! Hawthorne's son-in-law.' I recognize that it has done me good, but it also crushes me. What could I not have been except for that?" 21

Julian Hawthorne's dilemma was of course even more intense. He took a sincere vow in his twenties to walk in as divergent a path as possible from his father's, but ultimately this was impossible; his compulsive duplication of his father's themes and manner and his own dubious supernatural aesthetic led him unwaveringly down the great trail charted by the elder Hawthorne. Gradually the son came to realize that his destiny was to be only a reflector of Nathaniel's genius, a reverberator of the sounds of old Concord. It was thus that the biography of his parents constituted a turning point in his life, for henceforth he accepted his fate: "Ah, yes! Hawthorne's son." That he nonetheless carved out one career after another with undiminished enthusiasm and filled his mature years with achievement as a man of letters, though of a lesser order of magnitude than his father, is perhaps the most remarkable thing about Julian Hawthorne.