A Study of Hawthorne's Note-Books
The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

To renew call Telephone Center, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

BUILDING USE ONLY

AUG 23 1984
AUG 23 1984
A STUDY
OF
HAWTHORNE'S NOTE-BOOKS

BY

BEULAH IRENE AGNEW

THESIS

FOR

DEGREE OF

BACHELOR OF ARTS

IN

ENGLISH

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS AND SCIENCES

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

1917
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

June 1, 1917

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE THESIS PREPARED UNDER MY SUPERVISION BY

Bulah Irene Agnew

ENTITLED A Study of Hawthorne's Note Books

IS APPROVED BY ME AS FULFILLING THIS PART OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE

DEGREE OF Bachelor of Arts in English

H. C. Parke

Instructor in Charge

APPROVED

HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF English

376581
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introductory</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biographical</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Period</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>English Period</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Italian Period</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes and Stories</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Style and Ideas</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INTRODUCTORY

It was Hawthorne's wish that no one should attempt to write his biography, and his wife naturally was reluctant to disregard his desire. But since she felt that something should be done to gratify the many readers who wished a better acquaintance with the great romancer than they could gain from his tales and sketches alone, she at last consented to edit his journals. The result was the American, English, and Italian Note-Books. (1)

Hawthorne early formed the habit of recording the passing incidents and observations of each day. It is supposed that his uncle, Richard Manning, gave to the twelve-year old boy a blank book "with the advice to write out his thoughts, some every day, in as good words as he can, upon any and all subjects, as one of the best means of his securing for mature years command of thought and language." (2) The Note-Books give ample evidence of the faithfulness with which he followed this practice throughout his whole life, and show likewise the


(2) IX, 6; XII, 458. Although G. P. Lathrop, Hawthorne's son-in-law, accepts as authentic the boyish Diary here referred to, his son Julian declares himself "unable to find in this 'diary' any trustworthy evidence of its being anything else than a fabrication", XIV, 94.
realization of the expected results in style. This daily exercise in writing, long continued, goes far to explain the finish and literary flavor of the Journals as well as the beautiful style of his tales and sketches. The polish of the style should not, however, be permitted to lead one to wonder at certain trivialities embodied in the Notes. Hawthorne kept his journals for his own use alone, and he wrote down whatever was in his mind. He had no thought of their being published. (3) The observations and opinions which he wished to share with the public, he took from his notes and incorporated in his tales and romances. His literary purpose in keeping these note-books was to fix fleeting impressions, to preserve them in their freshness and color. This objective is clearly pointed out in the following remarks from the Italian Notes: "After the first novelty is over, new things seem equally common place with old. There is but one little interval when the mind is in such a state that it can catch the fleeting aroma of a new scene;" and it was to preserve this "fleeting aroma" that Hawthorne persisted in keeping a journal even when it required "great force to will to insist with one's self upon sitting down to write". (4)

The literary importance of the Notes, however, is by no means their only source of interest. For many of us the Note-Books have great charm simply as glimpses of a delightful personality, the better known, the more loved; and we find much pleasure in tracing the daily events in a life which was much like other men's, except as it was modified by the greater

(3) VII, 407. Introductory Note to English Note-Books.
(4) X, 47-8.
sensitivity and keener insight of an artist. It is from the latter point of view that the biographical chapters which follow were written.
The American Note Books, including entries from June 15, 1835 to June 9, 1853, are perhaps the most interesting of all the Journals both from a biographical and from a literary point of view. The earliest years of this period saw Hawthorne a recluse hard at work in his "old accustomed chamber" in the family mansion in Union Street. "Here I sat a long long time", he wrote, several years later, "waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner or whether it would ever know me at all......But by and by, the world found me out and called me forth."(5) These eighteen years witnessed the birth of Hawthorne's masterpiece, and in fact, of all his very great works except The Marble Faun. These years, moreover, were significant not only for literary developments, but also for great changes in the man himself. At the end of the period he was a recluse no longer, but a man of happy family and social relations, a man about to take up as social a task as that of Consul to the great English sea-port of Liverpool.

The first entry of the American Notes (6), which is dated June 15, 1835, at Salem is thoroughly characteristic of Hawthorne. He tells of a solitary walk to the Juniper, where he looked at the grassy old battery and the hospital. His remarks are those of an interested, and minute observer. He not-

(5) IX, 222-3; Oct. 4, 1840.
(6) IX, 13-14.
iced not only the sea-weeds and driftwood on the beach, but also "round or oval pieces of brick" among the pebbles. On his way home he stopped to look at some pigs in a pen, -- "types of unmitigated sensuality," he called them; and imagined what a scene that of a legion of devils in a herd of swine must have been. (7) In the last few lines of this first entry we find an artistic and dramatic appreciation of scene in the remark that the setting sun kindled up the windows of the jail as if there were a bright light within its darksome stone wall.

Hawthorne's life at this time was very uneventful; but, judging from his journals, not unhappy and far from unfruitful in a literary way (8). It was a period devoted to strenuous literary work, when, as he tells us, he wrote "many tales,-- many that have been burned to ashes, many doubtless that deserved the same fate,.....Sometimes", he declared,"it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy,-- at least as happy as I then knew how to be......And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber. Serving in solitude till the fulness of time was come,

(7) This peculiar and unlooked for interest in hogs is evidenced in many entries. He wrote once:" a drove of pigs passing at dusk There was a general grunting, not violent at all, but low and quiet, as if they were expressing their sentiments among themselves in a companionable way ". (IX,187). Four swine at Brook Farm likewise attracted his attention. Of them he wrote; "I have been looking at our swine the very symbols of clothful ease and sensuous comfort.....There is something deeply and indefinably interesting in the swinish race. They appear more a mystery the longer one gazes at them ". (IX,253) After his settlement at the Old Manse he decided that "It is our duty to support a pig.....I should have much amusement in studying the character of a pig."

(8) The Notes of this period are especially rich in suggestions for stories. Cf. IX, 21-28; 32-43; 85-89; 105-110; 209-212.
Although Hawthorne was, according to his own statement, a recluse during this severe literary apprenticeship, (10) his mode of life was by no means as larksome as it is sometimes represented; for example, it is far from true that he never walked outdoors in the daytime. He "loved the sunshine and the green woods and sparkling blue water" too well not to look upon them. His entries frequently mention walks on the beach and through the fields, for instance: "A walk in North Salem in the decline of yesterday afternoon, beautiful weather, bright, sunny;" and again, "A walk yesterday down on the shore near the hospital... The sun gave a very golden brightness." (12) Often, too, he took drives, just as other mortals did. "I rode to Boston in the afternoon with Mr. Proctor," he writes. "We stopped about an hour at the Maverick House." Here Hawthorne amused himself by minutely observing the company. Although the young men were fashionably dressed, he concluded that they were nevertheless merely "Sunday gentlemen". One of them who happened to stop nearby, on raising his foot, revealed that the sole of his exquisitely polished boot was all worn out; and some such minor deficiencies, he apprehended, might have been detected in the general showiness of most of them (13).

At times these outing trips were longer. A midsummer month's visit in Augusta, Maine with Horatio Bridge (14), a close friend of college days, forms an interesting episode in this rather uneventful period. Bridge was keeping bachelor's hall (15)

(11) IX, 14; June 18, 1835. (12) IX, 28; Aug 31, 1836. (13) IX, 17; June 22, 1835. (14) XIV, 163. From a letter included in A Biography. (15) IX, 47.
uneventful period. Bridge was keeping bachelor's hall. (15) and Hawthorne remarks that they lived "very singularly" during his visit. Bridge went about his own affairs as if he had no guest. Such a situation suited Hawthorne well. He wrote: "I think I should soon become strongly attached to our way of life, so independent and untroubled by the forms and restrictions of society." (16) By way of amusement during these days, he engaged in long literary and philosophical conversations with a young Frenchman who lived with Bridge; (17) or he walked and drove with his old friend, (18) thoroughly enjoying the wild natural beauties and the equally wild human nature of the French-Canadian border.

Hawthorne frequently made short trips to small towns near Salem. On one such excursion he had a humanly attractive and amusing experience which he records thus: "A frank, free, and mirthful daughter of the landlady, between whom and myself there immediately sprang up a flirtation, which made us both feel rather melancholy when we parted on Tuesday morning." (19)

His longer summer vacation of 1838, Hawthorne spent in the Taconic Mountains, visiting Pittsfield, Northampton, and North Adams, remaining most of the time in the little town last named. Although he seemed to be most interested in the people whom he met, the mountains, streams, and woods made their usual

(16) IX, 47.
(17) IX, 50.
(18) IX, 53, 55, 60.
(19) IX, 80; Aug. 1837.
strong appeal. He particularly admired "Hudson's Cave", "a fissure in a huge ledge of marble through which a stream has for ages been forcing its way"; and he described at length "the impending crags, the tall trees growing on the verge, and the most interesting part of the cave, where the whirlings of the stream had left the marks of its eddies in the solid marble." (20) He found that "the scenery on the eastern side of the Green Mountains is incomparably more striking than on the western," and he declared that Monadnock looked like a sapphire cloud against the sky. (21)

But the people were, after all, the most interesting phase of the trip. Hawthorne recounts at some length the peculiarities of an essence vendor with whom he rode in the coach. (22) At North Adams he found a very agreeable conversationalist in an old soap-maker, who, though fallen in life, still showed traces of intellectuality. In the course of their talk the soap-maker remarked that his study was men and added shrewdly, "I do not know your name, but there is something of the hawk-eye about you too." (23) Among the other odd people whom he met, a child tavern-haunter whom he foresaw as a criminal (24) and an old German with a "diorama", (25) appealed to him equally as excellent material for character sketches and as rare human documents.

In 1839 Hawthorne became a measurer of coal at the Boston Custom House. It was for the most part uncongenial work and left him little leisure for writing; yet it was not without compensations. That he realized the especial value of this

(20) IX, 146; 156. (22) IX, 126. (24) IX, 144.
(21) IX, 181. (23) IX, 139. (25) IX, 179.
mixing with men in the work of the world is shown in a letter (26) to his future wife: "I do not mean, "he wrote," to imply that I am unhappy or discontented, for this is not the case. My life only is a burden in the same way that it is to every toilsome man; and mine is a healthy weariness.... Years hence, perhaps, the experiences that my heart is acquiring now will flow out in truth and wisdom." (27) In a somewhat similar vein he afterwards wrote: "I do think that it is a doom laid upon me of murdering so many of the brightest hours at the Custom House, that makes such havoc with my wits.... (but) I do think and feel and learn things worth knowing..... It is good for me on many accounts that my life has had this passage in it... I have gained worldly wisdom, and wisdom also that is not altogether of this world." (28)

Hawthorne's next venture, after leaving the Custom House, was at Brook Farm, to which he went April, 13, 1841. (29) There he milked cows, chopped hay with such "righteous vehemence" that he broke the machine, and learned the use of a four-pronged instrument called a pitch-fork.(30) He observed and thought as well as worked, and after five months he reached the conclusion that "Labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionally brutified! Is it a praise-worthy matter, " he demanded, "that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so." (31) After a month's vacation in the fall, he returned to the farm with a kindlier disposition toward it, since he was no longer obliged (29) IX, 226. (30) IX, 228. (31) IX, 235. Aug. 12, 1841.

(26) Mrs. Hawthorne has occasionally used excerpts from her private letters to fill gaps in the journals.
to toil in its stubborn furrows. He found, however, that he could not do good literary work at Brook Farm even when he had leisure enough. "I doubt whether I shall succeed in writing another volume of Grandfather's Library while I remain here," he declares. I have not the sense of perfect seclusion which has always been essential to my power of producing anything." He realized, however, that he need not count this as time wasted and so adds, "I must observe and think and feel, and content myself with catching glimpses of things that may be wrought out hereafter." (32) The gains that resulted from this policy are evidenced in The Blithedale Romance. Although his increased leisure could not be employed in writing, it did add materially to his pleasures; for it permitted him to wander about in the fields and woods.

Soon after leaving Brook Farm, Hawthorne married Sophia Peabody of Salem, (33) and the two went to live at Concord in the Old Manse which he later celebrated in his "Lorses from an Old Manse". Here he was very happy. He wrote: "My life, at this time, is more like that of boy, externally, than it has ever been since I was really a boy. It is usually supposed that the cares of life come with matrimony.......but my chief anxiety consists in watching the prosperity of my vegetables." (34) Yet this Eden of his had some laughable drawbacks,—for instance, there was no water fit to use; and so he humorously commented thus: "Only imagine Adam trudging out of Paradise with a bucket

(33) July 9, 1842. See IX, 335; VIII, 317.
(34) IX, 300.
each hand to get water to drink, or for Eve to bathe in." (35) Although the lack of water was the only serious difficulty, there remained certain desiderata at the Old Manse, among them animals. Hawthorne particularly wished a kitten. (36) He always liked cats, and paid a great deal of attention to them. He even dreamed once of the wretched Vigwiggie mewing for admittance which it grieved him to be unable to grant. (37) Another time, while his wife was away, he wrote: "Little Puss has established herself in the study... She now lies on the footstool between my feet, purring, most obstreperously. The day of wife's departure she came to me talking with great earnestness, but whether to condole with me on my loss," he questioned humorously, "or to demand my redoubled care for herself, I could not well make out". (38) Nor did he lose his kindly feeling for the feline breed as he grew older. Years after the time of Vigwiggie, he records having taken his daughter Una to see an enormous cat in a book-store in Paris. "It is really a wonder," he writes; "as big and broad as a tolerably sized dog, very soft and silken and apparently of the gentlest disposition." (39)

Writing of the Old Manse in a more serious vein than that which he had assumed when he complained of the lack of a kitten, he has described the old house in nearly the same terms that he used later in his "Mosses from an Old Manse". "It has a character of its own, which really is more than can be said of most edifices in these days."

(35) IX, 285.  
(36) IX, 285.  
(37) IX, 336.  
(38) IX, 341.  
(39) X, 516. June 1, 1859.
It was a very old house, with rooms that seemed never to have been painted and furniture that had been fashionable half a century earlier. (40) Although the house had to be somewhat modernized to make it a comfortable residence, its quaint air of antiquity persisted. "It is evident," Hawthorne remarked with a quiet satisfaction, "that other wedded pairs have spent their honeymoons here, that children have been born here, and people have grown old and died here in these rooms." (41) A spacious old hall which ran through the house was to Hawthorne an especially admirable feature of the old place. From the front door he could look up a stately avenue of balm-of-Gilead trees, and from the back door he could pass through a beautiful old orchard to the Concord River. (42) The quiet beauty of the setting in which the Manse was placed, with the placid river flowing through broad and peaceful meadows and among low hills, appealed to Hawthorne as the most satisfying that one could find in natural scenery. (43)

To this home came a few friends who were thoroughly worthy of the privilege. Among them were George Prescott, a neighbor for whom Hawthorne cared a great deal; Thoreau and Emerson; and George Hillard, the editor. The latter and his wife were the first guests to be welcomed to the Old Manse. Referring to their first visit Hawthorne writes: "George Hillard and his wife arrived from Boston to spend Sunday with us... It was a sort of acknowledgement and reception of us into the corps of married people.... About nine o'clock (the next morning), Hillard and I set out for a walk to Walden Pond, calling by the way at Mr. Emerson's, to obtain his guidance or direction, and (40) IX, 291. (41) IX, 293. (42) IX, 292. (43) IX, 290.
he accompanied us in his own illustrious person." (44) Such incidental relations as this formed an introduction to a much more intimate association with the poet-easyist. In the fall the two writers went together on a walking trip of several days duration; (45) and they often had long talks on literary and philosophical topics. Hawthorne found his friend's visits particularly delightful during a lonely interval when Mrs. Hawthorne was away. "Mr. Emerson came, with a sunbeam in his face," he writes of one of these visits; "and we had as good a talk as I ever remember to have had with him." They spoke of Margaret Fuller, they discussed Ellery Channing and Thoreau, and they talked of the singular moral aspects of the Brook Farm experiment. (46) Hawthorne found Thoreau as well as Emerson an agreeable and stimulating companion, as the following jottings indicate: "Mr. Thoreau dined with us yesterday...He is a keen and delicate observer of nature..., (who) shows him secrets which few others are allowed to witness." (47) And again: "I was interrupted by a visit from Mr. Thoreau. He (is) one of the few persons, I think, with whom to hold intercourse is like hearing the wind among the boughs of a forest-tree; and, with all this freedom, there is a high and classic cultivation in him too." (48)

Not all literary people, however, were as pleasing to Hawthorne as were Emerson and Thoreau. Margaret Fuller at first impressed him most unfavorably. Late in 1840 he wrote; "I was invited to dine at Mr. Bancroft's yesterday with Miss Margaret Fuller; but Providence had given me some business to do, for which I was very thankful." (49) To be sure, we cannot tell just

(45) IX, 325. (48) IX, 332, April 7, 1843.
(46) IX, 334. April 8, 1843. (49) IX, 255;
how much of this thankfulness was due to getting out of the dinner and how much to missing Miss Fuller; but in fairness to that brilliant woman we must remember that Hawthorne did not, at this time, like to go out to dinner under any circumstances. That he liked Miss Fuller no better a year later is strongly suggested, however, in his amusing but sarcastic account of her Brook Farm heifer; his remarks seem to be not too heavily veiled comments on that unamiable creature's owner. (50) But a year after this, we find evidence of a kindlier feeling toward Margaret Fuller. August 22, 1842 he records coming upon her in Sleepy Hollow as he was on his way to Emerson's to return a book, and having an agreeable conversation with her. "We talked about autumn, and about the crows.... and about the sight of mountains from a distance, and the view from their summits; and about other matters of high and low philosophy." (51) Another suggestion of a friendlier attitude is his statement that "Margaret's article on Canova... is good." (52)

Longfellow was another one of Hawthorne's literary acquaintances, and a very generous reviewer of his work. The remarks in which his name occurs in the Notes, however, are suggestive rather than informative. "I went out to Cambridge," he writes March 31, 1843," to dine with Langfellow whom I had not seen since his return from Europe." (53) A year later he remarks that "we had a very pleasant dinner at Longfellow's and I liked Mrs. Longfellow very much." (54) He had not wanted to go to the dinner, even though it was at Longfellow's; and after Hillard had urged him to go he wrote;"Destiny itself has often been worsted in the attempt to get me out to dinner." (55)

His friends did not, however, claim a large part of Hawthorne's time. There were other more engrossing matters requiring his attention. In the middle of August, 1842 he described his business in life as merely to live and to enjoy. He went out early in the morning after breakfast to gather vegetables. Then he walked through the orchard and the fields, where he gathered flowers. The rest of the time till dinner he spent in his study reading or scribbling in his diary. The chief event of the afternoon was a walk with his wife. He added to this resume of a day's occupations his conviction that idleness, though very agreeable for a few weeks, was not at all desirable for a lifetime. (56) Nor did Hawthorne continue idle long. Half a year later we find a very different account of how he had been using his time. "As to the daily course of our life," he explains," I have written with pretty commendable diligence, averaging from two to four hours a day; and the result is seen in various magazines. I might have written more,-- but I was content to earn only so much gold as might suffice for immediate wants, having prospect of official position and emolument which would do away with the necessity of writing for bread." (57) He was also reading diligently as well as writing. During the spring of 1843 he was laboriously making his way through Tieck with the aid of a German phrase-book, and, occasionally, a grammar. He found it slow and dull work, but he plodded patiently onward, in spite of difficulties, through "the rugged and bewildering depths". Lenore is the only tale which he mentions specifically (58).

(56) IX, 302.
(57) IX, 330. March 31, 1843.
(58) IX, 332; 339; 343.
References to his own writing at this time are usually very general. In the entry of March 16, 1843, however, he declared that "I intend to adhere to my former plan of writing one or two mythological story books to be published under O'Sullivan's auspices." (59) Between the very general and the very specific references to his works lies the tantalizingly suggestive remark: "I sat till eight o'clock, meditating upon this world and the next and sometimes dimly shaping out scenes of a tale." (60)

After "several months pretty constant work" on tales and sketches, Hawthorne found himself ready to lay aside literary employment and enjoy the spring of 1843. He observed with great joy the return of the birds and budding of the trees, at the same time noting with a practical eye the uncleanness winter brings with it, or leaves behind it." (61) Not spring, however, but autumn, was to him "the most delightful season of the year." His remarks on nature's loveliness become then a song of joy: "This is a glorious day, - bright, warm, yet with an unspeakable gentleness both in warmth and brightness," he writes in exultation. "On such days it is impossible not to love nature, for she evidently loves us. At other seasons she does not give me this impression. There is a pervading blessing diffused over all the world.... Such a day is the promise of a blissful eternity." (62)

(59) IX, 337.  (61) IX, 344; 349.  
(60) IX, 341.  (62) IX, 357; Sept. 23, 1843.
The wonderful coloring of autumn always afforded him deep pleasure. He wrote once "These hues appear to be thrown together without design, and yet there was perfect harmony among them, and a softness and delicacy made up of a thousand different brightnesses.... it is a pensive gayety.... But it is in vain, " he cries in despair, " for me to attempt to describe these autumnal brilliances or to convey the impression which they make on me. I have tried a thousand times, and always without the slightest self-satisfaction." (63)

From June,1844 until May,1850, there are no entries in the Note-Books. Hawthorne left the Old Manse, however, in October,1845, and went to Salem to become Naval Officer or Surveyor. (64) After losing the surveyorship in 1849, because of political machinations, (65) he devoted himself to writing The Scarlet Letter, which he finished early in 1850. (66)

His next book, The House of the Seven Gables, was written at Lenox, whither he had gone in March,1850. (67) It was an uneventful life, but very favorable for work. On this interesting period of his career, however, the Note-Books shed but little light, for the journals always suffered when a book was in progress. As he himself had once quaintly put it, "his scribbling propensities were far more than gratified in writing nonsense for the press; so that any gratuitous labor of the pen became particularly distasteful." (68) November 21,1851 he left

(63) IX, 358. Oct 6,1843
(64) XII, 494. Biographical sketch
(65) XII, 496.
(66) XII, 495.
(67) XII, 500.
(68) IX, 327.
Lenox for West Newton, (69) where he wrote *The Blithedale Romance*. This book is unusual in that is is specifically mentioned in the Notes. He records that he finished it April 30, 1852, and wrote the preface the next day. (70) Early in the summer of 1852 he moved to "The Wayside" in Concord, (71) which became his permanent home. Here, after a delightful vacation in the Isles of Shoals, (72) he wrote his *Tanglewood Tales*, completing them March 9, 1853. (73) This was to be his last literary work for several years, for even then plans had been made for him to take a diplomatic position in return for his kind offices in writing a biography of Pierce for campaign material. The last entry of the *American Note-Books* concerns his preparation to leave "The Wayside." "I burned great heaps of old letters and other papers, a little while ago," he writes June 9, 1853, "preparatory to going to England." (74)

(69) XII, 505.
(70) IX, 409.
(71) XII, 506.
(72) IX, 410-443 Aug. 30 - Sept 16, 1852.
(73) IX, 445.
(74) IX, 445.
English Period.

As one might expect, the English Notes differ markedly from the American Notes. The former seem, for the most part, to be concerned with Hawthorne's thoughts and feelings; while the latter deal mainly with external matters. He himself states that when he was making the notes, he had intended to draw from them material for "the side scenes and backgrounds and exterior adornment of a work of fiction". ¹

The first entry² in the English Note-Books clearly marks the commencement of a new era for Hawthorne and reveals a new side of his nature. He wrote it as he sat in his room at the Consulate on the fourth day after beginning his services. He had found already that the pleasantest incident of the morning was Mr. Pearce's appearance with the account-books and a little roll of the Queen's coin. A less agreeable side of his work is represented by his interview with a young woman who wanted to get back to America and who had fooled him out of half a crown as a step in that direction. The impending visit of a delegation from the American Chamber of Commerce points out still another sort of duty that the Consul is to perform: he must make speeches.

This matter of speaking at various public functions at first troubled Hawthorne a great deal. In his second entry in the

---

1. VII, 15-16; Preface to Our Old Home. Hawthorne in this preface declared he had given up his plan to write a book with an English setting, using this material; nevertheless, he made use of his English experience in Dr. Grimshawe's Secret, which was published after his death.
English Notes he mentions having received an invitation to dine with the Mayor at the Town Hall, and insists that inasmuch as a speech would doubtless be expected from him, he had rather dine at the humblest inn in the city. Later, however, he records that he made the speech, "being at bay and with no alternative", and that it seemed to give a good deal of satisfaction. A year later he characterized this necessity of making dinner speeches as "the most awful part of his official duty". He found encouragement, however, in the fact that after sitting down he was conscious that he had enjoyed speaking to a public assembly and felt that he should like to rise again. A year and a half later he admits that "these dinners of the Mayors are rather agreeable than otherwise, except for the annoyance, in my case, of being called up to speak to a toast, and that is less disagreeable than at first." In another year he had reached the point where he could say: "I can conceive of very high enjoyment in making a speech; one is in such curious sympathy with his audience." Finally, April 19, 1857, he attained all one could desire in ease in public speaking, when he delivered an address at the laying of the corner stone for a great free library. At that time, he spoke with as much composure as he had ever felt at his own fireside. "It is very strange", he declares, "this self-possession and clear sightedness which I have experienced when standing before an audience.... My speech was certainly better cheered than any other." How badly the English themselves spoke in public may be learned from such a

6. VII, 556.
comment as this: "From the beginning to the end there was not one breath of eloquence, nor even one neat sentence... Yet any Englishman almost, much more generally than Americans, will stand up and talk in a plain way, uttering one rough, ragged and shapeless sentence after another."9

Hawthorne found that his duties in relation to American seamen, though less embarrassing than public speaking, were far more distressing to his sensibilities. Conditions as they existed on board ship troubled him greatly. Once an American captain who had shot and killed one of his men as a matter of discipline came to tell the Consul about it. The captain seemed to be disturbed by no other regret than that he might lose some money because of the deed. Hawthorne felt very differently. "In my opinion," he declares, "it is nothing short of murder... but almost a natural occurrence when done in such a hell on earth as one of these ships, in the first hours of the voyage."10 Occasionally his obligations to American sailors led him to the police court. One such visit he made on account of a seaman accused of stealing a comfort.11 Not all cases, however, were so trivial. February 20, 1854, he went to the hearing of a second mate and four seamen who were charged with having assaulted the first mate. After a consideration of the situation and of the men's faces, he rather shrewdly concluded that "the chief mate got pretty nearly what he deserved, under the code of natural justice."12 Likewise in the course of

12. VII, 479.
business he visited the coroner's court. The particular case interested him not at all, but the room and the official suggested to him that the "Diary of a Coroner" would be a popular book.  

Their first month in England the Hawthornes spent at the Rock Ferry Hotel, a very comfortable place, where they had a good table and were treated in kindly fashion. From their parlor windows they had a view of the muddy-hued Mersey and its shipping. Hawthorne liked well to watch the little black steamers that were constantly puffing back and forth on the river, the big American liners, and the odd pleasure boats. After a month, they moved to a house in Rock Park, a very pretty and quiet residential district. The day of moving into the house was dismal and rainy, and filled Hawthorne's sensitive soul with gloom. He writes: "I thought, rather sadly, how many times we have changed our home since we have married. In the first place, our three years at the Old Manse; then a brief residence at Salem, then at Boston, then two or three years at Salem again; then at Lenox, then at West Newton and then again at Concord, where we imagined that we were fixed for life, but spent only a year. Then this farther flight to England, where we expect to spent four years, and afterwards another year or two in Italy, during all which time we shall have no real home."  

This longing for a settled abode troubled Hawthorne during all his English sojourn. He once wrote: "I have betaken myself to the Rock Ferry Hotel, where I am as comfortable as I could be anywhere but at home; but it is rather uncomfortable to think of home as

three years off and three thousand miles away.\textsuperscript{17} At Christmas
time in 1857, he mentioned that his family was going to spend the
festival day at the Crystal Palace, complaining at the same time that
"we shall have no home feeling or fireside enjoyment.\textsuperscript{18}

Hawthorne particularly feared the effects of "this un-
settled, shifting, vagrant life" on the characters of his children
for whose welfare he was as deeply and tenderly concerned as any
father could be. The Notes contain many delightful evidences of
his paternal affection. While he was in England, he bought a
very fine watch from Bennet's in London, though he should have
been content with a much inferior one if he had not thought of
Julian's wearing it later.\textsuperscript{20} Like other fathers, he was proud of
his baby's clever sayings. He carefully recorded the fact, when
little Rose once explained that the moon "blooms out in the morn-
ing", and he probably accepted it as a sign of literary promise.\textsuperscript{21}
Her quaint little hope that "God did not hurt hisself" when he was
making the fierce soldier-crab which she heard her brother describ-
ing, seemed very sweet to her father.\textsuperscript{22} Nor did Hawthorne fail
to make a note of it when "Una caught a minnow last evening, and
immediately after a good sized perch, - her first fish.\textsuperscript{23} But it
is of Julian that we hear most in the Notes. He was his father's
companion on all sorts of walks, in town and country. Hawthorne
said of him, "Julian seems to have my passion for thronged streets
and the utmost bustle of human life.\textsuperscript{25} The boy also had a passion
for fishing, though he had only a piece of string and a bent pin

\textsuperscript{17} VIII, 63. \hspace{1cm} 20. VII, 528. \hspace{1cm} 23. VIII, 59.
\textsuperscript{18} VIII, 598. \hspace{1cm} 21. VII, 547. \hspace{1cm} 24. VIII, 23,292,514,602.
\textsuperscript{19} VIII, 364. \hspace{1cm} 22. VII, 579. \hspace{1cm} 25. VIII, 560.
with which to follow the sport. His father humorously complains that "Julian threatens ominously to be a fisherman"; and at another time declares that he had never seen the angler's instinct stronger in anybody. Hawthorne's love of nature appeared in his son as a deep interest in natural history. Julian took as much delight, indeed, in museums of natural history as his father did in cathedrals and abbeys.

Hawthorne once affirmed that "cathedrals are almost the only things that have quite filled out my ideals here in this old world; and cathedrals", he complains, "often make me miserable from my inadequacy to take them wholly in; and above all, I despise myself when I sit down to describe them." In spite of these drawbacks, he visited many cathedrals, and told about them, too. Gloucester Cathedral impressed him particularly. He wrote: "It has a very rich and beautiful outside, and a lofty tower, very large and ponderous, but so finished off and adorned with pinnacles and all manner of architectural devices that it seems to sit lightly in the air." Salisbury Cathedral, too, with its mighty spire and multitudinous grey pinnacles and towers, seemed to him to ascend towards heaven with a kind of natural beauty. His first sight of York Minster (May 8, 1856) disappointed him. The best he could find to say was that it had a satisfactory hugeness. He admitted at the same time that doubtless he would have found it wholly admirable if he had only known better how to admire it. When he again visited York, a year later, he was far differently impressed. He had grown in some degree fitted to enjoy it, he

---

26. VIII, 469.  
27. VIII, 396.  
28. VIII, 560.  
29. VIII, 299.  
30. VIII, 308.  
31. VIII, 294.  
32. VIII, 278.
declares. He wrote at this second view: "York Cathedral is the most wonderful work that ever came from the hands of man. Indeed, it seems like 'a house not made with hands' but rather to have come down from above, bringing an awful majesty and sweetness with it." St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were, of course, a cause of deepest joy to him. Referring to them, he exclaimed: "How wonderful man is in all his works! How glad I am that there can be two such admirable churches, in their opposite styles."34 Interesting because so strongly in contrast with this attitude of reverence are Hawthorne's thoroughly Yankee views on the old graveyard and church of St. Nicholas. He was much surprised to find this old church and its burial-ground taking up space among the docks and warehouses of Liverpool, and declared that they would not long have stood in a similar position in an American city. And why, he questioned, should the graveyard be permitted to remain in this spot when its purposes might be better served elsewhere?35

Not only the splendid architecture of England, but also the English people themselves greatly interested Hawthorne. Their independence of opinion attracted his notice very quickly. August 8, 1853, he wrote thus: "Men and women here do things that would at least make them ridiculous in America. They are not afraid to enjoy themselves in their own way, and have no pseudo-gentility to support."36 And again, in the same vein: "Aboard the ferryboat...a man eating oysters...with a perfect coolness and independence.

33. VIII, 516. 35. VII, 425.
34. VIII, 117. 36. VII, 418.
such as no single man can ever feel in America. Here a man does not seem to consider what other people will think of his conduct, but only whether it suits his own convenience to do so and so. It may be the better way."  37 Hawthorne was likewise very strongly impressed with the distinctions of caste which were obvious even to the casual observer. The grace of the English women of the lower classes was not seen in each individual, but belonged to them as an order. The marks of class were clear even in the faces of the little children. Once, after seeing a crowd of blue-gowned charity-school girls, he wrote: "I should not have conceived it possible that so many children could have been collected together without a single trace of beauty or scarcely of intelligence in so much as one individual... They did not appear wicked, but only stupid, animal and soulless. All America could not show the like."  38 This conviction that the lower classes bore physical evidence of their inferiority of station is expressed even more clearly in the following entry, written after he had seen a large school of girls of the lower classes enjoying a holiday at Birkenhead Park: "It struck me," he wrote, "as it always has, to observe how the lower orders of this country indicate their birth and station by their aspect and features. In America there would be a good deal of grace and beauty among one hundred and fifty children and budding girls, belonging to whatever rank of life. But here they had universally a most plebeian look." He thought that the American superiority might be explained as due partly to

37. VII, 482.
climate and partly to the circumstances of classes not being kept apart as they were in England.\(^{39}\)

Hawthorne was ever a close observer of the peculiarities of English crowds. He marveled at the curiosity of people regarding the little happenings of the streets: "A crowd, - or at all events, a moderate-sized group, - is much more easily drawn together here than with us," he wrote. "The people have a great deal of idle and momentary curiosity, and are always ready to stop when another person has stopped, so as to see what has attracted his attention."\(^{40}\) The English crowd, however, though easily gathered, was perfectly undemonstrative and entirely decorous.\(^{41}\) Of all the peculiarities of the English masses, their stolidity in regard to national matters impressed Hawthorne most. Thus, when a crowd watching the Connaught Rangers march by evinced no enthusiasm whatever, he doubted whether the English populace really felt a vital interest in the nation.\(^{42}\) This attitude seemed to him very different from that in America, where the public life was lived through the mind and heart of every man in it.

Hawthorne's acquaintance with England was by no means confined to a familiarity with Liverpool. He found time during his consulate to make several extensive sight-seeing tours in England, Scotland, and Wales, and he got a great deal from them in spite of his declaration that he was not a good sight-seer, and was soon satisfied with looking at set sights.\(^{44}\) Chester, which was very

\(^{39}\) VII, 70-71. \(^{40}\) VII, 500. \(^{41}\) VIII, 582. \(^{42}\) VII, 493. \(^{43}\) VIII, 22. \(^{44}\) VII, 515.
convenient to Liverpool, he visited frequently. He calls it an indescribable old town; a glimpse of old England. The old wall, the ancient gateways, the arched bridges over the Dee, and particularly the Rows, attracted him very much. He was disappointed in the Cathedral. It seemed to him that an American must always have imagined a better one. Of the cathedral service he said: "A great deal of ceremony, and not unimposing, but rather tedious. In America the sermon is the principal thing; but here all this magnificent ceremonial of prayer and chanted responses and psalms and anthems was the setting for a short, meagre discourse, which would not have been considered of any account among the elaborate intellectual efforts of New England ministers." Incidentally, English religious customs were always quite incomprehensible to Hawthorne. Referring to family prayers, he wrote: "I should like to know how much religious feeling is indicated by this regular observance of religious rites. If an American is an infidel, he knows it; but an Englishman is often so without suspecting it."

In the summer of 1854 Hawthorne pierced the country beyond Chester, spending a week visiting Rhyl, Ryddlan Castle and Conway Castle. Rhyl, which was a summer resort, he declared was a most uninteresting place, destitute of attraction. He did, however, thoroughly enjoy seeing the old castle of Ryddlan and the Welsh villages. Conway Castle seemed to him the most perfect specimen of a ruinous old castle in the whole world.

exploring the interior of the castle he declared that nothing could ever have been more perfect in its own style, and for its own purposes; nor could anything else be more perfect as a picture of ivy-grown, peaceful ruin. After he wandered through the rooms of the castle he remembered Queen Eleanor and imagined her stately figure in antique robes, standing looking out through some window at the river Conway.

The vacation trip of the following summer (1855) was through the lake country. Hawthorne found the region very beautiful, though he was surprised at the smallness of the lakes. Windermere he describes as "a lovely little pool among the hills, long and narrow; beautifully indented with tiny bays and headlands;...one smile (as broad a smile as its narrowness allowed) with really brilliant sunshine." The little villages through which he passed all looked very old, but as if models of simple, quiet, rustic comfort and beauty. He saw among other places of wide fame, Furness Abbey, Wordsworth's residence near Grasmere, and Southey's house just above the Greta. The country seemed to him marked by surpassing loveliness. He questioned whether any other part of the world looked as beautiful as this part of England on a fine summer morning. The mountains around Derwentwater and Skiddaw, as well as the lakes and meadows, pleased Hawthorne very much. He declared that they were much superior to those of New England because of their variety and definiteness of

50. VII, 525-6.
51. VIII, 8.
52. VIII, 9.
53. VIII, 9.
54. VIII, 25.
55. VIII, 42-44.
56. VIII, 37.
shape and their abundance of water prospects. He characterized the whole scene as one of "stern grandeur with an embroidery of rich beauty." Finally, however, he became very weary of this fine scenery, and declared that it seemed to him as if he had seen a score of mountains and quaffed as many lakes, all in the space of two or three days, and so was surfeited. He added, however, "I shall always enjoy having made this journey, and shall wonder the more at England, which comprehends so much, such a rich variety, in its narrow bounds." It is amusing to read that he credited part of his weariness of sight-seeing to the hotel life. He complained that at an English hotel it seemed to a traveller as if everybody, from the landlord downward, were united to fleece him since all attendants had to be fed separately by the guest, the host paying them little or no wages. The living, too, he declared, deserved but moderate praise.

Early in September, 1855, Hawthorne made his first visit to London, which impressed him very favorably. He first went out alone and wandered aimlessly about so that he might find himself unexpectedly among things he had always read and dreamed about. He was most interested in the London of the writers of Queen Anne's age. The Monument "charmed him prodigiously", and St. Paul's seemed to him "unspeakably grand and noble." He liked particularly well to stroll about through the streets at night, never getting enough of the bustle of London, which then seemed

57. VIII, 45. 58. VIII, 55-56. 59. VIII, 60. cf. VIII, 21. 60. VIII, 91.
wild and dreamy and filled him with a sort of pleasant dread. The great city did not always appeal to him in the same way, however, for he once declared that it looked dull and dreary, and that never was there an uglier, dingier, and less picturesque city.

The Crystal Palace, the British Museum, and Westminster Abbey were a few of the wonders of London that Hawthorne saw during this first visit. The first he characterized as a gigantic toy for the English people to play with, although he admired it greatly. He declared that the design was very ambitious, to bring all ages and all regions of the earth into the bounds of this one building, and yet he admitted that it had been already accomplished to a wonderful degree. The Alhambra was more gorgeous, he said, than anything he had ever before seen. In conclusion, he wrote: "It takes down one's overweening opinion of the present to see how many kinds of beauty and magnificence have heretofore existed." The British Museum impressed him as even more wonderful than the Crystal Palace; or perhaps one should say "oppressed" rather than "impressed". He complained that there was so much to see he could get nothing at all: it would take a lifetime to exhaust the resources of any one department of the science, literature, and art of the Museum. He was inclined to believe that this was merely a case of the world's accumulating too many materials for knowledge and that much of the treasures so carefully hoarded was merely rubbish. During a later visit, he declared that he felt quite crushed in the Museum where he saw so

---

61. VIII, 31.
62. VIII, 559.
63. VIII, 136.
64. VIII, 142-145.
much at once,- that he wandered from hall to hall with a weary and heavy heart. After many visits, however, he came to feel less weighed down by the whole, and better able to enjoy individual things which interested him. There was, however, one great treasure-house in London which gave him great and immediate pleasure, - namely, Westminster Abbey. He declared that he could never be weary of it, and that when he finally had to leave England it would be the spot which he would feel most unwilling to quit forever. The Poet's Corner never seemed like a strange place to him, but was familiar from the first. He himself gave a possible explanation of this feeling later when he told of visiting the grave of Robert Dodsley in Durham Cathedral: "I love to find the graves of men connected with literature," he wrote. "I know not whether this is because I happen to be one of the literary kindred, or because all men find themselves akin and on terms of intimacy with those whom they know or might have known in books. I rather believe the latter is the case."69

Perhaps the fact that London was blessed with some extraordinarily beautiful weather during his first visit contributed largely to his kindly feelings toward the great city. It was in September, and the days were bright and sunny, the very perfection of English weather, which, he declared, was the best weather in the world except perhaps for some few days in an American October. The precious English sunshine seemed to him the most delightful sunshine ever made, but perhaps its rarity enhanced his appreciation of it.
Soon after the London trip Mrs. Hawthorne and her two daughters sailed from Southampton to Lisbon on account of her health. During her absence Hawthorne was established at Mrs. Blodgett's boarding-house, which was frequented by Americans, sea captains for the most part. He found this exclusively American society very agreeable, declaring that he knew of no other place in England where a man was made so conscious that he lived in a progressive world. "My mind," he wrote, "has been considerably enlivened by intercourse with these people; there is no danger of one's intellect becoming a standing cool in such society."

Hawthorne, however, could not be at peace without his wife; and at the Christmastide especially he missed her. December 25, 1854, he had written: "I have been happier this Christmas than ever before, - by my own fireside and with my wife and children." December 25, 1855, found him in a very different state of mind. "I have suffered woefully from low spirits for some time past," he wrote, "and this has not been the case since I grew to be a man, even in the least auspicious periods of my life. My desolate bachelor condition, I suppose, is the cause. Really I have no pleasure in anything.... I have learned what the bitterness of exile is, in these days."

The unhappiness due to this temporary separation was somewhat lessened by the kind efforts of Mr. Francis Bennoch, a man of business, but interested in letters and art, who became Hawthorne's

72. VIII, 162. 73. VII, 549.
73. VIII, 123. 76. VIII, 180. January 16, 1856.
74. VIII, 126.
dearest English friend. The Consul made a second extended visit to London in the spring of 1856, and it was at this time that his intimacy with Bennoch began. The Englishman was constantly devising plans to make the time pass pleasantly for his new friend. One of the places they went to see was Hampton Court, which Hawthorne greatly admired. It seemed to him very wise that the English government kept up this noble palace and admitted the people freely into it, thus rousing a feeling of profound respect for the state and institutions which it represented. Writing later of this same palace he exclaimed with poetic fancifulness: "How beautifully the royal robe of a monarchy is embroidered! Palaces, pictures, parks! They do enrich life; and kings and aristocracies cannot keep these things to themselves; they merely take care of them for others." Bennoch also showed Hawthorne some of the curiosities of old London, as well as the great structures of a modern time. Among the old places they visited were the Barber-Surgeons' Hall and Cripplegate, both of which appealed strongly to the writer's imagination. The Londoner entertained the Consul at his own home as well as at various show places of the city. Bennoch's home was a very pretty and comfortable one, adorned with many works of art; and the man himself was an admirable host, so Hawthorne declares, warming his guests by the influence of his kindly face and his hospitable demeanor. One of the most delightful incidents in this London visit was an excursion with Bennoch to Aldershot Camp, Battle Abbey, and Hastings.

77. VIII, 198.
78. VIII, 363.
79. VIII, 200-1.
80. VIII, 203-4.
81. VIII, 208.
82. VIII, 221.
83. VIII, 223.
It was during this memorable London trip in the spring of 1856 that Hawthorne made his first visit to the National Gallery. His attempts to see in the pictures all that other people reported that they saw are amusing. He was too honest to pretend that he liked anything which he really did not like, and he loved nature too much and knew her too well to care immediately for pictures. He wrote after this first visit, that it was no use for him to criticize pictures or to try to describe them. He thought, however, that he might acquire a taste, with a little attention to the subject, for he already began to prefer some pictures to others; he liked the Murillos best. This preference for Murillo was lasting; and a year later Hawthorne declared that he had come to the conclusion that Murillo's St. John, which he wished he might own, was the loveliest picture he had ever seen. Having thus made a beginning, he faithfully persisted in his efforts to gain an appreciation of art, becoming a frequent visitor of the Arts' Exhibition at Manchester where he spent the summer of 1857. After his first view of the pictures exhibited at Manchester he wrote: "Nothing is more depressing to me than the sight of a great many pictures together. It is like having innumerable books open before you at once, and being able to read only a sentence or two in each." This constantly recurring complaint at having to see so much at a time is what we should expect from a man who was accustomed to look at things as closely and as thoughtfully as Hawthorne did. After a time, however, he was able to make certain distinctions between pictures. He found

84. VIII, 205.
85. VIII, 565
86. VIII, 521.
himself gradually acquiring a taste for the old masters, especially the Dutch painters who seemed to him "the most wonderful set of men that ever handled a brush." He marvelled at the strange ability of these artists to represent the commonest household articles with such accuracy that they seemed spiritual and suggestive. This liking for the Dutch painters persisted even among Roman art, and so we find Hawthorne avowing a singular pleasure in the elaborate imitations of Van Mieris, Jirard, Dow and other Dutch wizards, who painted such brass pots that you could see your face in them, and such earthen pots that they would surely hold water. Hawthorne's persistence was finally rewarded by his realization that pictures had become quite different things to him than they had been at his first visit to the Exhibition. He declared that it seemed to him as if there were an illumination within them that made him see them more distinctly.

The year of 1856 was particularly the year of sight seeing for Hawthorne. In May, immediately after his trip to London, he went to Scotland, where he visited Glasgow, Loch Lomond, Stirling and Edinburgh, returning to England by way of Melrose and Abbotsford. Abbotsford disappointed him because it left no simple and great impression on him. He concluded from the museum-like arrangements of the house that Scott was not really a wise man, nor one that grasped the truth of life; but in spite of this, he cherished the Scotch romancer, understanding his works the better for having seen his house.

Very soon after the trip to Scotland, Mrs. Hawthorne returned to England; and just after her

87. VIII, 531.
88. VIII, 534.
89. X, 312.
90. VIII, 543.
91. VIII, 246. Hawthorne left Liverpool for Scotland May 2, and returned May 10.
92. VIII, 273-4.
return, the family made a tour to Lincoln, Boston, Nottingham, Newstead Abbey and Mattock. Though they saw only a little bit of England, the tour, Hawthorne declared, was rich with variety and interest. A second trip to Scotland in 1857, on which his wife and children accompanied him, completes the list of Hawthorne's sight-seeing excursions of the period of the Consulate.

Hawthorne's social activities in England, and the people whom he met, form another interesting and important chapter in the account of his English experiences. In his native land he only rarely consented to be a dinner guest, but he frequently attended both public and private dinners while in England. Such remarks as these become quite usual: "I dined on Wednesday at Mr. Heywood's"; or "Yesterday I was present at a déjeuner on board the James Barnes." Among the more noteworthy of the private dinners was one which Bennoch gave for him at the Milton Club in London. The sixteen guests at this affair were most of them authors, or people associated with the press, so that the party represented a great deal of the "working intellect" of the day. This company he found very kind and agreeable. A similar event which deserves mention is a breakfast at Mr. Monckton Milnes', who was noted as a patron of letters. Among those whom he met at this breakfast were Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Robert Browning, and Macaulay. "Mrs. Browning", he observes, "is a small, delicate woman, with ringlets of dark hair, a pleasant, intelligent and sensitive face, and a low agreeable voice." He had no difficulty

93. VIII, 292, June 11, 1856.
94. VIII, 448.
95. VIII, 452, June 26-July 14.
96. VIII, 225-27, April 4, 1856.
97. VIII, 326-331, July 13, 1856.
at all talking with her, for, as he explained, she was of that quickly appreciative and responsive order of women with whom Hawthorne talked more freely than with any man, and she had beside her own originality wherewith to help on conversation. Mr. Browning he characterized as "very simple and agreeable in manners, gently impulsive, talking as if his heart were uppermost." Macaulay, apparently, did not make the same personal appeal to the American as did the poets; nevertheless, Hawthorne declared that he was very glad to have seen the essayist, whom he describes as a man of large presence, with a face of remarkable intelligence. Speaking of the company as a whole he wrote: "I liked greatly the manners of all the people at this breakfast, and it was doubtless owing to their being all people of high rank or remarkable intellect, or both."

These dinner parties, however, were not always agreeable to a man of letters who particularly disliked being a social lion. On one occasion he declared that he was heartily weary of the oblation of the many people who were interested in him merely as a famous writer. He admitted that it was perhaps ungracious in him not to be gratified by their attentions, but confessed that it bored him because he did not know what to do or say. At another time he insisted that it was ill-mannered for people to ask for an introduction unless they were prepared to make talk; otherwise it threw too great an expense and trouble on the wretched lion.
The celebrities whom he met or saw in England, however, were not confined to those encountered at the dinner table. Soon after he went to England, Mr. Sickles brought Judge Douglas to call at the Consulate. Hawthorne recognized in "the chosen man of young America" a very able leader, with true Western sociability and free fellowship. 104 Douglas Jerrold he met at the Reform Club in London. He found Mr. Jerrold's conversation exceedingly interesting, and his heart very warm and kindly, though hidden under a thin crust of outward acerbity. 105 Hawthorne did not meet Tennyson, but he counted himself very fortunate when he saw the poet at the Arts' Exhibition in Manchester, and enthusiastically declared that he rejoiced more in Tennyson than in all the other wonders of the Exhibition.

Although Hawthorne was glad to meet these English people and though he lovingly termed their country "our old home", yet he always felt like a stranger among them. Many of them chilled and repelled him by their attitude of superiority and intolerance. He was convinced that if an Englishman knew and liked every American as an individual, he would still despise and hate the nation in aggregate. Even when he wrote: "There are some Englishmen whom I like, - one or two for whom I might say I have an affection", he was constrained to add, "but still there is not the same union between us as if they were Americans. A cold thin medium intervenes betwixt our most intimate approaches." 106

We must believe, however, that his intimate friendship with Mr. Henry Bright of Liverpool, a gentleman engaged in business but

gifted with a sympathetic mind, and his relations with the
genial and kindly Francis Bennoch of London, to whom Mr. 110
Hawthorne dedicated the English Note-Books, were exceptions to
the rule. Of the latter friend he wrote: "I like him inexpress-
ibly for his heart and for his intellect, and for his flesh and
blood; and if he has faults, I do not know them, nor care to know
them, nor would I value him the less if I did know them." 111 It
would be hard to imagine a warmer confession of friendship than
this.

It is gratifying to find, however, that Hawthorne's ad-
miration of the wonderful cathedrals of England, his respect
for her great men of letters, and his close friendship with an
Englishman made him love his native land no whit the less. There
are many incidental remarks scattered through the notes that bear
witness to his loyalty to America. After seeing the performances
of an American circus company, he declared in all seriousness
that he was happy to perceive that the fact of its being an
American establishment added to his pleasure. His frank pride
in Washington and Franklin is another evidence of a Yankee heart.
He declared that the Virginian was a man beside whom any English
nobleman he had seen would look like common clay; 113 and that among
the letters of statesmen and warriors, treasured in the British
Museum, he saw none so illustrious as those of Washington, nor
any more so than Franklin's. 114

These strongly American feelings did not, however, blind
Hawthorne to the faults of his compatriots. He admitted that they
lacked a deep and delicate refinement, but at the same time in -
sisted that they were as capable of that quality as were other people, imputing their coarseness to the circumstances under which they grew up and the peculiar activities of their minds. At another time he wrote in the same vein: "I begin to agree partly with the English that we are not a people of elegant manner, at all events, there is sometimes a bare, hard, meagre sort of deportment, especially in our women, that has not its parallel elsewhere." It comforted him, however, to think that Americans came over to England especially to see sights which would not be interesting except to people of some education and refinement. He perceived also that the advantage was clearly with us in the case of self-made men. An Englishman, he declared, who had risen in life by his own efforts would never be any more a gentleman than when he began his career, while "an American comes naturally to any distinctions to which success may bring him." 117

In spite of the many enjoyable experiences that his sojourn in England had afforded him, it was with pleasure that Hawthorne resigned his consular duties and prepared for the trip to Italy. He had complained long before, after a particularly hard week, that his life as consul was weary and unprofitable. "I am sick to death of my office", he wrote at this time, "brutal captains and brutal sailors; continued complaints of mutual wrong which I have no power to right, and which, indeed, seems to have no right on either side; calls of idleness and ceremony from my

115. VIII, 125.
116. VIII, 547.
117. VIII, 242.
travelling countrymen; calls from beggars, cheats, simpletons, unfortunates." He was relieved of his consular duties in October, 1857, but he did not set out for Italy until the first week in January of 1858. The deference which he was shown at the Minister's when he called to arrange for his passport evoked from him a cry of thanksgiving that he was no longer a servant of the public, but a sovereign.

118. VIII, 69.
119. VIII, 553.
120. VIII, 601. The last lines of the entry concern Bennoch's farewell visit.
The Italian Notes are less personal and less imaginative than the American Notes, but much more so than the English Journal. This fact seems entirely natural when one considers it in the light of Hawthorne's career. The American Note-Books were written during an interval characterized by intense literary effort, and consequently they are tinged by a strong imaginative coloring. The English Notes, on the contrary, are the product of a period of practical business interests, and bear the distinguishing marks of external influences. In Italy, however, Hawthorne's greater leisure and the inspiration of the Eternal City combined to bring back into his journals the tone of the American period, though inevitably modified by the occurrences of the intervening years.

On his journey to Rome, Hawthorne passed through France. The country as he saw it from the car windows "seemed pretty much to resemble the December aspect of his own dear native land, broad, bare, brown fields, with streaks of snow at the foot of the ridges, and along fences or in the furrows of plowed soil". The chill, raw weather was likewise a reminder of his "own dear country". The old French town of Amiens, where the party stopped en route for Paris, seemed to Hawthorne infinitely cleaner and whiter than English towns; and the Cathedral, standing in the midst of the cold, white city, had a high-shouldered look to a spectator accustomed to the ministers of England.

1 - X, 11.
3 - X, 11.
Paris was a pleasant surprise with its stately edifices prolonging themselves in unwearying magnificence and beauty, and ever and anon, a long vista of street with a column rising at the end of it. "I never knew what a palace was," he exclaimed, "till I had a glimpse of the Louvre and the Tuilleries; never had my idea of a city been gratified till I trod those stately streets". Likewise the Madeleine seemed to him most beautiful of churches. The life of Paris he found infinitely more picturesque than of London; but he did not like the people at all. After some trouble with French railway officials over a missing piece of baggage, he half-humorously analyzed the French character thus: "They love a certain system and external correctness, but do not trouble themselves to be deeply in the right."

Marseilles, the port from which they sailed for Italy, Hawthorne remembered particularly for the volubility of the people. He declared that he had never heard from human lips anything like the bustle and babble of this French sea port. This characteristic of the Latin peoples impressed itself upon him again in Italy. He declared that one heard more words in Incisa in a single day than would be spoken in a New England village in a whole year. He concluded, nevertheless, that an American crowd had more life than any other, and that

4 - X, 18.  
5 - X, 18.  
8 - X, 49.  
6 - X, 19.  
7 - X, 42.  
9 - X, 337.
it would laugh, talk, and be diversified with a thousand characteristic gleams and shadows which were entirely missing among the voluble southern races.\textsuperscript{10}

The trip from Marseilles to Rome was very pleasant, especially the visit to Genoa, where the steamer stopped for a few hours. The churches, especially the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, seemed preeminently magnificent; Genoa, in short, he concluded well deserved its name of the Superb.\textsuperscript{11} The carriage trip from the sea-coast to Rome, however, was very disagreeable. Hawthorne arrived at Rome, about midnight in a wintry rain, and was unable to find a good hotel. Consequently his earliest opinions of Rome were very unfavorable. His own account of his first acquaintance with the Eternal City is delightful in its frank dissatisfaction. He complains thus: "We have been in Rome a fortnight today, and I have seldom or never spent so wretched a time anywhere. Our first impressions," he admits, "were very unfortunate, arriving at midnight half frozen in the wintry rain, and being received into a cold and cheerless hotel, where we shivered during two or three days, meanwhile seeking lodgings among the sunless, dreary alleys which are called street in Rome". He laments that his wits were so congealed and his fingers so numb that he could not keep a minute journal of his feelings and impressions, declaring that he would have shown modern Rome in an aspect in which it had never before been

\begin{footnotes}
\item[10] X, 338.
\end{footnotes}
Fortunately, time and warmer weather gradually roused in him kindlier feelings for the Eternal City; so that four months later, just before he left for Florence, he wrote: "I begin to find that I have a strange affection for Rome --- It is very singular, the sad embrace with which Rome takes possession of the soul. It may be because the intellect finds a home there more than any other spot in the world." 

The places of most interest to Hawthorne in Rome were the cathedrals, the ruins, and the art galleries; and it was undoubtedly his great admiration for these wonders that brought him to feel the "strange affection for Rome" to which he confessed in the quotation just cited. St. Peter's, of course, comes first among the churches. It continued to grow upon him in magnitude and beauty, always impressing him more and more with a sense of breadth and loftiness, of visionary splendor and magnificence. The appeal of the little church of St. Andrea was rather different, but just as real. He said of it that it had a more perfect and gem-like beauty than any other, and expressed a ludicrous wish to pack it in a large box and send it home. The beauty of the Roman churches did not, however, blind him to the wonder of other Italian cathedrals. The Cathedral of Arezzo he praised as "very stately with its great arches, and darkly magnificent with the dim, rich light coming through its painted windows, some of which

13 - X, 221. May 24, 1858.
14 - X, 88.
15 - X, 480.
16 - X, 92.
are reckoned the most beautiful that the world has to show."\textsuperscript{17} Hawthorne always had an especial admiration for painted glass, and after viewing the beautiful Florentine Cathedral he declared that it was a pity anybody should die without seeing an antique painted window with the bright Italian sunshine glowing through it.\textsuperscript{18}

The old Roman ruins impressed Hawthorne particularly by their antiquity. He expressed great satisfaction that he had seen the castles and cathedrals of England before he visited Rome, - otherwise he feared he would never have felt that delightful reverence for their gray and ivy-hung antiquity after seeing the so much older Roman remains.\textsuperscript{19} These massive ruins, however, sometimes seemed to him singularly lacking in beauty, and no more picturesque than an old brick cellar, except for size and associations.\textsuperscript{20} The Appian Way, with the Palace of the Caesars, the Baths of Caracalla, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the Columbaria, was a favorite route with Hawthorne.\textsuperscript{21} He was thoroughly convinced that the Romans themselves were singularly unappreciative of their opportunities, and he complained that they did their best to ruin the ruins by taking away the marble and hewn stone for their own uses.\textsuperscript{22} He was particularly disgusted with the Roman indifference after the excavation of a beautiful Venus in a vineyard just outside of

\begin{tabular}{ll}
\textsuperscript{17} & X, 281. \\
\textsuperscript{18} & X, 273. \\
\textsuperscript{19} & X, 60. \\
\textsuperscript{20} & X, 103. \\
\textsuperscript{21} & X, 103, 112, 113-115. \\
\textsuperscript{22} & X, 103. \\
\end{tabular}
Rome showed clearly what might be done. "The whole world," he exclaimed, "might be peopled with antique beauty if the Romans would only dig." 23

To recount the number of picture-galleries which Hawthorne visited, and to tell which pictures pleased him most would take far too long. It is enough to say that almost every entry mentions a visit to some famous gallery, - the Barberini Palace, the Palazzo Borghese or the Vatican. The enthusiasm for Roman art which is so noticeable in The Marble Faun was not simulated for the occasion; it is a true representation of an appreciation of art gained by hours of patient thoughtful study at great Italian galleries. Of particular pictures, Guido's Aurora pleased him greatly. It seemed as fresh and brilliant, he declared, as if (the artist) had painted it with the morning sunshine which it represented. 24

In referring to this picture Hawthorne used one of those beautiful expressions which give literary charm to the Note-Books. "Bright things", he wrote, "leave a sheen and glimmer in the mind". 25 The Murillos of the Vatican were as satisfying to him as those he had seen in England. "I could have spent the day happily looking at anyone of them," he once declared. 26 But perhaps no other picture won him so completely as Guido's Beatrice Cenci, which seemed to him the most profoundly wrought picture in the world. 27 Its indefinable

---

23 - X, 503.  
24 - X, 91.  
25 - X, 91.  
26 - X, 177.  
27 - X, 89.
mystery was as fascinating to him on his farewell visit as it had been the first time he saw the picture,\textsuperscript{28} The deep influence which Guido's Beatrice made upon him is partly evidenced in \textit{The Marble Faun}, both in direct references and in the tragic figure of Miriam.

May 24, 1858, Hawthorne left Rome to escape the dangers of the climate, travelling to Florence by veittura.\textsuperscript{29} The road led through many beautiful tracts of country, and past many picturesque and interesting towns, among them Terni, Foligno, Perugia, Pissignano and Arezzo. In each town the party delayed long enough to see the various show places, such as the great Franciscan convent of Assisi,\textsuperscript{30} the churches of Perugia with their pictures by Fra Angelico,\textsuperscript{31} and the great cathedral\textsuperscript{32} and Petrarch's birth-place in Arezzo. The well opposite Petrarch's house,--the well of Boccaccio's stories,--reminded him of the old town pump in Salem, and led him to wonder whether his townspeople would ever point it out to strangers.\textsuperscript{33} After reaching Florence he wrote: "This journey from Rome has been one of the brightest and most uncareful interludes of my life. We have all enjoyed it exceedingly, and I am happy that our children have it to look back upon."\textsuperscript{34}

With the assistance of the American sculptor Powers, who had long made Italy his home, Hawthorne established his family very pleasently in the Casa del Bello, where he had "an

\textsuperscript{28} X, 504.
\textsuperscript{29} X, 219.
\textsuperscript{30} X, 243.
\textsuperscript{31} X, 250.
\textsuperscript{32} X, 231.
\textsuperscript{33} X, 260.
\textsuperscript{34} X, 272.
immense suite of rooms, spacious, lofty, abundantly furnished with arm-chairs, sofas, marble tables and great looking-glasses". Here he felt that he could be perfectly comfortable himself, and make his family so, for just one summer. To him was assigned the pleasantest room for his study, where he might sit "dreaming of a story". But he planned to do several other things besides dream. He explains that "every day I shall write a little, perhaps, - and probably take a brief nap somewhere between breakfast and tea, - but go to see pictures and statues occasionally, and so assuage and mollify myself a little after the uncongenial life of the Consulate, and before going back to my own hard and dusty England."35

The art galleries of the Pitti and Uffizzi palaces and the Academy of Arts were perhaps Hawthorne's favorite resorts in Florence, although he was not less interested in the Florentine churches than he had been in those of Rome. Raphael's Madonna della Seggiola, which he declared was the most beautiful picture in the world,36 and the Venus di Medici, received an especially large measure of attention. The charm of the Venus was at first thoroughly satisfying,37 but it did not continue to be so. After one disappointing visit he wrote: "The Venus seemed to me today little more than any other piece of yellowish white marble."38 Although for the most part Hawthorne took

35 - X 275-5
36 - X, 300; 374
37 - X, 291
38 - X, 399
Italian art very seriously, he indulges occasionally in a quiet but very keen humor which lights up and relieves the matter-of-fact description of sights and record of events. An example of this is his amusing criticism of Carlo Dolce's picture, the Eternal Father. This portrait, Hawthorne declares, is "a miracle and masterpiece of absurdity. It is the All-powerless, a fair-haired, soft, consumptive deity, with a mouth that has fallen open through very weakness. He holds one hand on his stomach, as if the wickedness and wretchedness of mankind had made him qualmish... Heaven forgive me," he cried at the end "for such thoughts as this picture has suggested." 39

Nearly as much space in the Notes of the Florence period is devoted to conversations with Mr. Powers as to the art galleries. Hawthorne declared that he had hardly ever before felt such an impulse to write down a man's conversation as that of Powers, 40 "the man and his talk are fresh, original and full of muscle," he explained; "I enjoy him much." 41 It is a favorable comment on the quality of Hawthorne's intellectual activity that while he thought Powers was an instructive man who could sweep one's empty and dead notions out of the way with exceeding vigor, he nevertheless felt inclined always to think and see a little farther for himself. 42 The conversations recorded are very amusing as well as illuminating, and cover a wide range of topics, from fried acacia blossoms and Italian

39 - X 369-70. 41 - X, 309.
40 - X 335. 42 - X, 335.
servants to sculpture and philosophy.\textsuperscript{43}

The Brownings, who were living in Florence at the Casa Guidi at this time, treated Hawthorne in a very friendly way. Mr. Browning called two or three days after the American writer's arrival in Florence, and the next evening entertained him. Mrs. Browning and Pennini, her little son, seemed to the imaginative American to be of the elfin race, rather than earthly. Browning himself he found a delightfully entertaining host, very skillful in keeping up conversation with everybody.\textsuperscript{44}

Hawthorne spent the first weeks at Florence in sightseeing and visiting with his friends. After a fortnight, however, he remarked that the atmosphere caused a sort of alacrity in his mind, but that the sense of being unsettled kept him idle. "I need monotony," he explained, "an eventless, exterior life, before I can live in the world within."\textsuperscript{45} By July 27, he had settled down and was hard at work on The Marble Faun. At this time he wrote: "I seldom go out nowadays, having already seen Florence tolerably well, and the streets, being hot, and myself having been engaged in sketching out a romance. It leaves me but little heart for journalizing and describing new things."\textsuperscript{46} He declared, incidentally, that six months of monotony would be more valuable to him just then than the most brilliant succession of novelties. It was partly for the sake of greater seclusion, partly to avoid the heat, that the Hawthornes left the Caso del Bello on August 2 (1858) and moved out to the suburban Villa Montauto or Monte Beni, which he used largely in

\textsuperscript{43} X 283, 304, 315, 376.  \textsuperscript{44} X, 373.  \textsuperscript{45} X, 292, 293-97.  \textsuperscript{46} X, 311.
his romance. 47

Hawthorne found the villa a most delightful summer residence and particularly enjoyed the tower, from which he looked over a landscape that lacked only water to be a very fine one. He also took pleasure in exploring the many rooms of the great house, which he characterized as of bewildering extent, so that when one went in quest of any particular point he was likely to fetch up at some other. 48 Here Hawthorne continued to work on his romance until September, when he finished with it for the time, and turned again to revisiting the galleries and seeing what remained to be seen in Florence. 49

Not only did Hawthorne revisit the art galleries and churches of Florence, but he found time to consider and discuss the matter of spiritualism in which Powers, and Mrs. Hawthorne too, firmly believed. He himself could not feel that there was any other that purely materialistic truth in the communications and manifestations which were reported. His opinion on this question is an excellent example of his practical commonsense; and his astonishment at the "pigheadedness" of the metaphysicians and physiologists who would not investigate does him credit.

October 2, 1858, Hawthorne left Florence and returned to Rome by a different route from that by which he had come. On the way back to Rome he lingered at Siena about eleven days. The Cathedral, which he visited daily, seemed to him a religion

47 - To what extent this villa figures in the romance will be considered in later chapter concerning the relation of the Notes and stories. 48 - X, 377-82. 49 - X, 391-92. 50 - X, 393-96. Ibid 411-14.
in itself, something worth dying for to those who had an hereditary interest in it. He likewise took great delight in the Institute of Fine Arts at Siena. When he finally reached Rome, October 17, he wrote: "I had a quiet, gentle, comfortable pleasure, as if, after many wanderings, I was drawing near Rome, for now that I have known it once, Rome certainly does draw itself into my heart." He and his family were soon settled in "the snuggest little set of apartments in Rome", but their peace was of short duration; for with the coming of the chilly gray November Una took the Roman fever and nearly died. During the four months of her illness Hawthorne did not keep a journal.

With the end of February (1859) came the Carnival. Hawthorne had enjoyed the Carnival but little the year before, though he had realized that it offered material for quite a brilliant sketch; but this second carnival, coming when he was in a happy mood at Una's recovery, afforded him much amusement. He even admitted that he could have bandied confetti and nosegays as readily and riotously as any urchin in the streets and declared that there could be no more picturesque spectacle in human life than that which the Corso presented in the gala season.

Another very pleasant phase of the last few weeks in Rome was the presence of Ex-president Pierce, who had always been one of Hawthorne's dearest friends. Referring to Pierce,

52 - X, 478. 56 - X, 80.
53 - X, 482. 57 - X, 488.
54 - X,
he wrote in quiet joy: "I have found in him, here in Rome, the
whole of my early friend, and even better than I used to know
him; a heart as true and affectionate, a mind much deepened
and widened by his experience of life. We hold just the same
relation to each other as of yore, and we have passed all the
turning off places, and may hope to go on together still the
same dear friends as long as we live." 58

May 26, 1859, Hawthorne left Rome, which seemed to
him to look more beautiful than ever before, but which he had
no wish even to see again, even though he felt strangely drawn
to "this city of the soul". 59 The journey to England was made
by way of Marseilles, Avignon and Geneva, partly for the sake
of Una and partly for the Swiss scenery. Hawthorne declared
that he had never beheld any scene so exquisite as Lake Geneva
presented, and that he desired nothing of Heaven but that he
might worthily enjoy its beauty. 60 When he started to England,
he had intended to sail at once from Liverpool to America; and
the thought of returning to his native land made his heart thrill
half pleasantly, half fearfully. He dreaded that the home from
which he had been absent six years might turn out not to be
home any longer; and he could hardly bear to say farewell to
England. 61 Instead, however, of following his original plan,
he remained another year in England, chiefly to finish The
Marble Faun. During this period he lived first at Redcar,
a sea-side town in Yorkshire, and later at Leamington, near Warwick, where he completed the romance in March, 1860. During his stay at Redcar he kept no note-books at all, nor did he ever keep a full journal thereafter. He himself once explained the situation thus: "I would gladly journalize some of my proceedings, and describe things and people; but I find the same coldness and stiffness in my pen as always since our return to England." The last few weeks in London were filled with social engagements which, so he wrote in a letter, did him a wonderful deal of good though he admits, if he had his choice he should leave them undone. This quoted letter closes the European Journal: and Hawthorne did every little journalizing afterwards, being occupied with a new romance and also much disturbed by the war. The last entry of the note-books (Aug. 15, 1862) is taken from notes he kept during a trip to Maine. It is a slight indication of the deep concern he felt in the troubous state of affairs which he was not to live to see settled.

62 - X, 551. Editor's Note.
63 - X, 552.
64 - X, 561.
65 - X, 561.
Notes and Stories.

The Note-Books reveal a great many interesting facts concerning the source of the material from which were evolved the tales and romances offered to the public. This information may be classified by a three-fold division, concerning (1) the gloomy and fantastic predominant tone of the suggestions; (2) the hints from which grew stories; and (3) notes of actual places or events, used mainly as background.

The tone of the suggestions is such as one might expect from the tales. There is the same weird, shadowy world peopled mainly by shapes of sin and misery, allegorical and yet morbidly impressive. A few quotations will best show the character of these hints. The hopeless fatalism which characterizes The Scarlet Letter and The House of the Seven Gables is well illustrated in the following: "A story to show how we are all wronged and wrongers and avenge one another"; and again, "A company of men, none of whom have anything worth hoping for on earth, yet who do not look forward to anything beyond earth." Quite as depressing as this tinge of fatalism is the fact that the progression of the story is almost always to involve a change to worse, never to better; for example: "A change from a gay young girl to an old woman; the melancholy events, the effects of which have clustered around her character and gradually imbued it with their influences till she becomes a lover of sick-chambers, taking pleasure in receiving dying breaths and in laying out the dead"; or, "A well

1. IX, 107.  2. IX, 107.  3. IX, 21.
concerted train of events to be thrown into confusion by some misplaced circumstance, unsuspected till the catastrophe, yet exerting its influence from beginning to end.⁴ Such a hint as this last shows the artistic working for an effective climax, for some fearful and startling culmination of events. Equally distressing, though in a quieter way, is the solution in this suggestion: "Two persons might be bitter enemies through life, and mutually cause the ruin of one another, and of all that were dear to them," and then to make the situation the more to be regretted, "they might discover that the supposed ground of the quarrel was altogether a mistake, and then be woefully reconciled."⁵ The mysteries of the suggested stories are always "dreadful"; for example, "A dreadful secret to be communicated to several people of various characters, - grave or gay, and they all to become insane, according to their characters, by the influence of the secret";⁶ and this: "A series of strange, mysterious and dreadful events to occur, wholly destructive to a person's happiness. He to impute them to various persons and causes, but ultimately to find that he himself is the sole agent. Moral, our welfare depends on ourselves."⁷

The last sentence of the preceding quotation is a plain statement of what is implied in nearly all the tales, that they are allegorical and purposive, not merely narrative and artistic. Another example of the statement of the purpose of a tale is this: "A person while awake ... to think highly of another and place perfect confidence in him, but to be troubled with dreams in which this seeming friend appears to act the part of a most deadly ene-

⁴ IX, 21. ⁵ IX, 23. ⁶ IX, 110. ⁷ IX, 124.
my. Finally it is discovered that the dream character is the true one. The explanation would be -- the soul's instinctive perception."  

Sometimes, on the other hand, Hawthorne jotted down only the theme or thesis, with little or no suggestion as to how it was to be worked out; for example: "A sketch illustrating the imperfect compensations which time makes for its devastations on a person -- honors or infirmities, wealth for a broken constitution ....", or "Selfishness is one of the qualities apt to inspire love. This might be thought out at great length".

The fatalistic doctrine of the inevitableness of sin and man's helplessness to resist its effects is often represented in the Notes as well as in the romances and stories, thus: "A man to flatter himself with the idea that he would not be guilty of some certain wickedness...and yet to find, ultimately, that he was at that very time committing the same wickedness." This impulse to picture people helpless in the grip of powerful influences, which expressed itself so completely in Miriam is likewise clearly indicated in the Notes, thus: "Situation of a man in the midst of a crowd, yet is entirely in the power of another as if they two were in the deepest solitude." In spite of the emphasis laid on the power of sin and man's helplessness before it, that is never offered is an excuse for the wrong-doer. On his own head must recoil the effects of his evil deeds. This is clear from the following examples: "A young man to win the love of a girl, without any serious intentions, and to find in that love, which might have been the greatest blessing of his life, he had conjured up a spirit

9. IX, 34.  11. IX, 38.
of mischief which pursued him throughout his career; and as a companion picture, "A virtuous but giddy girl to attempt to play a trick on a man. He sees what she is about, and contrives so that she is ruined -- all in jest." Even in these dark suggestions we often find graces of phrase and artistic effect which foreshadow the more finished beauty of the tales and sketches; for example, "Things meant in jest... to become dreadful earnest, - gaily dressed fantasies turning to ghostly and black-clad images of themselves", and "a lament for life's wasted sunshine" are notable for happy wording, while such a hint as this bears equally the stamp of the artist: "The scene of a story or sketch is laid within the light of a street-lantern; the time, when the lamp is near going out; and the catastrophe to be simultaneous with the last flickering gleams." In spite of the inevitable gloom of these suggestions, their artistic beauty is obvious.

Some of the hints for children's stories are marked by the same moralistic tone as are those for older readers, for example: "To describe a boyish costume with snowballs, and the victorious leader to have a statue of snow erected to him; a satire of ambition and fame...It might be a child's story," or, "Gnomes or other mischievous little fiends, to be represented as burrowing in the hollow teeth of some person who had subjected themselves to their power. It should be a child's story." Not all of the hints for children's stories, however, have this serious undercurrent, for example: "A pretty riddle or fable might be made out of the changes
in apparel of the familiar trees around the house adapted for children"; and also this, "For a child's story, - the voyage of a little boat made of a chip, with a birch-bark sail down a river." There is also a brief suggestion in the Notes which has an importance far beyond its length when we remember the Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. - I refer to this: "Pandora's box for a child's story," from this as a beginning apparently grew the volumes of old Greek myths retold for children.

It is very interesting to observe how some of these suggestions were worked out. "The Great Stone Face" first presented itself to Hawthorne in this guise. "The semblance of a human face to be formed on the side of a mountain, or in the fracture of a small stone, by a lusus naturae. The face is an object of curiosity for years or centuries, and by and by a boy is born, whose features gradually assume the aspect of that portrait. At some critical juncture, the resemblance is found to be perfect. A prophecy may be connected." How beautifully this supporting frame-work is dressed up in the story! There the Great Stone Face is a vital force, an ennobling influence, not a curiosity formed by a freak of nature; and there the 'boy' becomes Ernest, the serious, quiet lad who grew to resemble the noble face he so much admired, but who, in his humility, passed unnoticed until the coming of the poet.

Again, Mosses from an Old Manse offers a particularly rich field for studying the use of these suggestions. In the American Notes we find under the entry of January 4, 1839, a sentence copied

from Sir Thomas Browne, "A story there passeth of an Indian King that sent unto Alexander a fair woman fed with aconite and other poisons, with this intent complexionally to destroy him." From this hint grew Rappaccini's Daughter, the tale of Beatrice, the daughter of an Italian scientist who had raised the girl among poisonous plants for experimental reasons. This girl, who was as beautiful and as deadly as the magnificent flowers which she tended, loved and was beloved by a youth Giovanni. A friend of the young man warned him against Beatrice in these words: "I have been reading an old classic author (who tells) the story of an Indian prince that sent a beautiful woman as a present to Alexander the Great. She was as lovely as the dawn..but she had been nourished with poisons from her birth upward till she herself had become the deadliest poison in existence." The ending of the story, which is in no way suggested by the hint, is characteristically Hawthornesque. That the real sin was Giovanni's revulsion from Beatrice, though his revulsion was inevitable, is a typical example of that unhappy fatalism which was noted earlier in connection with the hints in general.

Another of Hawthorne's best known stories, The Birthmark, is suggested in several notes. Under the heading of October, 1837, we find the following hint: "A person to be in possession of something as perfect as mortal man has a right to demand; he tries to make it better and ruins it entirely"; and later (1840), this: "A person to be the death of his beloved in trying to raise her to more than mortal perfection; yet this should be a comfort to him

25. IX, 106.
for having aimed so high and so holily." The latter suggestion with its greater definiteness, might have grown out of the earlier idea. The story is that a scientist, Aylmer, married a woman whose beauty would have been perfect but for a birthmark, the print of a tiny hand on one cheek. This defect, which to others had seemed to add to her charm, was to Aylmer intolerable; and he did not rest until he had removed it. His wife died immediately, however, thus proving the unwisdom of demanding heavenly perfection on earth, which is a different conclusion from the one suggested in the note.

Not only tales like Rappaccini's Daughter and The Birthmark but sketches as well are suggested in the Note-Books. The Procession of Life, from the Mosses works out the new classification of society according to sorrows, maladies and sins, as given earlier in the Notes. Two other sketches from the Mosses, Monsieur du Miroir and Mrs. Bullfrog, which are to be numbered among Hawthorne's few tales of humor, are likewise foreshadowed by jottings in the American Notes. "To make one's reflection in a mirror the subject of a story" suggests the first, and "To represent the process by which truth gradually strips off all the beautiful draperies with which the imagination had enveloped a beloved object," summarizes the second of these sketches. Incidentally, Hawthorne's own criticism of these two works is illuminating: "I do not very well recollect Monsieur du Miroir," he declares, "but as to Mrs. Bullfrog, I give her up to the severest reprehension. The story was written as a mere experiment in that style; it did

27. IX, 34.
29. IX, 22.
not come from any depth within me." 30 Among many other stories suggested in the Notes are these: "Egotism, or the Bosom Serpent" from a hint concerning a snake nourished within a man's bosom, tormenting him horribly to represent envy or some other evil passion; 31 "The New Adam and Eve", suggested nearly as it was worked out; 32 and "The Christmas Banquet" which is foreshadowed in a thanksgiving dinner in the Notes. 33

The hint from which "Feathertop: A Moralized Legend" grew is more vague, more indefinite, than any mentioned heretofore. The note is merely this: "To make a story out of a scarecrow, giving it odd attributes." 34 Yet the scarecrow which Mother Rigby and Dickon made, with its breath of life and its beginnings of a soul, is a very definite and attractive figure. It is perhaps not beside the point to note in this connection that Percy MacKaye, in his play The Scarecrow, has very cleverly dramatized this story and that he has used the same "odd attributes" for his Ravensbane that Hawthorne had given to Feathertop.

Among these many suggestions for stories, there is the following significant bit of material which Hawthorne himself, though he plainly realized its literary value, did not use: "H. L. C. heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage day, all the men of the province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off to be distributed throughout New England, - among them the bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him....and at last, when she was old, she

30. IX, 239. 34. IX, 211.
31. IX, 34. 35. Dickinson, Chief Contemporary Dramatists.
32. IX, 32.
33. IX, 32.
found him on his death-bed." A little while after hearing this story, Hawthorne and H. C. Conolly, who had told it to the writer, dined with Longfellow and repeated it to him. He was touched by the incident and, with Hawthorne's consent, proceeded to use it in "Evangeline". Another American poet, Whittier, had also thought of writing on the expulsion of the Acadians; but after the appearance of "Evangeline" he declared that he was glad he had delayed. "Longfellow", he said, "was just the one to write it."

In concluding this consideration of the development of hints, I wish to mention two which suggest, though only faintly, certain novels. "A man living a wicked life in one place and simultaneously a virtuous and religious one in another," reminds me of Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; yet the idea is not so strange but that it might have originated with the English writer. Poe had treated the same idea in William Wilson. As for the second hint, I wonder whether we have in the following description an early sketch of Arthur Dimmesdale: "Each circumstance of the career of an apparently successful man to be a menace and torture to him on account of some fundamental error in early life."

The temptation to linger over the hints which grew into tales is great; but there remains another important relation of the Notes and the stories to be considered, namely, the use, in the published works, of purely descriptive and observational material taken from the journals. Mosses from an Old Manse affords excellent examples of this practice. The first sketch of the volume, from which the book takes its name, is a good case in

36. IX, 208.
38. IX, 107. 39. IX. 206.
point. In this sketch Hawthorne declares that when he glanced back over what he had written, it seemed out the scattered reminiscences of a single year; and anyone who had read of the first year in the Old Manse as it is described in the American Note-Books (which, we must remember, the writer never intended us to do), could not fail to agree. The sluggish stream, the yellow and white water-lilies, the orchard, the garden, the summer rains, the tenderness of autumn, -- all these things that we read about in "The Old Manse" we might first have read of in the Notes. To be sure, in the one case we have a connected, unified sketch while in the other the account is given disjointedly, day by day; yet the facts, even the thoughts that the situation called up, were the same.

"Buds and Bird Voices", another sketch in Mosses from an Old Manse, is likewise composed of material taken almost directly from the Note-Books. The introduction and the ending with its spiritual application alone are new. Even the phraseology, in many instances, is unchanged, a fact which indicates with degree of literary skill Hawthorne kept these journals. Such a statement as the following, which is exactly reproduced in "Buds and Bird Voices" is undeniably finished: "The present Spring comes onward with fleeter footsteps because Winter lingered so unconsciously long that with her best diligence she can hardly retrieve half the allotted period of her reign."41 Certain observations, however, that occur in the notes are for artistic reasons omitted from the sketch. For example, Hawthorne's practical complaint in his

---

40. IX, 286-333. 41. IX, 345.
journal that the rubbish which Winter leaves behind causes a great deal of labor \(^{42}\) is not repeated in "Buds and Bird Voices". Instead, there is a philosophical conclusion that the dead leaves and grasses, in their return to soil, merely symbolize immortality.

The essay on 'Fire Worship' offers a unique example of how a very simple event of daily life could suggest a thoroughly delightful sketch. Hawthorne had declared, when three stoves had to be put up in the Old Manse in the fall, that "Stoves are detestable except that they keep us perfectly comfortable",\(^{43}\) and with this feeling as his thesis, he wrote "Fire Worship".

Not only the tales and sketches, but the romances as well are indebted to the Notes; this is particularly true of The Blithedale Romance and the Marble Faun. The best introduction, perhaps, to a comparative study of the Notes and the novels, is Hawthorne's own explanation, given in the Preface to The Blithedale Romance. He there states that "the author does not wish to deny that he had (the Brook Farm community) in mind, and that... he has occasionally availed himself of his actual reminiscences, in the hope of giving a more life-like tint to the fancy-sketch in the following pages...This atmosphere (so like the real world that in a suitable remoteness, one cannot well tell the difference, but with an atmosphere of strange enchantment) is what the American romancer needs. In its absence, the beings of imagination are compelled to show themselves in the same category as actually living mortals; a necessity that generally renders the paint and pasteboard of their composition but too painfully discernible.

\(^{42}\) IX, 348.  \(^{43}\) IX, 328.
"With the idea of partially obviating this difficulty, the author has ventured to make free with his old and affectionately remembered home at Brook Farm, as being certainly the most romantic episode in his own life...and thus offering an available foothold between reality and fiction."

The first remark entered in the Note-Books under the Brook Farm period (April 13, 1841) reads thus: "Here I am in a polar Paradise!" Miles Coverdale, arriving at Blithedale on a cold April afternoon, exclaimed, "Paradise indeed! Nobody else in the world, I am bold to affirm, - nobody at least in our bleak little world of New England, - had dreamed of Paradise that day, except as the pole suggests the tropics." Again, on the way out from Boston, Coverdale and his companions drove "past scattered dwellings, whence puffed the smoke of country fires, strongly impregnated with the pungent aroma of burning peat." Paralleling this, we find in the journal the simple remark that "the aromatic odor of peat-smoke in the sunny autumnal air is very pleasant." As the party sat about the fire after supper that first night at Blithedale, Silas Foster asked who was the best judge of swine, and added, in explanation, that some one must go to the next Brighton Fair to buy half a dozen pigs. This query reflects an incident in Hawthorne's Brook Farm experience: "A ride to Brighton yesterday morning, it being the day of the weekly cattle-fair...William Allen had come to buy four little oigs." After about two weeks of life at Brook Farm, Hawthorne caught a bad cold which made him very gloomy. Miles Coverdale had a similar experience; only he was so unfortunate as to fall sick.

with a cold the morning after reaching Blithedale; and he then questioned whether it would not have been better for him not to have come to this cold Arcadia, where he "was like" to die blaspheming in a fever.52

Not only Coverdale's experiences, but his opinions as well coincide with the records in the Note-Books. The poet, in a talk with Priscilla, expounded for her a philosophical theory which Hawthorne had expressed in his journal. Coverdale told Priscilla: "We may be very sure...that the good we aim at will not be attained. People never do get just the good they seek. If it come at all, it is something else which they never dreamed of, and did not particularly want."53 In the Notes, we find the following dictum, which, by the way, is the theme of Maeterlinck's mystical play, The Bluebird: "Happiness in the world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild goose chase, and is never attained. Follow some other object, and very possibly we may find that we have caught happiness without dreaming of it."54

The amusements of Blithedale are very like those Hawthorne had known at Brook Farm. The tableaux of the Notes became the "fragmentary bits of theatrical performance", which Zenobia organized at Blithedale.56 A picnic party in the woods near Brook Farm had a similar fate. This picnic had attracted Hawthorne's notice by its picturesque figures, which he carefully described in his journal; and it does not seem odd to find the same "concourse of

54. IX, 409. 57. IX, 251-2.
55. IX, 409.
strange figures beneath the overshadowing branches "of the woods of Blithedale. 58 The Indian chief, the young gypsy fortune-teller, the goddess Diana with her bow and arrows, the negro of the Jim Crow order, - all these masqueraders frolic as gaily at the fictitious picnic as they had done at a real party.

Hawthorne declared emphatically in his Preface that the characters of The Blithedale Romance were not drawn from his friends and associates, but were purely imaginary. Even though we must grant this, we need not overlook obvious likenesses between the story-figures and certain real people. Coverdale, retreating to his Hermitage among the wild grape-vines, thus recalls to us the fact that his creator had a similar place of seclusion from the super abundant life of Brook Farm. But Priscilla and her father are perhaps the best characters to compare with hints from the Notes.

Priscilla's ethereal beauty, her slender and shadowy grace, her sensitive nature are refinements of qualities observed in a real person very different from her elfin self. Her flesh and blood prototype was a little seamstress from Boston, of whom Hawthorne gives a lively and full description in the Notes, thus: "She is very vivacious and smart, laughing and singing or talking all the time...Being so small, and with so fair a skin, and as healthy as a wild-flower, she is really very agreeable; and to look upon her face is like being shone upon by a ray of the sun. She never walks, but bounds and dances along...Sometimes she is rather vulgar." 61 Priscilla, too, runs and skips, with spirits

58. V, 557-59. 61. IX, 259.
60. IX, 261.
as light as the breeze of the May morning; but her quietness was of a nature that showed how delicate she was. She seemed to Coverdale like a butterfly at play in a flickering bit of sunshine. This charm of the soul was in no way suggested by the little seamstress; it is distinctively Priscilla's.

Moodie likewise was suggested by an actual person, an elderly ragamuffin whom Hawthorne had often observed in the bar-room of Parker's in Boston. This forlorn creature looked like a man who had known decent circumstances at some former period of his life; and there was still a sort of shadow or delusion of respectability about him. Moodie, too, could free himself of the mean, slouching, painfully depressed air of an old city vagabond, and take on the aspect of a decayed gentleman.

Parker's in Boston, which was mentioned in the preceding paragraph, appears in the romance also. The parallel references are interesting as differing a little, but only a little. In the Notes, the bar-room is described as having "a large oval basin in the counter, with a brass tube rising from the center, out of which gushes continually a miniature fountain." In the basin were gold fish; and Hawthorne wondered whether the fish would "die or merely get jolly, if some toper should be seized with the freak of emptying his glass of gin or brandy into the basin." The corresponding description in The Blithedale Romance is more fanciful: "A tiny fountain...threw up its feathery jet through the counter and sparkled down again into an oval basin containing

61. IX, 259.
62. V, 404-5.
63. IX, 376.
64. V, 525.
several gold fish...Nor could I help wondering that it had not occurred to any freakish inebriate to empty a glass of liquor into their lakelet. "Who would not be a fish if he could inhale jollity with the essential element of his existence?" Even a picture that hung in the bar-room which Moodie frequented was a replica of one at Parker's. In the latter place hung "a small painting of a drunken toper sleeping on a bench beside the grog-snop, - a ragged, natty-natless, bloated, red-nosed, jolly, miserable looking devil", while in the former room, "in an obscure corner, there was a little picture...of a ragged New England toper stretched out on a bench, in the heavy, apoplectic sleep of drunkenness." The clever young car-tender at Parker's, who so artistically tossed gin-cocktails from one tumbler to another, is likewise transferred to old Moodie's haunt.

As a conclusion to these examples of parallelism between the Journal and The Blithedale Romance, we may note that the life at Blithedale made the same impression on Coverdale as the whole Brook Farm episode produced on Hawthorne. Hawthorne in his own person said: "I really should judge it to be twenty years since I left Brook Farm, and I take this to be a proof that my life there was an unnatural and unsuitable, and therefore an unreal one. It already looks like a dream behind me." Somewhat similarly Coverdale says: "It appears all like a dream that we were ever there (at Blithedale) together."

The relation of the Italian Note Books to The Marble Faun is very like that existing between the American Notes and The

66. V, 322.
67. IX, 376.
68. V, 320.
69. IX, 375.
70. V, 520.
71. IX, 237.
72. V, 508.
Elthedale Romance. Here again Hawthorne himself has clearly stated the situation: "Italy, as the site of his romance, was chiefly valuable as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are...in America." 73 It was the same desire for a more romantic setting that he had expressed in the Preface to The Elthedale Romance. 74 He also makes another significant admission: "In rewriting these volumes, the author was somewhat surprised to see the extent to which he had introduced descriptions of various Italian objects, antique, pictorial, and statuesque. Yet these things fill the mind everywhere in Italy, and especially in Rome, and cannot be easily kept from flowing out upon the page when one writes freely."

But before we consider the source of the setting in The Marble Faun, it might be well to observe in the Journal how the idea of making a story of a faun developed in Hawthorne's mind. His first reference to fauns occurs in an account of a visit to the Villa Borghese. "A Faun, copied from that of Praxiteles, and another who seems to be dancing," he mentions, "were exceedingly pleasant to look at. I like these strange, sweet, playful, rustic creatures," he declares, "...linked so prettily without monstrosity to the lower tribes...Their character has never, that I know of, been brought out in literature; and something quite good, funny and philosophical, as well as poetic, might very likely be deduced from them." It is significant that Hawthorne felt at once that here was excellent material for a writer of stories, and it is

73. Vi, 15. Preface to The Marble Faun.
75. VI, 15.
characteristic of him as a moralist that he saw the possibilities of purposive treatment. "The faun," he adds, "is a natural and delightful link betwixt human and brute life, with something of a divine character intermingled."

Five days later Hawthorne recounts a visit to the Capitol. After looking at the pictures he went into the sculpture-gallery where he beheld the Faun of Praxiteles. "I was sensible of a peculiar charm in it", he writes; "a sylvan beauty and homeliness, friendly and wild at once... This race of fauns was the most delightful of all that antiquity imagined. It seems to me", he finally concluded, "that a story, with all sorts of fun and pathos in it, might be contrived on the idea of their species having become intermingled with the human race; a family with the faun blood in them having prolonged itself from the classic era till our own days. The tail might have disappeared...; but the pretty hairy ears should occasionally reappear in members of the family."

In these last sentences Hawthorne is getting to a definite, working plan for a story. His conviction that "the moral instinct and intellectual characteristics of the faun might be most picture-quesly brought out without detriment to the human interest of the story" has been proved well grounded by the romance. The tenor of the story as it was finally written, however, is very different from that suggested in the last line: "Fancy this combination in the person of a young lady!" Hawthorne's first thought, we may infer, was to write a delightful little story in a merry, humorous

76. X, 167.
77. X, 172-3.
vein; but his moral bent, as well as the large opportunities in the subject, turned him away to develop a more serious theme than any that his first impressions had suggested. This visit to the Capitol occurred April 24 (1803). April 30 he made another visit to the sculpture gallery to take especial note of the Faun of Praxiteles, "because", he explains, "the idea keeps recurring to me of writing a little romance about it; and for that reason I shall endeavor to set down a somewhat minutely itemized detail of the statue and its surroundings..." 78 We may suppose that the results of this careful study are to be found in the description of the Faun as it is given in the first chapter of the romance. 79 The effect there suggested, of a beautiful, sensual, mirthful, creature, not incapable of being touched by pathos accords with the impression which Hawthorne's Notes indicate was first made on him; and the reader is led to feel a warm sympathy for this being in which both animal and human characteristics are so delightfully blended. The identification of Donatello as of the race of fauns is very skillfully managed. His faun characteristics are merely hinted: the pretty pointed ears are not revealed. This accords with Hawthorne's wish not to spoil the human interest of the story. 80

Miriam, like Donatello, was suggested by a piece of Italian art, Guido's Beatrice Denci. This picture made a powerful impression on Hawthorne, 81 and roused in him a strong feeling of pity for its unhappy subject. He was particularly fascinated and perplexed by a "peculiar expression which eludes a straight-forward

78. X, 182.
79. VI, 23-23.
80. X, 173.
glance, and can only be caught by side glimpses... as if the picture had a life and a consciousness of its own, and were resolved not to betray its secret of grief or quiet." It was the expression of "a being unhumanized by some terrible fate, and gazing out of a remote and inaccessible region, where she was frightened to be alone, but where no sympathy could reach her." Miriam is just such a being in a terrible thraldom because of some crime so great that it isolates her completely from her fellow-beings. Her union in guilt with Donatello is a relief from such loneliness as that which had been hers. Miriam's expression as she studies the picture is exactly like Beatrice's, and her passionate wish is to know whether the Italian girl thought herself guilty or innocent, as if her case were the same as Miriam's own.

The other lovers, Hilda and Kenyon, are not suggested in the Notes. Kenyon is, however, indebted for his statuary to two men who figure largely in the Journals, namely, Hiram Powers and William Story. Hilda's hand in marble was suggested by the baby hand which Powers had sculptured; and the Cleopatra that Miriam praised so glowingly belonged to Story. Kenyon's rough, dreary studies, which had the aspect of a stone-mason's shop, is like the one in which Hawthorne spent several hours while his bust was being modelled. In his Notes he declares that the latter room was large, high, and dreary from the want of a carpet, furniture, or anything but clay and plaster.

The setting of the Marble Raun is even more closely related to the Notes than are the plot and the character; for it is taken

82. X, 504-5. Hilda's copy of the picture is described in the same words. (VI, 238-9) 83. VI, 143-6 88. X, 71; 171.
83. VI, 206. 86. X, 202. 89. VI, 139.
84. VI, 84-5. 87. X, 152. 90. X, 76.
entirely from the Italian Journal. It is possible to mention only briefly the most significant parallels. The first sentence of the Romance introduces Miriam, Donatello, Hilda, and Zenyon as they stand in the sculpture gallery of the Capitol at Rome, a place much visited by the romancer. The Catacomb of St. Calixtus, where Miriam found her model, Hawthorne described in rather less picturesque fashion in the Notes. Hilda's tower, with its lamp forever burning before the Virgin's image, had been pointed out to the American writer as an unusual feature of Roman architecture. It is an indication of the Hawthorne's imaginative skill that this tower, which in the Notes is a very matter-of-fact structure, becomes in the Romance a most fitting abode for the ethereal Hilda.

Of all the Italian places that have become a part of this romance, perhaps the Villa Monteauto or Monte Beni is the most significant; for Hawthorne himself first called this book The Romance of Monte Beni. This old villa, in which the author spent two happy months during the summer of 1858, sketching out his romance and reveling in the art of Florence, makes a most satisfactory ancestral home for the counts of Monteauto; the old tower with its gloomy staircase, its dismal, ghostly rooms and its little oratory, suits the sin-troubled Donatello especially well.

The Carnival, as well as the Italian buildings, is reflected from the Notes to the Romance. Hawthorne got little pleasure

91. VI, 19. 94. X, 491. He writes 'Yesterday we
92. X, 97; 194; 172. went to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus.
93. VI, 39. We descended not a very great way under
from his first Carnival season in Rome although he enjoyed it a great deal the next year. He declared, however, the first year: "Little as I have enjoyed the Carnival, I think I could make quite a brilliant sketch of it without very widely departing from the truth." The description of the scene in the Corso and of a frolic of the Carnival dispatch all doubts as to his being able to make a brilliant sketch of this Roman festivity. Yet even here he insisted, as he had done in the Note-Books, that the Carnival was a traditionary thing, and no longer natural and vital.

The dialogue also is enriched by contributions from the Journals. Kenyon's criticism of the Dying Gladiator, explained as due perhaps to the fact that sculptors always abuse one another's works, is, according to the Note, very characteristic of these artists. Hawthorne once wrote: "I repeat these things (Mr. ___'s derogatory remarks about Powers) only another instance how invariably every sculptor uses his chisel and mallet to the deface the marble-work of every other." Hilda's impatient exclamation on the same occasion: "Ah, the raun! I have been looking at him too long, and now instead of a beautiful statue, I see only a corroded and discolored stone. This change is very apt to occur in statues and Kenyon's retort, "And a similar one in pictures," merely echo the opinion that Hawthorne expressed again and again in the Notes. "Marble beauties", he once remarked after a disappointing visit to the Capitol, seem to suffer the same occasional eclipses.

100. VI, 493-513.
101. X, 80.
102. VI, 493.
103. VI, 30.
as those of flesh and blood." 106 At another time he wrote:
"Only a little space of calm enjoyment, and then I see nothing but a discolored marble image again." 107 Miriam's lengthy condemnation of modern sculptured nudities, especially Gibson's colored Venus, 108 sounds peculiarly familiar after one has read in the Note Books a conversation between Powers and Hawthorne on the same subject. 109 Other points of contact between the Italian Notes and the Romance might be traced, but perhaps enough has been said to bring home the relation between some of the rough blocks of Hawthorne's fiction and his finished masterpiece.
The Note Books often have the familiar, easy style of an agreeably fluent conversation; but they also contain many passages of exquisite literary finish and beauty of expression. Although one would not find writing of such quality in most journals, it is not surprising in Hawthorne's. Considering his long and constant practice in expression, and the beautiful style of his published works, we might expect grace and polish in the Notes.

Some of the most vivid descriptions that we find in the Note-Books were called out by an admiration of nature, especially of the rich coloring of autumn. Hawthorne once wrote: "Distant clumps of trees, now that the variegated foliage adorns them, have a plantasmagorism, an apparitionlike appearance. They seem to be of some kindred to the crimson and gold cloud islands." (1) And again he said: "These autumn colors are not gaudy, scarcely gay; there is something too deep and rich in them; it is gorgeous and magnificent, but with a sobriety diffused." (2) And once again: "There were some trees that seemed really made of sunshine and others were of sunny red, and the whole picture was painted with but little relief of darksome hues, - only a few evergreens." (3) Hawthorne also noticed the beauty of the clouds in autumn. "Clouds, floating all about, so glorious and so lovely," suggested to him a fantasy of heaven's being broken into fleecy fragments and dispersed through space.

(1) IX, 96.  
(2) IX, 98.  
(3) IX, 262.  
(4) IX, 214.
Sunset and moonlight appealed to the artist in him even more than to the observer of nature. "The red light of sunset," he observed, "gives a rich tinge to all objects. The complexion of people are exceedingly enriched by it, they look warm and kindled by a mild fire. The whole scenery and personages acquire, methinks, a passionate character. A love scene, should be laid in such an evening." (5) The moon likewise added charm to the people on whom it shone, he noticed. "The moon," he wrote, "was beautifully dark-bright, not giving so white a light as sometimes. The girls all look beautiful and fairy-like in it." (6) Landscapes in autumn, whether the coloring of the foliage was concerned or not, always evoked descriptions of great beauty from him. The picture of Saddleback and Graylock as he saw them one autumn day at first imbued with a mild, sunshiny tinge, but later growing almost black affords an excellent illustration. "Behind the black mountains," he writes, "there was a heavy sombre heap of clouds. Beneath this, there was a flock of light vapory mists tinted with gorgeous, living purple... In the opposite quarter of the heavens, a rose light was reflected." (7) The literary artist is manifested in the love of color so evident both in this quotation and in those preceding.

Quite as delightful as his colorful word-pictures, thought often not so beautiful, are the many similes and metaphors which he used in description. They are sometimes poetic, sometimes homely, often startling, but always effective. His accounting for butterflies that came aboard the salt ship as "lovely fantasies"

(5) IX, 112.
(6) IX, 117.
(7) IX, 188.
of the mind," (8) his declaration that the valley in which he dwelt seemed like a vast basin filled with golden sunshine, with wine, (9) and his single remark, "Yesterday glowed like molten brass, (10) are undeniably poetic and beautiful conceptions. The distinguishing mark of his comparisons is not, however, their beauty but their quality of graphic representation. His descriptions of Browne's Hill and of Graylock show this very well. "Browne's Hill", he writes, "is a long ridge lying in the midst of a large, level plain, it looks at a distance somewhat like a whale, with its head and tail under water, but its immense back protruding with steep sides, and a gradual curve along its length." How easy it is to visualize Browne's Hill by the aid of this comparison! Graylock likewise is graphically sketched as "appearing with its two summits and a long ridge between, like a huge monster crouching down slumbering, with its head slightly elevated." (12) His description of the Concord River has the same clear, effective delineation, although it is intentionally ludicrous." I can find nothing more fit to compare it (the river) with than one of the half-torpid earthworms which I dig up for bait. The worm is sluggish," he reasons, "and so is the river, - the river is muddy, and so is the worm. You hardly know whether either of them be alive or dead; but still in the course of time, they both manage to creep away." (13) Occasionally Hawthorne made comparisons that are startlingly vivid, but disagreeable. His remark that some fruit trees in bloom, stretched out flat

(8) IX, 224. (11) IX, 100.
(9) IX, 392. (12) IX, 155.
(10) IX, 352. (13) IX, 288.
against a stone wall, reminded him of a dead bird nailed against the side of a barn (14) is illuminating; but the picture it calls up has none of the beauty which one would associate with blossoming trees. There is similarly something incongruous in the likening of the red, rayless sun even to the millionth magnification of a new half-penny. (15) One must remember, however, that Hawthorne did not make these comparisions for publication; and that consequently they should not be subjected to the same sort of minute criticism which we might apply to similes or metaphors found in the tales and romances.

Hawthorne's nice use of words as well as his abundance of effective metaphors adds much to the clarity and finish of his style. He was very sensitive to differences even in the implication of words. An interesting example of his striving for just the right word is this. "Amongst these (rocks) the stream brawls, - only that this word does not express its good natured voice, and 'murmur' is too quiet. It sings along." (16)

Once while he was at the Custom House he had protested at the use of the word "disgorge" to mean the unloading of a ship: "What an unseemly figure is this, - 'disgorge', quotha, as if the vessel were sick." (17) Another example of his responsiveness to suggested meanings in a word occurs in connection with a remark he made in comparing London and Paris. The French city, he declared, put London to the blush, - if a blush could be seen on its dingy face. (18) The outcome of an attempt to describe the sounds of a Highland bagpipe is worth

(14) VIII, 420.   (17) IX, 226.
(15) VIII, 591.   (18) X, 18.
(16) IX, 50.
noting, - the instrument " squealed out a tangled skein of discord." (19) An even more amusing instance of careful choice of words is that in which seasickness is described as "a state of placid wretchedness." (20) It is rather delightful to find, in contrast to this careful selection of phrases, the use of the word that came naturally. He once unconsciously wrote: "The grass blushes green on the slopes and hollows," and though he questioned the propriety of "blush", he decided to "let it go as an inspired utterance." (21) If there was no word that exactly suited him, he proceeded to coin one; and so we hear about Dickens' "unweariabiliy", (22) we learn that the old werman's diorama exhibition was characterized by an utter and ludicrous misery, (23) and we are left to imagine what the Brook Farmer's face looked like when it was marked by strange twistifications. (24) Coining words was not the only freedom Hawthorne took with the English language; he has in a very few instances used slang. For example, he mentions having seen a negro, respectably dressed, travelling "on his own hook"; (25) and when he heard that the Mayflower became a slave-ship after carrying the Pilgrims he declared that this fact would be "nuts" for the Southerners. (26)

The quaint humor of the Journals does quite as much as the beautiful style to make them wonderfully readable.

Mrs. Hawthorne in her Preface to the English Note-Books declared

(19) VIII, 449.  
(20) X, 11.  
(21) IX, 233.  
(22) VII, 464.  
(23) IX, 180.  
(24) IX, 230.  
(25) IX, 203.  
(26) VII, 537.
that she very earnestly hoped these volumes of Notes would dispel an often-expressed opinion that Hawthorne was gloomy.

"The airy splendor of his wit and humor", she stated, "was the light of his home." (27) His fun-making is never boisterous, it never causes a hearty laugh, and it is sometimes half concealed; yet one never reads far without coming upon some humorous comment that causes a pleasant glow of amusement and a quiet smile. He had a genius for seeing the comical side of ordinary events. A few instances will make this clear. The Old Manse was to Hawthorne a veritable Eden; but he took great delight nevertheless in poking fun at its shortcomings. As have already been noted, there was at first no water on the place fit to use for drinking or bathing. (28) To remedy this "intolerable" condition of affairs, a new cistern was provided, but it proved unsatisfactory. Accordingly Hawthorne remarked:

"As for the new cistern, it seems to be bewitched; for while the spout pours into it like a cataract, it still remains almost empty. I wonder where Mr. Hosmer got it; perhaps from Tantalus, under the eves of whose palace it must formerly have stood." (29)

Although Hawthorne was far from despising his literary renown, he could not resist making a few satirical remarks about it. "Here I am in my old chamber," he wrote, "where I produced those stupendous works of fiction which have since impressed the universe with wonderment and awe!" To this

(28) IX, 285 See also thesis, p.10.
(29) IX, 286.
chamber, doubtless, in all succeeding ages pilgrims will come," he assumes," to pay their tribute of reverence; they will put off their shoes at the threshold for fear of desecrating the tattered old carpet: " (30) Though he adds much more in the same vein, this much is enough to indicate the tone.

He could extract amusement even from thoroughly annoying situations, as these two stories will show. The first concerns a drunken cabman of Manchester. He was so very drunk that " I hesitated whether to let him clamber upon the box or to take, the post myself," Hawthorne writes. "However, I propounded two questions to him: first, whether his horse would go of its own accord; and second, whether he himself was invariably drunk at that time of night." Being reassured on these points, the Consul got in with an untroubled mind, confident that this particular driver was better drunk than sober. (31)

The other story relates Hawthorne's experience with Italian mosquitoes. These mosquitoes, he declares, were "horribly pungent little satanic particles" that ventured on the most hazardous attacks and got safe off. To show how bold they were he gives this personal experience: "One of them flew into my mouth the other night, and stung me far down in my throat; but luckily I coughed him up in halves." (32)

Of interest in connection with a study of style, of expression, figures of speech, and humor, - is Hawthorne's theory of art. The Notes shed very little light on the question.

(30) IX, 335.
(31) VIII, 544.
(32) X, 422.
There is however, one illuminating passage in the English Note-Books. In discussing Scott's Description of the Trosachs Hawthorne admitted that the English writer had produced something very beautiful and as true as possible, though certainly its beauty had a little of the scene-painter's gloss in it. Then he propounded his dictum on art; "Nature is better, no doubt, but Nature can not be exactly produced on canvas or in print, and the artist's only resource is to substitute something that may stand instead of or reflect the truth." (33)

In concluding this study, let us turn from Hawthorne's theory of art to consider the ideas which contribute to his philosophy of life. Hawthorne believed that every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important, in some respects whether he chooses to be so or not; (34) and he held that there were four cardinal precepts to follow: "To break off customs; to shake off spirits ill-disposed; to meditate on youth, to do nothing against one's genius." (35) This truly is a definite enough outline for conduct; but the meaning and the end of life were not so clear to Hawthorne. He was often troubled by a sense of the unreality of this existence. He remarked once: "On being transported to strange scenes, we feel as if all were unreal. This is but the perception of the true unreality of earthly things." (36) With this same thought in mind he declared later: "Every day of my life makes me feel more and more how seldom a fact is accurately stated. Is truth then a fantasy which we are to pursue forever and never grasp?

(33) VIII, 478.  
(34) IX, 32.  
(35) IX, 28.  
(36) IX, 109.
(37) While he was yet a young man (1835), he came to the conclusion that "the world is so sad and solemn that the things meant in jest are liable, by an overpowering influence, to become dreadful earnest;" (38) and yet even these griefs had a tinge of unreality, so that he thought that as "we sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream, it may be so the moment after death." (39) Happiness, however, was unquestionably real. "Happiness", he declared, in the joyous days of the Old Manse, "has no succession of events, because it is a part of eternity." (40) Many years later (Jan. 20, 1855) he clearly stated his idea of the relations of grief and joy, of life and eternity, thus: "God himself cannot compensate us for being born for any period short of eternity. All the misery endured here constitutes a claim for another life, and still more, " he insists," all the happiness; because all true happiness involves something more than the earth owns." (41)

(37) IX, 232.
(38) IX, 21.
(39) IX, 33.
(40) IX, 283.
(41) VII, 555.