

**LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE  
HOMES OF AMERICAN  
AUTHORS; HAWTHORNE;  
VOL. II, NO.7, PP.197-236**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649194964

Little journeys to the homes of american authors; Hawthorne; Vol. II, No.7, pp.197-236 by  
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Cover @ 2017

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**GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS**

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Vol. II. No. 7. Five cents.

Per Year, Fifty cents

♣ Little Journeys  
to the Homes of  
American Authors

—  
Hawthorne

BY  
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

JULY, 1896

New York and London: G. D.  
Putnam's Sons \* \*  
New Rochelle, N. Y. The  
Knickerbocker Press. \*

AL 1731.021

## Little Journeys

### Little Journeys to the Homes of American Authors

The papers below specified, were, with the exception of that contributed by the editor, Mr. Hubbard, originally issued by the late G. P. Putnam, in 1853, in a series entitled *Homes of American Authors*.

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27 & 29 WEST 23D STREET, NEW YORK

24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON

THE KNICKERBOCKER PRESS, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

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THE BEQUEST OF

EVERETT JACOBUS WENDELL

1918

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**NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE**

"It was sometimes the case," continued Grandfather, "that affrays happened between such wild young men as these and small parties of the soldiers. No weapons had hitherto been used except fists or cudgels. But when men have loaded muskets in their hands, it is easy to foretell that they will soon be turned against the bosoms of those who provoke their anger."

"Grandfather," said little Alice, looking fearfully into his face, "your voice sounds as though you were going to tell us something awful!"

*Grandfather's Chair.*



## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.\*

HAWTHORNE has himself drawn the picture of the "Old Manse" in Concord. He has given to it that quiet richness of coloring which ideally belongs to an old country mansion. It seems so fitting a residence for one who loves to explore the twilight of antiquity—and the gloomier the better—that the visitor, among the felicities of whose life was included the freedom of the Manse, could not but fancy that our author's eyes first saw the daylight enchanted by the slumberous orchard be-

\* Written in 1853 for Putnam's *Homes of American Authors*.

## Matthias Hawthorne

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hind the house, or tranquilized into twilight by the spacious avenue in front. The character of his imagination, and the golden gloom of its blossoming, completely harmonize with the rusty, gable-roofed old house upon the river side, and the reader of his books would be sure that his boyhood and youth knew no other friends than the dreaming river, and the melancholy meadows and drooping foliage of its vicinity.

Since the reader, however, would greatly mistake if he fancied this, in good sooth, the ancestral halls of the Hawthornes,—the genuine Hawthorneden,—he will be glad to save the credit of his fancy by knowing that it was here our author's bridal tour,—which commenced in Boston, then three hours away,—ended, and his married life began. Here, also, his first child was born, and here those sad and silver mosses accumulated upon his fancy, from which he heaped so soft a bed for our dreaming. "Between two tall gate-posts of rough

### **Ratbaniel Dawsborne**

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hewn stone (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage, terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash trees." It was a pleasant spring day in the year 1843, and as they entered the house, nosegays of fresh flowers, arranged by friendly hands, welcomed them to Concord and summer.

The dark-haired man, who led his wife along the avenue that afternoon, had been recently an officer of the customs in Boston, before which he had led a solitary life in Salem. Graduated with Longfellow at Bowdoin College, in Maine, he had lived a hermit in respectable Salem, an absolute recluse even from his own family, walking out by night and writing wild tales by day, most of which were burnt in his bachelor fire, and some of which, in newspapers, magazines, and annuals, led a wandering, uncertain, and mostly unnoticed life. Those tales, among this class, which were attainable, he collected into a small vol-